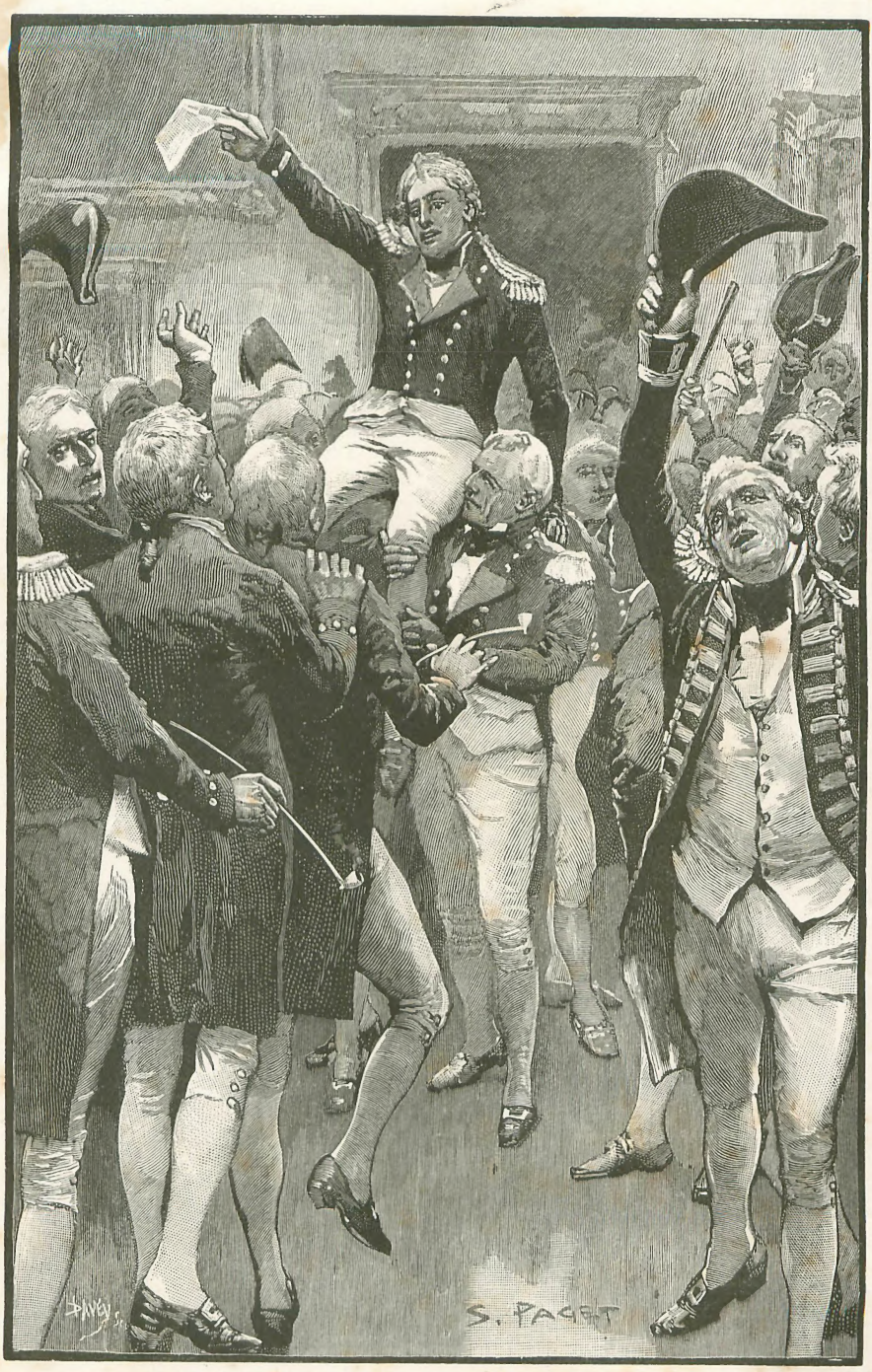
THE STRAND MAGAZINE

AN · ILLUSTRATED · MONTHLY

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1896



"THEY SHOUTED AND RAVED IN THEIR DELIGHT."

(*See page* 9.)

Rodney Stone.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER XII.

THE COFFEE-ROOM OF FLADONG'S.

SO Boy Jim went down to the "George" at Crawley under the charge of Jim Belcher and Champion Harrison, to train for his great fight with Crab Wilson, of Gloucester, whilst every club and bar parlour of London rang with the account of how he had appeared at a supper of Corinthians, and beaten the formidable Joe Berks in four rounds. I remembered that afternoon at Friar's Oak when Jim had told me that he would make his name known, and his words had come true sooner than he could have expected it, for, go where one might, one heard of nothing but the match between Sir Lothian Hume and Sir Charles Tregellis, and the points of the two probable combatants. The betting was still steadily in favour of Wilson, for he had a number of bye-battles to set against this single victory of Jim's, and it was thought by connoisseurs who had seen him spar that the singular defensive tactics which had given him his nickname would prove very puzzling to a raw antagonist. In height, strength, and reputation for gameness there was very little to choose between them, but Wilson had been the more severely tested.

"IN THE MALL."

It was but a few days before the battle that my father made his promised visit to London. The seaman had no love of cities, and was happier wandering over the Downs, and turning his glass upon every topsail which showed above the horizon, than when finding his way among crowded streets where, as he complained, it was impossible to keep a course by the sun, and hard enough by dead reckoning. Rumours of war were in the air, however, and it was necessary that he should use his influence with Lord Nelson if a vacancy were to be found either for himself or for me.

My uncle had just set forth, as was his custom of an evening, clad in his green riding-frock, his plate buttons, his Cordovan boots, and his round hat, to show himself upon his little crop-tailed tit in the Mall. I had remained behind, for, indeed, I had already made up my mind that I had no calling for this fashionable life. These men, with their small waists, their gestures, and their unnatural ways, had become wearisome to me, and even my uncle, with his cold and patronizing manner, filled me with very mixed feelings. My thoughts were back in Sussex, and I was dreaming of the kindly, simple ways of the country, when there came a rat-tat at the knocker, the ring of a hearty voice, and there, in the doorway, was the smiling, weather-beaten face, with the puckered eyelids and the light blue eyes.

"Why, Roddy, you are grand indeed!" he cried. "But I had rather see you with the King's blue coat upon your back than with all these frills and ruffles."

"And I had rather wear it, father."

"It warms my heart to hear you say so. Lord Nelson has promised me that he would find a berth for you, and to-morrow we shall

Copyright, 1896, by A. Conan Doyle, in the United States of America.

seek him out and remind him of it. But where is your uncle?"

"He is riding in the Mall."

A look of relief passed over my father's honest face, for he was never very easy in his brother-in-law's company. "I have been to the Admiralty," said he, "and I trust that I shall have a ship when war breaks out; by all accounts it will not be long first. Lord St. Vincent told me so with his own lips. But I am at Fladong's, Rodney, where, if you will come and sup with me, you will see some of my messmates from the Mediterranean."

When you think that in the last year of the war we had 140,000 seamen and marines afloat, commanded by 4,000 officers, and that half of these had been turned adrift when the Peace of Amiens laid their ships up in the Hamoaze or Portsdown creek, you will understand that London, as well as the dockyard towns, was full of seafarers. You could not walk the streets without catching sight of the gipsy-faced, keen-eyed men whose plain clothes told of their thin purses as plainly as their listless air showed their weariness of a life of forced and unaccustomed inaction. Amid the dark streets and brick houses there was something out of place in their appearance, as when the seagulls, driven by stress of weather, are seen in the Midland shires. Yet while prize-courts procrastinated, or there was a chance of an appointment by showing their sunburned faces at the Admiralty, so long they would continue to pace with their quarter-deck strut down Whitehall, or to gather of an evening to discuss the events of the last war or the chances of the next at Fladong's, in Oxford Street, which was reserved as entirely for the Navy as Slaughter's was for the Army, or Ibbetson's for the Church of England.

It did not surprise me, therefore, that we should find the large room in which we supped crowded with naval men, but I remember that what did cause me some astonishment was to observe that all these sailors, who had served under the most varying conditions in all quarters of the globe, from the Baltic to the West Indies, should have been moulded into so uniform a type that they were more like each other than brother is commonly to brother. The rules of the Service insured that every face should be clean-shaven, every head powdered, and every neck covered by the little queue of natural hair tied with a black silk ribbon. Biting winds and tropical suns had combined to darken them, whilst the habit of command and the menace of ever-recurring dangers had stamped them all with the same expression of authority and of alertness. There were some jovial faces amongst them, but the older officers, with their deep-lined cheeks and their masterful noses, were, for the most part, as austere as so many weather-beaten ascetics from the desert. Lonely watches, and a discipline which cut them off from all companionship, had left their mark upon those Red Indian faces. For my part, I could hardly eat my supper for watching them. Young as I was, I knew that if there were any freedom left in Europe it was to these men that we owed it; and I seemed to read upon their grim, harsh features the record of that long ten years of struggle which had swept the tricolour from the seas.

When we had finished our supper, my father led me into the great coffee-room, where a hundred or more officers may have been assembled, drinking their wine and smoking their long clay pipes, until the air was as thick as the main-deck in a close-fought action. As we entered we found ourselves face to face with an elderly officer who was coming out. He was a man with large, thoughtful eyes, and a full, placid face—such a face as one would expect from a philosopher and a philanthropist, rather than from a fighting seaman.

"Here's Cuddie Collingwood," whispered my father.

"Halloa, Lieutenant Stone!" cried the famous admiral, very cheerily. "I have scarce caught a glimpse of you since you came aboard the *Excellent* after St. Vincent. You had the luck to be at the Nile also, I understand?"

"I was third of the *Theseus*, under Millar, sir."

"It nearly broke my heart to have missed it. I have not yet outlived it. To think of such a gallant service, and I engaged in harassing the market-boats, the miserable cabbage-carriers of St. Luccars!"

"Your plight was a better one than mine, Sir Cuthbert," said a voice from behind us, and a large man in the full uniform of a post-captain took a step forward to include himself in our circle. His mastiff face was heavy with emotion, and he shook his head miserably as he spoke.

"Yes, yes, Troubridge, I can understand and sympathize with your feelings."

"I passed through torment that night, Collingwood. It left a mark on me that I shall never lose until I go over the ship's side in a canvas cover. To have my beautiful *Culloden* laid on a sand-bank just out of gunshot.

"'HALLOA, LIEUTENANT STONE!' CRIED THE ADMIRAL."

To hear and see the fight the whole night through, and never to pull a lanyard or take the tompions out of my guns. Twice I opened my pistol-case to blow out my brains, and it was but the thought that Nelson might have a use for me that held me back."

Collingwood shook the hand of the unfortunate captain.

"Admiral Nelson was not long in finding a use for you, Troubridge," said he. "We have all heard of your siege of Capua, and how you ran up your ship's guns without trenches or parallels, and fired point-blank through the embrasures."

The melancholy cleared away from the massive face of the big seaman, and his deep laughter filled the room.

"I'm not clever enough or slow enough for their Z-Z fashions," said he. "We got alongside and slapped it in through their port-holes until they struck their colours. But where have you been, Sir Cuthbert?"

"With my wife and my two little lasses at Morpeth in the North Country. I have but seen them this once in ten years, and it may be ten more, for all I know, ere I see them again. I have been doing good work for the fleet up yonder."

"I had thought, sir, that it was inland," said my father.

Collingwood took a little black bag out of his pocket and shook it.

"Inland it is," said he, "and yet I have done good work for the fleet there. What do you suppose I hold in this bag?"

"Bullets," said Troubridge.

"Something that a sailor needs even more than that," answered the admiral, and turning it over he tilted a pile of acorns on to his palm. "I carry them with me in my country walks, and where I see a fruitful nook I thrust one deep with the end of my cane. My oak trees may fight those rascals over the water when I am long forgotten. Do you know, lieutenant, how many oaks go to make an eighty-gun ship?"

My father shook his head.

"Two thousand, no less. For every two-decked ship that carries the white ensign there is a grove the less in England. So how are our grandsons to beat the French if we do not give them the trees with which to build their ships?"

He replaced his bag in his pocket, and then, passing his arm through Troubridge's, they went through the door together.

"There's a man whose life might help you to trim your own course," said my father, as we took our seats at a vacant table. "He is ever the same quiet gentleman, with his thoughts busy for the comfort of his ship's company, and his heart with his wife and children whom he has so seldom seen. It is said in the fleet that an oath has never passed his lips, Rodney, though how he managed when he was first lieutenant of a raw crew is more than I can conceive. But they all love Cuddie, for they know he's an angel to fight. How d'ye do, Captain Foley? My respects, Sir Ed'ard! Why, if they could but press the company, they would man a corvette with flag officers.

"There's many a man here, Rodney," continued my father, as he glanced about him, "whose name may never find its way into any book save his own ship's log, but who in his own way has set as fine an example as any admiral of them all. We know them, and talk of them in the fleet,

"COLLINGWOOD TOOK A LITTLE BLACK BAG OUT OF HIS POCKET AND SHOOK IT."

though they may never be bawled in the streets of London. There's as much seamanship and pluck in a good cutter action as in a line-o'-battleship fight, though you may not come by a title nor the thanks of Parliament for it. There's Hamilton, for example, the quiet, pale-faced man who is leaning against the pillar. It was he who, with six rowing-boats, cut out the 44-gun frigate *Hermione* from under the muzzles of 200 shore guns in the harbour of Puerto Cabello. No finer action was done in the whole war. There's Jaheel Brenton, with the whiskers. It was he who attacked twelve Spanish gunboats in his one little brig, and made four of them strike to him. There's Walker, of the *Rose* cutter, who, with thirteen men, engaged three French privateers with crews of 146. He sank one, captured one, and chased the third. How are you, Captain Ball? I hope I see you well?"

Two or three of my father's acquaintances who had been sitting close by drew up their chairs to us, and soon quite a circle had formed, all talking loudly and arguing upon sea matters, shaking their long, red-tipped pipes at each other as they spoke. My father whispered in my ear that his neighbour was Captain Foley, of the *Goliath*, who led the van at the Nile, and that the tall, thin, foxy-haired man opposite was Lord Cochrane, the most dashing frigate captain in the Service. Even at Friar's Oak we had heard how, in the little *Speedy*, of fourteen small guns with fifty-four men, he had carried by boarding the Spanish frigate *Gamo* with her crew of 300. It was easy to see that he was a quick, irascible, high-blooded man, for he was talking hotly about his grievances with a flush of anger upon his freckled cheeks.

"We shall never do any good upon the ocean until we have hanged the dockyard contractors," he cried. "I'd have a dead dockyard contractor as a figure-head for every first-rate in the fleet, and a provision-dealer for every frigate. I know them with their puttied seams and their devil bolts, risking five hundred lives that they may steal a few pounds' worth of copper. What became of the *Chance* and of the *Martin* and of the *Orestes?* They foundered at sea and were never heard of more, and I say that the crews of them were murdered men."

Lord Cochrane seemed to be expressing the views of all, for a murmur of assent, with a mutter of hearty, deep-sea curses, ran round the circle.

"Those rascals over yonder manage things better," said an old, one-eyed captain, with the blue and white riband for St. Vincent peeping out of his third button-hole. "They sheer away their heads if they get up to any foolery. Did ever a vessel come out of Toulon as my 38-gun frigate did from Plymouth last year, with her masts rolling about until her shrouds were like iron bars on one side and hanging in festoons upon the other? The meanest sloop that ever sailed out of France would have overmatched her, and then it would be on me, and not on this Devonport bungler, that a court-martial would be called."

They loved to grumble, these old salts,

for as soon as one had shot off his grievance his neighbour would follow with another, each more bitter than the last.

"Look at our sails!" cried Captain Foley. "Put a French and a British ship at anchor together, and how can you tell which is which?"

"Frenchy has his fore and maintop-gallant masts about equal," said my father.

"In the old ships maybe, but how many of the new are laid down on the French model? No, there's no way of telling them at anchor. But let them hoist sail, and how d'you tell them then?"

"Frenchy has white sails," cried several.

"And ours are black and rotten. That's the difference. No wonder they outsail us when the wind can blow through our canvas."

"In the *Speedy*," said Cochrane, "the sail-cloth was so thin that, when I made my observation, I always took my meridian through the foretopsail and my horizon through the foresail."

There was a general laugh at this, and then at it they all went again, letting off into speech all those weary broodings and silent troubles which had rankled during long years of service, for an iron discipline prevented them from speaking when their feet were upon their own quarter-decks. One told of his powder, six pounds of which were needed to throw a ball a thousand yards. Another cursed the Admiralty Courts, where a prize goes in as a full-rigged ship and comes out as a schooner. The old captain spoke of the promotions by Parliamentary interest which had put many a youngster into the captain's cabin when he should have been in the gun-room. And then they came back to the difficulty of finding crews for their vessels, and they all together raised up their voices and wailed.

"What is the use of building fresh ships," cried Foley, "when even with a ten-pound bounty you can't man the ships that you have got?"

But Lord Cochrane was on the other side in this question.

"You'd have the men, sir, if you treated them well when you got them," said he. "Admiral Nelson can get his ships manned. So can Admiral Collingwood. Why? Because he has thought for the men, and so the men have thought for him. Let men and officers know and respect each other, and there's no difficulty in keeping a ship's company. It's the infernal plan of turning a crew over from ship to ship and leaving the officers behind that rots the Navy. But I have never found a difficulty, and I dare swear that if I hoist my pennant to-morrow I shall have all my old *Speedies* back, and as many volunteers as I care to take."

"That is very well, my lord," said the old captain, with some warmth; "when the Jacks hear that the *Speedy* took fifty vessels in thirteen months, they are sure to volunteer to serve with her commander. Every good cruiser can fill her complement quickly enough. But it is not the cruisers that fight the country's battles and blockade the enemy's ports. I say that all prize-money should be divided equally among the whole fleet, and until you have such a rule, the smartest men will always be found where they are of least service to anyone but themselves."

This speech produced a chorus of protests from the cruiser officers and a hearty agreement from the line-of-battle-ship men, who seemed to be in the majority in the circle which had gathered round. From the flushed faces and angry glances it was evident that the question was one upon which there was strong feeling upon both sides.

"What the cruiser gets the cruiser earns," cried a frigate captain.

"Do you mean to say, sir," said Captain Foley, "that the duties of an officer upon a cruiser demand more care or higher professional ability than those of one who is employed upon blockade service, with a lee coast under him whenever the wind shifts to the west, and the topmasts of an enemy's squadron for ever in his sight?"

"I do not claim higher ability, sir."

"Then why should you claim higher pay? Can you deny that a seaman before the mast makes more in a fast frigate than a lieutenant can in a battle-ship?"

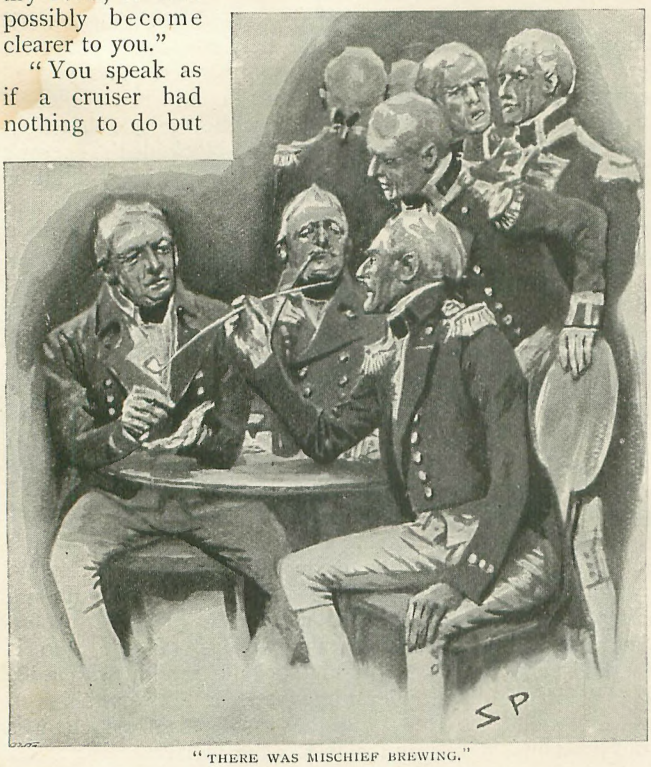
"It was only last year," said a very gentlemanly-looking officer, who might have passed for a buck upon town had his skin not been burned to copper in such sunshine as never bursts upon London—"it was only last year that I brought the old *Alexander* back from the Mediterranean, floating like an empty barrel and carrying nothing but honour for her cargo. In the Channel we fell in with the frigate *Minerva* from the Western Ocean, with her lee ports under water and her hatches bursting with the plunder which had been too valuable to trust to the prize crews. She had ingots of silver along her yards and bowsprit, and a bit of silver plate at the trucks of the masts. My Jacks could have fired into her, and would, too, if they had not been held back. It made them mad to think of all they had done in the south, and

then to see this saucy frigate flashing her money before their eyes."

"I cannot see their grievance, Captain Ball," said Cochrane.

"When you are promoted to a two-decker, my lord, it will possibly become clearer to you."

"You speak as if a cruiser had nothing to do but



"THERE WAS MISCHIEF BREWING."

take prizes. If that is your view, you will permit me to say that you know very little of the matter. I have handled a sloop, a corvette, and a frigate, and I have found a great variety of duties in each of them. I have had to avoid the enemy's battle-ships and to fight his cruisers. I have had to chase and capture his privateers, and to cut them out when they run under his batteries. I have had to engage his forts, to take my men ashore, and to destroy his guns and his signal stations. All this, with convoying, reconnoitring, and risking one's own ship in order to gain a knowledge of the enemy's movements, comes under the duties of the commander of a cruiser. I make bold to say that the man who can carry these objects out with success has deserved better of the country than the officer of a battle-ship tacking from Ushant to the Black Rocks and back again until she builds up a reef with her beef-bones."

"Sir," said the angry old sailor, "such an officer is at least in no danger of being mistaken for a privateersman."

"I am surprised, Captain Bulkeley," Cochrane retorted, hotly, "that you should venture to couple the names of privateersman and King's officer."

There was mischief brewing among these hot-headed, short-spoken salts, but Captain Foley changed the subject to discuss the new ships which were being built in the French ports. It was of interest to me to hear these men, who were spending their lives in fighting against our neighbours, discussing their character and ways. You cannot conceive—you who live in times of peace and charity—how fierce the hatred was in England at that time against the French, and above all against their great leader. It was more than a mere prejudice or dislike. It was a deep, aggressive loathing, of which you may even now form some conception if you examine the papers or caricatures of the day. The word "Frenchman" was hardly spoken without "rascal" or "scoundrel" slipping in before it. In all ranks of life and in every part of the country the feeling was the same. Even the Jacks aboard our ships fought with a viciousness against a French vessel which they would never show to Dane, Dutchman, or Spaniard.

If you ask me now, after fifty years, why it was that there should have been this virulent feeling against them, so foreign to the easy-going and tolerant British nature, I would confess that I think the real reason was fear. Not fear of them individually, of course—our foulest detractors have never called us faint-hearted—but fear of their star, fear of their future, fear of the subtle brain whose plans always seemed to go aright, and of the heavy hand which had struck nation after nation to the ground. We were but a small country, with a population which, when the war began, was not much more than half that of France. And then, France had increased by leaps and bounds, reaching out to the north into Belgium and Holland, and to the south into Italy, whilst we were weakened by deep-lying disaffection among both Catholics and Presbyterians in Ireland. The danger

was imminent and plain to the least thoughtful. One could not walk the Kent coast without seeing the beacons heaped up to tell the country of the enemy's landing, and if the sun were shining on the uplands near Boulogne, one might catch the flash of its gleam upon the bayonets of manœuvring veterans. No wonder that a fear of the French power lay deeply in the hearts of the most gallant men, and that fear should, as it always does, beget a bitter and rancorous hatred.

The seamen did not speak kindly then of their recent enemies. Their hearts loathed them, and in the fashion of our country their lips said what the heart felt. Of the French officers they could not have spoken with more chivalry, as of worthy foemen, but the nation was an abomination to them. The older men had fought against them in the American War, they had fought again for the last ten years, and the dearest wish of their hearts seemed to be that they might be called upon to do the same for the remainder of their days. Yet if I was surprised by the virulence of their animosity against the French, I was even more so to hear how highly they rated them as antagonists. The long succession of British victories which had finally made the French take to their ports and resign the struggle in despair had given all of us the idea that for some reason a Briton on the water must, in the nature of things, always have the best of it against a Frenchman. But these men who had done the fighting did not think so. They were loud in their praise of their foeman's gallantry, and precise in their reasons for his defeat. They showed how the officers of the old French Navy had nearly all been aristocrats. How the Revolution had swept them out of their ships, and the force been left with insubordinate seamen and no competent leaders. This ill-directed fleet had been hustled into port by the pressure of the well-manned and well-commanded British, who had pinned them there ever since, so that they had never had an opportunity of learning seamanship. Their harbour drill and their harbour gunnery had been of no service when sails had to be trimmed and broadsides fired on the heave of an Atlantic swell. Let one of their frigates get to sea and have a couple of years' free run in which to learn their duties, and then it would be a feather in the cap of a British officer if with a ship of equal force he could bring down her colours.

Such were the views of these experienced officers, fortified by many reminiscences and examples of French gallantry, such as the way in which the crew of the *L'Orient* had fought her quarter-deck guns when the main-deck was in a blaze beneath them, and when they must have known that they were standing over an exploding magazine. The general hope was that the West Indian expedition since the peace might have given many of their fleet an ocean training, and that they might be tempted out into mid-Channel if the war were to break out afresh. But would it break out afresh? We had spent gigantic sums and made enormous exertions to curb the power of Napoleon and to prevent him from becoming the universal despot of Europe. Would the Government try it again? Or were they appalled by the gigantic load of debt which must bend the backs of many generations unborn? Pitt was there, and surely he was not a man to leave his work half done.

And then suddenly there was a bustle at the door. Amid the grey swirl of the tobacco smoke I could catch a glimpse of a blue coat and gold epaulettes, with a crowd gathering thickly round them, while a hoarse murmur rose from the group which thickened into a deep-chested cheer. Everyone was on his feet, peering and asking each other what it might mean. And still the crowd seethed and the cheering swelled.

"What is it? What has happened?" cried a score of voices.

"Put him up! Hoist him up!" shouted somebody, and an instant later I saw Captain Troubridge appear above the shoulders of the crowd. His face was flushed, as if he were in wine, and he was waving what seemed to be a letter in the air. The cheering died away, and there was such a hush that I could hear the crackle of the paper in his hand.

"Great news, gentlemen!" he roared. "Glorious news! Rear-Admiral Collingwood has directed me to communicate it to you. The French Ambassador has received his papers to-night. Every ship on the list is to go into commission. Admiral Cornwallis is ordered out of Cawsand Bay to cruise off Ushant. A squadron is starting for the North Sea and another for the Irish Channel."

He may have had more to say, but his audience could wait no longer. How they shouted and stamped and raved in their delight! Harsh old flag-officers, grave post-captains, young lieutenants, all were roaring like schoolboys breaking up for the holidays. There was no thought now of those manifold and weary grievances to which I had listened.

The foul weather was passed, and the land-locked sea-birds would be out on the foam once more. The rhythm of "God Save the King" swelled through the babel, and I heard the old lines sung in a way that made you forget their bad rhymes and their bald sentiments. I trust that you will never hear them so sung, with tears upon rugged cheeks, and catchings of the breath from strong men. Dark days will have come again before you hear such a song or see such a sight as that. Let those talk of the phlegm of our countrymen who have never seen them when the lava crust of restraint is broken, and when for an instant the strong, enduring fires of the North glow upon the surface. I saw them then, and if I do not see them now, I am not so old or so foolish as to doubt that they are there.

CHAPTER XIII.

LORD NELSON.

My father's appointment with Lord Nelson was an early one, and he was the more anxious to be punctual as he knew how much the Admiral's movements must be affected by the news which we had heard the night before. I had hardly breakfasted then, and my uncle had not rung for his chocolate, when he called for me at Jermyn Street. A walk of a few hundred yards brought us to the high building of discoloured brick in Piccadilly, which served the Hamiltons as a town house, and which Nelson used as his head-quarters when business or pleasure called him from Merton. A footman answered our knock, and we were ushered into a large drawing-room with sombre furniture and melancholy curtains. My father sent in his name, and there we sat, looking at the white Italian statuettes in the corners, and the regal picture of Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples which hung over the harpsichord. I can remember that a black clock was ticking loudly upon the mantelpiece, and that every now and then, amid the rumble of the hackney coaches, we could hear boisterous laughter from some inner chamber.

When at last the door opened, both my father and I sprang to our feet, expecting to find ourselves face to face with the greatest living Englishman. It was a very different person, however, who swept into the room.

She was a lady, tall, and as it seemed to me exceedingly beautiful, though, perhaps, one who was more experienced and more critical might have thought that her charm lay in the past rather than the present. Her queenly figure was moulded upon large and noble lines, while her face, though already tending to become somewhat heavy and coarse, was still remarkable for the brilliancy of the complexion, the beauty of the large, light blue eyes, and the tinge of the dark hair which curled over the low white forehead. She carried herself in the most stately fashion, so that as I looked at her majestic entrance, and at the pose which she struck as she glanced at my father, I was reminded

"SHE CARRIED HERSELF IN THE MOST STATELY FASHION."

of the Queen of the Peruvians as, in the person of Miss Polly Hinton, she incited Boy Jim and myself to insurrection.

"Lieutenant Anson Stone?" she asked.

"Yes, your ladyship," answered my father.

"Ah," she cried, with an affected and exaggerated start, "you know me then?"

"I have seen your ladyship at Naples."

"Then you have doubtless seen my poor Sir William also—my poor, poor Sir William." She touched her dress with her white, ring-covered fingers, as if to draw our attention to the fact that she was in the deepest mourning.

"I heard of your ladyship's sad loss," said my father.

"We died together," she cried. "What can my life be now save a long-drawn living death?"

She spoke in a beautiful, rich voice, with the most heart-broken thrill in it, but I could not conceal from myself that she appeared to be one of the most robust persons that I had ever seen, and I was surprised to notice that she shot arch little questioning glances at me, as if the admiration even of so insignificant a person were of some interest to her. My father, in his blunt, sailor fashion, tried to stammer out some commonplace condolence, but her eyes swept past his rude, weather-beaten face to ask and re-ask what effect she had made upon me.

"There he hangs, the tutelary angel of this house," she cried, pointing with a grand, sweeping gesture to a painting upon the wall, which represented a very thin-faced, high-nosed gentleman with several orders upon his coat. "But enough of my private sorrow!" She dashed invisible tears from her eyes. "You have come to see Lord Nelson. He bid me say that he would be with you in an instant. You have doubtless heard that hostilities are about to re-open?"

"We heard the news last night."

"Lord Nelson is under orders to take command of the Mediterranean Fleet. You can think that at such a moment——but, ah, is it not his lordship's step that I hear?"

My attention was so riveted by the lady's curious manner and by the gestures and attitudes with which she accompanied every remark, that I did not see the great admiral enter the room. When I turned he was standing close by my elbow, a small, brown man with the lithe, slim figure of a boy. He was not clad in uniform, but he wore a high-collared, brown coat, with the right sleeve hanging limp and empty by his side. The expression of his face was, as I remember it, exceedingly sad and gentle, with the deep lines upon it which told of the chafing of his urgent and fiery soul. One eye was disfigured and sightless from a wound, but the other looked from my father to myself with the quickest and shrewdest of expressions. Indeed, his whole manner, with his short, sharp glance and the fine poise of the head, spoke of energy and alertness, so that he reminded me, if I may compare great things with small, of a well-bred fighting terrier, gentle and slim, but keen and ready for whatever chance might send.

"Why, Lieutenant Stone," said he, with great cordiality, holding out his left hand to my father, "I am very glad to see you. London is full of Mediterranean men, but I trust that in a week there will not be an officer amongst you all with his feet on dry land."

"I had come to ask you, sir, if you could assist me to a ship."

"You shall have one, Stone, if my word goes for anything at the Admiralty. I shall want all my old Nile men at my back. I cannot promise you a first-rate, but at least it shall be a 64-gun ship, and I can tell you that there is much to be done with a handy, well-manned, well-found 64-gun ship."

"Who could doubt it who has heard of the *Agamemnon?*" cried Lady Hamilton, and straightway she began to talk of the admiral and of his doings with such extravagance of praise and such a shower of compliments and of epithets, that my father and I did not know which way to look, feeling shame and sorrow for a man who was compelled to listen to such things said in his own presence. But when I ventured to glance at Lord Nelson I found, to my surprise, that far from showing any embarrassment, he was smiling with pleasure, as if this gross flattery of her ladyship's were the dearest thing in all the world to him.

"Come, come, my dear lady," said he, "you speak vastly beyond my merits," upon which encouragement she started again in a theatrical apostrophe to Britain's darling and Neptune's eldest son, which he endured with the same signs of gratitude and pleasure. That a man of the world, five-and-forty years of age, shrewd, honest, and acquainted with Courts, should be beguiled by such crude and coarse homage, amazed me, as it did all who knew him; but you who have seen much of life do not need to be told how often the strongest and noblest nature has its one inexplicable weakness, showing up the more obviously in contrast to the rest, as the dark stain looks the fouler upon the whitest sheet.

"You are a sea-officer of my own heart,

Stone," said he, when her ladyship had exhausted her panegyric. "You are one of the old breed!" He walked up and down the room with little, impatient steps as he talked, turning with a whisk upon his heel every now and then, as if some invisible rail had brought him up. "We are getting too fine for our work with these new-fangled epaulettes and quarter-deck trimmings. When I joined the Service, you would find a lieutenant gammoning and rigging his own bowsprit, or aloft, maybe, with a marlinspike slung round his neck, showing an example to his men. Now, it's as much as he'll do to carry his own sextant up the companion. When could you join?"

"To-night, my lord."

"Right, Stone, right! That is the true spirit. They are working double tides in the yards, but I do not know when the ships will be ready. I hoist my flag on the *Victory* on Wednesday, and we sail at once."

"No, no, not so soon! She cannot be ready for sea," said Lady Hamilton, in a wailing voice, clasping her hands and turning up her eyes as she spoke.

"She must and she shall be ready," cried Nelson, with extraordinary vehemence. "By Heaven! if the devil stands at the door, I sail on Wednesday. Who knows what these rascals may be doing in my absence? It maddens me to think of the deviltries which they may be devising. At this very instant, dear lady, the Queen, *our* Queen, may be straining her eyes for the topsails of Nelson's ships."

"Well, she knows that her stainless knight will never fail her in her need," said Lady Hamilton.

Thinking, as I did, that they were speaking of our own old Queen Charlotte, I could make no meaning out of this; but my father told me afterwards that both Nelson and Lady Hamilton had conceived an extraordinary affection for the Queen of Naples, and that it was the interests of her little kingdom which he had so strenuously at heart. It may have been my expression of bewilderment which attracted Nelson's attention to me, for he suddenly stopped in his quick quarter-deck walk, and looked me up and down with a severe eye.

"Well, young gentleman!" said he, sharply.

"This is my only son, sir," said my father. "It is my wish that he should join the Service, if a berth can be found him; for we have all been King's officers for many generations."

"So, you wish to come and have your bones broken?" cried Nelson, roughly, looking with much disfavour at the fine clothes which had cost my uncle and Mr. Brummell such a debate. "You will have to change that grand coat for a tarry jacket if you serve under me, sir."

I was so embarrassed by the abruptness of his manner that I could but stammer out that I hoped I should do my duty, on which his stern mouth relaxed into a good-humoured smile, and he laid his little brown hand for an instant upon my shoulder.

"I dare say that you will do very well," said he. "I can see that you have the stuff in you. But do not imagine that it is a light service which you undertake, young gentleman, when you enter His Majesty's Navy.

"'SHE MUST AND SHE SHALL BE READY,' CRIED NELSON."

It is a hard profession. You hear of the few who succeed, but what do you know of the hundreds who never find their way? Look at my own luck! Out of 200 who were with me in the San Juan expedition, 145 died in a single night. I have been in 180 engagements, and I have, as you see, lost my eye and my arm, and been sorely wounded besides. It chanced that I came through, and here I am flying my admiral's flag; but I remember many a man as good as me who did not come through. Yes," he added, as her ladyship broke in with a voluble protest, "many and many as good a man who has gone to the sharks or the land-crabs. But it is a useless sailor who does not risk himself every day, and the lives of all of us are in the hands of Him who best knows when to claim them."

For an instant, in his earnest gaze and reverent manner, we seemed to catch a glimpse of the deeper, truer Nelson, the man of the Eastern counties, steeped in the virile Puritanism which sent from that district the Ironsides to fashion England within, and the Pilgrim Fathers to spread it without. Here was the Nelson who declared that he saw the hand of God pressing upon the French, and who waited on his knees in the cabin of his flag-ship while she bore down upon the enemy's line. There was a human tenderness, too, in his way of speaking of his dead comrades, which made me understand why it was that he was so beloved by all who served with him, for, iron-hard as he was as seaman and fighter, there ran through his complex nature a sweet and un-English power of affectionate emotion, showing itself in tears if he were moved, and in such tender impulses as led him afterwards to ask his flag-captain to kiss him as he lay dying in the cockpit of the *Victory*.

My father had risen to depart, but the admiral, with that kindliness which he ever showed to the young, and which had been momentarily chilled by the unfortunate splendour of my clothes, still paced up and down in front of us, shooting out crisp little sentences of exhortation and advice.

"It is ardour that we need in the Service, young gentleman," said he. "We need red-hot men who will never rest satisfied. We had them in the Mediterranean, and we shall have them again. There was a band of brothers! When I was asked to recommend one for special service, I told the Admiralty they might take the names as they came, for the same spirit animated them all. Had we taken nineteen vessels, we should never have said it was well done while the twentieth sailed the seas. You know how it was with us, Stone. You are too old a Mediterranean man for me to tell you anything."

"I trust, my lord, that I shall be with you when next we meet them," said my father.

"Meet them we shall and must. By Heaven, I shall never rest until I have given them a shaking. The scoundrel Buonaparte wishes to humble us. Let him try, and God help the better cause!"

He spoke with such extraordinary animation that the empty sleeve flapped about in the air, giving him the strangest appearance. Seeing my eyes fixed upon it, he turned with a smile to my father.

"I can still work my fin, Stone," said he, putting his hand across to the stump of his arm. "What used they to say in the fleet about it?"

"That it was a sign, sir, that it was a bad hour to cross your hawse."

"They knew me, the rascals. You can see, young gentleman, that not a scrap of the ardour with which I serve my country has been shot away. Some day you may find that you are flying your own flag, and when that time comes you may remember that my advice to an officer is that he should have nothing to do with tame, slow measures. Lay all your stake, and if you lose through no fault of your own, the country will find you another stake as large. Never mind manœuvres! Go for them! The only manœuvre you need is that which will place you alongside your enemy. Always fight, and you will always be right. Give not a thought to your own ease or your own life, for from the day that you draw the blue coat over your back you have no life of your own. It is the country's, to be most freely spent if the smallest gain can come from it. How is the wind this morning, Stone?"

"East-south-east," my father answered, readily.

"Then Cornwallis is, doubtless, keeping well up to Brest, though, for my own part, I had rather tempt them out into the open sea."

"That is what every officer and man in the fleet would prefer, your lordship," said my father.

"They do not love the blockading service, and it is little wonder, since neither money nor honour is to be gained at it. You can remember how it was in the winter months before Toulon, Stone, when we had neither firing, wine, beef, pork, nor flour aboard the

ships, nor a spare piece of rope, canvas, or twine. We braced the old hulks with our spare cables, and God knows there was never a Levanter that I did not expect it to send us to the bottom. But we held our grip all the same. Yet I fear that we do not get much credit for it here in England, Stone, where they light the windows for a great battle, but they do not understand that it is easier for us to fight the Nile six times over, than to keep our station all winter in the blockade. But I pray God that we may meet this new fleet of theirs and settle the matter by a pell-mell battle."

"May I be with you, my lord!" said my father, earnestly. "But we have already taken too much of your time, and so I beg to thank you for your kindness and to wish you good morning."

"Good morning, Stone!" said Nelson. "You shall have your ship, and if I can make this young gentleman one of my officers it shall be done. But I gather from his dress," he continued, running his eye over me, "that you have been more fortunate in prize-money than most of your comrades. For my own part, I never did nor could turn my thoughts to money-making."

My father explained that I had been under the charge of the famous Sir Charles Tregellis, who was my uncle, and with whom I was now residing.

"Then you need no help from me," said Nelson, with some bitterness. "If you have either guineas or interest you can climb over the heads of old sea-officers, though you may not know the poop from the galley, or a carronade from a long nine. Nevertheless—but what the deuce have we here?"

The footman had suddenly precipitated himself into the room, but stood abashed before the fierce glare of the admiral's eye.

"Your lordship told me to rush to you if it should come," he explained, holding out a large blue envelope.

"By Heaven, it is my orders!" cried Nelson, snatching it up and fumbling with it in his awkward, one-handed attempt to break the seals. Lady Hamilton ran to his assistance, but no sooner had she glanced at the paper inclosed than she burst into a shrill scream, and throwing up her hands and her eyes, she sank backwards in a swoon. I could not but observe, however, that her fall was very carefully executed, and that she was fortunate enough, in spite of her insensibility, to arrange her drapery and attitude into a graceful and classical design. But he, the honest seaman, so incapable of deceit or affectation that he could not suspect it in others, ran madly to the bell, shouting for the maid, the doctor, and the smelling-salts, with incoherent words of grief, and such passionate terms of emotion that my father thought it more discreet to twitch me by the sleeve as a signal that we should steal from the room. There we left him then in the dim-lit London drawing-room, beside himself with pity for this shallow and most artificial woman, while without, at the edge of the Piccadilly curb, there stood the high dark berline ready to start him upon that long journey which was to end in his chase of the French fleet over 7,000 miles of ocean, his meeting with it, his victory, which confined Napoleon's ambition for ever to the land, and his death, coming, as I would it might come to all of us, at the crowning moment of his life.

"BY HEAVEN, IT IS MY ORDERS!"

(To be continued.)

No. XLVIII.—LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, C.B., R.N.

By William G. FitzGerald.

FOR years and years "Charlie" Beresford has been idolized by every class and colour all round the globe. The sturdy "B.P." have had him in their eye and in their heart, and on many memorable occasions he has filled these national (and metaphorical) organs to the exclusion of all else. We like our idols to be always before us; so when Lord Charles *does* disappear for a week or two, sure enough up crops some "character-actor" at the variety theatres to keep warm our admiration for this splendid fellow.

At the moment of writing, Lord Charles is rusticating at Ham; from which, *à priori*, the late Sherlock Holmes would doubtless gather (and rightly) that the hero of a hundred fights went in for a little farming. It was here I found him. He *must* be doing something, or he'd go crazy. His father, the Rev. Lord John Beresford (afterwards fourth Marquis of Waterford), was always killing game — when he wasn't saving souls. An impecunious Methodist called one Sunday morning on Lord John in order to raise a question of theology, and — ulteriorly — a small loan. He found the muscular pastor *en plein air*, bringing down no end of birds. After numerous unavailing hints at his real mission, the visitor burst out, vehemently:—

"My Lord, did the apostles shoot on the Sabbath Day?"

"Can't say," was the quick reply; "*but I'm certain they fished!*"

Lord Charles Beresford was born on the 10th February, 1846, at Phillipstown, in Ireland. At the age of nine he was sent to Bayford House School, in Herts, where also were Lord Rosebery, "Jimmy" Lowther, Lord George Hamilton, and his brother Lord Claude; and lastly, Lord Charles's own two brothers, the late Marquis of Waterford and Lord William Beresford—the V.C. man.

The duckling does not take to the water more readily than this boy took to sport of every kind — except cricket; he always loathed cricket, the ball being notoriously erratic. And yet he was a delicate child. After two years under Mr. Renneau, at Bayford House, he became very poorly, and was transferred to the care of a private tutor —Canon Payne—at Walmer. In both Services a Beresford had won renown; so, before Lord Charles had even entered his teens, he fixed his bright blue eyes on the Navy. The fact was, he found home restraint irksome, and he rather fancied a life on the ocean wave; there was such a fine, free flavour about it.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, C.B., R.N.
From a Photo. by J. Heyman, Cairo.

About March, 1861, Lord Charles left the *Britannia* (which he entered as a cadet in 1859), and entered the *Marlborough*, a three-decker, of 4,000 tons, with a crew of 1,150 men. Now, if you want to kindle the gallant sailor into enthusiasm, you have only to mention this ship; to this day he speaks of her with pride as "the smartest ship in the Service"—of course, in those days. The *Marlborough* was the flag-ship of Vice-Admiral Sir W. Fanshawe-Martin, commanding the Mediterranean Fleet.

"I joined her," says Lord Charles, "at St. Helens, in the Isle of Wight. I'm told I was a delicate-looking little chap of about fifteen. Having put off in a small boat with my chest, I pre-

THE "MARLBOROUGH," LORD CHARLES'S FIRST SHIP.

sently climbed up the side of the vessel, where the great big boatswain's mate was waiting for me. Never shall I forget that man's remark to his colleague :—

"'Mate, 'ere's another orficer kim aboard jist in toime; but, pore little beggar!—he ain't long fur this world.'

"Were it not for the *Marlborough*," Lord Charles declares, "I should never have stayed in the Service."

At this early stage he began to assert himself. He once got a severe drubbing for suggesting "structural alterations" in the ship and silence at work. I should explain that, in those days, a perfect pandemonium reigned whenever important orders were given on board. Everybody bellowed and cursed themselves hoarse. So frequently was young Beresford in trouble that, at last, he was sent home from the *Marlborough*, and later on drafted to the *Defence*, one of the ships of the first ironclad squadron. While in this vessel, he saved two lives from drowning, gaining the Royal Humane Society's bronze medal, and also that of the Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane Society. The *Defence* nearly drove Lord Charles out of the Navy. He complains of her slackness and dirtiness; but doubtless the *Marlborough* spoiled him for any other ship.

We next find Lord Charles in the *Clio*, a sailing corvette of 1,472 tons, belonging to the Pacific Station. Then came an unlucky spell. In Vancouver one day the midshipmen got up a point-to-point race; and a small crowd of ponies and riders subsequently got mixed on a narrow wooden bridge.

"I came off rather badly," remarked Lord Charles. "My leg and three ribs were broken, and one side of my face was dreadfully cut. I remember I was insensible for twenty-four hours."

Again, a paper chase at Valparaiso resulted in Lord Charles breaking his collar-bone and sustaining concussion of the brain; this time his horse came to grief over some timber, and he was taken back to his ship on a mule, a charitable Chilian walking alongside in true Biblical style. But no wonder he remembers the *Clio!* Later on he fell 20ft. down the hold and broke another three ribs.

This chapter of accidents is not yet complete. Lord Charles was one day out fishing in the dingey with two other middies; the *Clio* was then near Panama. One of the middies couldn't swim, so he was idiotic enough to fall overboard into waters infested with enormous sharks. Lord Charles jumped in after him and brought him to the surface. But the boat had glided swiftly on, and the youngster remaining in it didn't know how to manage the sails. Altogether it was not a

THE "DEFENCE," ON WHICH LORD CHARLES SERVED AS MIDSHIPMAN.

cheerful situation. The rescuer was rapidly growing faint, so he shouted to the middy to lower the sails and get out the oars. This the lad succeeded in doing, and a few minutes later Lord Charles struggled into the boat exhausted, and deposited his dripping companion on the seat.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD AT THE AGE OF 18.
From a Photograph.

Young Beresford would do the most outrageous things in sheer exuberance of spirit. When the *Clio* touched at Honolulu he stepped ashore in search of adventure. As nothing extraordinary turned up, he made for the American Consul's house, where he promptly climbed the flagstaff and dragged down the "Stars and Stripes." He took the flag to his ship and slung it in a basket to the mainmast. Of course, he was found out, and then there was trouble. Both he and his companion were ordered to replace the flag in broad daylight; but this Lord Charles flatly refused to do. His connection with the Navy would have ended there and then had not a friend telegraphed details to his mother. The Marchioness at once sent this message: "Replace it, for my sake." Then he consented, and even hired a photographer to perpetuate the interesting ceremony. After this, the troublesome boy was sent home. About the year 1862, however, he was ordered to the *Tribune*, a frigate of 1,500 tons, under Captain Lord Gillford (the present Earl of Clanwilliam), who was requested to report upon his conduct once a month.

"I learned a tremendous lot in the *Tribune*," remarks Lord Charles; "tailoring, sailmaking, and so on. I've cut out and made no end of 'jumpers' and trousers, and could sew a hundred yards of canvas to-morrow if necessary." What is more, he can stoke a steamer, repair a boat, build a house, break the fieriest horse, and make a table or a chair.

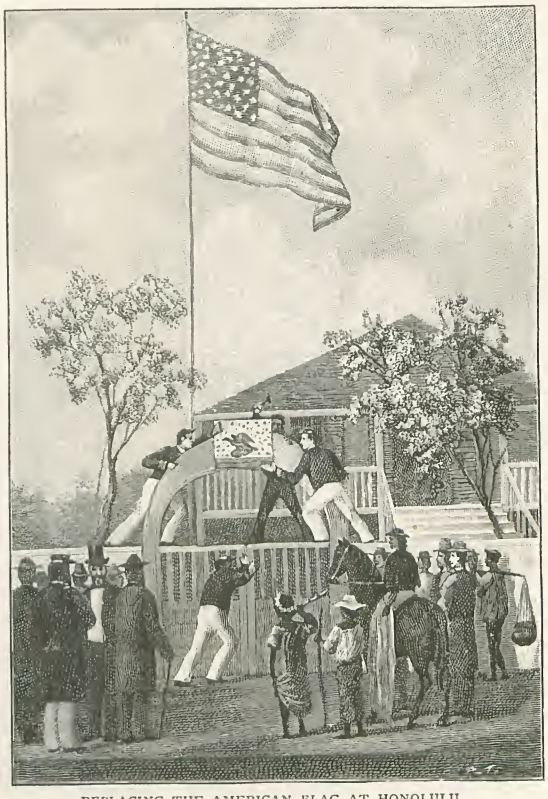
By the way, Lord Charles passed for sub-lieutenant while on the *Tribune*, taking a coil of rope into the captain's cabin wherewith to demonstrate before the examiners. Altogether, he spent about four years on the Pacific Station, and saw a very great deal of service. The last ship he served in before coming home was the *Sutlej*, a sailing frigate of 3,066 tons. One day in 1866, while in this ship, Lord Charles was noticeably moody and depressed—a most unusual thing for him.

"What's up?" asked his messmates, with the joyous flippancy of youth.

"I feel certain there's something wrong at home," was the mournful reply; "either my father or my mother is dead."

And so it was. The Marquis of Waterford (formerly Lord John Beresford) had died the previous night. Lord Charles came home from the Pacific in 1868; but I can't close this part of his career without relating a couple of funny incidents that happened during his service on this station.

He once lay ill at a hotel in San Francisco,



REPLACING THE AMERICAN FLAG AT HONOLULU.
From a Photograph.

and presents of fruit and flowers were left for him daily. One morning the proprietor of the establishment met the head waiter—a stately, serious man—on the stairs; the latter was carrying a suspicious-looking basket. "What ha' ye got there?" queried the proprietor, sternly. "*It's an offering for the Lord*," was the solemn reply.

Lord Charles on another occasion attended the burial service of a marine who died at Monte Video. The coffin was brought into a room, but there was nothing to rest it on. "I met an old salt dodging here and there, evidently looking for something, so I said to him, sharply, 'What do you want?' I thought he was mad when he yelled: 'Three *cheers* for the coffin.'" At first it strikes one as an idiotic, inconsequent answer, but the man meant "chairs."

Lord Charles was twenty-two when he came home, and he at once went to college at Portsmouth to pass his examination. About this time there was a big Fenian scare, and we presently find the young lieutenant appointed to the *Research*, guardship off Holyhead.

"I remained in the *Research* about seven months," says Lord Charles; "and during that time I used to run across to Dublin and ride to hounds, so that I was able to tell my friends I rode about eighty miles to covert."

One night Lord Charles and two other dashing junior officers fixed their eyes longingly on the great gilded eagle that swung out from an inn in Holyhead. The temptation was too great, so they got upon each other's shoulders in order to reach the prize. Beresford was on top, yet he couldn't quite reach the sign, so he leaped up at it, with the result that the eagle came down with a terrific crash, almost burying him beneath its widespread wings.

It turned out that the innkeeper had heard the conspirators talking outside his window, therefore he knew the meaning of the crash, and was ready to pursue. On running out, however, he only chased two fast-retreating figures down the street, not noticing little Lord Charles beneath the fallen sign. That eagle was actually taken on board the *Research*, provided with a fashionable stand-up collar, and placed on the breakfast-table. As in all our hero's pranks, however, ample restitution was made.

After having served on the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, Lord Charles was, on the 17th October, 1868, appointed to the *Galatea*, commanded by the Duke of Edinburgh (now of Saxe-Coburg), with whom he went round the world. It will be remembered that the Duke had started previously, and got as far as Sydney, when he was shot by O'Farrel. To this day, I believe, His Royal Highness wears the bullet on his watch-chain.

"We were the first Europeans who ever saw the Mikado," remarked Lord Charles, "and we would have been cut down in the streets by the Japs were we not guarded by thirty or forty men." Truly, all that is changed now in "the England of the Far East."

The cruise of the *Galatea* was much what you might imagine. The ship touched at every important port, and there were any number of receptions, presentations, big shoots, grand durbars, and the like. To say that the party had a hospitable greeting

"THE EAGLE CAME DOWN WITH A TERRIFIC CRASH."

THE "GALATEA," ON WHICH LORD CHARLES WENT ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

everywhere seems silly. Even the midshipmen had studs of horses placed at their disposal. In New Zealand, Lord Charles tells me, they met in society a Maori lady—("I took her in to dinner")—who afterwards threw off the veneer of civilization and "ran amuck" among the missionaries, killing several, and preaching the destruction of the white man generally.

Lord Charles tells an interesting story about the "Haunted Dock," at Sydney; for he cleared up a long-standing mystery when the *Galatea* was at that place. Cockator Dock was cut in the solid rock by convicts; and every night curious tappings were heard in the vicinity. These sounds were commonly supposed to be caused by the spirits of dead convicts. One night Lord Charles resolved to *find* the ghost, so he took with him old Quartermaster Kemp. These two tried in vain for hours to locate the sounds. At one moment they would be certain they knew exactly where the noises came from, but when they got there they saw nothing. At last Lord Charles was forced to give up the search; and as he was leaving the place he savagely kicked at an old plank that lay on a rugged ledge of rock. This was immediately dislodged, revealing—*two enormous frogs!* These were the "ghosts." Their unearthly croak was always caught up by the surrounding rocks, and echoed and re-echoed here and there, until it was utterly impossible to locate the real source of the sound.

"We took the frogs back to the ship in a pail," remarked Lord Charles; "and the Sydney people recall the affair to this day." The gallant sailor will long remember the *Galatea*, for when that vessel was at the Falkland Islands, he nearly lost his life.

One bitterly cold night Lord Charles got back to the ship at half-past eight, after a tiring day's goose shooting. Just as he stepped on board he heard the awful cry, "Man overboard!" It was the sentry who had disappeared beneath the floating ice, great coat, rifle and all. Now, although our hero's pockets were stuffed with cartridges, and he was clad in heavy garments, he instantly seized one end of a coil of rope and leaped into the sea.

"I went down, and down, and down," says Lord Charles, "until I began to think the rope was not fastened to anything. At last, however, I grasped my man, the rope became taut, and I began to ascend. The ship's corporal helped us both out."

This incident has a sequel. About fifteen years afterwards, Lord Charles was speaking at a political meeting at Enfield, in support of Lord Folkestone's candidature. The hall was packed, and everybody was paying great attention to the speech, when suddenly there was a scuffle at the back.

There were also cries of "Order, order!" "Chuck him out!" and that kind of thing, when Lord Charles shouted, "Let the man come up here to the platform, and we'll hear what he's got to say." The man struggled forward in great excitement and a tattered condition. He only wanted to shake his saviour's hand. He had recognised Lord Charles as the officer who had saved him from the icy seas off the Falkland Islands. A public explanation followed, and an ovation followed that. It was a fortuitous incident in Lord Folkestone's electoral campaign.

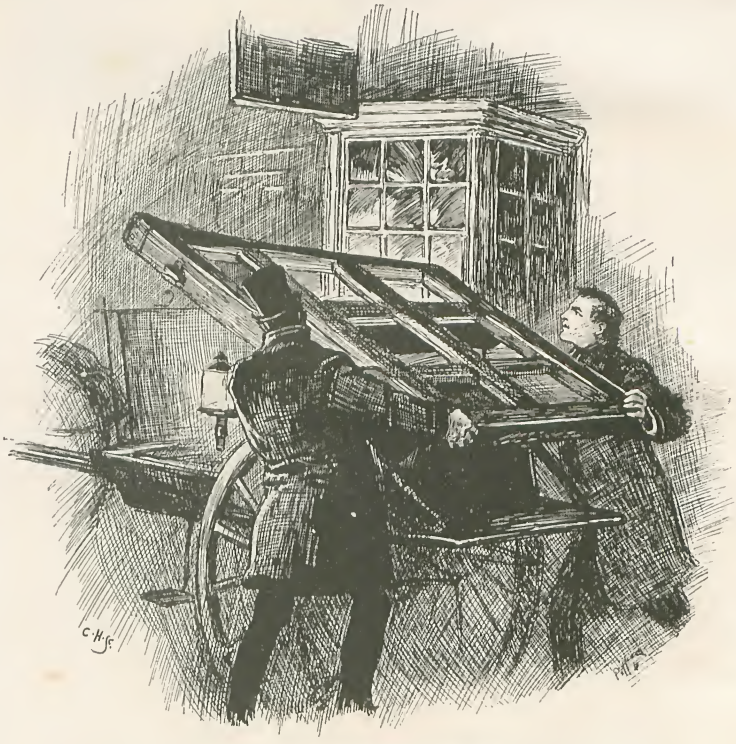
One result of the *Galatea's* tour was an extensive zoological collection, which included a big elephant. This great beast was something of a nuisance; indeed, had it not been for Lord Charles, he would never have adorned the Dublin Zoo. "I used to teach him funny tricks, such as standing on his hind legs. Oh! it was very simple. If I wanted him to raise one leg, I merely pricked him with a pin." The elephant was taken for a run ashore every time the *Galatea* put into port, but it was frequently a tremendous job to get him back again. In these cases Lord Charles was always sent for.

"He had one trick I never taught him, and which eventually resulted in the death of his keeper. If anyone tried to pass him in his box, he would jostle that person playfully against the wall. Therefore, I never went into his den without an iron spike which I held horizontally, so that when the animal sidled up, he felt the prick."

When at last this elephant was landed at Plymouth, and was being transported by rail to London, a marine, named Paton, journeyed in the same truck, as keeper.

"When the train got to Paddington, poor Paton was dead," remarked Lord Charles. "He had been crushed against the side of the truck as he was trying to pass the elephant, and a bolt in the timber had broken his spine."

In 1871 the *Galatea* came home, and Lord Charles settled down for a time as a country gentleman. Even this had its mild excitements, though, for on one occasion he rode in a steeplechase with six other gentlemen, five of whom (including himself) broke their collar-bones over the same fence.



"THE TWO PLACED THE WHOLE CONCERN CROSSWISE ON THE DOG-CART."

On November 1st, 1872, Sir Harry Keppel, K.C.B., made Lord Charles his flag-lieutenant on the *Royal Adelaide*, flag-ship at Devonport. About this time a first-rate story went about Plymouth, to this effect: Lord Charles and Sir Harry were driving home one night in a tandem dog-cart—they had been dining. Presently they came to a toll-gate and aroused the custodian, who was sleepy and uncivil. Lord Charles gave him half a sovereign and a lot of abuse, whereupon he took the former and then beat a retreat, leaving the gate shut. The two then dismounted, broke off the hinges of the gate with big stones, and put the whole concern crosswise on the dog-cart, to the detriment of the springs; the horse in the shafts was nearly lifted off the ground with the weight behind. They then drove through the town triumphantly, and chopped up the gate for firewood.

I have said that Beresford was always pugnacious. Listen to this. He had a row one day in Plymouth with a cabman; it was the time-worn argument about fares, followed by satire and invective. The two arranged to fight it out, and Lord Charles (who had been taught boxing by a marine on the *Clio*) actually hired a room for the purpose. Both men turned up with backers, but the cabman came off best. "He could see rather better than I could at the finish," remarked Lord Charles. About this time, by the way, Lord Charles received his first command—the *Goshawk*, a composite gunboat of 408 tons.

In 1874 the "grate say captain" (as the Irish priests called him) was asked to stand for Parliament, by his brother, Lord Waterford. At first he declined, but when it was pointed out that he could do much for the Service in the House, he consented. I can't describe in detail his first election, with its fights and excitements. Here and there he was stoned. One day he met an old chap who remembered the '26 election, when one of the Beresfords spent £30,000 to beat a Steward who squandered £18,000.

"Lard Char—les," whined the old fellow —"ye're no man." "I don't agree with you," replied the candidate, "but why d'ye say that?" "Yerra, the lasht time a Beresford stud, it's up to me knees I was in blood and whishky; but the divil a dhrop av ayther have I seen this toime."

In 1875 came the great Indian tour of the Prince of Wales, and Lord Charles was appointed naval aide-de-camp for that gorgeous excursion. Big books have been written about this tour, but one tragi-comic incident stands out clearly in Lord Charles's mind.

"We were elephant shooting in Ceylon, and were driving back to Colombo, when the horses in the wagonette showed signs of fatigue. Lord Aylesbury, who was on the box, took the reins from our Tamil coachman, whereupon the animals swerved just as we were crossing a rude bridge, and the whole equipage, passengers and all, were precipitated into the nullah below. No one was hurt. I playfully belaboured the coachman with a bundle of elephants' tails, and then told him to mount the box. At the same time I turned to the Malay sergeant, and said, in solemn tones, 'Cut that man's head off.' He, thinking it an awful crime to upset the Prince, instantly drew his sabre, and rushed at the coachman. Fortunately the latter understood English, and scrambled on to a ledge of rock out of reach. Seeing that my joke had nearly caused a catastrophe, I called out to the sergeant, 'The Prince has graciously pardoned him; let him come down.'"

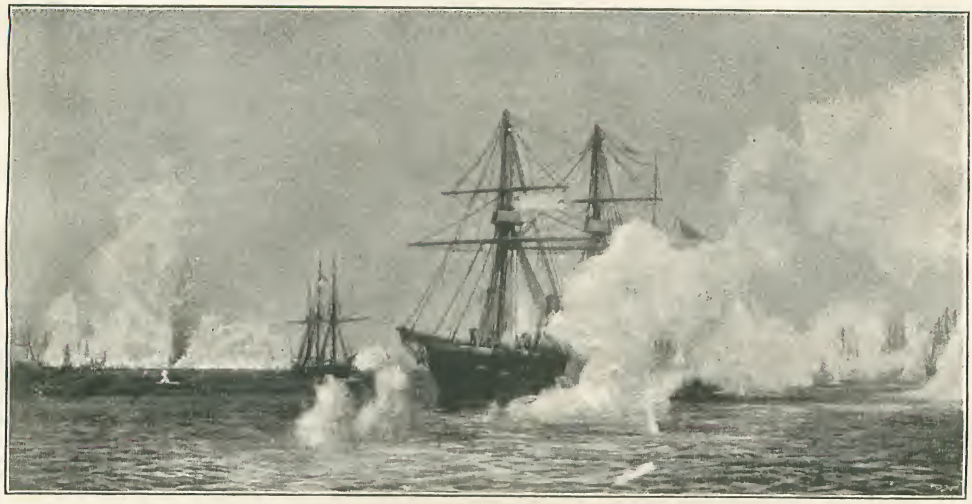
In the next picture, Lord Charles is seen in an elephant howdah, with his Chinese servant, Tom Fat. This extraordinary worthy merits a paragraph or two to himself; but I had better give the story in his master's own words: "Tom Fat was sold to me for twenty-five dollars, the vendor being his own uncle, who lived near Hong Kong. Everybody liked my Chinese boy. When he had been with me nine years, it suddenly struck him that he had never had a regular holiday like the rest of men. Therefore I gave him a week's leave; this he spent in London. In the same time he had also spent £87 of my money. As he didn't turn up after ten days, I knew something was wrong; and eventually the police found him at the Criterion giving a supper to *fourteen* 'lady-friends'!"

What was the meaning of this? Why, the guileless Chinese boy was an accomplished forger; and before he started on his little holiday in town, he forged his master's name to a cheque for £2,000. Now, Lord Charles is not a man of strict business principles; he is far too easy-going and good-humoured. His servants supply him with small change when necessary, and he never carries a watch. The forgery would probably have gone on much longer were it not that Tom Fat dropped into the Marlborough Club one day, and presented a beautifully-executed I O U (of course, in his master's name) for £30. In due time Lord Charles was gently reminded of this "little bit of paper," and then Thomas's little game was up. He got five years' "penal," but his old master got him off after he had served three. Lord Charles eventually paid Tom Fat's passage to China, and set him up there as a bookseller, he being studiously inclined.

"He was born to rise," concluded his lordship; "and I shouldn't be surprised if he figured as a high mandarin during the last war."

After serving in the turret ship *Thunderer*, Lord Charles was, on June 12th, 1879, appointed to the command of the Royal yacht *Osborne*, Prince Louis of Battenberg being one of the lieutenants. This command he gave up in 1881 to take over the famous gun-boat *Condor*, of 780 tons. In May, 1882, that redoubtable little vessel was ordered to Alexandria; and the next incident Lord Charles has to tell deals with the memorable day of the massacre—Sunday, June 11th, 1882, when even the British Admiral, Sir Beauchamp Seymour (afterwards Lord Alcester), narrowly escaped with his life.

"I was strolling towards the Grand Square, when I met a brother officer, who asked me to drive up the town with him to see if his wife and family were safe. We hired a conveyance off the rank, and proceeded on our way. Presently we saw crowds of wounded Greeks coming towards us, and farther along were menacing crowds. A few minutes later our carriage was surrounded, and the crowd began to strike at us. I saw it meant death to stay there, especially as our rascally 'cabby' was in perfect sympathy with the mob. Leaping on to the seat, amid a perfect hail of blows from sticks and miscellaneous weapons, I took the reins and commenced to lash the horse. The crowd had to give way, and in a few minutes more we were beyond danger. It was a near thing though, for we were nearly pulled out of the carriage." Seventy-three European bodies were afterwards found. Subsequent events are matters of history—the rise of Arabi—Egypt's Cromwell—and the bombardment of Alexandria.



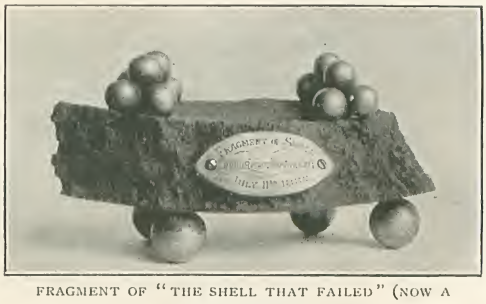
THE "CONDOR" IN ACTION—FIGHTING THE MARABOUT FORT AT ALEXANDRIA.
By W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A. By permission of the Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street.

After the riots came an exodus such as Egypt hadn't seen since the departure of the troublesome, grumbling Israelites. In ten days Lord Charles sent away from 12,000 to 18,000 refugees. Many went on board ships in the harbour, others cleared right away with nothing more than the clothes they wore. Meanwhile, Arabi—or "Horrible Pasha," as our bluejackets used to call him—was getting things ready—organizing the army, fort-building, and mounting big guns. Our admiral protested, and Arabi said he would give up further preparations. One night, though, great search-light beams were thrown on Alexandria, and, sure enough, there were swarms of Arabs working away on the defences for dear life. Then it was resolved to throw far more damaging things into the town. The first shot, weighing three-quarters of a ton, and travelling at the rate of a mile in three seconds, was fired at 7 a.m., on July 11th, 1882.

Beresford was instructed to keep his *Condor* fluttering about, rendering assistance here and there and carrying messages. But this *rôle* didn't suit him at all. After having helped off the stranded *Téméraire*, which seemed desirous of taking up her anchorage in the Grand Square itself, Lord Charles actually challenged the Marabout Batteries—one of the most formidable forts of Alexandria, manned by the flower of Arabi's artillerists. Remember, the *Condor* only carried three small guns, while the Marabout Fort mounted the following formidable armament: two 8-ton, two 12-ton, two 10in. and two 9in. guns, twenty 32-pounders, and five mortars! No wonder the battery didn't deign to reply, but went on harassing the *Monarch*, *Penelope*, and *Invincible*.

Of course, one shot would have disabled the *Condor*, yet it is a matter of history that after firing 200 rounds she silenced the fort, whereupon the admiral hoisted the famous signal, "Well done, *Condor*"—a cry that has often greeted the gallant sailor at great public meetings.

At Park Gate House, Ham Common, Lord Charles has a paper-weight consisting of a fragment of a shell fired from the *Condor*, which passed right through the magazine of



FRAGMENT OF "THE SHELL THAT FAILED" (NOW A PAPER-WEIGHT).

the Marabout Fort, without exploding. His museum also includes the *Condor's* binnacle, and the red and white flag of the conquered fort. He is a great man for getting trophies of his fights. In the stable you will see a long board on which is painted in big letters: "Tell-el-Kebir." This is the actual name-board of the railway station near which the battle was fought.

RAILWAY STATION NAME-BOARD, TAKEN AFTER THE BATTLE OF TELL-EL-KEBIR.

After having saved the Khedive, Tewfik, from Arabi's vengeance (he got nothing in return save an autograph portrait, here reproduced), Lord Charles was intrusted with the policing of the town. It wanted a lot of policing. The rabble sprinkled petroleum here and there, and set fire to the houses; they also considerately released the convicts, that the latter might not miss any part of the fun.

Having made the Ministry of Marine his head-quarters, Lord Charles set the Arabs to clear away the ruins, under the supervision of marines. For the first four days ten or twelve of his men were engaged night and day in writing out instructions to restore order. Twenty interpreters were employed, including those sent with the patrols to prevent unnecessary punishments. Inquiries were held in thirteen different courts.

FLAG OF THE MARABOUT FORT.

Of course, the fierce fires that raged everywhere had to be dealt with; but, unfortunately, the appliances were not such as would be approved by Captain Simonds. One steamer, with a leaky boiler, and two manuals were found; but ladders, shovels, picks—all these were missing. Also, the hose was rotten or rat-eaten. To crown all, the water was thoughtfully cut off by Arabi, who built an earthwork across the canal at Kafer Dowar, two miles south. Nevertheless, on the twelfth day, Lord Charles was told that all the fires were out. We now find this distinguished officer promoted to captain.

The Europeans who had watched the bombardment from the deck of the specially chartered P. and O. steamer *Tanjore* found their occupations gone when they got back to Alexandria—also their houses and shops. Still, no one seemed to take a gloomy view of things. There was a photographer who found *himself destitute*. Did he retire to a dark room and "take" his own life? Not a bit of it. He rigged up a stall in the street, borrowed a camera, got his chemicals on credit, and opened a subscription list for sets of fifty views of the town and forts, at £2 per set. Within a year he had a fine establishment. Then Lord Charles noticed a waitress in the café who, before the bombardment, had been the cultured principal of a ladies' school. He also came upon an old Irishman whom he had last seen sitting as model to an artist friend who was engaged in painting the head of St. Matthew. The old fellow was cleaning out the camels' stables, and on seeing Lord Charles he put down his shovel and said, with an air of apologetic disgust, "Nice okapaation fur wan o' the twelve Apostles; aint it?"

Here I am reminded of the rich crop of stories associated with the career of this distinguished man. A labourer once wrote to him, saying that his wife had just had twins—a boy and a girl—and he wanted to call one "Lord Charles Beresford Brown," and the other "Princess of Wales Brown." Lord Charles gave his permission, and obtained that of the Princess. Four months later the man wrote again: "I am happy to inform you that 'Lord Charles Beresford Brown' is well and strong, but that 'Princess of Wales Brown' died this morning."

Lord Charles is a man of few words, and those very much to the point. Speaking in the House of Commons, one day, in reference to the Arab slave-dealers, he said, with great emphasis: "Mr. Speaker, we ought to catch these men, give 'em a fair trial, and then hang 'em." Unconventional, Lord Charles has always been. Receiving an invitation to dinner at Marlborough House one evening, he replied by wire: "Sorry can't come. Lie follows by post."

When order was restored in Alexandria, Lord Charles burned to get to the front, in order that he might have his share of fighting. The Khedive then sent him with fifty horses

to see what was going on. The horses were towed in a lighter round from Alexandria to Ismailia and Port Said; but as the man in charge of the steamer thought he knew navigation better than Lord Charles, the bow of the lighter was stove in, and a scene of awful confusion ensued. Beresford slid down from the steamer and cut the horses loose. Although the water was rushing in, the animals were fighting each other like mad; and when the lighter sank, Lord Charles had to swim about for an hour and a half heading them towards the land. Only six horses were drowned.

Lord Charles couldn't get to the front, although he tried to push on as "special" for the *New York Herald;* then he went home. In September, 1884, the Nile Expedition for the relief of Gordon was tardily decided on, and our hero was attached to Lord Wolseley's staff. On arriving at Cairo, he commenced the big task of getting the boats up to Korti; and he insisted on taking his boiler plates (each weighing about 12lb.) across the desert from Wady Halfa. The importance of this is shown later on.

THE KHEDIVE TEWFIK, WHOSE LIFE WAS SAVED BY LORD CHARLES.
From a Photo. by Professor Fritz Luckhardt, Vienna.

As all the world knows, Lord Charles commanded the Naval Brigade at Abu Klea, at the close of which battle he was the sole survivor of a detachment in charge of the machine gun. He says that this Gardner gun jammed after firing thirty rounds, the enemy, 6,000 strong, being then 200yds. away. Lord Charles and the captain of the gun, Will Rhoods, were trying to clear the barrel when the enemy were upon them. Rhoods was at once killed, and his commanding officer was swept to the ground in the rush; he escaped with only a few spear scratches. Among the killed at Abu Klea was Lord Charles's favourite donkey, "County of Waterford." When I asked him why he gave the ass such an outlandish name, he replied: "Because the second time I contested it I lost my seat."

It was a terrible time. Lord Charles one day paid eight shillings for a lemonade bottle half-full of water; and later on he read the burial service over Cameron and St. Leger Herbert, the newspaper correspondents, who were killed at Abu Kru. Of course, Lord Charles can recall no end of interesting incidents. He speaks of one of his men who, in one battle, received forty-six wounds and yet lived.

It is a matter of history how Sir Charles Wilson made a dash for Khartoum by way of the river. He reached the capital of the Soudan on January 28th, 1885, but he was too late; the city was in the hands of the Mahdi, and it was alive with warriors and gay with banners. The *vicinity* was also alive with lead presently, and Wilson prudently steamed out of range. He had had a terrible journey up, the river banks being literally lined with batteries and entrenchments. For example, there were four Krupp guns mounted at Halfiych.

Plainly, there was nothing for it but to go back. Unfortunately, the pilots were treacherous, and, thanks to them, the two steamers were wrecked below the Shublaka Cataracts. Wilson then landed his men on the island of Mernat, and sent Lieut. Stuart Wortley (who ought to have received the V.C. and didn't) down to the British camp at Gubat with news of his plight. Beresford forthwith rose from his sick bed, manned one of the two remaining "penny" steamers at Gubat (the *Safieh*), and then started to the rescue, on the afternoon of February 1st. News of Wilson's position was also sent across the desert to Wolseley, at Korti.

The tremendous fight of the *Safieh*, lasting twenty-two hours, is very well known, and it eclipses even the performance of the *Condor*. Beresford had two Gardner guns, two light

THE FIGHT OF THE "SAFIEH" AT WAD-EL-HABESHI.
From the picture by Dickinson and Foster.

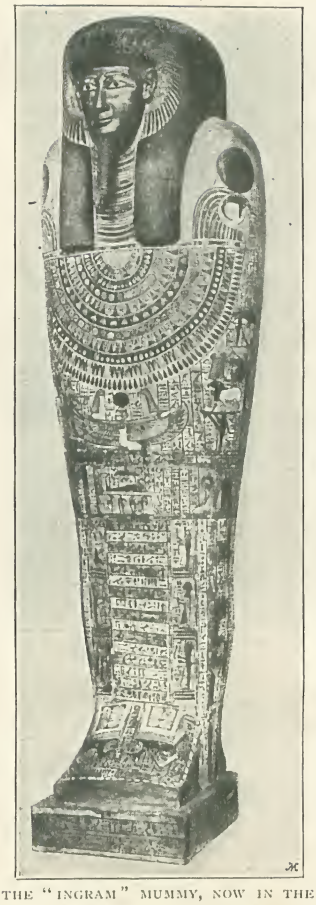
guns, and his handful of riflemen. Among his officers was Mr. Herbert Ingram (of whom more hereafter), who served one of the Gardner guns after its captain was killed. The enemy had batteries of heavy guns and about 4,000 riflemen. "Victory was almost ours," remarked Lord Charles, "and we were giving a cheer, when at the second 'Hip,' a big shot struck the *Safieh's* boiler. A vast cloud of water and steam rose from the vessel, scalding seven men; Wilson thought she had been blown up." Lord Charles actually anchored the little steamer, in her crippled condition, within 200yds. of the enemy's works; he then put out the fires, produced in triumph his boiler plates, and had a patch put on in ten hours, while his men on deck made such excellent practice that the enemy's riflemen dared not even show their heads. Mr. Henry Benbow was the engineer who mended the boiler under these trying circumstances. "Certainly, Benbow ought to have got the V.C.," said Lord Charles to me. "It's a curious thing," he went on, "that while a man may receive a V.C. for saving a single life, he seldom gets it for saving many." Lord Charles possesses a big painting (here shown) of this famous fight, and the rough sketch for it was prepared by Mr. Ingram on the spot.

Here I must digress for a moment to tell the weird, extraordinary story of the ultimate fate of Mr. Herbert Ingram, Lord Charles Beresford's most brilliant and dashing volunteer. In the first place, Lord Charles outlined the story for me, and Sir William Ingram very kindly filled in the details of his brother's tragic death. So keen was Mr. Ingram's interest in the Gordon Relief Expedition, that he actually took his own steam launch out to Egypt to join the expeditionary forces. He was at Abu Klea, Metemneh, and anywhere else where there was any hot fighting to be done.

As a kind of souvenir of his adventures in Egypt and the Soudan, Mr. Ingram at length bought a mummy for £50 from the English Consul at Luxor. The mummy was that of a priest of Thetis, and it bore a mysterious inscription. After obtaining, at Cairo, the necessary permits, Ingram sent the mummy home in a big case, which was opened by his brothers at the offices of the *Illustrated London News*. Over the face was a *papier-maché* mask, which is now deposited in the British Museum. The last-named institution was asked to send along an expert to decipher and translate the inscription, which was long and blood-curdling. It set forth that whosoever disturbed the body of this priest should himself be deprived of decent burial; he would meet with a violent death, and his mangled remains would be "carried down by a rush of waters to the sea." This is the first part of a fascinating romance of real life.

Some time after sending the mummy home, Mr. Ingram and Sir Henry Meux were elephant-shooting in Somaliland, when one day the natives brought in a great chunk of dried earth, saying it was the spoor of the biggest elephant in the world. The temptation was too much for the two sportsmen, so they hunted up that herd. "I've left my elephant-gun behind," cried Sir Henry, in dismay. "Take mine," said Ingram, generously, leaving himself with a comparatively impotent small-bore.

When they sighted the elephants, Sir Henry went after a bull, and Mr. Ingram turned his attention to an enormous cow. His method was to turn round in his saddle, fire a shot, and then gallop his pony on ahead, dodging the infuriated elephant among the trees. At last, looking back for another shot, he was swept out of his saddle by the drooping bough of a tree. The moment he reached the ground the wounded elephant was upon him, goring and trampling him to death, notwithstanding the heroism of his Somali servant, who poured a charge of shot right into the monster's ear.



THE "INGRAM" MUMMY, NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF LADY MEUX.

For days the elephant would not let anyone approach the spot, but eventually Mr. Ingram's remains were reverently gathered up and buried for the time being in a nullah, or ravine. Never again was the body seen, for, when an expedition was afterwards dispatched to the spot, only one sock and part of a human bone were found; these pitiful relics were subsequently interred at Aden with military honours. It was found that the floods caused by heavy rains had washed away Mr. Ingram's remains, thereby fulfilling the ancient prophecy—the awful threat of the priest of Thetis. The mummy is now in the possession of Lady Meux, and Sir Harry has the tusks of the elephant.

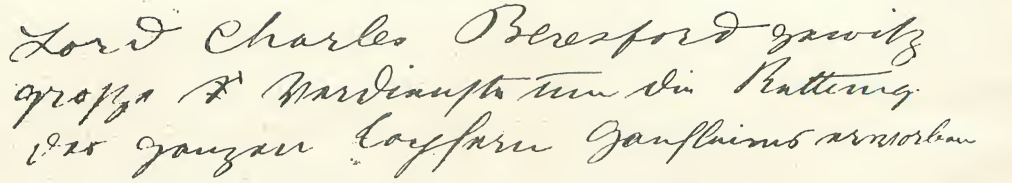
PAPIER-MACHÉ MASK OF THE ABOVE MUMMY, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

But let us return to Lord Charles Beresford's desperate fight on the Nile. It is difficult to over-rate the effects of this action at Wad-el-Habeshi, which Lord Charles fought in a miserable little Thames steamer, rotten with age and caulked with rags.

Not only did it save Lord Charles and his men, and Wilson and *his* party (who were soon safe at Korti), but by the salutary effect it produced on the great Emir, El-Nejumi, Sir Redvers Buller was enabled to withdraw the desert column in safety without being threatened by the Soudanese. This is proved by Slatin Pasha, and also by a letter from Father Ohrwalder, who escaped from Khartoum after having been a prisoner for ten years in the hands of the Mahdi.

In December, 1889, Lord Charles took command of the *Undaunted*, twin-screw armoured cruiser of 5,600 tons. "You see," he says, bitterly, "I had to get in my sea-time to qualify for flag rank." Will it be believed that Lord Charles's service with the Gordon Relief Expedition, and his subsequent heroic rescue of Wilson—in all 315 days — was disallowed by the Admiralty as "sea-time"? With his Naval Brigade he was present in four sanguinary actions, besides almost daily skirmishes up and down the Nile in search of fuel for the camp and fresh meat for the sick.

There are actually several well-known precedents which emphasize the enormity of this scandal. On March 28th, 1863, Captain (afterwards Sir George) Tryon got one year and two months' sea-time allowed by Order in Council for acting as transport officer at Massowah, during the Abyssinian War. Six



FACSIMILE OF PART OF FATHER OHRWALDER'S LETTER WHICH STATES THAT LORD CHARLES'S NILE FIGHT IN THE "SAFIEH" SAVED THE WHOLE BRITISH COLUMN.

months of this time were spent in an Admiralty office making up accounts. Then over and over again has this most distinguished officer been passed over slightingly when G.S.P.'s (Good Service Pensions) and A.D.C.'s have been awarded. These have been given to many of his juniors, not one of whom has seen even half his service before the enemy. The "true inwardness" of this flagrant ill-treatment of a brilliant and popular officer, and the influence at work against him in high—very high—places, will one day be made public; but the matter has no place here. A less generous man than Lord Charles would have published the facts long ago.

Here is reproduced a photo. which Lord Charles calls "The Two of Everything." There are his two daughters, Kathleen and Eileen; two personal servants (valet and coxswain); two Arab ponies and two Egyptian donkeys; and, lastly, Lord Charles's two pet bulldogs, "Alec" and "Bonny." The *Undaunted* came home on June 20th, 1893, and paid off. Soon afterwards Lord Charles got command of the Steam Reserve at Chatham. Here he did invaluable service, passing thirty-three vessels into the Navy, after conducting the necessary trials. While at Chatham Lord Charles was induced to join the vast army of cyclists, out of sheer curiosity, "just to see what it was like."

"I started on a hired machine," he confessed to me, "and practised perseveringly in a secluded part of Chatham Dockyard. My valet helped me. To this day," he went on, smilingly, "I rather fancy the trees, walls, and even roads bear traces of my initiation into the mysteries of wheeling."

Truly Lord Charles Beresford is a man of varied experience and many accomplishments. One comes away from him with Burke's description of Johnson ringing in one's ears—"a tremendous companion."

"TWO OF EVERYTHING."
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

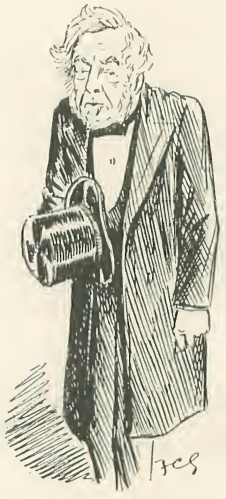
From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXX.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

LORD HARTINGTON'S CONTEMPORARIES.

WITH reference to the article in the March Number showing how few remain in the House of Commons to-day of members present when, in 1857, the Duke of Devonshire, then Lord Cavendish, took his seat for North Lancashire, the Duke writes to me making an addition to my list. According to his Grace's computation, there are seated in the House to-day just six out of the six hundred and fifty-eight members who thronged the Chamber when he walked up the floor to take the oath. These are Mr. C. P. Villiers, who entered in 1835, and now bears the venerable title of Father of the House; Sir John Mowbray, who, born in the Waterloo year, was first returned for Durham in 1853; Sir James Fergusson, returned for Ayrshire in 1854; Mr. Abel Smith, a silent member for more than forty years; Sir Francis Powell, first returned for Wigan in 1857; and Mr. W. B. Beach, who has sat for Hants since 1857, and has chiefly contented himself with saving the State by his vote, leaving to others the task of verbal instruction, of counsel and reproof.



RIGHT HON. C. P. VILLIERS.
(The Father of the House.)

Putting the matter on this further considered and, I believe, finally accurate basis, it is a remarkable thing, furnishing striking testimony of the mutability of the assembly, that within the limit of thirty-nine years, only six men should be left out of a company of six hundred and fifty-eight. The fact is more remarkable in the case of the House of Commons than of any other gathering numerically equal. It is a place in which a man, having once obtained a footing, does not of his own will lightly leave. As in the case of the six veterans, relics of the Old Guard of 1857, when a man of good family and high personal character becomes associated with a constituency, it grows into the habit of returning him time after time. For this, and other reasons, the House of Commons more than any other composite body is likely to preserve through the ages some leaven of its earlier element.

SIR F. POWELL.

INCREASED PRESSURE.

During the last twenty years there have been new and increasing reasons why men having served a certain term in the House of Commons should voluntarily withdraw from the scene, giving place to others. In Lord Palmerston's time the House seems to have been a nice, sleepy, respectable place, where such moderate measure of legislative business as was undertaken jogged along, carefully refraining from interfering with the dinner hour or engagements in the hunting-field. Mr. Gladstone's accession to power in 1868 changed the aspect of things. His almost supernatural energy vibrated through the erstwhile lethargic House. For a while, in 1874, under Mr. Disraeli's adroit generalship, the House gratefully relapsed into a state of semi-somnolence.

In 1875 the Irish members stormed the place, and brought about a revolution in manner and procedure, as complete in its way as the French Revolution. There were prolonged Sessions, all-night sittings, pitched battles, and constant skirmishing, making the day's task of a member of the House of Commons far exceed that of any other working-man. The reform of procedure, giving the Speaker and the majority a firmer grip, has made impossible recurrence of the scenes that enlivened the Parliament of 1880–5. To that extent the labour of members of the House of Commons has been lightened. But in other ways the burden has been kept up. The institution of Grand Committees adds considerably to the day's work. For many members it practically means

that the grind commences at noon instead of half-past four, a dozen years ago the hour for the commencement of public business.

Beyond the Grand Committees are the Select Committees, whose number steadily increases. Superadded are the Royal Commissions, which carry on work even in the Parliamentary recess. When in doubt play a Royal Commission, is an axiom in the Ministerial game recognised with increased favour.

THE TWELVE O'CLOCK RULE.

The establishment of the rule whereby debate automatically closes at midnight has enormously reduced the strain on the endurance of members of the House of Commons. When it was introduced, matters had reached a condition in which either some such rule must be established, or the pick of the assembly must needs retire. The pace had grown too fast even for some who, in point of years, could not claim the privilege of veterans. With the establishment of the twelve o'clock closing rule, there came into vogue an alteration sharply affecting the large proportion of members engaged in private business. The House, which used to meet at four, commencing public business at half-past, now meets an hour earlier. As in order to secure a seat members must needs be in their place before the day's business is, at three o'clock, opened with prayer, it is evident that their attendance upon office or Chamber private work must be confined to the hours preceding luncheon.

This alteration of time has entirely and, from all points of view, happily altered the course of procedure in the House of Commons. Under the old rules questions dawdled on till six o'clock, or even half-past. A Minister in charge of a Bill probably found opportunity to make his speech before dinner. That was all that was possible in the available time. There followed a long interval—blank as far as business was concerned. About half-past ten members streamed back, the benches bubbled with excitement, favourite speakers came to the front, and the House more or less cheerfully made a night of it. In big debates, Mr. Gladstone (suppose he were Leader of the Opposition) would rise at eleven, or half-past, to sum up the debate. Mr. Disraeli, from the opposite Bench, might expect to find his opportunity about half-past twelve or one in the morning. If the division were over by half-past two, members thought themselves fortunate.

A BRITISH WORKMAN.

NEW TIMES, NEW MANNERS.

That fashion has disappeared as completely as the equally obnoxious crinoline, a contemporary fashion, has vanished from the lady's wardrobe. Except on the rarest occasions, everything important in the House of Commons happens before the dinner-hour. Increase of activity on the part of the provincial Press has something to do with this change of fashion. The leaders of debate, Mr. Chamberlain earliest amongst them, discovered that they have better chances of being reported at full length if they speak between four and eight o'clock than if, as was their wont, they interpose after the dinner-hour. Beyond that is the assurance that in similar circumstances their chances of influencing public opinion is bettered. A speech delivered in Parliament now arrives in distant provincial towns in time to be discussed in the editorial columns of the leading papers, an advantage not attainable under the old system.

This earlier transaction of business, above all the certainty of the shutters being put up at midnight, serves to make life in the House of Commons more possible. Changes were absolutely necessary if the machinery was to go on. Benefitting by them there remain enough of storm and stress to make the life wearing, and to account for the fact that, though the play goes on from year to year, the company on the stage is always changing.

A BOAT-BUILDER.

Colonel Saunderson is so widely recognised as a Parliamentary force, a statesman of singularly judicial mind, as to obscure the bent of his natural genius. It is well known that if Mr. Gladstone had not entered the service of the public he might, amongst many other things, have been a woodman. Lord Salisbury is much happier in his workshop at Hatfield than at his desk in Downing Street, or on either Front Bench in the House of Lords.

If Colonel Saunderson were not a statesman he would

be a boat-builder. As it is, he manages to steal some hours, even days, from political duties to planning and building ships. From the inception to the launching he does it all himself, or, where he takes on assistance, he personally supervises the labour. He has trained a local carpenter with such success that between them they can turn out a yacht seaworthy from keel to mast-head. The Colonel also plans the engines, though that is necesarily work the carrying out of which must be committed to other hands.

COLONEL SAUNDERSON'S YARD.

As he never sells a boat and is always building, he has quite a fleet under his flag. Ulster is now in a state of comparative quietude. If there should ever arise occasion when Ulster must needs fight, she will be strengthened by the reflection that, thanks to the industry and genius of one of her most patriotic sons, she has ready to hand the nucleus of a navy.

AN AUTOGRAPHIC ALBUM.

A member of the American Senate tells me Mr. Biddulph Martin's enterprise, described in this page of the April Number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, is a mere trifle compared with what, on somewhat similar lines, a lady has done in the United States. Mr. Martin, it will be remembered, devoted a considerable portion of his Parliamentary life between 1892 and the Dissolution in 1895 to obtaining the autograph and, in many cases, the photograph of members who sat in the House of Commons that passed the Home Rule Bill.

The American lady, whose name is Mrs. Deems, conceived a far more stupendous scheme. In the Centennial year of the Republic she set to work to obtain the autograph and the photograph of every public man, and every woman prominently known, who were alive in the happy year that saw the hundredth anniversary of the Republic. She began with General Grant, who displayed quite unusual enthusiasm. He not only wrote his name in the album and added his photograph, but undertook to secure similar interesting records from all his colleagues in the Cabinet.

This done, Mrs. Deems found her patriotic task quite easy. Through long weeks she was found day by day seated in the old hall of the House of Representatives, with her album on a table near her. Senators and representatives passing by were invited to care for posterity by signing the book and, if they were good looking, adding their photographs.

They were all good looking, and the volume visibly swelled. In addition to members of both Houses of the Legislature, Mrs. Deems obtained the autograph of members of the Diplomatic Corps resident at Washington. Outside the Parliamentary field she hunted up novelists, artists, sculptors, lawyers, everyone whose name spoken in the streets or written in the newspapers had a familiar sound.

She had an iron safe specially made to hold her gigantic parchment album. On the 4th of July, 1876, she, in the presence of witnesses, solemnly deposited the album in the safe, having first inclosed it in an air-tight copper case. The safe was locked up, and Mrs. Deems, presenting the precious though bulky parcel to the nation, left it in the custody of the authorities of the Capitol.

A WHITE ELEPHANT.

When the guardians of the Capitol recovered their breath they discovered themselves in an embarrassing situation. Here was a gigantic safe blocking the way wherever it was temporarily located. No authority had been given for leaving it there, and if there had there was no convenient place in which to hide it.

Mrs. Deems was communicated with, and cordially invited to take away her treasure. She generously declined, protesting that she had presented it to her country, and would not be mean enough to withdraw the gift. An attempt was made to induce Congress to pass a resolution accepting the safe and its contents. At the time this was brought forward a new House was sitting. Many old members whose names were enshrined in the album were no longer returned. The new Congress would have nothing to do with the safe. But neither would Mrs. Deems.

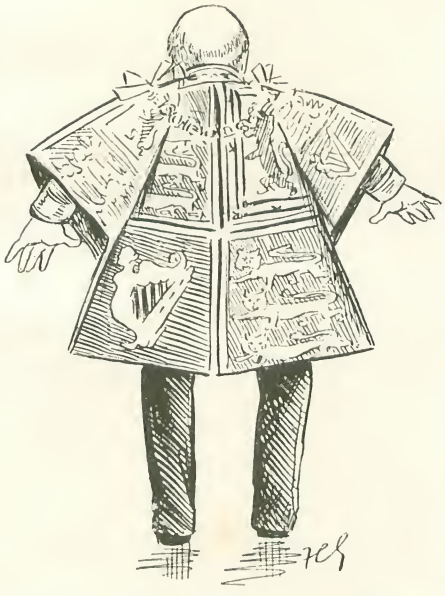
So there it stands to this day in the east portico of the Capitol, a thing 6ft. high and 4ft. wide. The last indignity has been done it by painting it the same greyish white

colour as the wall against which it stands, with intent that it shall attract as little attention as possible.

LAW OFFICERS OF THE CROWN.

It is a curious distinction that whilst the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General for England are always knighted, the Lord Advocate, filling an analogous position in respect to Scotland, and the Attorney-General for Ireland, are both made Privy Councillors. As for the Solicitors-General of Scotland and Ireland, they in respect of titles share a common neglect.

I believe that when in 1873 Mr. Vernon Harcourt and Mr. Henry James were respectively raised to the dignity of Attorney-General and Solicitor-General of England, they demurred to acceptance of the accustomed knighthood. Stern, unbending Radicals, they regarded with unconquerable distaste the prospect of being set apart from their fellows by the mark of knighthood. Mr. Vernon Harcourt, I have been told, went the length of seeing Mr. Gladstone on the subject, and endeavoured to induce him to approve a variation of the ordinary course.



A SHOCK FOR THE GARTER KING-AT-ARMS.

It was a new sensation for the Premier. He had long been accustomed to be pestered directly and indirectly for knighthoods. To have two rising, middle-aged young men not only begging to be let off acceptance of knighthood, but capable of arguing with ingenuity and force to show that the dignity and the post were not inseparable, was a novel experience. Mr. Gladstone could not deny himself the pleasure of arguing the matter out. But he ended as he began, by insisting that the newly-appointed law officers must, as their predecessors used, submit to the accolade.

Facilis descensus. The Solicitor-General of that day has become Lord James of Hereford, whilst his colleague, the Attorney-General of 1873, bears with dignified uncomplaining the titular burden laid upon him on crossing the threshold of a Ministerial career.

BEARDING GARTER KING-AT-ARMS.

It was possibly not in connection with these two learned knights that there lingers at the Herald's Office a story which even at this time of day makes Garter King-at-Arms forlornly shake his head.

Shortly after the law officers of a certain Administration had knelt before the Queen and risen up knights, they received from Garter King a bill of fees amounting to a considerable sum. This they agreed in positively declining to pay. Garter King persisting, the Attorney-General politely offered to call upon him and discuss the matter. As nothing else seemed forthcoming, this proposal was accepted, and a very interesting conversation followed.

"You charge me all this," said the Attorney-General, in his most convincing manner, waving the long bill of particulars, "and, if you'll excuse me saying so, I don't see where you come in at all. At Her Majesty's command, I went down to Windsor. I did not have the pleasure of seeing you, or of being comforted by the sight of your tabard. As for myself, I was dressed in ordinary morning attire; was conducted to the Queen's presence, knelt, received the accolade, made due obeisance, and withdrew. Whereupon, you appear on the scene, and attempt to charge me for all kinds of things."

In the end Garter King-at-Arms, descending from his high estate, made a compromise, accepting from these two law officers a sum smaller than had ever in similar circumstances been entered in his august account-books. It is probable the precedent was not established in the case of successors to the law offices. But it might be worth inquiring into by the next new-comers.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE-GENERAL.

There is a general opinion arising out of the disappearance of the Minister from the Treasury Bench that the office of Judge Advocate-General has been abolished. That is not the case, though at the present time, and, in fact, since Lord Salisbury's Government went

out in 1892, the duties of the post have been gallantly superadded by Sir Francis Jeune to those that already overload him in his Presidency of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Courts. The reason why ancient practice was departed from, and no Judge Advocate-General appointed in succession to Sir William Marriott, was explained by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in reply to a question arising in Committee of Supply in the Session of 1892.

Formerly there was a salary of £2,000 a year attached to the post of Judge Advocate-General. During the incumbency of Sir William Marriott, a re-arrangement of terms was effected. It was settled that the Minister should receive a salary of £500 a year certain, and that an additional £500 a year should be allocated by the Treasury to meet the learned gentleman's fees charged for specific services.

SIR FRANCIS JEUNE.
(Judge Advocate-General.)

In the year 1892, as the new Minister of War reminded the House, a dissolution was imminent. No one knew from day to day, or from week to week, how long Parliament would last, still less what would happen to Lord Salisbury's Government at the poll. Ignoring this notorious state of things (so Mr. Campbell-Bannerman put it), Sir William Marriott having on the 1st of April, being the first day of the financial year, drawn his salary of £500, set himself with rare industry to deal with cases pertaining to his office. The consequence was that, before the year had progressed beyond the threshold of July, this zealous public servant had run up charges which absorbed the whole of the £500 allotted for fees over a period stretching to the 31st of March in the following year.

The consequence was that there was not a penny in the Treasury to bless a new Judge Advocate-General with, and none was appointed.

How things get along with no Minister specially devoting himself to the duties of the post is one of those mysteries that remain unexplained. That in former times the Judge Advocate-General was a position held in high repute appears from the circumstance that the salary exceeded that of Under-Secretaries. Moreover, the Judge Advocate-General has from time immemorial enjoyed the privilege of demanding an audience from the Queen whenever he has business to bring under Her Majesty's notice. This rare privilege still pertains to the office.

"SINE BREECHES."

There is nothing new under the sun, not even Mr. William O'Brien's experience in prison in old Coercion days. How there was rape of his breeches, how he declined the substitute proffered, how he lay in bed through the livelong day under a coverlet, are matters of history.

Wandering through one of the quaint old churches one unexpectedly comes upon in the bustling streets of London, quiet thumb-prints of Time, I heard of quite another breechless person. The church is that of St. Alban, in Wood Street, one of the many Wren built after the Great Fire of London. It replaced an earlier and, it is to be hoped, a much more beautiful edifice by Inigo Jones. There is still record of a monument in the old church which bore the following inscription :—

Hic jacet Tom Short-hose
Sine tombe, *sine* sheets, *sine* riches ;
Qui vixit sine gowne,
Sine cloake, *sine* shirt, *sine* breeches.

"MY NAME MACGREGOR."

Shortly before the death of Mr. R. L. Stevenson in far-off Samoa, a member of the House of Commons, erudite in Scottish lore, received a letter from the novelist stating his belief that, though his family had long been known as Stevenson, he believed they were really Macgregors. He begged the M.P. to see what he could do either to confirm or dispel the impression.

As everyone knows, in the good old days in Scotland the Macgregors, being beaten in many a fight, were nominally, if not literally, erased. Those that were not killed in battle or slain in captivity were ordered to abandon their clan-name. Thus the remnant of the ill-fated clan adopted various names as fancy or accident suggested.

Stevenson long brooded over the idea that though his foot was no longer on his native heath his name was Macgregor. Sir Herbert Maxwell's pursuit of the task to which he was invited was interrupted by news that the novelist was dead and his name no matter.

Heroes of the Albert Medal.

By L. S. Lewis.

II.

MOST extraordinary are the details of the gallant action for which an Albert Medal of the First Class was conferred on Mr. Thomas Averett Whistler, first mate of the ship *Ennerdale*, of Liverpool.

Early in the morning of the 17th of December, 1885, when the *Ennerdale* was rounding Cape Horn, an apprentice, named Duncan McCallum, was sent aloft to loose the sky-sail. The *Ennerdale*, I should mention, was one of Messrs. J. D. Newton's "Dale" line of steamers.

MR. THOMAS AVERETT WHISTLER.
From a Photo. by Fredericks, New York.

Presently, as the captain was descending from the poop, he saw a heavy body strike the main rigging a little above the bulwark, and rebound into the sea. That "heavy body" was McCallum, and the ship being almost under full sail at the time, he was carried rapidly astern.

Immediately after this tragic occurrence, H. S. Pochin, an able seaman, leaped overboard after the apprentice, but the latter sank before Pochin could reach him. All things considered, the rescuer's position was now pretty serious, and fearing lest he should be seized with cramp before a boat could come to his assistance, he hailed the ship, asking for a lifebuoy to be thrown to him; at the same moment the master, Captain Gunson, called all hands to man a boat. The first mate, Mr. Whistler, who had been asleep in his berth, ran on deck and heard Pochin's hail. Calling to the boatswain to heave him a lifebuoy, he at once sprang overboard, secured the lifebuoy which was thrown to him, and succeeded in reaching Pochin. This poor man was already on the point of sinking, but with the help of the lifebuoy Whistler was able to keep him up.

Meanwhile, considerable delay had occurred in the dispatch of the boat—for one thing, her lashings had been secured very firmly for the passage round Cape Horn, and when she *was* launched, so many men crowded into her that she capsized; which says much for the popularity of Whistler. The boat was soon righted, however, and dispatched in charge of the third mate and two seamen. All this time the two men in the water were rapidly becoming exhausted; and they had made up their minds to abandon the lifebuoy and strike out side by side for the ship, when they were confronted by a new, weird danger.

An immense albatross swept down majestically on Pochin and Whistler, and, after hovering round quite close to their heads, alighted on the water just beyond arm's length. There the great bird remained, staring them in the face, and evidently only waiting until they had become a little more exhausted. In a few minutes, however, the boat reached the spot, and its crew drew their perishing shipmates out of the water. Directly they were lifted into the boat, both men became insensible, and Whistler was delirious for some time afterwards. Amazing as it may seem, the two men had remained in the piercingly cold water for upwards of forty minutes. The expectant albatross was greatly disappointed at the turn events had taken, and had to be driven off with a boat-hook. It was a remarkable fact that the attack of this bird contributed not a little to

"AN IMMENSE ALBATROSS SWEPT DOWN."

the saving of the lives of both Whistler and Pochin. This was because their vigorous efforts to beat off the savage bird materially helped to keep their blood in circulation, thereby averting the fatal cramp.

But, you will ask, how about the unfortunate McCallum? He was seen no more, having probably been killed by striking the sheer pole in his terrible fall. The thick iron bar in the rigging was afterwards found to be bent into a semi-circle by the force of the collision with the poor apprentice's body. It is gratifying to learn that Pochin, too, received the Albert Medal.

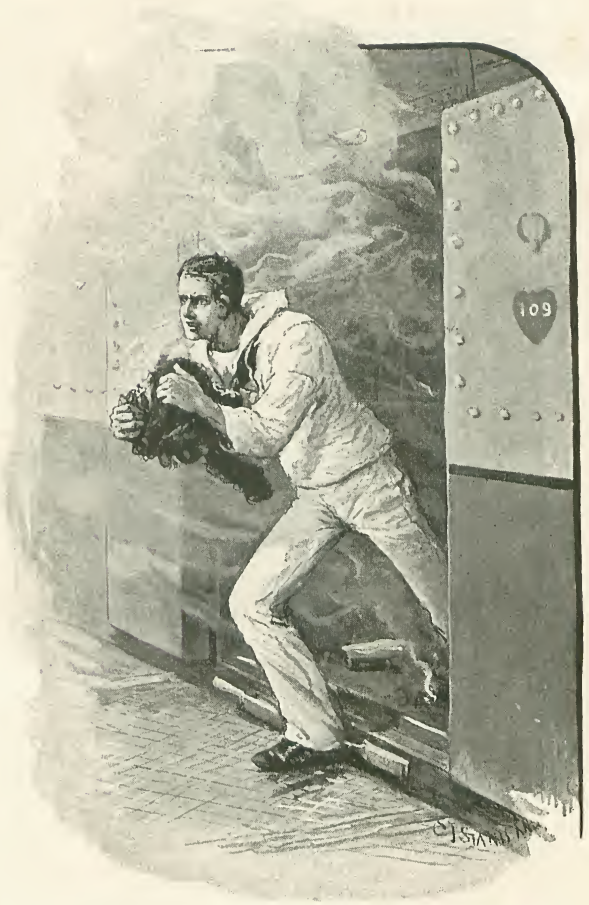
The next photograph reproduced is that of Mr. William Hinton, a much-respected officer of Her Majesty's Inland Revenue, formerly stationed at Halesowen, but now living at Lancaster. On the 13th of January, 1881, a fire broke out on the premises of Mr. John Booth, an ironmonger, of Halesowen. Of course, a crowd three or four hundred strong gathered in the street in front of the shop, feeling sure of a first-rate spectacle, by reason of the large quantity of oil that was stored in the basement.

MR. WILLIAM HINTON.
From a Photo. by J. Davis, Lancaster.

Presently a rumour passed round that there was quite a lot of gunpowder in the place; whereupon Mr. Hinton, after ascertaining its whereabouts from Mr. Booth, informed the superintendent of police of the presence of the gunpowder. This official remarked that it was quite impossible for any human being to enter the shop until the fire was got under. Not being satisfied with this assurance, Mr. Hinton at once entered the blazing oil warehouse, amidst dense volumes of black smoke, and in a few minutes reappeared with a large drawer containing several 1lb. canisters of gunpowder. This interesting find he at once took to Mr. Booth, who was observing things from the street. Our hero was then further informed by the storekeeper *that a large quantity of blasting powder still remained.*

At this time the fire was blazing with tremendous fury, and Mr. Hinton was earnestly persuaded—nay, almost compelled—to abandon his mad intention of making another trip into the warehouse. Every moment a frightful explosion was expected which would bring down the whole block of three houses, and work terrible havoc among the crowd, who would not be dispersed until they had seen the last of the fire.

Once more Mr. Hinton dashed into the raging furnace, and after some time returned with 25lb. of blasting powder contained in a big tin canister, the outside of which was quite hot and blistered by the flames, which were then *in actual contact with it.* By this time the heat was so intense as to melt the solder on a number of articles which were a greater distance from the fire than the canister of powder. There cannot be the least doubt that in a few seconds the whole 25lb. of blasting powder would have exploded. As it was, the tin envelope burned Mr. Hinton's hands.



"BRIDGES WRAPPED HIS COMFORTER ROUND THE BURNING FRAGMENTS."

Nothing can give one a better idea of the high standard of the Albert Medal than the fact that only a Second Class was conferred upon Mr. William J. Bridges, quartermaster of Her Majesty's ship *Thunderer.* This man was at his station in the shell-room when a frightful explosion took place which shook the warship as though she had been rammed. After the explosion occurred, the shell-room was immediately filled with smoke, and many burning fragments of clothing, etc., were blown down into it. The magazine was also filled with smoke and reported to be on fire. The scene must have been terrible. All lights were put out, and the cries of the wounded were distracting. The prevailing impression was that one of the filled common shells had exploded, and all the men stationed in the room made their escape as speedily as possible—with the single exception of Bridges, who, taking off his woollen comforter, wrapped it round the burning fragments and brought them up on the flats. The heroic man afterwards went down again to make further search for any smouldering material that might have found its way among the projectiles. The medal was presented to the gallant quartermaster on the China Station.

The Mayor of Gateshead presented a Second Class Albert Medal to Edward Scullion, at the Gateshead Town Hall, on the 23rd October, 1886. Scullion's portrait is reproduced here, and for it we are indebted to the Town Clerk of Gateshead. This is a very peculiar case. On the 9th of August, 1886, a boy named Lennon, and two other boys, were playing near the air-shaft of an unused sulphuretted hydrogen sewer connected with the chemical works of the Newcastle and Gateshead Chemical Company. Suddenly Lennon was overcome by the vapour, and a few moments later fell into the "sump" below. Heedless of the deadly danger, several workmen endeavoured to save the boy, who was, however, suffocated. In attempting to rescue him, two men, respectively named Quinn and Swinburne, also lost their lives. This

MR. EDWARD SCULLION.
From a Photograph.

tragedy was enacted in a very few minutes. Scullion then came upon the scene, and after having covered his mouth with a muzzle, such as is worn by workers among chemicals, he descended the shaft and succeeded in getting a rope round the dead man Quinn, whose body was then drawn to the surface. Although almost stupefied from the fumes, Scullion descended a second time into the deadly vapours and brought up the body of the boy.

The unfortunate rescuers, Quinn and Swinburne, as also Scullion, were artisans in the Chemical Works, and, therefore, well aware of the frightful risks they ran from the poisonous gases. As a matter of fact, the action of Scullion was one of deliberate self-sacrificing intrepidity, inasmuch as, fully aware of the danger, he took every possible precaution, and this with the knowledge that several other workmen flatly refused to attempt the rescue.

Mr. Scullion has on three previous occasions saved life from drowning. On one occasion he jumped in after a lad who had fallen between the quay-wall and a tier of vessels lying alongside, and finding he could not make headway against the current in such a confined space, he grasped the drowning lad and dived underneath the vessel to the open water on the other side.

The next recipient of an Albert Medal, whose photograph is shown here, is Captain Pulteney Malcolm, of the 4th Goorkhas. This case is quite unique, and the details are as follows: On the 10th of June, 1887, Lieutenant Trevor, of the West Yorkshire Regiment, was returning to Dalhousie in the Himalayas from the Khajiar meeting, in company with a brother officer, Lieutenant Towsy. At that part of the road known as the "Woodsheds," Trevor took a fresh pony—one that had a habit of jumping and sidling along the road. Of course, it was only a "road" by courtesy, being in reality nothing more than a narrow ledge, with the sheer face of the mountains on one side and a truly appalling precipice on the other. At this point it may, perhaps, be advisable to let Lieutenant Trevor's companion take up the story:—

"It's a funny thing, but poor Trevor's pony chose the vilest part of the road for his *haut école* performance. The little beast commenced sidling, got his hind legs over, and in an instant pony and rider were falling down a sheer dip of about 70ft. The whole of the precipice cuts down between 400ft. and 500ft., but the first part is the worst.

"I was leading my own pony about five yards in front of Trevor, when I looked round and saw this shocking accident happen. I then shouted for help, and started back along the road to the 'Woodsheds' to get assistance. About seventy yards back I met Malcolm riding. He dismounted, and we went back to the place together. I showed

CAPTAIN PULTENEY MALCOLM.
From a Photo. by William Clark, Southport.

him the spot, and said that we must get down somehow, though I thought that particular place impracticable. Malcolm remarked that it was impossible for me to go down, but that he would try it, as he was an experienced climber. I took his boots off for him, and then hurried back myself to the 'Woodsheds,' where I knew there were several people assembled, and also some of our own fellows. Presently we all returned to the place together, and found that Malcolm had got about half-way down the face of the precipice, travelling very slowly. He eventually got to where poor Trevor lay about twenty minutes from the time he started. Malcolm found the unfortunate officer lying on his right side, face downwards, and just moving his head up and down. He turned him over and supported his head. Soon after this some whisky and a rope were let down, and Malcolm gave the injured man two mouthfuls of the spirit. Lieutenant Trevor immediately raised his arm and head slightly, and then sank back. He must have died then, as he never moved again. By this time three coolies had joined Malcolm, who, with their assistance, tied Trevor's body across two beams, which had probably fallen from above, and then conveyed it 200ft. lower down. Malcolm was there joined, first by Dr. Cunningham and afterwards by myself. A few minutes later we took the body up to the road above. I should think that Trevor was found at least 300ft. down the precipice. The poor pony was literally torn to pieces. I will spare you the description; but all the animal's legs were off, and his neck was broken in several places.

"There cannot be the least doubt that Malcolm went down that terrible precipice at the risk of his own life, and when I looked at the place afterwards from below, it seemed miraculous how he managed to get down alive at all. His feet were terribly cut about, and it must have been a most painful as well as dangerous climb for him."

One of the most extraordinary rescues conceivable was that for which a humble individual named John Smith received the Second Class Albert Medal. This particular John Smith was a labourer in the Siemens department of Messrs. Thomas Firth and Sons, of Sheffield. About eight o'clock on Saturday night, May 18th, 1889, as the workmen were about to remove from the casting-pit a red-hot steel ingot, weighing twenty-six tons, an awful accident happened. One of the men, Benjamin Stanley, was adjusting the chain when his foot slipped, and he fell down into the pit, a distance of 15ft., quite close to the great column of red-hot steel. The wretched man lay stunned by the fall, and was already ablaze when Smith, realizing the terrible position of his comrade, seized a ladder and, thrusting it into an adjoining pit, hurried down

HOW JOHN SMITH WON THE MEDAL.

with hardly any clothing on. So great was his hurry, in fact, that he encountered an awkward fall through the ladder suddenly turning round. Recovering himself in an instant, Smith rushed to the rescue, and stepping into the inner pit speedily picked up his mate and succeeded in carrying him into the next pit, whence he was able by the assistance of other workmen to get him up the ladder.

MR. HENRY DAVIES.
From a Photo. by J. Skirvington & Son.

Now, I should explain that the inner pit into which Smith boldly dashed was the place which immediately surrounded the bottom of the great steel ingot—a depth down of 3ft. and a width from the wall to the ingot of only 2ft. 3in. Poor Smith was horribly burnt, and was carried in a dazed state to the infirmary. His life was, however, preserved, but Stanley died three days after the accident.

Subsequently a purse was presented to this hero, containing contributions from every department in the works; this amounted to £20 17s. 9d., and to this the firm added a cheque for £25.

In order to make the extraordinary daring involved in this rescue still more obvious, I would point out that the man Stanley was dragged from a space *less than a yard wide*, having on one side a wall, and on the other a mighty mass of white-hot steel.

On September 11th, 1878, a truly terrific explosion of fire-damp occurred in the Abercarn Colliery, Monmouth, whereby 260 persons perished. On this occasion the greatest possible gallantry was shown in saving about ninety lives, and consequently there were two recommendations for the "First Class" and seven for the "Second Class" Albert Medal. Photographs of the "First Class" men are here reproduced.

The force of the explosion did great damage to the roadway and to the bottom of the shaft, setting the timber on fire in several places. Notwithstanding the terrible suspense, the blazing shaft, clouds of dust, and the imminent risk of another explosion, these men descended without hesitation, and they remained long at their heroic and humane work of rescue, not reascending the shaft until they had satisfied themselves that no one was left alive below.

The first portrait is that of Henry Davies, who, after having been down the Abercarn pit all the afternoon in company with those recommended for the "Second Class" Medal, actually volunteered to descend the Cwmcarn pit, a shaft two miles distant. This further mission was undertaken with the object of conveying to the other explorers, who had attempted to enter the workings from the other side, an order to come out, because the subterranean fires were still burning fiercely, and a large quantity of gas pouring out of the workings rendered a second explosion imminent. Had this potential calamity happened, it would assuredly have resulted in the destruction of every man below ground. Davies, after having been deserted by two men who refused to accompany him further, pursued his course alone in the pit for 500yds. or 600yds., though he must have felt that there was little or no chance of his coming out alive again.

MR. JOHN HARRIS.
From a Photo. by J. Skirvington & Son.

John Harris, the other "First Class" man in this case, went down the pit with those recommended for the "Second Class" Medal. Having descended to a depth of about 800ft., the progress of the cage was

arrested by the damaged state of the shaft; whereupon Harris got off the cage and, sliding down the guide-rope, reached the bottom. Here he remained many hours, knowing full well that any moment might be his last, until all who were alive had reached the cage by his assistance, and were taken to the surface in safety. Many of these, by the way, were badly burnt and otherwise injured, and must certainly have perished had it not been for Harris's heroic exertions. On this particular occasion the Earl of Beaconsfield recommended Her Majesty to grant the medals. Such was the magnitude of the Abercarn disaster, that the relief fund produced £61,300.

Yet another mining disaster, but of a very different sort, resulted in the reception of the Albert Medal by William Dodd, under-manager of the Diglake Collieries, in Staffordshire.

MR. WILLIAM DODD.
From a Photo. by H. J. Gover & Co., Hanley.

On Monday, 14th January, 1895, this colliery was flooded with water from the old workings of an adjoining mine. The water burst in like a cataract with great suddenness and violence, and with a sound like thunder. At the time about 240 men were at work in various parts of the pit Much as I should like to give the full details of the extraordinary heroism manifested in this case, exigencies of space compel me to summarize the facts.

Mr. Dodd was, at the time of the disaster, in the office at the bottom of No. 2 shaft. The first thing he did was to point out to many of the miners the nearest way to a place of safety. Here I should mention that Mr. Dodd's very perfect knowledge of the topography of the mine proved of incalculable value. He next went up the main dip, down which the water was sweeping in tremendous volume and with terrific force. On his way Mr. Dodd had to creep through an air-crossing about 2ft. wide, and having passed through this, he heard several boys screaming. Looking up, he saw four lads about 6yds. away, who had given themselves up for lost. There was a deep pool lying between him and them, so he shouted to the boys to plunge in, and he would catch them as they were carried past by the rapid current. The first one he seized by the hair as he floated by, and the others he also caught and landed safe. The awful nature of the situation may be grasped on learning that at this time the water was *within 12in. of the roof* in that part of the mine.

After having directed the boys to a place of safety, Mr. Dodd was himself in considerable danger, being up to his armpits in water. To prevent himself being carried down by the force of the current, he assisted himself along by the signal-bell wires, which were fastened to the side of the dip by means of staples. After he had gone a short distance one of these staples came out, and Dodd lost his hold of the wire. He was instantly swept off his feet and washed down the dip. After he had been carried some twenty or thirty yards he grasped at a piece of timber and saved himself, but was confronted by a new and even more formidable danger. Immense balks of timber that had been loosened by the rush of the water were carried down by the current like battering-rams, and poor Dodd had no light whereby he could see to avoid them. However, the heroic under-manager struggled from one part of the workings to another with marvellous gallantry, directing and saving men at every turn. At last, he himself was engaged in a fierce struggle for life, trying to ascend a ladder in the face of a current of water that raced down like a mill-stream. When he *did* reach the surface, he fell unconscious into the arms of one of the men, but soon recovered and actually asked for more volunteers; then, accompanied by two miners, named Bolton and Carter, he descended once more. For more than six hours Mr. Dodd had been battling against icy-cold torrents, with the result that his splendid bravery saved more than thirty miners.

The accompanying photograph is that of Captain W. J. Nutman, late master of the steamship *Aidar*, of Liverpool (1,583 tons), who is the very latest recipient of the "First

Class" Medal. The details of this most interesting case were forwarded to the Queen during Her Majesty's recent trip to the Riviera.

At 2 a.m. on the 19th of January last, while the steamship *Staffordshire*, of Liverpool, was on a voyage from Marseilles to Port Said, signals of distress were observed from the *Aidar*, and the *Staffordshire* immediately went to her assistance.

The *Aidar*, it appeared, was on her way from Odessa to Marseilles, and the wreck occurred in the Mediterranean, near Messina.

As the *Aidar* was found to be sinking fast, three of the *Staffordshire's* life-boats were at once launched. But their crews experienced immense difficulty in the work of saving life owing to the darkness and the heavy sea. Three times was the *Staffordshire* manœuvred round to windward, and each time the life-boat was dispatched the rescuing crew were in serious peril of their own lives. During one visit, the boat was badly injured by one of the *Aidar's* davits, which was just above the water. At 6.10 a.m. the only persons left on the wreck were Captain Nutman and an injured and helpless fireman, whom he was endeavouring to save, and whom he absolutely refused to abandon. The steamer was now rapidly settling down, and as it was no longer safe to remain near her, the officer in charge of the rescuing party from the *Staffordshire* asked Nutman for a final answer — would he leave his helpless charge and save himself? He would not; he persisted in remaining with the injured man, choosing almost certain death rather than leave him to his fate. Even the passengers tried hard to induce the captain to come away, but he would not. The fireman seemed powerless and paralyzed with fear, making no effort to save himself beyond clinging to the broken bridge, then down in the water, as the vessel was on her beam ends. As the *Staffordshire's* life-boat returned each time, Captain Nutman would say: "Pull away with those people and come back for me afterwards." It is necessary to explain that the boat could not come quite close to the sinking ship, simply because no one knew the moment when the latter might founder and suck down with her anything that chanced to be floating in the vicinity; moreover, there was a terrific sea.

CAPTAIN W. J. NUTMAN.
From a Photograph.

At last, after having given Captain Nutman many chances of life, the men in the rescuing boats were obliged to pull away reluctantly, and immediately afterwards, at 6.17 a.m., the *Aidar* gave one or two heavy lurches and then foundered. Long after this the *Staffordshire's* life-boat returned to the spot, its crew perhaps animated by vague hopes, and the officer commanding it was amazed to behold Captain Nutman clinging to the bottom of an upturned boat, still grasping the now unconscious fireman. Another half-hour elapsed before the boat could approach, but eventually this hero and his precious charge were picked up and taken on board the *Staffordshire*.

In all twenty-four persons were saved, one only, a boy, being drowned. This was the cabin boy, who was washed overboard during the night and not seen after 12.30 a.m.

Colonel Sir Vivian D. Majendie, the well-known explosives expert at the Home Office, interested himself very much in this case, and obtained a number of facts about it. He had a conversation with Captain Nutman himself, who came from Port Said in the same ship with him. Sir Vivian gathered that the fireman was much too injured to make any effort to save himself, and if left by Captain Nutman he must have inevitably perished.

Another incident. There was a German passenger on board the *Aidar* who was so paralyzed with horror at the aspect of things that he could not be persuaded to jump from the ship into one of the rescuing boats; and he, too, must have been lost had not Captain Nutman, with great determination, taken him up and dropped him into the water. He was then obliged to struggle to one of the boats, but as he had a life-buoy on, and a boat was not far away, this cost him very little trouble. Captain Nutman likewise received a silver medal from the Committee of Lloyd's.

The Throne of the Thousand Terrors.

By William Le Queux.

Author of "Zoraida," "Stolen Souls," "The Temptress," etc.

FAR south, beyond the Atlas Mountains, beyond that great, limitless plain where nothing meets the aching eye but a dreary waste of red-brown, drifting sand, one experiences some curious phases of a life comparatively unknown, and little understood in European civilization. In the Great Sahara, life to-day is the same as it was ten centuries ago—the same as it will ever be: free and charming in its simplicity, yet with many terrors ever present, and sun-bleached bones ever reminding the lonely traveller that a pricked water-skin or a lame camel means the end of all things.

On a recent journey from Biskra to Mourzouk, in Fezzan, I foolishly disregarded the injunctions of my old friend Emile Chandioux, the commandant of the outpost of Spahis stationed in the Arab town of In Salah, in the Touat Oasis, and was rendered extremely uncomfortable by the astounding discovery that the camel caravan I had joined in Zaouia Timassanin, and with which I had been travelling for twenty days, belonged to the Kel-Izhaban, a tribe of marauders and outlaws whose depredations and relentless butchery of their weaker neighbours caused them to be held in awe from Morocco across to Tripoli, and from Biskra to Lake Tsâd. In addition, I ascertained that our Sheikh, known to me as Sidi El-Adil, or "The Just," was really none other than the dreaded Abdul-Melik, the pirate of the desert, against whom the French Government had sent three expeditions, and upon whose head a price had been set.

"HE EXTENDED TO ME THE HAND OF FRIENDSHIP."

With bronzed, aquiline features, long grey beard, and keen, deep-set eyes; tall, erect, agile, and of commanding presence, he was a splendid specimen of the Arab of the plains. Though he expressed intense hatred for the Infidel, and invoked curses most terrible upon the horsemen of the Roumis in general, and my friend Captain Chandioux in particular, he, nevertheless, treated me with haughty courtesy, and extended to me the hand of friendship. As, at the head of our cavalcade of two hundred armed horsemen and a long string of camels, he rode day by day across the parched wilderness, interspersed by small sand-hills and naked ledges of rock, speckled with ethel-bushes half overwhelmed by sand, he was truly an imposing figure. His burnouse was of finest white wool, embroidered heavily with silk; the haick surrounding his face was of spotless china-silk, and around his head was wound many yards of brown camel's hair. The saddle upon which he sat was of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold and set with precious stones, and stirrups and spurs of massive silver completed the trappings of his splendid coal-black horse, which he managed with rare perfection and skill. On my white Ku-hai-lan stallion, I usually rode at his side, chatting to him in his own

Copyright, 1896, by W. Le Queux, in the United States of America.

tongue, while two hundred of his people, erect in their saddles, and with their long-barrelled rifles slung behind, were ready to instantly execute his slightest wish.

The days were breathless and blazing. Scorched by the sun, and half suffocated by the sand-laden wind, our way lay through a wilderness that Nature had forsaken. At night, however, when the outlaws of the desert had cast sand upon their feet and prayed their *maghrib*, and we had encamped under the palms of the oasis, eaten our dates and kouss-kouss, and slaked our thirst from our water-skins, then commenced the real luxury of the day—the luxury of idleness—as, reclining on a mat in front of the Sheikh's tent, with coffee and a cigarette, the great Abdul-Melik would relate with slow distinctness stories of past encounters between his people and the hated Christians. While sentries with loaded rifles kept a vigilant look-out lest we should be surprised by the ever-watchful Spahis or Chasseurs, half-a-dozen Arabs would squat in a semi-circle before the great Sheikh, and, twanging upon their *guenibris*, those queer little banjos fashioned from tortoise-shells over which skin is stretched, would chant weirdly, in a strange staccato, Arab songs of love and war. At that hour a coolness falls over everything, intense silence reigns, the sky above grows a deeper and deeper blue, and the palms and talha trees look mysterious in the half-light. Soon the stars shine out like diamond points, and it grows darker and darker, until the chill night breeze of the desert stirs the feathery heads of the date-palms. Then the lawless nomads, my companions, would wrap their burnouses closely about them, scoop out a hole in the warm sand, and there repose until the first flush of dawn.

About five weeks after I had inadvertently thrown in my lot with the Kel-Izhaban, and after penetrating a region that, as far as I am aware, has never been explored by Europeans —for it remains a blank upon the most recent map issued by the Depôt de la Guerre—we were one evening, at a spot evidently prearranged, joined by a body of three hundred horsemen, who armed themselves with the rifles they obtained from our camels' packs, and then, leaving the camels in charge of half-a-dozen men in a rocky valley called the Anzoua, we all continued our way in high spirits, jesting, laughing, and singing snatches of songs. Throughout that night and during the following day we rode at the same steady pace, with only brief halts that were absolutely necessary. On the second night darkness fell swiftly, but the moon rose, and under its bright mystic light we sped forward, until suddenly the gaunt man, in a dirty, ragged burnouse, who acted as our guide, shouted, and we pulled up quickly. Then, in the moonlight, I could just distinguish among the trees of the little oasis a few low, white houses, of what I subsequently learned was the little desert village of Tilouat, inhabited by the Kel-Emoghri, and distant ten leagues from the town of Idèles.

Abdul-Melik shouted an order clear and distinct. Whereupon the horsemen spread themselves out in two long lines, and with their guns carried across their saddles, the first line crept slowly and silently forward. By this movement I knew that we were about to attack the village, and held my own rifle ready for purposes of self-defence. Sitting in the second line, I advanced with the others, and the breathless moments that followed were full of excitement. I had become a pirate of the desert, one of a band of fierce outlaws, the report of whose terrible atrocities had sent a thrill of horror across Europe on more than one occasion.

Suddenly a shot startled us, and at the same moment a muttered curse fell from the Sheikh's lips as he saw that our presence had been detected, for the shot had been fired in the village as a sound of warning. Almost instantly it was apparent that we had been betrayed, for a great body of horsemen galloped out to meet us, and in a few moments I found myself lying behind my horse pouring forth volley after volley from my repeating rifle.

The fusillade was deafening, and for fully half an hour it was kept up. About twenty of our men had been killed or wounded, when suddenly the first line rose with loud shouts as if they were one man, and, mounting, rode straight at their opponents, while we followed at headlong speed upon our enemies almost ere they had time to realize our intention. The melée was awful. Swords, rifles, and keen, crooked *jambiyahs* were used with terrible effect, but very soon all resistance was at an end, and the work of looting the village commenced.

Half demented by excitement and success, my companions entered the houses, shot down the women with relentless cruelty, tore from them what little jewellery they possessed, and plundered, wrecked, and burned their homes out of sheer delight in destruction. I stood watching the terrible scene, shuddering at the inhuman brutality of my companions, but

"THEY SHOT DOWN THE WOMEN WITH RELENTLESS CRUELTY."

unable to avert the terrible calamity that had fallen so swiftly upon the peaceful little place. The fiendishness of the outlaws had, alas! not been exaggerated. Abdul-Melik laughed gleefully, uttering some words as he rode past me swift as the wind. But I heeded him not; I loathed, despised, and hated him.

While dawn spread in saffron streaks, the work of plunder still proceeded, but when the sun shone forth, only the smoke-blackened walls of Tilouat remained standing. The plunder was quickly packed upon our horses, and soon afterwards we rode off, carrying with us twenty men and women who had been captured, all of whom, I was informed, would eventually find their way into the great slave-market, far away at Mourzouk.

At sundown, five days afterwards, we descended into a rocky valley, and suddenly came upon a wonderful mass of scattered ruins, of amazing magnitude and extent, which Abdul-Melik told me were the remains of a forgotten city called Tihodayen, and as we approached I saw by the massive walls of hewn stone, the fallen columns half-imbedded in the sand, and by an inscription over an arched door, that they were relics of the Roman occupation. When we dismounted, I found that the ruined city gave shelter to the outlaws, and was their habitual hiding-place.

An hour later, reclining on mats under the wall of what had once been a great palace, the outlaw Sheikh and myself ate our evening meal of *saubusaj*, *beryseh*, and *luzinyeh*, and drank copiously of *dushab*, that luscious date-syrup that is so acceptable after the heat and burden of the Saharan day, while my companions feasted and made merry, for it appeared that they kept stores of food concealed there.

On commencing to smoke, Abdul-Melik ordered that the captives should be brought before him, and when, a few minutes later, they were ushered into his presence, they, with one exception, fell upon their knees, grovelled, and cried aloud for mercy. The single captive who begged no favour was a young, dark-haired girl of exquisite beauty, with black, piercing eyes, pretty, dimpled cheeks, and a complexion almost as fair as an Englishwoman's. She wore a zouave of crimson velvet heavily embroidered with gold, a heavy golden girdle confined her waist, and her wide trousers were of palest rose-pink silk, while her tiny feet were thrust into velvet slippers of green embroidered with gold thread. But her dress had been torn in the fierce struggle with her pitiless captors, and as she stood, erect and defiant, with her hands secured behind her with a leathern thong, she cast at us a glance full of withering scorn.

The Sheikh raised his hand to command silence, but as her fellow-captives continued wailing, he ordered the removal of all but this girl, who apparently set him at defiance. Turning his keen eyes upon her, he noted how extremely handsome she was, and while she returned his gaze unflinchingly, her beauty held me in fascination. In all my journeys in the Land of the Sun I had never before seen such an absolutely perfect face.

"Who art thou?" demanded the dreaded chief, roughly. "What is thy name?"

"I am called Khadidja Fathma, daughter

of Ali Ben Ushshâmi, cadi of Idelès," she answered, in a firm, defiant tone.

"Ali Ben Ushshâmi!" echoed Abdul-Melik, knitting his brows fiercely. "Thou art his daughter; the daughter of the accursed son of offal who endeavoured to betray me into the hands of the Roumis," he cried, exultantly. "I have kindled the lights of knowledge at the flambeau of prophecy, and I vowed that I would ere many moons seek vengeance."

"I have anticipated this thy wrath ever since thine horde of cowardly ruffians laid hands upon me," she answered, with a contemptuous toss of her pretty head. "But the daughter of the cadi of Ideles craveth not mercy from a servant of Eblis."

"Darest thou insult me, wench?" he cried, pale with passion, and starting up as if to strike her. "Thou art the child of the man who would have given me into the hands of the Spahis for the sake of the two bags of gold offered for my head. I will return his good offices by sending him to-morrow a present he will perhaps appreciate, the present of thine own hands. He will then be convinced that Abdul-Melik knoweth how to repay those who seek to injure him."

"Dost thou intend to strike off my hands?" she gasped, pale as death, nevertheless making a strenuous effort to remain calm.

"At sunrise the vultures will feast upon thee, and thine hands will be on their way to Idelès," he answered, with a sinister smile playing about his hard mouth.

"Malec hath already set his curse upon thee," she said, "and by each murder thou committest so thou createst for thyself a fresh torture in Al-Hâwiyat, where thy food will be offal and thou wilt slake thy thirst with boiling pitch. True, I have fallen captive into thine hands, having journeyed to Tilouat to see my father's mother who was dying; but thinkest thou that I fear thee? No," she added, with flashing eyes. "Though the people dread thee as the great and powerful Chief, I despise thee and all thy miserable parasites. If thou smitest off mine hands, it is but the same punishment as thou hast meted out to others of my sex. Thou art, after all, a mere coward who maketh war upon women."

"Silence, jade!" he cried, in a tumult of passion, and, turning to the men beside him, commanded: "Take her away, secure her alone till dawn, and then let her hands be struck off and brought to me."

Roughly the men dragged her away, but ere she went she cast at us a look of haughty scornfulness, and, shrugging her shoulders, treated this terrible mandate with ineffable disdain.

"The jade's hands shall be sent to her father, the Cadi, as a souvenir of the interest

"AT SUNRISE VULTURES WILL FEAST UPON THEE.

he taketh in my welfare," the Sheikh muttered aloud. "Her tongue will never again utter rebuke or insult. Verily, Allah hath delivered into my hands a weapon to use against mine enemies."

I uttered eager words of intercession, pointing out the cruelty of taking her young life, but he only laughed derisively, and I was compelled to sit beside him while the other captives were questioned and inspected.

That night I sought repose in a shed that had been erected in a portion of the ruins, but found sleep impossible. The defiantly beautiful face of the young girl who was to die at dawn kept recurring to me with tantalizing vividness, and at length I rose, determined if possible to save her. Noiselessly I crept out, my footsteps muffled by the sand, saddled one of Abdul-Melik's own horses, and without attracting the notice of either sentry on duty at each end of the encampment, I entered the ruin where, confined to an iron ring in the masonry by a leathern band, she crouched silent and thoughtful.

"*Fi amâni-illah!*" I whispered, as I approached. "I come to have speech with thee, and assist thee to escape."

"Who art thou?" she inquired, struggling to her feet and peering at me in the gloom.

"A Roumi, who art determined that the outlaw's command shall never be executed," and taking the *jambîyah* from my girdle, I severed the thongs that confined her hands and ankles, and next second she was free.

Briefly I explained how I had saddled a fleet horse and placed a saddle-bag with food upon it.

"If I get safely away I shall owe my life to you," she said, with intense gratitude, pressing my hand for an instant to her quivering lips. "I know this place, and ere two moons can have risen I can travel through the rocky defile and be at my father's house in Idelès. Tell me thy name, so that my father may know who was his daughter's liberator."

I told her, and in the same hasty breath asked for some souvenir.

"Alas! I have nothing," she answered; "nothing but a strange ornament which my father's mother gave to me immediately before she died, an hour previous to the attack being made upon the village," and placing her hand deep into the breast of her dress she drew forth a rough disc of copper about the size of a crown piece with a hole in it, as if it had been strung upon a thread.

"When she gave it to me she told me it had been in her possession for years, that it was a talisman against terror, and that some curious legend was attached to it, the nature of which I do not now recollect. There is strange writing upon it in some foreign tongue of the Roumis that no one has been able to decipher."

I looked, but unable to detect anything in the darkness, I assured her that its possession

"SHE SPED AWAY."

would always remind me of her, and slipped it into the pocket of my gandoura.

Then together we crept along under the shadow of the wall, and, gaining the spot where the horse stood in readiness, I held her for a second in my embrace while she kissed me, uttering a fervent word of thanks, and afterwards assisted her into the saddle. Then a moment later, with a whispered "*Allah iselemeck!*" she sped away, with her unbound hair flying behind her, and was instantly lost in the darkness.

On realizing that she had gone I was seized with regret, but feeling that at least I had saved her from a horrible doom, I returned to my little shed and, wrapping myself in my burnouse, slept soundly until the sun had risen high in the heavens.

Opening my eyes, I at once remembered Khadidja's quaint souvenir, and on examining it was astonished to find both obverse and reverse of the roughly fashioned disc covered with an inscription in English crudely engraved, or rather scratched, apparently with the point of a knife. Investigating it closely I was enabled, after some difficulty, to read the following surprising words :—

"*This record I leave for the person into whose hands it may fall, for I am starving. Whosoever reads this let him hasten to Zemnou, in the Zelaf Desert, two days from the well of El Ameïma, and from the Bab-el-Oued pace twenty steps westward outside the city wall, and under the second bastion let him dig. There will he be rewarded. John Edward Chatteris, held captive in the Kasbah of Borku by order of the Sultan 'Othmân. Sunday, June* 13, 1843."

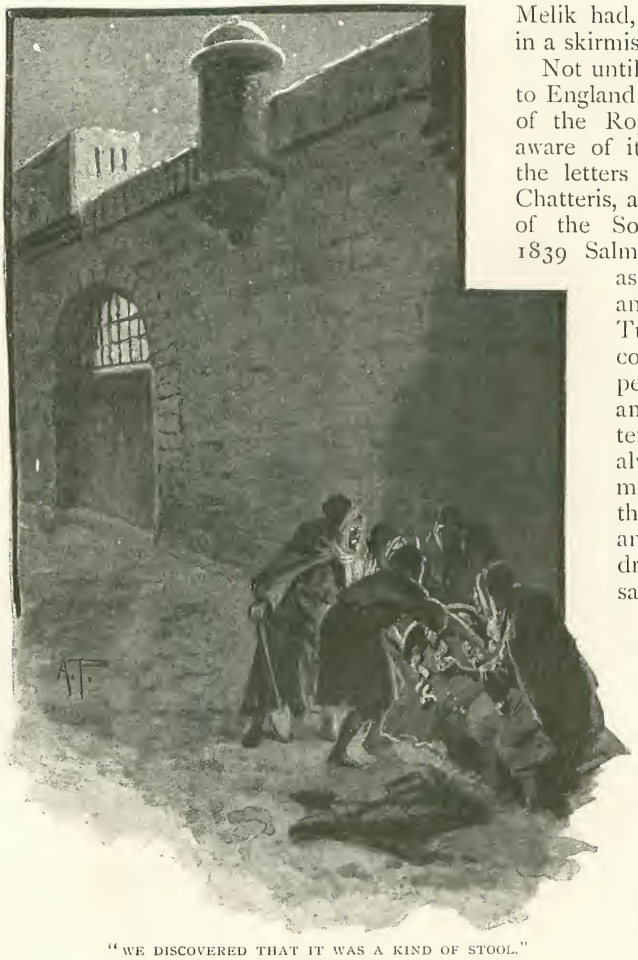
Chatteris! Instantly it occurred to me that a celebrated English explorer, archæologist, and member of the Royal Geographical Society of that name, had years ago been lost, and his fate had remained a complete mystery. This, then, was a message inscribed with apparent difficulty within the impregnable citadel of the warrior, Sultan of Borku, whose little mountain kingdom was situate five hundred miles south of Mourzouk, between the Tibesti Mountains and Lake Tsâd ; a secret that for half a century had been in the keeping of Arabs who could not decipher it.

What might not be buried at the spot indicated by this curious relic of the great traveller? My curiosity was excited to the utmost. Impatient to investigate the truth, but compelled, nevertheless, to remain patient until such time as I could escape from my undesirable companions, I concealed the disc in my gandoura and rose to join Abdul-Melik at his morning meal.

Khadidja's escape caused the old outlaw intense chagrin, and his anger knew no bounds, but luckily no suspicion fell upon me, and having remained with them during two whole moons I succeeded one day, when we were near the town of Rhat, in evading them and getting away. As quickly as possible I returned to In Salah, where I exhibited the metal disc with its strange inscription to Captain Chandioux, who became at once interested in it, announcing his intention to accompany me next day to investigate the truth of the engraved record.

With an escort of twenty Spahis, all well mounted and armed, we rode out of In Salah at dawn, and for nine days continued our journey across the desert due eastward, first taking the caravan route to Tarz Oulli, beyond the French boundary, and continuing through the rocky region of the Ihéhaouen and across the Djedid Oasis, until one evening, at the *maghrib* hour, the high white walls and three tall minarets of the desert city of Zemnou came within view. It was unsafe to take the Spahis nearer, therefore we returned and bivouacked until darkness set in. Then, dressed in the haick and burnouse of the Arab of the plain, Chandioux with myself and three Spahis, carrying spades concealed beneath our flowing drapery, approached the town and crept under the shadow of the walls until we reached the Bab-el-Oued, or principal gate. Guarded by strong watch-towers on either side, the gate was closed, and silently we crept, anxious and breathless, on over the sand westward until we had counted twenty paces and reached the second bastion.

Then, after glancing eagerly around to reassure ourselves that we were not observed, we all five commenced to dig beneath the wall. Discovery, we knew, would mean death. The sand was loose, but full of stones, and for some time we worked without result. Indeed, I began to fear that someone had already been able to decipher the record and obeyed its injunctions, when suddenly the spade of one of the Spahis struck something hard, and he uttered an ejaculation. With one accord we worked with a will, and within ten minutes were unearthing an object of extraordinary shape. At first it puzzled us considerably, but at length, when we had cleared the earth sufficiently to remove it, we made a cursory examination by the aid of wax tapers, and discovered that it was a kind of stool with a semi-circular seat, supported by six short columns of twisted gold in



"WE DISCOVERED THAT IT WAS A KIND OF STOOL."

imitation of serpents, the seat itself being of gold inlaid with many precious stones, while the feet consisted of six great yellow topazes, beautifully cut and highly polished, held in the serpents' mouths. The gold had become dimmed by long contact with the earth, but the gems, as we rubbed off the dirt that clung to them, gleamed and sparkled in the tapers' fitful rays.

The stool, or throne, was so heavy that it was with difficulty two men dragged it out of the trench, and breathless with anxiety we all lent a willing hand to carry it over the five miles of open desert to where the men were awaiting us. Our arrival was greeted with cheers, but quickly the strange relic was wrapped in saddle-bags and secured upon the back of a spare horse, and we set out on the first stage of our return journey, reaching In Salah in safety ten days later, and learning with satisfaction on our arrival that Abdul-Melik had, during our absence, been killed in a skirmish with the Spahis in the Ahaggar.

Not until I had brought the jewelled seat to England and exhibited it before a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society was I aware of its real antiquarian value. From the letters sent home by the intrepid Dr. Chatteris, and still preserved in the archives of the Society, it appeared that during 1839 Salman, the great Sheikh of Aujila, assembled a formidable following, and proclaiming himself Sultan of Tunis, led an expedition through the country, extorting money from the people by reason of horrible tortures and fearful barbarities. While sentencing his unfortunate victims, he always used a curiously-shaped judgment seat, which, for ages, had been the property of the Sultans of Sokoto, and it thus became known and dreaded as the Throne of the Thousand Terrors, it only being used on occasions when he sentenced the unfortunate wretches to torture for the purpose of extracting from them where their wealth was concealed.

Against this fierce rebel the Bey of Tunis was compelled to send a great expedition, and after several sanguinary encounters at Sinaun, and in the Um-el-Cheil, he was utterly routed and killed in his own stronghold at Aujila. Dr. Chatteris, in the last letter received from him, mentioned that he had secured the jewelled throne, but that on account of the superstitions of the Arabs it was an extremely difficult matter to convey it to the coast.

Fearing lest he should lose it, he had apparently buried it, and soon afterwards unfortunately fell into the hands of the Sultan of Borku, who held him captive until his death.

Khadidja is still living in Idelès, where she is happily married to the younger son of the Governor, but in the seclusion of her harem she is still in ignorance that, by the curious little souvenir with which she rewarded her Infidel friend, she added to our national collection of antiquities a valuable and highly interesting relic. Visitors to the British Museum will experience but little difficulty in finding it, for in the Oriental section at the present moment one of the most frequently inspected and greatly admired treasures is the quaint, historic, and bejewelled Throne of the Thousand Terrors.

The Centenary of Robert Burns.

BORN 25TH JANUARY, 1759 — DIED 21ST JULY, 1796.

BY ALEXANDER CARGILL.

NOT long ago there died a good old Scots worthy who used to say that the saddest calamity that could possibly overtake him would be the loss of his memory, since it would involve his inability to sing the songs of his beloved Robbie Burns! And who, among Scotsmen, doesn't know how deeply Professor Blackie loved the great national bard, and fondly cherished everything appertaining to his immortal memory? To forget his Burns! Anything in the world but *that!*

PROFILE OF BURNS.

BURNS'S SEAL.

There is a note of real pathos in this story of Blackie's love for Burns; and yet, how applicable is it to thousands of the countrymen of the poet. For Scotland could no more forget her Burns than the mother her child, and many generations must elapse ere she can suffer *him*, of all her children, to languish and die outside her affection and beyond her regard.

I well remember the centenary of the *birth* of Robert Burns in the year 1859. I was then but a boy, but old enough to discern in that famous celebration that the name of Burns was one of prime significance to Scotland and the Scottish people. Already, the thirty-seven years or thereby that made up the quantum of the poet's life a century ago have come and gone in our century, and, again, in the centenary of his *death*, the opportunity is gladly hailed to memorize the bard and to learn, if possible, something new from his life and its lessons.

To learn in suffering what they teach in song,

is, assuredly, as true a line as ever was written to epitomize one of the most important functions of many of the world's greatest singers. Not that suffering is the *Alpha* and *Omega* of the poet's message—not always the burden or *owercome* of his song—but it is frequently the deepest chord, the most eloquent strain in all the utterance. If, haply, our modern poets are exempt—as a class — from this fundamental condition of the gift of true and abiding poesy, there are many whose voices are still paramount and surpassing, though the singers themselves are long passed away, to whom Shelley's fine line is peculiarly applicable. But to no poet of any age or clime could it be more applicable than to Robert Burns!

In many respects Burns was an ideal son of sorrow. His cup of life, if dashed now and again with a spice of the cordial of genuine human joy and happiness, was — most of it—of the bitterness of wormwood; and from the opening years of early manhood to the last day of his all too brief existence, his career was full of

From the picture by] THE BIRTH-PLACE OF BURNS. *[D. O. Hill, R.S.A.*

From the Picture by] THE BIRTH-PLACE OF BURNS—INTERIOR. *[D. O. Hill, R.S.A.*

pathos and sadness and tragedy. I often think it was in a vein of grimmest irony that he sang of that "blast of Janwar win'" that "blew *hansel* in on Robin!" Hansel, forsooth! Verily, it was the hansel of an untoward destiny that, within the humble, "*auld-clay biggin*," met his spirit as it entered upon the scene of this mortal life on that tempestuous wintry morning in the year 1759, and remained with him all through his life. The hansel was his country's—not *his!* For never did Scotland receive a nobler gift from the gods than in the genius of this son, and of none is Scotland more proud, unless it be of the great and magnanimous Sir Walter; even he, when a boy, felt it a never-to-be-forgotten honour to be noticed with but a nod and a word from the sad-faced ploughman poet.

In a brief magazine article it is, of course, impossible to do little more than merely touch the fringe, as it were, of such a varied theme as that suggested by the name of Robert Burns. On this the hundredth anniversary of the poet's death, the temptation to dwell on the more pathetic incidents of his career is not easy to overcome, so that it may, perhaps, be more profitable to the general body of the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE to be reminded on such an occasion of some of those more personal features of the poet's life, by virtue of which—remembering its brevity and bitterness, and, withal, its marvellous fruitfulness of glorious song—his memory is kept ever green in the heart of posterity.

In the first place, the lot of Burns—in its work-a-day respects—was a hard lot. Toil and penury were largely the portion of the poet. From his earliest years he had more—much more in all conscience—than his share of daily toil, and, with only the strength of a lad, had many a day to do the work of a man. Never did a great poet so *hardly* earn his daily bread by the sweat of the brow as did Robert Burns, the boy,

From the Painting by] ROBERT BURNS. *[Nasmyth.*

the youth, the man; and—what is more—never did poet receive, on the whole, a more niggardly dole of that daily bread.

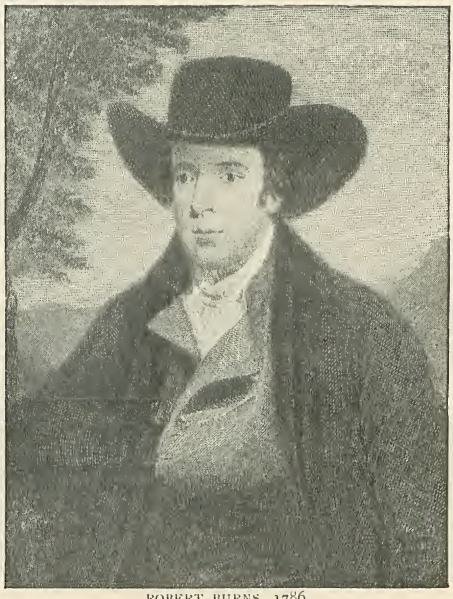
It is true the accredited portraits of Burns give but little, if any, indication of the severe manual labour he underwent for many years, but while the Taylor and the Nasmyth likenesses of the poet, which are reproduced in these pages, are held to be fairly true to the original, the hardnesses or the roughnesses of his features, conditions induced by that manual labour, were no doubt toned down or shaded off in the desire to depict the poet rather than the ploughman. There is, perhaps, too much beautified ideality in the popular portraits of Burns for anyone to discern in his features aught of the sore bodily strain and stress he endured from his earliest years. It is the truth, nevertheless, that few men had to labour with their hands as did poor Burns, and for so little recompense. Even Flaxman's statue of Burns, which is also given here, with its grace and beauty of design, somehow conveys the impression that the poet was more an elegant "man about town," dressed according to the fashion of the period for some Court levée or high social function, than a wearied plodder after the ploughshare!

FLAXMAN'S STATUE OF BURNS.

Then, there was the penury—the poverty—that perpetually dogged his steps. The wolf, with its horrid snarl, was almost constantly at his door, and to what terrible shifts was poor Burns often put to in order to keep the enemy at bay! Nothing is more pitiful than the story of the poverty of Scotland's greatest son; all the more pitiful, since it stands out in such sharp contrast to the general thriftiness and providence of the Scottish peasantry, who often take as a text for their rule of daily life the poet's famous lines:—

Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

Alas, for Burns, the privilege of being independent—so far as hard cash can secure that happy condition — was never really his from the time he began to toil until the "labourer's task was o'er" and for ever. Almost the last letter he penned was one containing an appeal to a friend for help; to save him from a debtor's gaol! Fine songs and noble sentiments about the glory of independence are well enough in their way, but when the poet who sings them has scarce a shilling in the *kist*, while the wife is weariful and the bairns are hungry (and poor Jean Armour had, as Burns himself knew only too well, many a hard time of it!), what an irony of destiny is his in all conscience!



ROBERT BURNS, 1786.
From the Painting by Taylor.

With all this — and more—to vex his soul, Burns, nevertheless, still sang on through it all, and oftentimes in strains of such superlative excellence, and with such matchless *abandon*, that it is all the more amazing to think of the many slings and arrows of the outrageous fortune that was his. This stern schooling has, of course,

done much, especially of late years, to accentuate the popular note of sympathy with Burns and for his failings. As time goes on, I believe it will be more and more realized that never did a great poet endure, as Robert Burns endured, in as brief a span of existence, so much of that concentrated bitterness of human life which poverty alone can distil, while remaining true to the better instincts of a surpassing genius. Under it all, and in spite of the temptations to "kick up the heels" at the iron goad of such a lot as was that of Burns (temptations which, alas, were often too much for him), his genius suffered but little eclipse, and from its rising to its setting, maintained almost its full measure of power to delight and dazzle all that came under its influence.

If to Burns himself, however, the work-a-day discipline of destiny was unwontedly harsh and unkind, his sufferings from "chill penury" at its immediate hands have proved vastly to the benefit of the country and of the people he loved so well. It is impossible to imagine what "puir auld Scotland" might have been to-day had the destiny of Burns been other than it was—had he been born, say, with the proverbial silver spoon, in a fine "castle o' Cassillis," the son and heir to some "birkie ca'd a lord."

BETTY BURNS—DAUGHTER OF THE POET.
From a Photo. by McLennan & Co., Greenock.

WIFE AND GRAND-DAUGHTER OF BURNS.
From the Picture by S. McKenzie, R.S.A.

But, thanks to that same destiny, Burns was born a true son of the people, and at a time when a great democratic poet was sorely needed — a voice that would not only plead the cause of the poor, the oppressed and over-toiled at plough or loom, but that would also cry aloud against the shams and hypocrisies of a selfish, sordid, and inglorious age. And in due time, as the singer's sympathy waxed fervent, and his voice was heard loud and resonant, a breath "from freedom's coast" fanned the face of the common people and roused them to the hope of a new life and of the dawn of a happier era. For it is unquestionably the fact that more than one of the great movements which have done so

much to improve the lot of the industrial classes of Scotland, and made them, in the mass, what they are to-day—better housed, more enlightened, thriftier, and more independent—in a word, freer and happier than ever they had been in the past, date from the time of Burns; and is it not a significant circumstance that the inception of the great principle of thrift, as embodied in the savings banks, was being put into actual practice about the very time when the poet passed away, and not many miles from Dumfries, where his remains were interred?

JAMES GLENCAIRN BURNS—SON OF THE POET.
From an Original Painting.

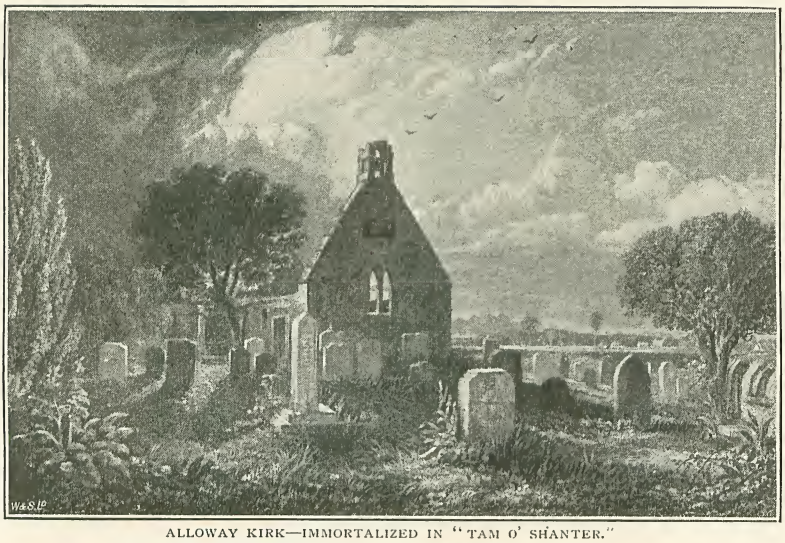
It is, perhaps, chiefly because of the deep and tender humanity of Burns which so "went out" to the humbler and poorer classes of the people, and by virtue of which he was enabled to sing so well and so truly of the common events of their simple lives, that his memory is so greatly prized by his countrymen. Yet, in nothing did the poet befriend Scotland so much as in his intense love for her name and character, and in his enthusiasm for her welfare. No doubt, his broad humour and deep pathos, his love of common things and his sympathy with them, his hatred of cant and show and hypocrisy, his *britherliness* of feeling and tenderness of regard "for friendship's sake," all as diversely exhibited in such poems and songs as the immortal "Tam o' Shanter," with its Alloway Kirk horrors; "John Anderson, My Joe, John"; "To a Daisy," "Holy Willie's Prayer," "A Man's a Man for a' That," etc., have, no doubt, been of immense value to the national life and happiness. But it is, perhaps, as a patriot, and patriot-poet, that Burns deserves most gratitude from his countrymen.

A truer patriot than Burns the Scottish nation never had, for his patriotism was of the purest, the sanest kind. He desired, sang, *prayed* for Scotland in a spirit the most devout and fervent, soliciting for her nothing more—but nothing *less*—than the Divine favour in all that concerned her life and progress. In the "Cotter's Saturday Night"—by many considered the noblest poem Burns ever wrote—that spirit is finely expressed in the following stanza:—

> O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide
> That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart,
> Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
> Or nobly die, the second glorious part
> (The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art
> His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!),
> O never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
> But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
> In bright succession rise, her ornament and guard.

ISABELLA BURNS—SISTER OF THE POET.
From the Painting by W. Bonner, Jun.

Then there is the poet's gift of the immortal "Scots Wha Hae!" No country under the sun possesses a national anthem like this. How calmly defiant of the foe! how sternly resolute to meet victory or death!—what martial ode is there to compare with this "*Marseillaise*" of Scotland? To hear it sung even "in piping times of peace" by a social gathering of the clans is moving and inspiring enough, and one can only imagine its influence in face of the stern reality of the battle! Long may it be sung only at the festive board! In any event, Scotland is as much indebted to her patriot-poet for "Scots Wha Hae" as for anything else he ever penned. With the story of the shaping into its present well-known form of this magnificent ode, the name of Mr. George Thomson, the musical correspondent of Burns, and

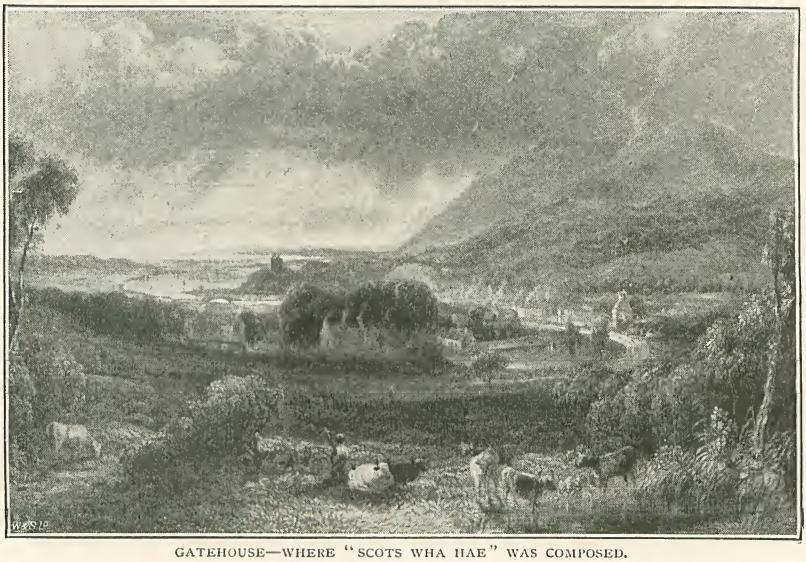


ALLOWAY KIRK—IMMORTALIZED IN "TAM O' SHANTER."
From the Picture by D. O. Hill, R.S.A.

whose portrait is shown on page 54, will ever be honourably associated.

Of the many vicissitudes in the brief life of Robert Burns, none influenced him—the man and the poet—more than his extraordinary experiences in Edinburgh and at the hands of many of the citizens. Was it a happy or unhappy destiny that led Burns to the capital of Scotland, away from his Ayrshire fields, in the autumn of 1786? The question is a most suggestive one, and might well be considered, especially since the present article deals more with the personal side of the poet's career than with his writings.

Looking at the central facts that shaped that career, and remembering the potent influence which the experiences of the life of a great city had upon him—a stranger and untried to its temptations—I am fain sometimes to think that, on the whole, it was an unfortunate destiny that prompted him to quit the quiet, peaceful rusticity of Mossgiel, where so much of his best work was written, and venture himself into the noisy, soul-vexing whirl of gay city life. True, when he arrived in Edinburgh, heralded as a new poetic star that had lately arisen on the horizon of the time, he, like Cæsar of old, literally "came, saw, and conquered." Ere he had been many days in the city, he suddenly found himself "translated from the veriest shades of life" into a position where he became the cynosure of all eyes. Many men, most men, in fact, would have—in these days at least—shrunk from the ordeal: many, venturing, would have issued from it with their vanity's stature stretched a cubit's length! But Burns did not shrink nor withdraw himself from the scene, neither was he spoiled by the flattering attentions of the great people with whom he foregathered. Indeed, it has been stated, on the authority of Sir Walter Scott, that he "never saw a man in company with his superiors in station



GATEHOUSE—WHERE "SCOTS WHA HAE" WAS COMPOSED.
From the Picture by D. O. Hill, R.S.A.

or information more perfectly free than was Burns from either the reality or the affectation of embarrassment. Burns was much caressed in Edinburgh, but, alas, the efforts made for his relief were exceedingly trifling." What Burns himself thought of it all is, however, left on record in numerous letters to his friends and correspondents, and an excerpt from one of the most interesting of these, showing a facsimile of the poet's characteristic handwriting, is reproduced on this page.

GEORGE THOMSON.
(Musical Correspondent of the Poet.)
From the Painting by Sir H. Raeburn, R.A.

With all this and more to prove the natural loftiness of his soul, and allowing for the financial urgency of the need of a new edition of his poems, the advent of Burns in Edinburgh, especially just after the success of the first (Kilmarnock) edition, no doubt helped very materially to stop the flow of verse which had hitherto come in glorious gushes, warbled full and free as he walked behind his plough amid his Ayrshire fields. If he formed the acquaintance, more or less useful to him afterwards, of not a few of the notabilities of "Mine own romantic town"; if, too, he succeeded in getting a new edition of his poems through the Edinburgh press (rare honour, indeed, for a provincial bard!) and in pocketing some £500 sterling thereby (since this was the main object of the poet's quest, after, of course, the more private and personal reasons that inclined him cityward), was there not also a debtor side of the account?

The poet won his renown—quick, unexampled, universal: he sat him down at ease with lords and their ladies; he danced, gayest of cavaliers, with duchesses, and fascinated them and their daughters as few men had done; he made his book a big success, and so, for a brief time, was richer by far than ever he had been or hoped to be in all

For my own affairs I am in a fair way of becoming as eminent as Thomas a Kempis or John Bunyan. and you may expect henceforth to see my birthday inserted among the wonderful events, in the poor Robin's and Aberdeen Almanacks, along with the black Monday, & the battle of Bothwel bridge.—My lord Glencairn & the Dean of Faculty, Mr H. Erskine, have taken me under their wing; and by all probability I shall soon be the tenth Worthy, and the eighth Wise Man, of the world. Through my Lord's influence it is inserted in the records of the Caledonian Hunt that they unanimously, one & all, subscribe for the 2d Edition—

FACSIMILE OF BURNS'S HANDWRITING.

MRS. DUNLOP.
(The Famous Friend and Correspondent of Burns.)

his life; and after some flitting hither and thither, to and from the scene of these splendid triumphs—what do we find?

Alas! we are told on the best of all authorities, viz., Burns himself (his letters to Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, one of the poet's truest friends and admirers, are the best comment on this subject), that in due time he returned to his Ayrshire home, where many responsibilities and duties awaited him --soured in spirit, hurt in mind, sad at heart, and, in the poetic sense, bearing with him the evidences of

> That little rift within the lute
> That by-and-bye doth make the music mute!

For certainly—and there is little profit in reciting the details—the rare-toned lute of Robert Burns was none the better for the moral tear and wear the poet underwent in Edinburgh. His Edinburgh life may form an interesting picture for the mind's eye to ponder: on the whole, it is full of pathos and is not without its lessons; and on an occasion like this, the brief life of the poet cannot well pass before the mind without a suggestion of the vanity of all human things being vividly impressed upon it.

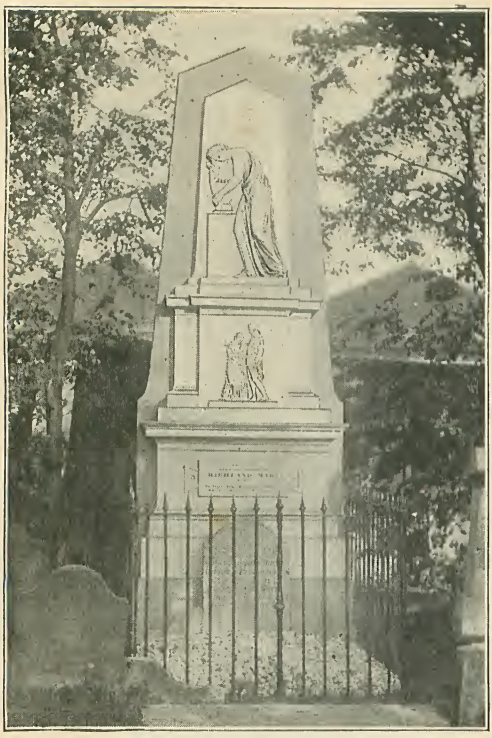
Any appreciation of Robert Burns, no matter how brief and inadequate, would, of course, be absurdly incomplete without some reference to the influence of womankind upon this marvellously gifted and strangely constituted being. What an intensely interesting "human document" might be made of the subject of the poet's relations with the fairer sex! To their influence, no mortal—certainly no poet—was more impressionable than Burns; and all his life, at least from the day when, a lad of fifteen, he was inspired by the charms of "Handsome Nell" Kilpatrick to indite his first love-song, he lived virtually

> Under the lash of a lovely eye
> In passion—fetter'd slavery!

Dante, Tasso, Shakespeare, Goethe, Byron, Shelley, and other singers no doubt owed much of their inspiration and utterance to the potent spell of feminine loveliness and grace, but none of those "mighty minstrels" ever outdid Burns in the ardency and constancy of his song in praise of womankind. Of all those of the gentler sex, however, who most influenced his muse and roused it to the very ecstasy of poetic rapture were (after his own "Bonnie Jean") Mary Morrison and Mary Campbell — the latter immortalized as no real flesh-and-blood heroine of song has ever been since Scots minstrelsy began to have a history.

The song which Burns wrote in memory

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.
(Nephew of Highland Mary.)
From a Photo. by McLennan & Co., Greenock.



THE GRAVE OF HIGHLAND MARY.
From a Photograph.

of the former may not, perhaps, be so well known as that written to "Mary in Heaven"; yet Hazlitt—an admirable critic—thought it the finest love-song Burns ever penned. But it is around the name of "Highland Mary" (as "Highland" as birth at Campbelton can make her), with her brief and pathetic history, that by far the more interesting associations have gathered, and whatever may have been the precise nature of the poet's intimacy with her, there never can be any doubt of the fact that her untoward fate deeply wounded the heart of Burns, and provoked from him some of the noblest lines in the language. For example, the stanza, ending :—

Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear,

has on many an occasion been quoted as unequalled alike for the stateliness of the flow of the language and the excellence of the simile expressed. In connection with the name of Highland Mary, many admirers of Burns will be interested to know that there was living as recently as December last, and, in spite of his eighty-three years, in fairly good health, a nephew of that famous celebrity. It is now well beyond a hundred years (the actual date is 17th August, 1786) since Mary Campbell met her death at Greenock, where she had been attending a sick brother, and where—in the West churchyard—her remains are interred. In this nephew, therefore (whose portrait is shown on the previous page), we had a very interesting link, directly connected with the fair heroine for whose memory all lovers of their national bard have naught but a tender and respectful regard.

THE MAUSOLEUM OF BURNS IN DUMFRIES.
From the Picture by D. O. Hill, R.S.A.

The Adventures of a Man of Science.

By L. T. Meade and Clifford Halifax, M.D.

We have taken down these stories from time to time as our friend, Paul Gilchrist, has related them to us. He is a man whose life study has been science in its most interesting forms—he is also a keen observer of human nature and a noted traveller. He has an unbounded sympathy for his kind, and it has been his lot to be consulted on many occasions by all sorts and conditions of men.

I.—THE SNAKE'S EYE.

Told by Paul Gilchrist.

I HAVE met with strange adventures in my time, and none perhaps queerer than the story I am just about to relate.

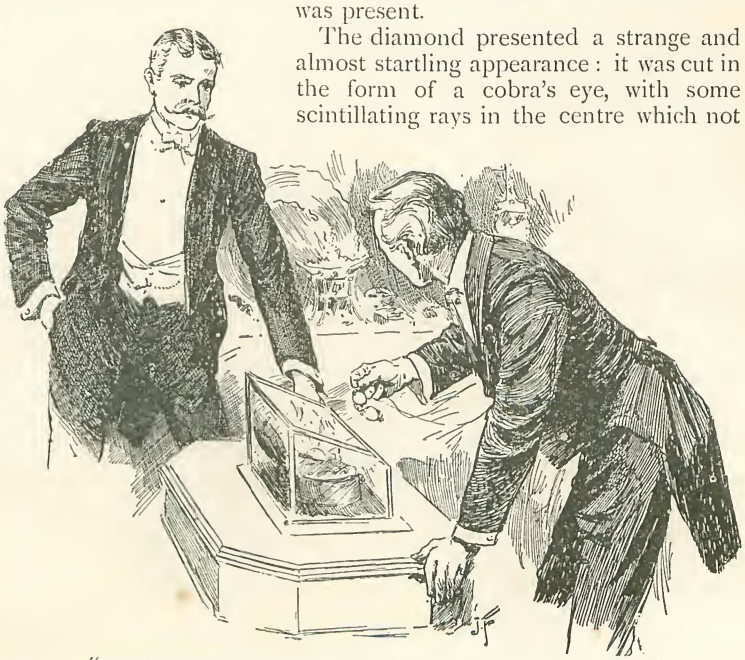
The Crossthwaites were old friends of mine, and amongst them I had no greater favourite than the pretty Lady Pamela. She was a motherless girl of great beauty, and when first grown up had gone through much trouble owing to an unlucky love affair. A certain Laurence Carroll, a penniless subaltern in a line regiment, had conceived a desperate passion for her and she for him. There had been exciting scenes, for the young people had sworn to be true to each other in spite of obstacles. Carroll was a gentleman by birth, but somewhat harum-scarum and reckless in character. He had already contracted debts to a considerable amount, and was, in the eyes of her family, no suitable match for Lady Pamela. The Earl of Attrill forbade him the house—Lady Pamela broke down and had a somewhat severe illness, but in the course of a year had recovered her normal health and spirits. I had been consulted at the time of the Carroll trouble, and was, therefore, sincerely rejoiced when the news of Lady Pamela's engagement to the right man reached me.

She had now to all appearance given her whole heart to a certain Captain Mainwaring, a well-known traveller and a particularly brave officer. He had money of his own, and a character without a flaw. He was twenty years older than his pretty young bride, but that fact mattered nothing in the eyes of her relations.

At Lady Pamela's earnest request I had promised that no scientific work should prevent my being present at her wedding. She was to be married with much ceremony early in February of this present year 1896. The wedding was to take place from the Crossthwaites' town house in Portland Square, and the bridegroom arrived on leave of absence from his regiment in India just one week before the wedding. He was a tall, fine-looking, soldierly man, and Lady Pamela's friends congratulated her on all sides. These congratulations rose to a sort of *furore* of enthusiasm when it was discovered that, amongst other presents, the soldier had brought for his future bride's acceptance a diamond of extraordinary size and brilliancy.

The night after Captain Mainwaring's return from India, I dined at the Crossthwaites', and after dinner was permitted to see the gem. It reposed on a velvet bed under a glass case, and stood on a centre table in the room where the other wedding presents were displayed. This room was not only guarded by a detective from Scotland Yard, but also by a manservant, an old retainer of the family, who was supposed never to leave it except when the detective was present.

The diamond presented a strange and almost startling appearance: it was cut in the form of a cobra's eye, with some scintillating rays in the centre which not



"YOU WOULD LIKE TO HEAR THE STORY OF THAT QUEER DIAMOND?"

inaptly represented the pupil; it was set in a thin gold socket, and looked like an eye of evil and strange import as it glittered on its purple bed. In addition to the value which its queer shape and unique appearance gave it, the stone itself was of great intrinsic worth, as it weighed over thirty carats. One glance was sufficient to show me that it was of the first water and was free from the least clouding or imperfection—in certain lights it gave out a blue, in others again a red, colour.

"You would like to hear the story of that queer diamond?" said Captain Mainwaring, coming up to my side when he saw me examining the gem.

"It certainly presents a unique appearance," I answered. "It must have a history."

"It has—it is in reality one of the eyes of an Indian idol. It was given to me by a Rajah whose life I had been instrumental in saving. When he presented me with the gem he made a queer request.

"'It belongs to a tribe with whom I and my people have had a life-long quarrel,' he said. 'It is, as a glance will show you, the eye of a cobra—we call it in Hindustani Sānp Kee Ankh, which means the Snake's Eye. The money value of this stone is immense, but I run considerable danger by having it in my possession. In fact, I should be glad to be rid of it. If you are willing to take the responsibility, you shall have it on a condition.'

"I told him," said Captain Mainwaring, "that I was not a nervous man, and that I would gladly accept the responsibility of such a valuable possession.

"'You saved my life, and I owe you something,' replied the Rajah. 'The stone shall be yours if you will take my servant, Gopinath, as its guardian. I do not wish to have your blood on my head, and you would assuredly never reach England in safety if Gopinath did not take care of the diamond for you. He is a Brahmin, a valuable and excellent fellow. He will serve you day and night, and will protect the gem. Take him with you to England. While he remains in your service the diamond is safe.'

"As he spoke, the Rajah lifted a curtain and Gopinath appeared. He was a good-looking fellow, tall, with the sleek skin, sinewy frame, and glowing, jewel-like eyes of his countrymen. I happened to be in need of a servant, and gladly accepted the guardian with the gift. Gopinath has accompanied me to England, and is so much attached to me and to the Snake's Eye, that I do not think we are likely to part for many a long day."

"You suffered no hair-breadth escapes, then, in travelling down the country with a gem of such value?" I asked.

"I believe I did, several—but Gopinath was always to the fore. I have not the least doubt that my Brahmin stood between me and death on several occasions."

Other guests now crowded round the glass case, and Mainwaring entered into a fresh description of the gem, the Rajah, and Gopinath for their benefit. I only listened with half an ear, being absorbed in contemplation of the splendid stone itself.

"How do you like the idea of a Brahmin bodyguard?" I said, turning to Pamela, who came up at that moment.

"Do you mean Gopinath?" she answered, with a laugh; "I think him a delightful person." She turned her sparkling eyes full on my face.

"I should like to see him," I said.

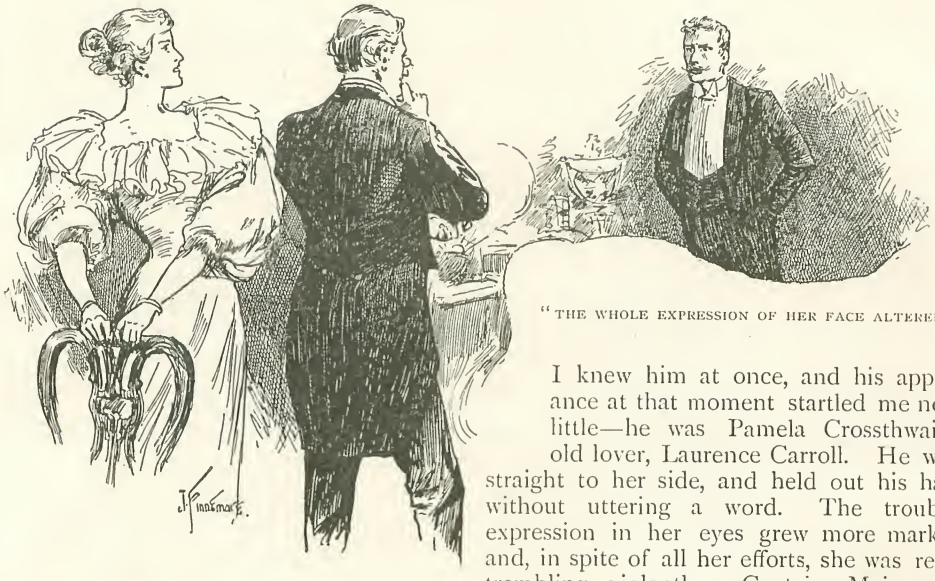
"He is in the house: I will fetch him at once," she answered. She ran off, returning in a few moments with the Brahmin, wearing a gorgeous turban and elaborately attired in

"HE GAVE A LOW SALAAM."

the rich colours of his country—he gave a low salaam as the young girl introduced him to me. His glittering eyes turned from her face to mine, then I saw them light upon the stone itself with a peculiar expression. A moment later he had vanished into a shady part of the room.

"That gem, beautiful as it is, will be a white elephant," I said, to Pamela.

"Herbert means to have it re-set, and I



"THE WHOLE EXPRESSION OF HER FACE ALTERED."

am to wear it when I go to Court after the wedding," she said. "Afterwards I should like it to be sent to the bank. It would not be safe to have such a treasure in one's house."

"Certainly not," I replied; "that is, unless you intend to keep Gopinath."

"Oh, I don't know about that, he is certain to wish to return to India. I don't suppose, either, that I shall often wear the stone—it is too magnificent, and there is something about it which frightens me."

"I should regard this stone more as representing monetary value than as an ornament to wear," I said. "It is really almost too big, and as you say, looks too like the eye of a cobra to be a really comfortable ornament."

"It is that which gives it its value," said Captain Mainwaring, who now joined us. "I don't think, after all, Pamela, that we ought to change the setting. A gem like that is a possession—it must be a family heirloom, eh?"

As the soldier spoke he gave an affectionate glance at the pretty girl who was so soon to be his wife—her eyes met his for an instant, then she looked towards the door. In a moment the whole expression of her face altered—it grew white, and she clutched hold of the nearest chair as if to support herself. A lady came up to speak to Captain Mainwaring, who turned to reply to her courteously. At the same instant I saw a tall man, with a pale face and somewhat nervous expression, come hastily forward. I knew him at once, and his appearance at that moment startled me not a little—he was Pamela Crossthwaite's old lover, Laurence Carroll. He went straight to her side, and held out his hand without uttering a word. The troubled expression in her eyes grew more marked, and, in spite of all her efforts, she was really trembling violently. Captain Mainwaring turned towards her again; with a great effort she seemed to recover herself, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Let me introduce you to my friend, Laurence Carroll," she said. "Mr. Carroll—Captain Mainwaring."

The Captain bowed, and favoured Carroll with a brief glance—the slight nervousness left Carroll's eyes—they grew bright and steady. He began to talk eagerly, and so did Pamela. The conversation once again turned upon the diamond. Captain Mainwaring unlocked the glass case and, taking the gem in his hand, gave it first to me and then to Carroll to examine. We were exchanging opinions as to the beauty and rarity of the stone, but when he thought no one was observing him, Carroll's eyes followed Lady Pamela, who had left us, with a queer resolve growing stronger and stronger in their depths. It needed but a few glances to show me that his passion was as strong as ever. Presently Lady Pamela and her friends approached the part of the room where he was standing. She was passing him

without a word, but he stretched out his hand as if to detain her; she turned then and looked him full in the face. As she did so every vestige of colour left hers.

"I came here to-night to give you back your promise and your gift," he said. He thrust a letter into her hand, and a moment later left the room.

Shortly afterwards I also took my leave, and returned to the flat which I occupy in Bloomsbury. I have fitted myself up a laboratory there, and spend a great deal of my time in that sanctum. It was past eleven o'clock when I got home; my servant, Silva by name, a Hungarian, was waiting up for me. I told him to go to bed, and went straight to my laboratory. I was making certain experiments of an interesting nature, and in particular was anxiously developing some photographs which I had just taken by means of the Röntgen rays. The new discovery was now the craze of the whole scientific world, and I, of course, with other men of science, was bitten with it. I had several vacuum tubes by me, and all the necessary apparatus for making the rays. My impression was that the new discovery would make rapid strides, and would be of immense importance to medical science. I had just retired into my dark room to develop some photographs when there came a ring at the front door. It was late for a visitor to call, and I went out in some surprise to ascertain what could be the matter. Silva had not yet gone to bed—he opened the door, ushered someone in, and then came to me.

"Mr. Carroll, sir—he would like to see you for a few moments."

"Carroll," I exclaimed, "and at this hour—where have you shown him?"

"Into the laboratory," answered Silva.

"I will go to him," I replied. "Do not sit up—I can let Mr. Carroll out myself."

I returned to my laboratory. Carroll was standing where the full rays of the electric light fell on his face. He looked cadaverous—his cheeks were hollow, his eyes had a disturbed and glassy expression. When I entered the room I saw that he had taken up some proofs of mine which lay on a table near. They had been sent to me from the medical paper for which I constantly write. When he heard my step he threw down the sheets and came forward to meet me.

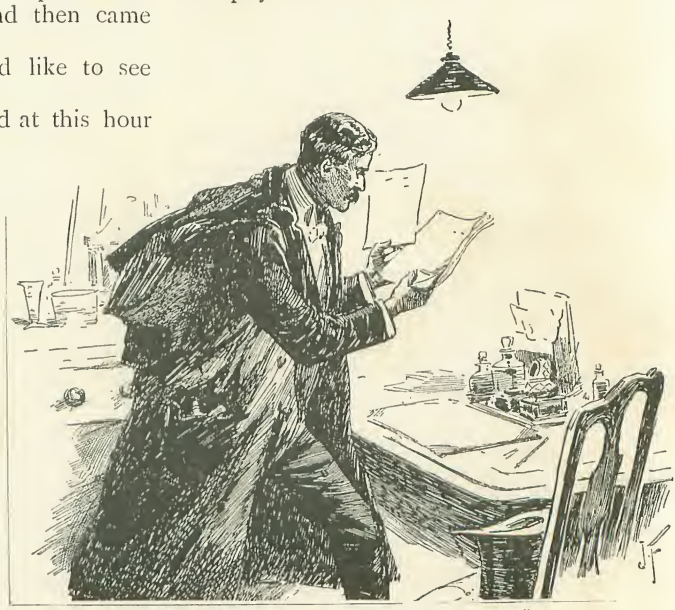
"I do not apologize for calling at so late an hour," he said, "for my business is of great importance. By the way, that article on poison is full of interest—is it for a medical journal?"

"It is for a forthcoming number of the *Lancet*," I replied. Then I added: "But the subject would scarcely interest you."

"It happens to interest me immensely," answered Carroll; "it is about a strange poison."

"It is—one of the most dangerous known. As you have read some of my description, I will tell you how I happened to write the paper. I am much interested just now in the Röntgen rays, and make many experiments with the new light. A few days ago, while experimenting with ferrocyanide of potassium, I accidentally found that I had evolved as a by-product that most dangerous drug, anhydrous hydrocyanic acid. The article, a proof of which you have just looked over, is written with a view to show the danger which I myself or anyone else, forgetful of this fact, might unknowingly run. There is, as I said just now, no more dangerous poison known. It causes death by inhalation, and the process of making, without certain precautions, is fatal."

"Would the victim suffer?" asked Carroll, abruptly.



"HE HAD TAKEN UP SOME PROOFS OF MINE."

"No—death would be instantaneous."

"And you have really made the drug, Gilchrist?"

"Yes, a few days ago—entirely by accident, as my article explains."

"Well, the subject is interesting," said Carroll—he sank into the nearest chair as he spoke.

"There are moments," he continued, gazing at me with bright eyes—"there are moments in the lives of many men when the poison question becomes full of strange fascination."

"I hope such a moment may never come into your life," I said, favouring him with an earnest glance—his eyes avoided mine—he locked his thin hands tightly together.

"Now to turn to my own business," he said—"I do not apologize for this late visit—my state of mind and my circumstances are beyond mere apology. I have come here to-night, Gilchrist, to ask your advice."

"My dear fellow, you are heartily welcome to it," I answered.

"You see before you the most wretched dog in all Christendom."

"Oh, come," I said, "matters cannot be as bad as that."

"You have heard all about Lady Pamela and myself?"

"Yes, Carroll, I know that story. I need not say that I pity you—you are going through a rough time just at present, but believe me——"

"I can scarcely listen to ordinary consolations just now," he replied, breaking in abruptly on my well-meaning speech. "I had better come to facts at once. I do not intend that marriage to take place."

"What do you mean?"

"Pamela Crossthwaite is not to marry Captain Mainwaring."

"You must be mad!" I exclaimed. "How can you possibly prevent the marriage?"

He laughed in a troubled sort of way.

"I have put a cog in the wheel of that confounded Captain's prosperity to-night," he said. "I gave Pamela a letter which will at least insure her having a bad night."

"You did very wrong."

"I do not agree with you—I wish to save her from the greatest misery any woman can know. Marriage is at best an awful thing—to be married to the wrong man is torture."

"What have you come to see me about?" I asked, after a pause.

"Because it is necessary for me to speak to someone, and you are an old friend of the family. You are also a good sort of fellow all round, and have helped other men out of scrapes before now. Lord Attrill would be sure to listen to any words you were good enough to say to him. Gilchrist, I want you to do me a favour. I want you to go to him to-morrow morning in order to plead my cause once again."

"You must be ill, Carroll," I said. "How can I possibly interfere at the eleventh hour? The wedding is to take place on Thursday. Do you suppose for any plea of mine Lord Attrill would permit his daughter to break her word to Captain Mainwaring?"

"He might if the truth were put straight before him," answered Carroll. "Lady Pamela loves me—she does not love Mainwaring."

"You have no right to say anything of that sort."

"I have every right, for it is true. Did you not notice her face when she saw me to-night?"

I was silent—I had certainly noticed the changing colour, the misery which clouded the beautiful eyes. After a pause I spoke.

"I must say some very plain words to you," I began. "You are not acting in a manly way. It is true that Lady Pamela was at one time attached to you—her people did not approve of you for her, she was very young, and not supposed to know her own mind. She suffered at the time, but has now got over her troubles. A man in all respects worthy of her has come forward, and if you have only half the courage you ought to have, you will leave her alone to marry him happily the day after to-morrow."

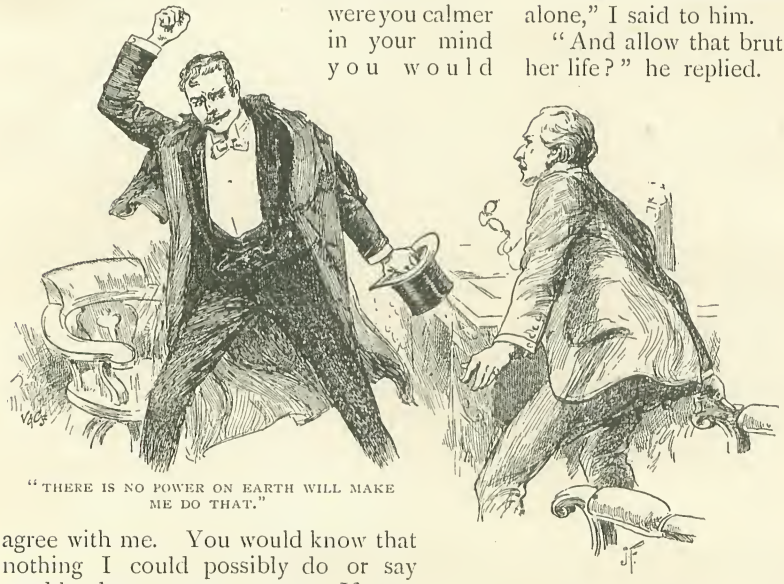
"I am quite impervious to any hard things you may like to say of me," answered Carroll. "My mind is absolutely made up. Either the marriage between Lady Pamela and Captain Mainwaring is broken off, or I commit suicide."

"Oh, folly!" I retorted, starting to my feet. "I am ashamed even to listen to you. You profess to love Lady Pamela, and yet you would cast such a terrible shadow over her life?"

"No, I would draw the line at that," he answered; his lips trembled, and his eyes softened for the first time. "If she marries Mainwaring, she will never know of my horrible fate. I have given her people to understand that I am returning to my regiment. If I cannot effect the object for which I have visited you to-night, I will allow her to continue in that belief. She will think of me, when she thinks of me at all, as living and suffering far out of England. I will take good care that she does not learn

the worst. But now to business: will you help me or will you not?"

"It is impossible for me to help you in the way you have just suggested. It would be useless—were you calmer in your mind you would agree with me. You would know that nothing I could possibly do or say would alter matters now. If you meant to interfere, why did you leave it to the eleventh hour?"



"THERE IS NO POWER ON EARTH WILL MAKE ME DO THAT."

"Because I have been out of England with my regiment. The news of the engagement reached me in Africa three weeks ago. I managed to get leave of absence, and took the first boat back to England. I arrived in London this afternoon. Well, I will not keep you any longer. I am sorry you cannot see your way to help me. Had you arranged to talk to Lord Attrill, matters might have been made a little easier. As it is, I must take my own course."

"You are fully resolved to see Mainwaring?"

"I am. I have told Pamela in the letter which she received to-night of my intention. Mainwaring shall not marry her in the dark. Before he sleeps to-night he will know from me the whole story of our engagement"

"And your idea is that this news will induce him to break off the match?"

"I think it probable; anyhow, I will put him to the test."

"Suppose he sticks to his engagement?"

"Then I shall not live to hear the marriage bells ring. By the way, Gilchrist, how did you say that drug of yours was to be used?"

"You have nothing to do with that," I answered. "In your present state of mind the less you think of poisons the better."

He rose without a word. He was a tall and slenderly-made man of wiry build; his lips shut in a firm line. I had seldom seen a more determined face.

"I wish I could induce you to leave well alone," I said to him.

"And allow that brute to have his way with her life?" he replied. "There is no power on earth will make me do that."

He shook hands with me and left the house.

He had been gone but a few moments when, approaching the table where the proofs from the *Lancet* lay, I perceived that page eight was missing. On this page a careful description was given of the use to which the deadly acid could be put. I looked around me in consternation—the page might possibly have dropped on the floor—I could not find it—the next moment a cry of alarm escaped my lips. A small bottle of the drug itself had been standing near the manuscript—it also was gone. In a moment I knew what had occurred. Carroll had seen the word "poison" written in large letters on the label of the bottle, and had evidently slipped it into his pocket before I entered the laboratory.

I am not in the ordinary sense of the word a doctor, although I have studied both medicine and surgery—I know, however, only too well the deadly and awful nature of the drug which the unhappy man had provided himself with. To follow him was my immediate duty. I put on my hat and went out—the hour was now past midnight. The moment I found Carroll I would force him to return me the bottle which contained the anhydrous hydrocyanic acid, but I had not gone many steps before I remembered, to my consternation, that I did not know his address. He had spoken, however, of visiting Captain Mainwaring. Mainwaring was staying at the Savoy. I would go there, inquire for the Captain, and, if necessary, force my way into the room where the two were having their interview.

I hailed the first hansom I came across, and desired the man to drive me to the Savoy

Hotel. When I got there it was close on one o'clock. The night porter alone was up. In reply to my message he said he would go up to Captain Mainwaring's rooms and ascertain if Mr. Carroll was with him. I waited in the hall—the man came back after a few moments to inform me that Carroll must have left, for the lights were all out in the Captain's rooms, and he concluded therefore that he had retired for the night.

I left the hotel—there was nothing more to be done until the morning. I returned home, and entering my laboratory spent many hours thinking over Carroll's unhappy story. As the time flew by my uneasiness grew greater and greater—towards morning I dropped asleep in my chair. In my sleep I was troubled by dreams, in which I saw the awful drug which I myself had manufactured taking deadly effect on more than one hapless victim. When I awoke with a start and bathed in perspiration the winter daylight was struggling into the room.

I went to my bedroom, changed my things, and ordered Silva to get breakfast. While dressing I quickly made up my mind. I would have a cup of coffee and call at an early hour on Captain Mainwaring at the Savoy. He might possibly know Carroll's address. In any case I would be able to judge by his manner what effect the young man's communication had had upon him.

Breakfast was served, and I had just entered my morning-room when a loud peal at the front door startled me. Silva went to open it, and the next moment Carroll, white as death, and with an expression on his face which paralyzed the words I was about to utter, entered the room.

The moment the servant withdrew he came eagerly up to me.

"I cannot realize it," he said; "I do not feel the slightest pain; but all the same, I know I am a doomed man. Captain Mainwaring is dead."

I sprang to my feet.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I state a fact. I saw him last night, and told him the whole story of my engagement to Pamela Crossthwaite. He was angry at first, then he calmed down—said he would take a night to think over matters, and begged of me to be at the Savoy at eight o'clock this morning. I arrived there to find the whole place in consternation — the Captain was found dead in his bed—a doctor had been summoned, who gave it as his opinion that there was undoubted foul play. I could see by the expression on the faces of the hotel servants that I was suspected. I told the head waiter that I was going to see you, and walked straight out of the hotel. Now, what is to be done?"

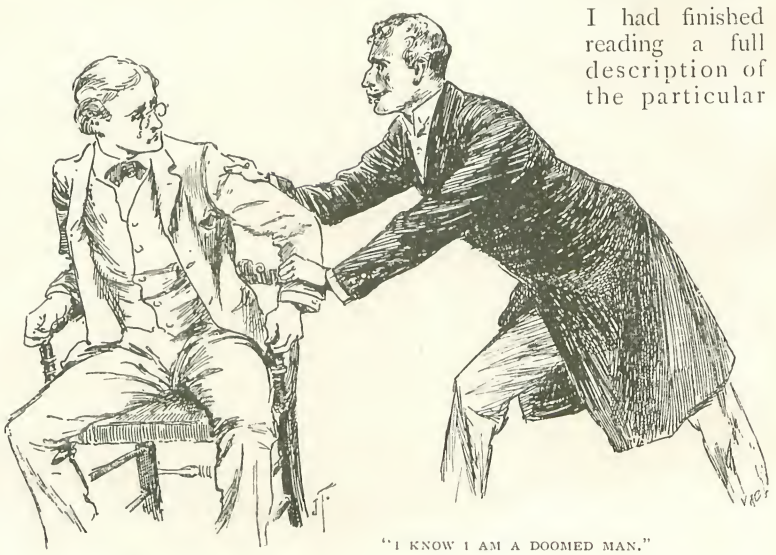
"This is terrible," I said; "there must be some mistake."

"There is none. Would I invent anything so ghastly? You must see for yourself, Gilchrist, what this means to me. I was the last person with Mainwaring—we parted in anger—the hotel servants will swear as to the length of our interview. I shall be arrested almost immediately—and to confirm matters, to make it impossible for me to escape hanging, there is this, Gilchrist, in my pocket."

As he spoke he drew out the little bottle of anhydrous hydrocyanic acid.

"Give it to me," I said, stretching out my hand for it.

"No, I shall keep it now. I took it for my own purposes. It lay on your table last night. The first thing I saw when I entered the room was the 'poison' label on the bottle. I was tempted, and appropriated it before you appeared. I was searching for means to take my own life if necessary. Just as you entered the room I had finished reading a full description of the particular



"I KNOW I AM A DOOMED MAN."

action of the poison. I slipped page eight of your proof also into my pocket. Here is the proof now and here is the bottle."

"Well, at least you can give them back to me—you need not voluntarily slip a rope round your neck."

"It is too late," he replied. "When I heard the fatal news at the hotel I staggered and almost fell. Some fiend tempted me to put my hand into my pocket. I pulled out the bottle and stared at it as if I was stupefied. A waiter who stood near must have seen the word 'poison' on the label. No, I shall brazen the thing out now. I have come to you as the only friend I possess. What do you advise me to do?"

"To sit down and if possible tell me what occurred," I replied.

Carroll stared at me fixedly for a moment, then he flung himself into the nearest chair, and clasping his big hands round one of his knees began to speak.

"I will tell you what occurred. I arrived late at the Savoy Hotel, but Mainwaring had not gone to bed. I saw him and told him my story. He absolutely refused to give Pamela up."

"About this bottle?" I said, as Carroll paused and wiped the moisture from his brow.

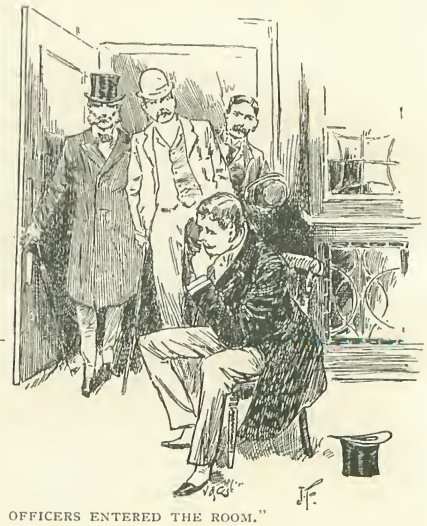
He glanced at it with a strange expression.

"I went to the Crown Hotel," he continued, "a small one, not far from the Savoy. When I reached my room I took the bottle out of my pocket. Mainwaring's words had nearly maddened me. I saw he would not relinquish Pamela on any terms. A horrible desire to take away my own life surged into my brain. I read the paper once again in which you give a description of the exact action of the poison. I broke the seal and removed the cork from the bottle. In another moment I should have inhaled the drug, and my miserable life would have been over—but in that instant, terror, as cowardly and complete as my former mad passion, filled me. I dreaded death as much as a moment before I had longed for it. I put the cork back into the bottle and thrust it into my pocket. Now, that is all—what do you advise me to do?"

I was just about to speak when a ring at the front door interrupted my words. The next instant a couple of police officers, accompanied by Lord Attrill, entered the room. One of the men went straight up to Carroll.

"Is your name Laurence Carroll?" he asked.

"It is," replied the young man.



"A COUPLE OF POLICE OFFICERS ENTERED THE ROOM."

"Then I hold a warrant for your arrest on suspicion of having murdered Captain Mainwaring at the Savoy Hotel last night."

Now that the blow had really come, Carroll was quiet enough.

"I will go with you, of course," he said, "but I wish to say at once that I am perfectly innocent."

"The less you say, the better for your own sake just now, sir," replied the man. "It is my duty to take you, and, of course, I am sorry, but the quieter you come the better."

Carroll held out his hand to me—he did not even glance at Lord Attrill, who, on his part, took not the least notice of him.

A moment later I found myself alone with the old Earl.

"The scoundrel!" he cried, when the door had closed behind Carroll and the police officers. "I wonder you allow such a fellow to visit you Gilchrist—well, this is a nice state of affairs—the only thing left to me in life is the pleasure of seeing that fellow get the fate he deserves."

"He is innocent, Attrill," I said. "Before God, I am speaking the simple truth—

Carroll has no more committed murder than I have."

Lord Attrill favoured me with a queer smile.

"Well," he said, "I suppose you will stick to your opinion, although you must not expect me to share it. By the way, this fearful news has upset my poor child to a terrible degree. She begged of me to ask you to call and see her. Will you come with me now?"

"Of course I will," I replied.

I put on my hat, and Lord Attrill and I left the house. We took a hansom and drove direct to Portland Square.

All preparations for the wedding had been of course abandoned, and the big house presented a curious spectacle. Waiters and upholsterers were quickly taking down the wedding decorations and removing all traces of the coming festival. A door at the further end of the wide hall stood open, and Lord Attrill and I went straight in that direction when we entered the house. The next moment we found ourselves in the room where Lady Pamela's wedding presents were still on view. The table with the glass case stood in the centre of the room; a purple cushion lay inside the case—but the diamond was gone.

"Ah!" said Lord Attrill, noticing the direction of my eyes, "poor Mainwaring had a queer fad about that stone. He brought it here every morning, but insisted on taking charge of it himself at night. By the way, under existing circumstances, it will not be safe to leave it at the hotel. I had better go at once and fetch it."

He had scarcely said the words before a door at the farther end of the room was opened, and the Indian servant, Gopinath, glided in. His noiseless entrance might scarcely have been noticed by either of us, but the moment he saw us he made a queer sort of cry which seemed to come from some unknown depths, and rushing forward flung himself at our feet.

"'Sānp Kee Ankh' is stolen!" he gasped. "I have found the empty case."

He held up the morocco case in both hands.

Lord Attrill seized it.

"What do you mean?" he said. "Get up, fellow. What have you discovered?"

"The cobra's eye is gone," repeated the man. "I found the case empty, as you see it, under my master's pillow. I have brought it here. Mainwaring sahib must have been assassinated by the thief who stole the gem."

Lord Attrill's excitement on hearing these tidings was extreme.

"This, indeed, gives a motive for the murder," he said. "Gilchrist, I must leave you. Gopinath, come with me at once."

The Earl and the Indian servant left the room together. The moment they did so I turned and rang the bell. A footman appeared.

"Have the goodness to tell Lady Pamela that I am here," I said. "Ask her if I can do anything for her."

The man withdrew silently. He came back after a very few moments.

"Lady Pamela wishes to see you at once, sir," he said—"will you follow me?"

He led me upstairs, and the next moment I found myself in a pretty boudoir, the rose-coloured blinds of which were down.

A girl in white glided eagerly forward—she stretched out both her hands, and grasped mine with frantic force.

"Do not begin to pity me," she said. "I feel no sorrow for Captain Mainwaring's fearful end. Oh, I know it is horrible of me, but I must tell you the truth—he loved me, and they say he has been murdered. As far as he is concerned I only feel stunned—you will hate me for it, I know, but all my sufferings are for Laurence Carroll."

"Sit down," I said to her. "This terrible event has upset you. Try to be more calm."

"How can I?" she said, in reply. "They have just told me that Laurence has been arrested on suspicion—they believe, too, in his guilt, I see it in their eyes—they think he murdered Captain Mainwaring. Oh, I cannot speak of my fear. A bottle of poison was found in Laurence's pocket. They tell me you know something about that."

"Unfortunately, I do."

"How did he get it? Had you anything to do with it?"

"I refused to tell your father when he asked me a similar question," I replied, "but you are different; if you will listen to me, I will tell you the simple truth."

I then related in as few words as possible the manner in which the dangerous acid had got into Carroll's possession.

"You think he took it because he meant to commit suicide?"

"That was his intention. Thank God, when the supreme moment came he had not sufficient strength to carry out his own desperate resolve."

"Are you going to attend the inquest?" asked Lady Pamela, after a pause.

"Yes."

"Are you likely to be asked about the poison?"

"I am certain to be questioned about it."

"You will not tell what you know?"

I looked at her in some surprise.

"I must not keep my knowledge back," I said. "Remember, I shall be under oath."

"That is the point to which I am coming," she replied, seeming to gather up all her strength for a supreme effort. "Even though you are under oath, I want you to promise me, to promise me faithfully, that you will keep your knowledge back."

"You want me to commit perjury?" I said. "You cannot know what you are talking about."

"Yes, I do know," she replied—here she flung herself on her knees at my feet—"what does perjury matter? He will be hanged if you speak the truth."

"HE WILL BE HANGED IF YOU SPEAK THE TRUTH."

"Get up," I said, taking her hand—I led her to a sofa which stood near.

"*Promise* to conceal your knowledge."

"Let me speak to you quietly, Lady Pamela; your fears run away with you. The way to do Carroll a real kindness is to clear him."

"But what if he cannot be cleared?"

"What do you mean?"

"I cannot help it," she gasped; "I fear the worst. He was desperate—the letter he wrote to me told me that. I ought never to have given him up—I never really loved Captain Mainwaring. Oh, anything might have happened under such terrible, terrible circumstances."

"You must listen to me quietly," I interrupted. "You did not speak to Carroll last night as I did—you did not see him this morning as I did, again. Had you done so, the fears which now haunt you would not have arisen. That he is a desperate and despairing man, I fully admit; but, Lady Pamela, he is not a murderer."

"You comfort me, in spite of myself," she sighed. The look of agony partly left her eyes. She wiped the moisture from her brow.

"I would not tell you this if I did not believe it," I said. "Now I must revert to something else. Do you know that the diamond is missing?"

"What!" she cried, "the Snake's Eye?"

"Yes, it has been stolen. Gopinath has just come to the house with the news. Your father has gone away with him. That fact alone seems to me conclusively to prove Carroll's innocence. The person who stole the diamond was undoubtedly the one who committed the murder. Now, it was not money Carroll needed — the diamond would not, in such a moment of his life, have been of the slightest value to him."

Lady Pamela listened to me with flaming cheeks and bright eyes. The fact that the Snake's Eye was missing gave her the greatest consolation. I had to leave her soon afterwards, but promised to return when I had any news to convey.

The inquest was held at an early hour the following morning. I was, of course, obliged to be present. The evidence against poor Carroll was overwhelming, and a verdict of wilful murder was returned by the coroner's jury.

Carroll was locked up to await his examination before the magistrate, and the Crossthwaite family were all plunged into the

deepest gloom. I called late in the evening to see Lady Pamela, but was told that she was seriously ill, that a doctor was in attendance, and that an affection of the brain was considered imminent.

I returned to my own house too restless and miserable to take any interest in those secrets of Nature which generally absorbed my closest attention. I was in my library, trying in vain to divert my thoughts, when Silva came to tell me that the Indian servant had called and wished to speak to me. I desired him to be admitted at once, and the man entered the room.

He came straight up to me and presented me with a letter from Lady Pamela. I opened it. It was a request that I would call to see her at an early hour the following morning.

"I am nearly mad with trouble and illness," she said. "An interview with you would give me the greatest comfort."

While I was reading the letter, Gopinath stood with folded arms a few feet away from me. I glanced up at him, and was immediately struck with the great change in his appearance. When last I had seen him, he had appeared to me as a strikingly handsome specimen of his race—thin and wiry, upright as a dart, with beautiful, supple limbs. Now his face was emaciated, his eyes had the expression of anguish which one sometimes notices in those of a suffering dog, his figure was bowed, and at intervals long, shuddering sighs escaped his lips.

"You are ill, Gopinath," I said, speaking abruptly.

"Sahib, I suffer," he replied. He pressed his hand, as he spoke, to his right side. "I suffer agony," he said again.

"Give me your hand," I said. I took it in mine. The pulse in the thin wrist was quick and wiry; the man's skin also burned; he was evidently very ill, and I thought he must have fallen a victim to some form of Oriental fever.

"When I breathe I suffer torture," he said; he spoke with a gasp. I motioned to him to take a chair, but instead of doing so he seated himself on the floor with his legs doubled up under him. "Can you relieve me?" he asked. "They tell me you understand the healing art."

"You had much better see a proper doctor," I said.

He shut his eyes and began to sway backwards and forwards.

"I don't want an English doctor," he said; "it is the cruel cold of your England that makes me suffer. I want to get back to my own country. I shall die if I stay much longer here."

He rubbed his hand over his right side. As he did so a sudden idea darted through my brain. His unaccountable grief, the complete change in his appearance, made a wild hope leap within me. No suspicion in connection with the murder had yet fallen on Gopinath. Suppose, after all, he knew more about it than anyone else? In my mind there was not the least shadow of doubt that the person who stole the diamond was the murderer. Suppose the temptation to appropriate so valuable a gem had proved too much for Gopinath?

"Stand up," I said to him, suddenly. "You suffer pain there?" I pointed to his side.

"Torture," he replied. I saw that he could scarcely pull himself upright -- his sufferings were at least real.

"I am going to find out what is the matter," I said.

"Can you cure me?" he asked, a faint return of hope coming into his eyes.

"I may be able to do so. Stay where you are for a moment; I will be back directly."

"HIS SUFFERINGS WERE AT LEAST REAL."

I left him and went into my laboratory.

The moment had come when I might really test the Röntgen rays. Was it possible that they might indeed be the means of discovering crime, and so save an innocent life? Crookes's vacuum tube was got into the right position—I saw that the rays worked well—then I returned to Gopinath.

"Come with me," I said.

He followed me into my laboratory without a word. I desired him to strip, and then after some difficulty arranged him in such a position that the rays should pass through his body. I turned off the light in the room—my electrical battery worked well, the rays played admirably in the vacuum tube. I removed the cap from the camera, and after an exposure of from seven to ten minutes, felt certain that I had taken a careful photograph.

"That will do," I said to the black man.

I led him back to my library.

"I have taken a photograph of you," I said to him, "which may show me the seat of your malady. When I have developed it, I will come back to you."

I returned to my dark room, and quickly developed the plate. When I had done so, and really saw what the mysterious X rays had produced, I could scarcely restrain a loud and joyful exclamation. The skeleton of the wiry Brahmin was distinctly visible, and just below the region of the Ileo-caecal valve, a foreign substance about the size of the Snake's Eye was seen. I had not the least doubt, from its peculiar shape, that I was looking at the gold socket of the cobra's eye, the diamond itself being probably not impervious to the X rays. Men of Gopinath's nationality had swallowed precious stones before now. This was not the first time in the annals of history that the human body had been made a hiding-place for theft.

I returned to the sick man, told him that I had found out what was the matter with him, and might possibly give him relief before long. He was in such a state of agony that he scarcely listened to my words, and evidently suspected nothing.

I then left the house, and returned in a short time with Lord Attrill, and a very clever doctor of the name of Symes. I showed my photograph to both these gentlemen, and their astonishment was beyond all bounds.

"The wretched man is suffering from peritonitis," said the doctor, giving a careful glance at the well-marked obstruction revealed in the photograph. "Of course, the first thing is to remove that substance, whatever it is—but I doubt if he can stand it. If that cannot be done almost immediately he will not recover."

"The most important matter of all is to wring a confession from him," said Lord Attrill.

"Well, come with me now, both of you," I said.

We went to my library, where Gopinath lay flat on the floor, groaning piteously.

"You are so ill," I said to the Indian, "that I could not possibly cure you without the aid of a good medical man. This is Dr. Symes. The first thing he must do is to remove the diamond which you have swallowed."

His dark eyes, glowing like jewels, were fixed on my face. It did not even occur to him to deny my accusation.

"Is there any hope that I shall recover?" he asked.

"None whatever, unless the diamond is removed. Now tell us by what means you murdered Captain Mainwaring."

"With a drug known only to my people; but I will not reveal that secret. I brought the poison all the way from India, and only waited my chance. On the night that I saw Mainwaring sahib talking to the young English sahib I thought the hour had come. I always meant to recover the stone. The Sānp Kee Ankh was the eye of one of our gods, and his curse was on me unless I brought it back. I had furnished myself with a skeleton key of the sahib's room, and when I thought he was asleep I entered softly and poured the poison on his pillow. I knew well that it would kill him in a moment. I saw him breathe his last, and when he was quite dead I slipped the case from under his pillow and took the eye. I swallowed it as the best means to prevent it being discovered."

The wretched man tried to say something more, but fell back, writhing in pain.

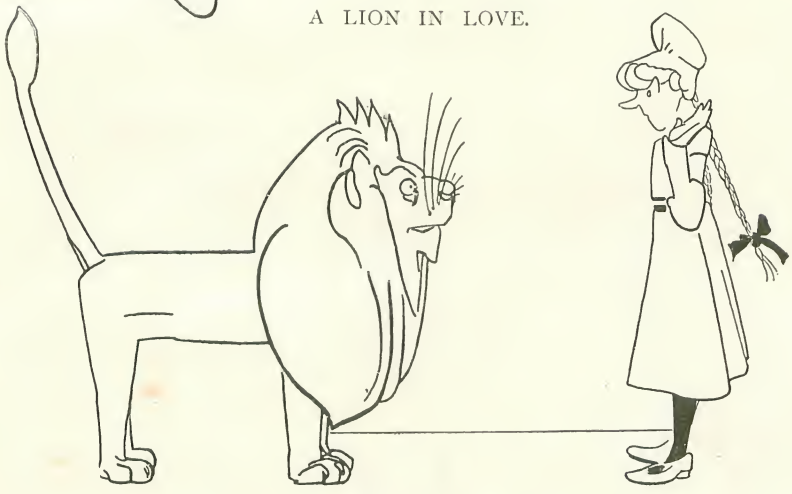
Dr. Symes did all he could for him, but in vain; Gopinath died at an early hour the following morning. After death it was easy to remove the cobra's eye, and the case against Laurence Carroll naturally fell through.

Lady Pamela left England about a month ago, and is said to be slowly but surely recovering her health. Carroll is still in England. Whether these unhappy lovers will ever be united in the bonds of holy matrimony, time alone can prove.

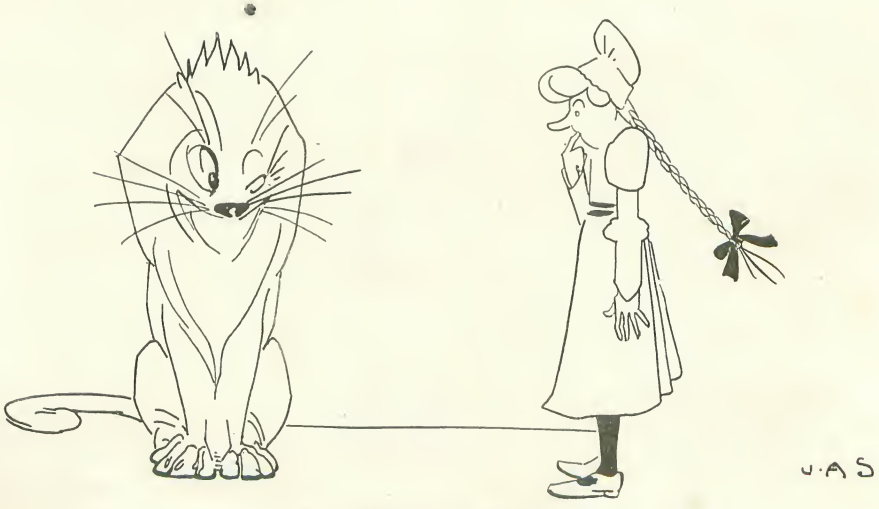
Fables

Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd

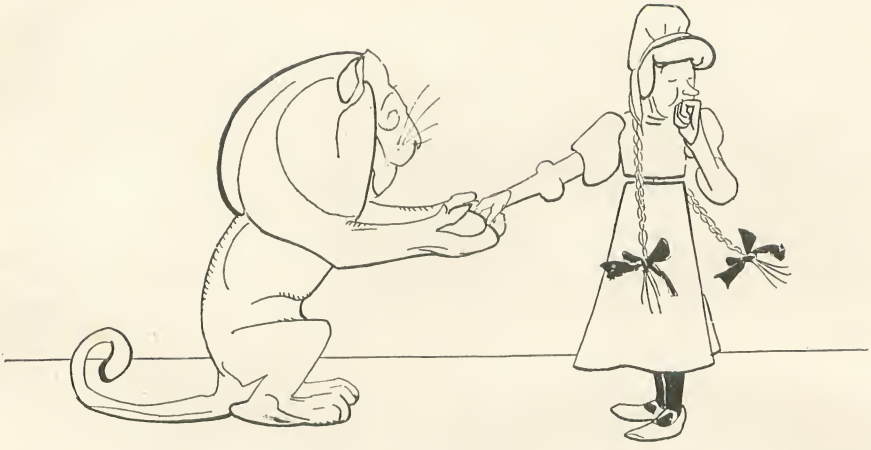
A LION IN LOVE.



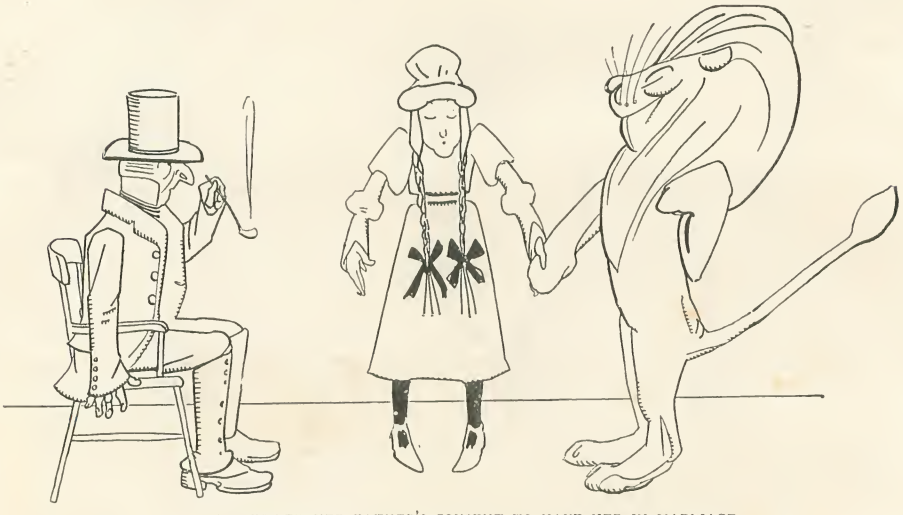
1.—A LION ON MEETING A COUNTRY LASS—



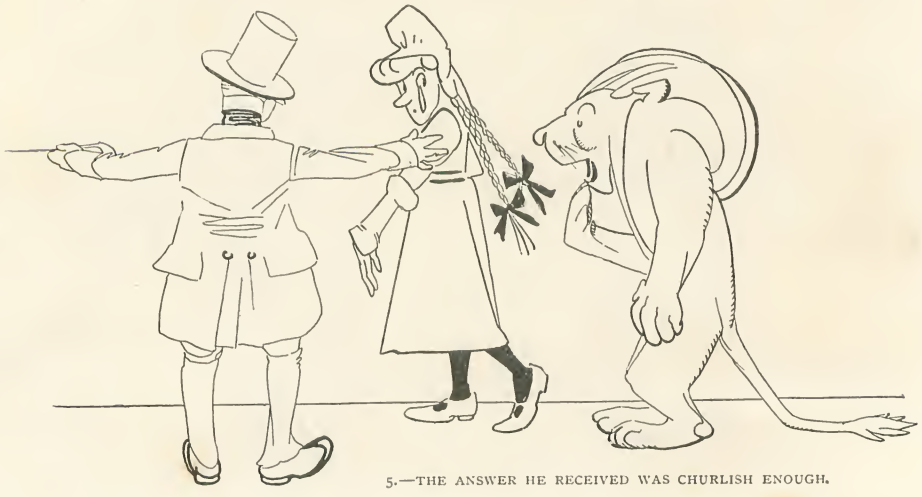
2.—WAS SO MIGHTILY STRUCK WITH HER—



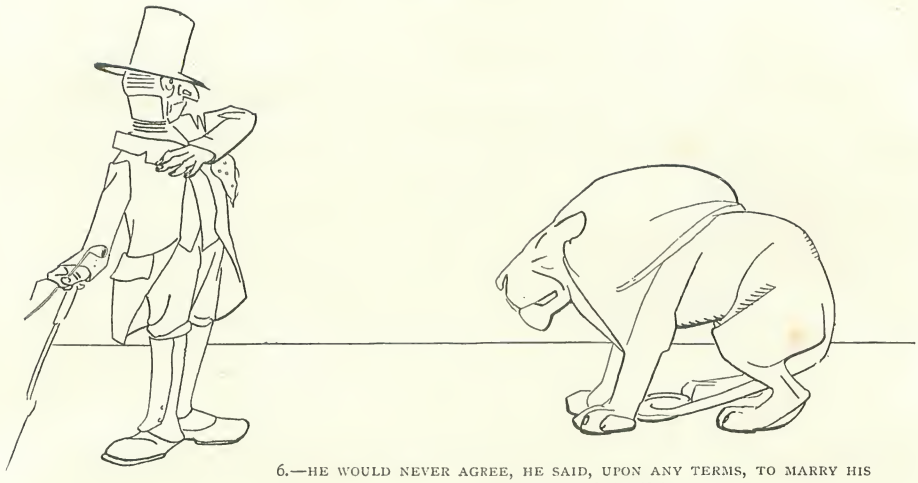
3.—THAT HE ENDED BY FALLING IN LOVE—



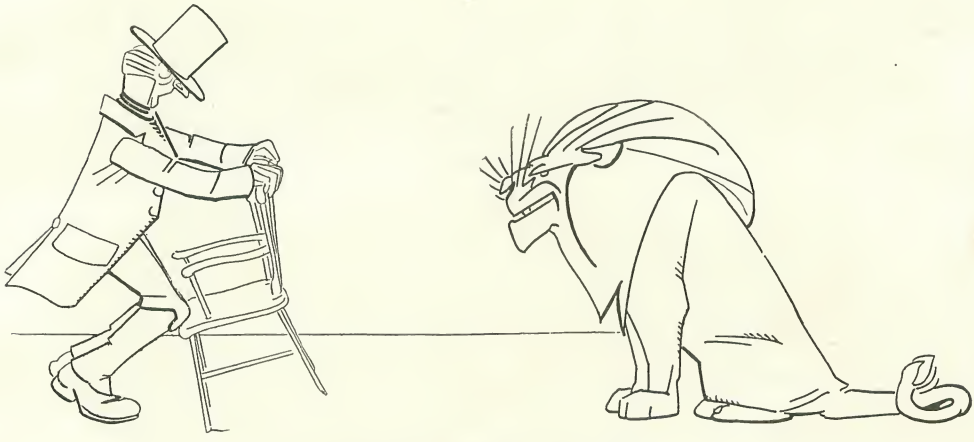
4.—AND DESIRED HER FATHER'S CONSENT TO HAVE HER IN MARRIAGE.



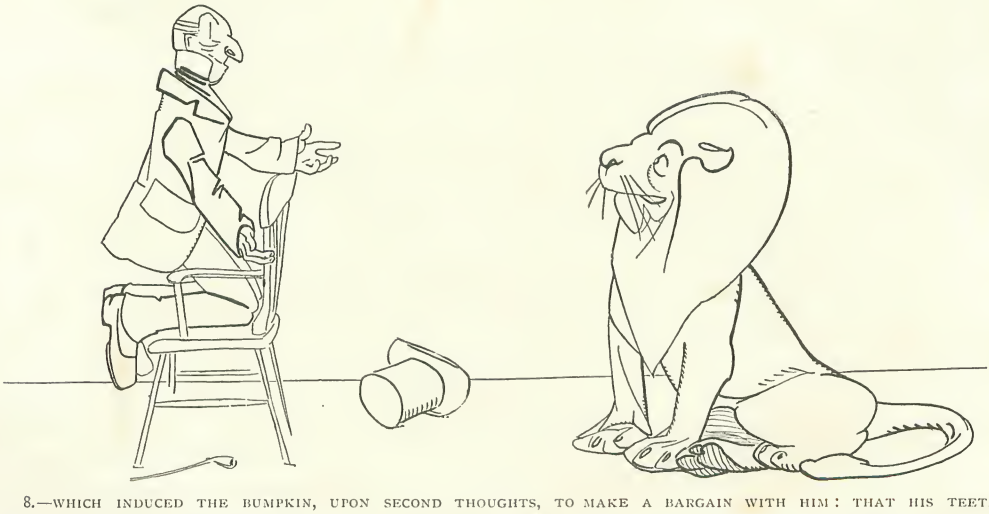
5.—THE ANSWER HE RECEIVED WAS CHURLISH ENOUGH.



6.—HE WOULD NEVER AGREE, HE SAID, UPON ANY TERMS, TO MARRY HIS DAUGHTER TO A LION.

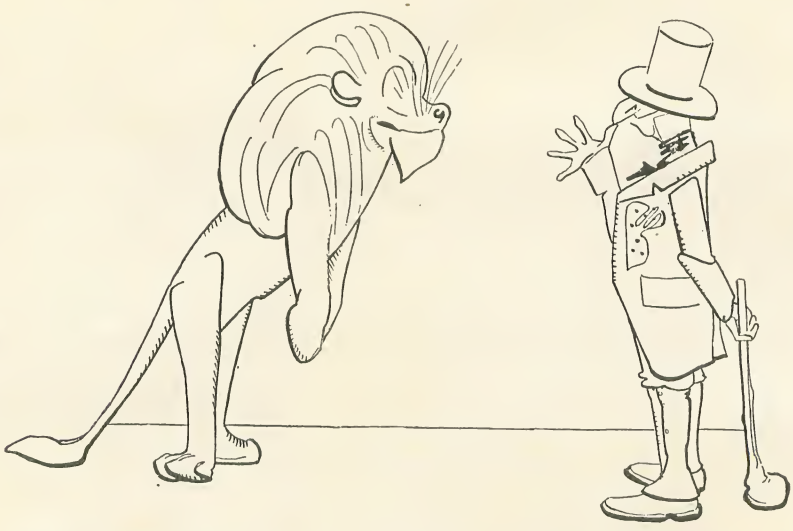


7.—THE LION GAVE HIM A SOUR LOOK—

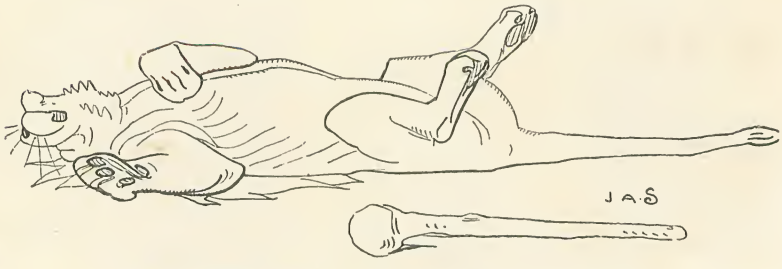


8.—WHICH INDUCED THE BUMPKIN, UPON SECOND THOUGHTS, TO MAKE A BARGAIN WITH HIM: THAT HIS TEETH SHOULD BE DRAWN AND HIS NAILS PARED; FOR THOSE WERE THINGS THAT THE FOOLISH GIRL WAS TERRIBLY AFRAID OF.

9.—THE LION SENT FOR A SURGEON IMMEDIATELY TO DO THE WORK. WHAT WILL NOT LOVE MAKE A BODY DO?



10.—AND AS SOON AS EVER THE OPERATION WAS OVER, HE REMINDED THE FATHER OF HIS PROMISE. THE COUNTRYMAN, SEEING THE LION DISARMED, PLUCKED UP A GOOD HEART, AND WITH A SWINGING CUDGEL—



11.—SO ORDERED THE MATTER THAT HE BROKE OFF THE MATCH.

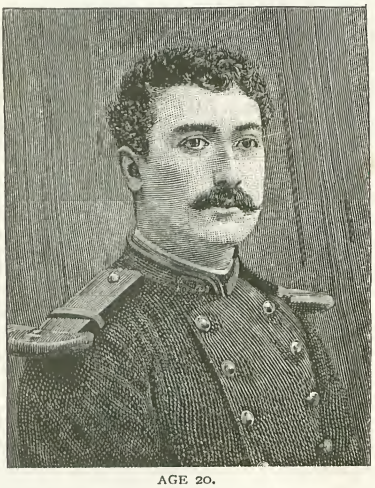
AGE 5
From a Photo. by A. Armand & Co., Bordeaux.

SIGNOR ALVAREZ.

THIS talented artist, whose triumphs at Covent Garden are well known, although of Spanish extraction, was born at Bordeaux, in France. He began to learn music at the age of seven, and at the early age of twenty

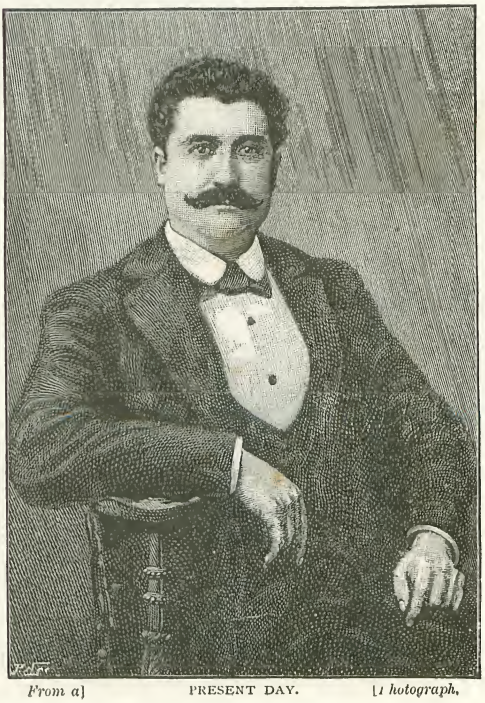
AGE 17.
From a Photo. by Panajou, Bordeaux.

he was nominated second bandmaster to the 13th Regiment, garrisoned at Nevers. He studied music at the Paris Conservatoire, and made his *début* at the Theatre Royal, Ghent. Signor Alvarez is a member of the National Academy of Paris (Grand Opera), and for three seasons has been at Covent Garden,



AGE 20.
From a Photo. by Edouard, Nevers.

where he is also engaged to appear next year. He has created many notable parts, and has been intrusted with the principal character in the coming opera, "Fiedegonde."



From a PRESENT DAY. *Photograph.*

joining page, together with these of her husband, should prove especially interesting at the present moment, in connection with the ceremony which takes place this month.

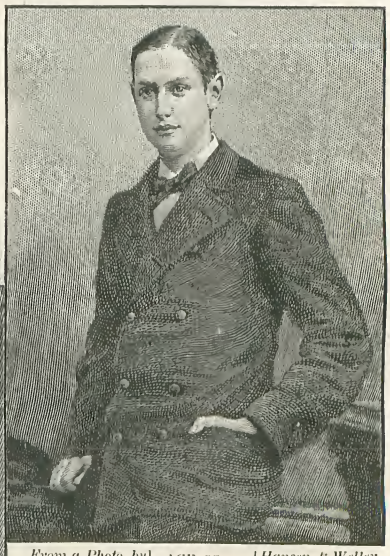
AGE 2
From a Photo. by Georg Hansen, Copenhagen.

PRINCE CHARLES OF DENMARK.

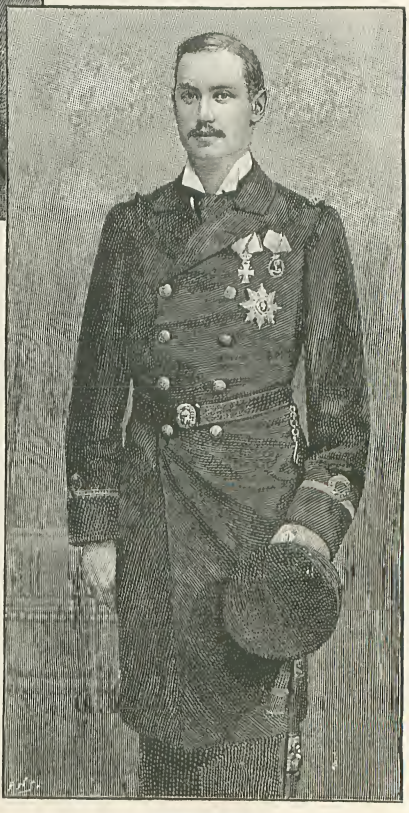
BORN 1872.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN FREDERICK CHARLES GEORGE WALDEMAR, whose portraits we give here, is the second son of the Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark. The pretty set of portraits of Princess Maud on the ad-

AGE 4.
From a Photo. by Georg Hansen, Copenhagen.



From a Photo. by] AGE 17. *[Hansen & Weller.*



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Carl Sonne, Copenhagen.

AGE 10.
From a Photo. by Hansen & Weller, Copenhagen.

PRINCESS MAUD
CHARLOTTE
MARY
VICTORIA
OF
WALES.

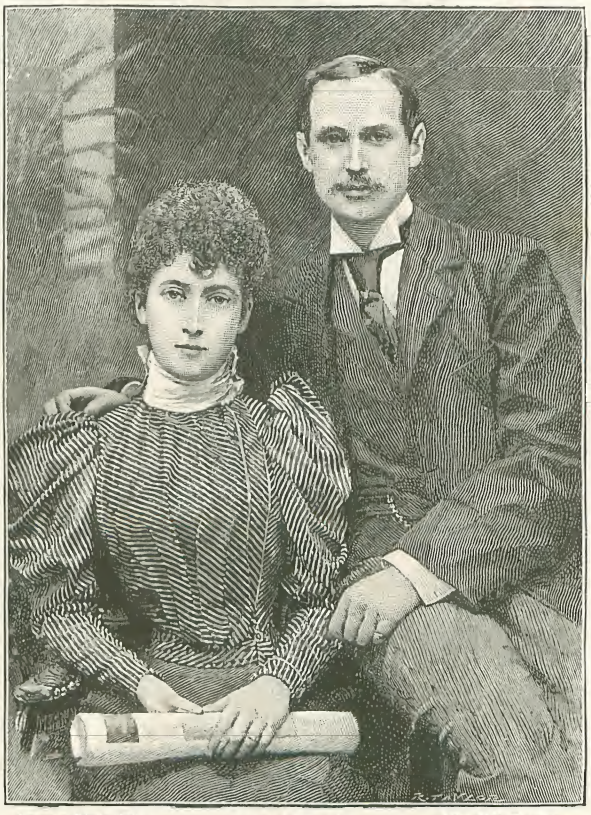
AGE 2.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

AGE 17.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

From a Photo. by] AGE 6. *[W. & D. Downey.*

AGE 21.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

From a Photo. by] AGE 10. *[W. & D. Downey.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[W. & D. Downey.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 14. *[Russell & Sons.*

AGE 3.
From a Photo. by M. Bowness, Ambleside.

MR. L. C. H. PALAIRET.
BORN 1870.

MR. LIONEL C. H. PALAIRET was educated at Repton, and Oriel College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1893. He is a member of the M.C.C., and is a Lancashire man by birth. His cricket career has up to the present been a brilliant one, and there is no reason to doubt that it will be so in the future. He captained the Oxford teams in 1892 and 1893. In 1894, when playing for Somerset against Notts at Nottingham, he made 119 runs in first-class style. In that same year his average for first-class matches was 29·12. Last year Mr. Palairet stood fourth in the batting averages with 46·25 runs; while playing in the Somerset *v.* Yorkshire match he scored 165 in first-class style. He is on the whole a splendid batsman, with fine style, hitting well all round; he is also a capital field and useful change bowler. Together with H. T. Hewitt he holds the record for the highest number of runs for the first wicket.

AGE 12.
From a Photo. by M. Guttenberg, Clifton.

AGE 19.
From a Photo. by W. W. Winter, Derby.

AGE 7.
From a Photo. by S. Poole, Teignmouth.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Dickinson, New Bond Street.

*Mr. Andrée's Balloon Voyage to the North Pole.**

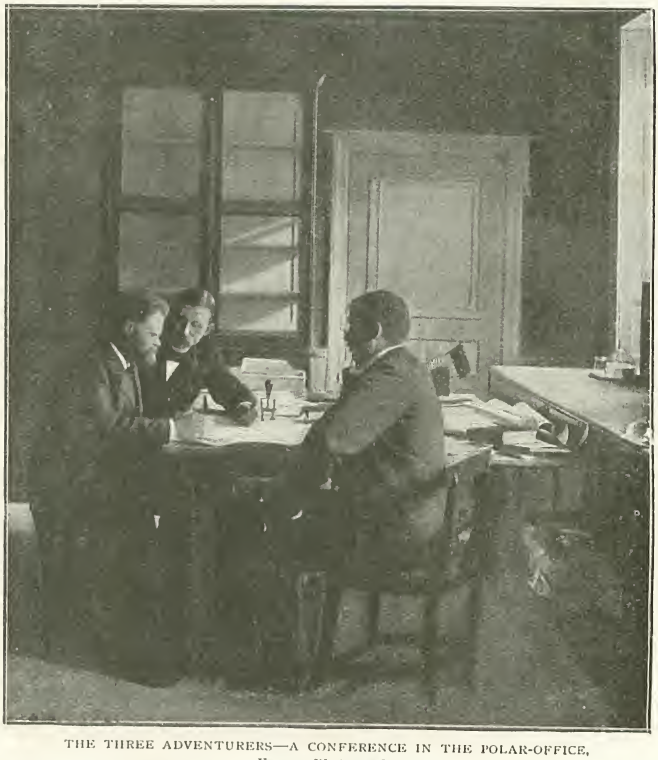
By Alfred T. Story.

BY the time these lines are in print Mr. S. A. Andrée, the adventurous Swedish aeronaut and scientist, and his companions, Dr. Ekholm and Mr. Strindberg, will, all being well, have launched themselves in their great balloon from the northernmost point of Spitzbergen in the hope of reaching, if not the North Pole itself, some point very near it. Whatever may be the outcome of this latest of the many daring attempts to solve the problem of the Pole, it must be acknowledged that it is a brilliant conception for overcoming one of the chief difficulties that have stood in the way of previous endeavours to reach the Pole—namely, that of the ice, which has in the end stopped the progress of all ships, if it has not broken them up entirely.

When Mr. Andrée first made his proposed voyage known to an English audience (at the Geographical Congress in 1895), he received but scant encouragement at the hands of men of science, and probably less from the public generally. One scientific man, indeed, characterized the idea as foolhardy; and in all likelihood the majority of people who have not taken the trouble to follow Mr. Andrée's reasoning in the matter may be of much the same opinion. But the same might be said of most of the multitude of expeditions that have gone in search of the Pole, as well as of many other undertakings. Every attempt to do something that has not been done before looks foolhardy to most people, until the reasons upon which the adventurer acts are seen to have been justified by results.

I have gone carefully into Mr. Andrée's reasons for hoping to be able to reach the Pole by balloon, and have also seen the careful way in which he has gone to work to prepare his plans and apparatus, and although one must admit that there are numberless accidents, or unforeseen conditions, which may militate against his success, yet with luck, the chances are much more in his favour than they are in Nansen's.

The idea of attempting to reach the Pole by balloon is one Mr. Andrée has had in his mind for some years. In 1876, when on his way across the Atlantic, he was struck by the regularity of the trade winds. This led him to reflect upon the possibility of making long balloon voyages, and especially of crossing the Atlantic from Europe to America. The impossibility, however, as he thought, of getting the money for such an enterprise caused the idea to be practically laid aside until 1892. Then the splendid feat of Nordenskiold and the exploits of other Swedish scientists and explorers in the Arctic regions excited in Mr. Andrée the desire to do something with the balloon in the same regions. Hence arose the idea of utilizing the balloon to cross the Polar region and perhaps to reach the Pole.



THE THREE ADVENTURERS—A CONFERENCE IN THE POLAR-OFFICE.
From a Photograph.

* Copyright, 1896, by George Newnes, Ltd.

Up to this time his study of balloons had been mainly theoretical; but now he commenced experimenting practically with them. He first of all made some trips with the Norwegian aeronaut, Cetti. After that he obtained a grant of £300 from a fund for scientific purposes called "Lars Hjertas Minne" (*i.e.*, Memorial). With this money he purchased a small balloon capable of holding 40,500 cubic feet of gas, with which he made some ten or twelve ascents. At first he used to go up from the neighbourhood of Stockholm; but afterwards, for convenience sake, he generally made his ascents from Gothenburg. Here he had the assistance of his brother, Captain Ernst Andrée, who, from his practical experience as a seaman, has been able to give him great assistance. Then, the winds in Sweden being generally westerly, this gave him the advantage of travelling over land and alighting on land, in place of going across the Baltic as beforetimes. Generally in these ascents he was very fortunate, but on one occasion he came down upon an uninhabited island in the Baltic, where he had perforce to remain all night. He was rescued in the morning by fishermen, and carried to Abo, in Finland.

MR. S. A. ANDRÉE.
From a Photo. by Florman, Stockholm.

The experience of balloon navigation acquired during these trips strengthened Mr. Andrée's belief in the possibility of reaching the Pole by air-ships, as well as his resolve to make the attempt if he could get the means wherewith to fit out his expedition. Baron Nordenskiold, the celebrated Arctic traveller, supported him warmly, and he had not long to wait for the money. He estimated that he would require in all something like £7,220. Towards this sum one Swedish gentleman, Mr. Alfred Nobel, gave £3,460. The King immediately increased it by a gift from his private purse of £1,730; Baron Dickson added an equal amount; and a private individual in Stockholm brought the amount up to the required £7,220 by a donation of £300. This practically closed the subscription, but Colonel Sellstroem, a patriotic Swede of Buenos Ayres, sent an additional £200, as he put it, "for extras that are sure to be required."

Having thus secured the means for his undertaking, Mr. Andrée went to work in earnest. He travelled in England, France, and Germany, adding to his knowledge of balloons and their manufacture. On his return he carefully revised what he had seen, drew up the plan of an air-ship such as he wanted for his purpose, and gave it to M. Lachambre, the famous balloon manufacturer of Paris, to construct, at a cost of £2,000.

DR. NILS EKHOLM.
From a Photo. by Florman, Stockholm.

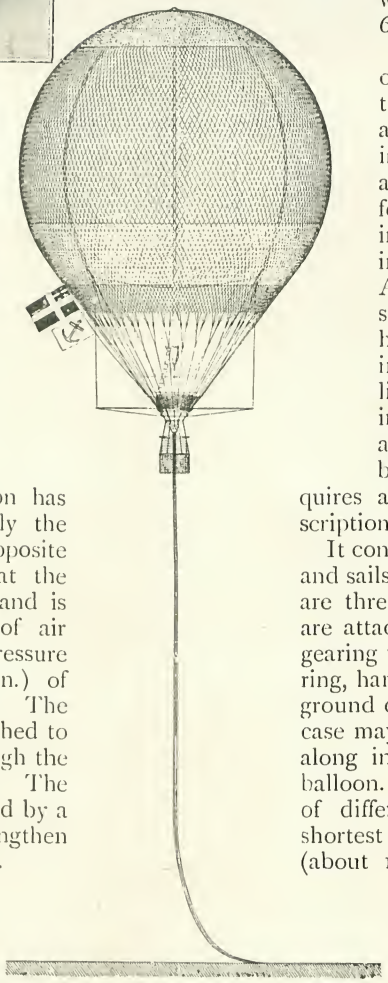
The finished balloon is 75 English feet in height from the appendice, or opening, to the summit, or 97ft. in all from the cap to the bottom of the basket, or gondola, in which the air-navigators will have their sleeping place during their sky-voyaging. The upper two-thirds of the balloon proper are

MR. NILS STRINDBERG.
From a Photo. by Florman, Stockholm.

made of three thicknesses of silk, the lower third of two thicknesses, the whole being stuck together with varnish. In addition two coats of varnish are given to the outside of the silk, and two to the inside; the network in which the ballon is inclosed is of Italian hemp five millimètres in thickness (about 2in.). At the balloon's largest diameter, the meshes of the netting are about 13in. square, decreasing in size, of course, as the balloon narrows upwards and downwards. The balloon has no valve at the top, as is generally the case, but has instead two on opposite sides of the equator, and a third at the appendice. This latter is automatic, and is designed to prevent the entrance of air into the balloon. It opens by a pressure equal to ten millimètres (about 4in.) of water and lets out superfluous gas. The upper valves are opened by lines attached to them on the inside, and passing through the balloon near to the automatic valve. The upper end of the balloon is protected by a cap of varnished silk. This is to strengthen it against snow and the rays of the sun.

All the ropes — forty-eight in number—coming from the network terminate in the suspension or bearing ring, which, as Captain E. Andrée puts it, is to the balloon what the keel is to the ship: in short, it is its foundation, the strongest part of the whole apparatus. This ring is made of wood and is seven mètres (about 7½yds.) in circumference. Strengthened by cross-bars, it serves as a storage place for reserve ropes, anchors, etc.

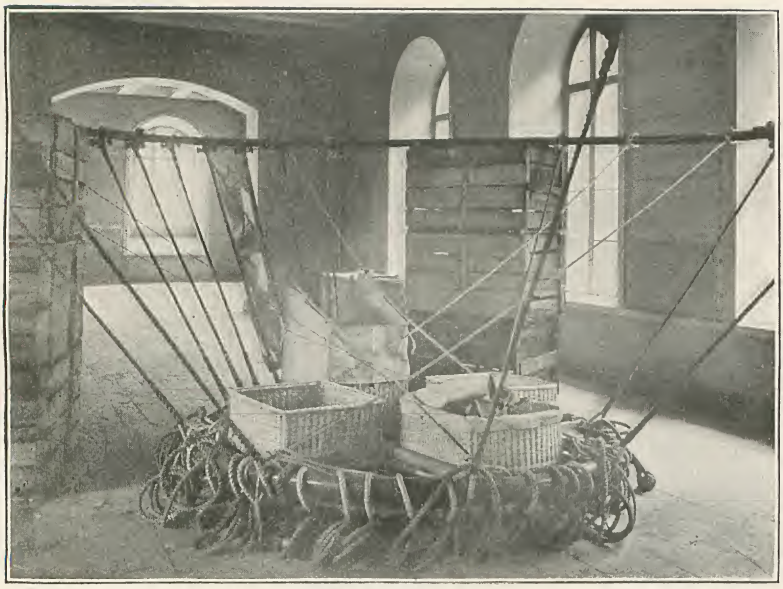
Another contrivance for carrying stores of various kinds, including provisions, is as follows: the spaces between the ropes descending from the network to the suspension-ring are covered on the outside by canvas. Inside the canvas are sewn pockets in rows one above another. They number some 300 in all. In some are stored meat in tins, in others provisions of various kinds; while in others are the materials for a collapsible boat, a tent, and three sledges. This store-house, as we may call it, is 15ft. in diameter in the higher part, and has a circumference of 50ft., while its depth is 6½ft.



From a] THE BALLOON. *[Drawing.*

The bearing-ring, of course, supports the basket and the apparatus for steering. This steering apparatus is a new feature in ballooning, and as it is the invention of Mr. Andrée, and has a special reference to his hopes of reaching the Pole, and likewise of returning to civilization again after he has been there, it requires a few words of description.

It consists of guide-ropes and sails. The guide-ropes are three in number, and are attached by means of gearing to the suspension-ring, hanging thence to the ground or the water, as the case may be, and dragged along in the wake of the balloon. The ropes are of different lengths, the shortest being 310 mètres (about 1,017ft.) in length, the next 320 (about 1,042ft.), and the longest 370 mètres (about 1,205ft.),



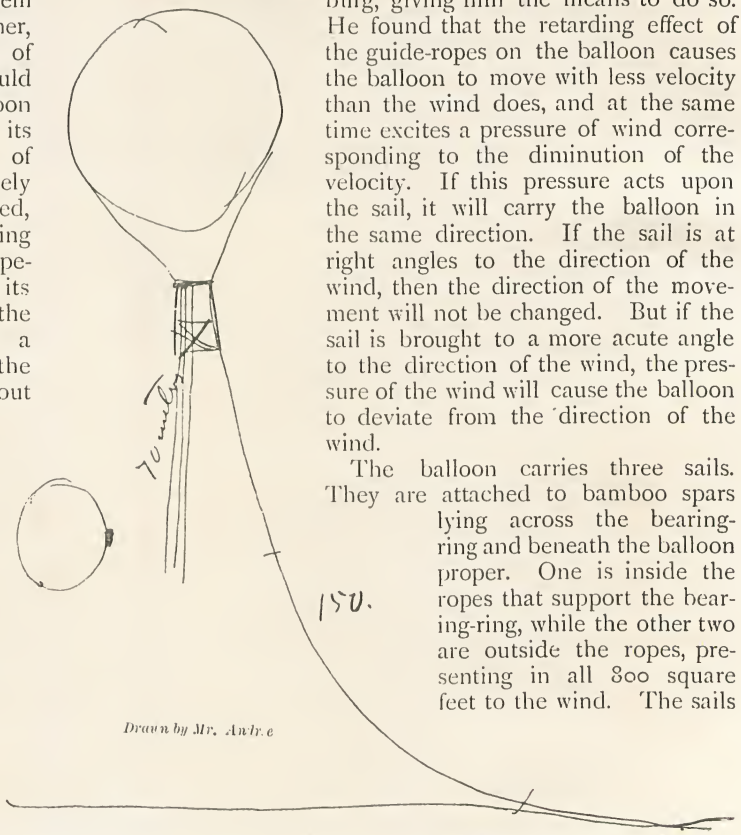
From a] THE SUSPENSION-RING. [*Photograph.*

and they weigh a kilogramme (about 2¼lb.) per mètre. The difference in length is designed to prevent them from hanging close together, in which case, if any of them got lodged, all would be lodged, and the balloon would be stopped in its progress. But if any of the ropes catch separately the balloon can be freed, either by the rope breaking at its weakest point (specially contrived), or by its being detached from the balloon by means of a screw embedded in the rope 100 mètres (about 328ft.) from the suspension-ring. Supposing one of the ropes were to get caught in something, one of those in the balloon would twist the rope at the top, and this would have the effect of releasing a spring and so allowing a screw to be unscrewed.

The guide-ropes are trailed after the balloon, of course, exactly in a line with the direction in which it is going. If the end of the rope be moved right or left in the bearing-ring, the balloon will at once turn round an equal distance in the opposite direction, so as still to keep it exactly in its wake.

This Mr. Andrée found to be the case when he was once crossing the Baltic and had dropped the end of a rope into the water to "slow" the motion of the balloon. He seemed to see a principle in this, and at once began to test it for the purpose of steering, Mr. Douglas Kennedy, of Gothenburg, giving him the means to do so. He found that the retarding effect of the guide-ropes on the balloon causes the balloon to move with less velocity than the wind does, and at the same time excites a pressure of wind corresponding to the diminution of the velocity. If this pressure acts upon the sail, it will carry the balloon in the same direction. If the sail is at right angles to the direction of the wind, then the direction of the movement will not be changed. But if the sail is brought to a more acute angle to the direction of the wind, the pressure of the wind will cause the balloon to deviate from the direction of the wind.

The balloon carries three sails. They are attached to bamboo spars lying across the bearing-ring and beneath the balloon proper. One is inside the ropes that support the bearing-ring, while the other two are outside the ropes, presenting in all 800 square feet to the wind. The sails



Drawn by Mr. Andrée

DIAGRAM SHOWING RELATIVE LENGTHS OF GUIDE-ROPES AND BALLAST-ROPES.

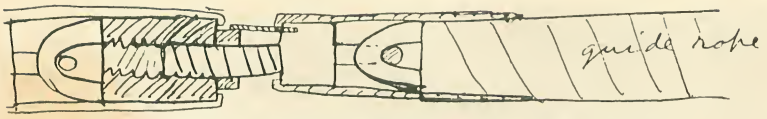


DIAGRAM SHOWING METHOD OF DETACHING BALLOON FROM GUIDE-ROPES.
Drawn by Mr. Andrée.

are suspended by broad straps from the top of the balloon, the straps being held in place by being threaded in and out of the netting.

In the ordinary way the sails would only help to carry the balloon directly before the wind. But if the guide-ropes are moved a point or two to the right on the bearing-ring, the sails, instead of being directly before the wind, are brought to a slight angle to it, and the action of the ropes dragging behind keeps them there, with the result that the air-ship, in place of going directly before the wind, moves in a direction at a certain angle to it.

These guide-ropes serve another purpose in the guidance of the balloon: that is, they tend to keep it at a certain and equal mean distance from the ground.

"I shall never go beyond 150 mètres (about 492ft.) from the earth if I can help," Mr. Andrée observed in explaining the management of his balloon. "I may be obliged to go up higher if I meet with very high land, but so far as possible I shall keep to my mean height of 150 mètres."

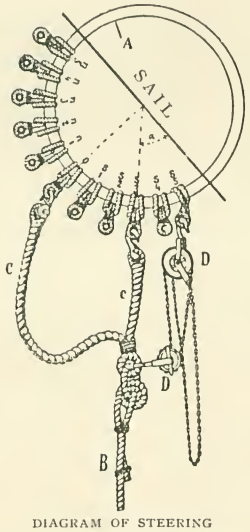


DIAGRAM OF STEERING APPARATUS.

Mr. Strindberg, busily engaged with a pen making a diagram, remarked: "There will necessarily be a slight variation of distance from the ground; for when the sun shines the gas will be made lighter, and hence the balloon will rise a little. In the same way, if the sky be overcast the gas will be cooled—made heavier—and the balloon will descend somewhat. This will show you what I mean," pointing to the diagram here given. "The balloon may rise to 300 mètres (about 984ft.) or it may descend to 135 mètres (about 443ft.). Twenty degrees Celsius (equal to 36deg. Fahr.) in the temperature of the balloon would make this difference."

But if the balloon wishes to rise there is at once a check put upon it, because it has to lift the guide-ropes, which are dragging upon the ground or in the water, and which in all weigh 1,000 kilogrammes (about 2,204lb.). On the contrary, if there is a disposition to descend, it decreases the weight it is carrying with every foot it sinks, because it has so much less rope to bear, and hence the downward motion is arrested. Thus there is a constant force at work tending to keep the balloon at a mean distance from the ground.

The guide-ropes—which are 4in. ones—are for the first 100 mètres (about 328ft.) of hemp, the lower part being of coir, and are thoroughly saturated with vaseline to prevent their sinking when in water, and to diminish friction. By means of tackling, the guide-ropes can be moved easily from point to point of the suspension-ring, as required for the purpose of steering.

This principle of steering has, since Mr. Andrée announced its discovery, been tested with success in the Mediterranean; and Mr. Strindberg has also tested it with success in France.

While speaking of the

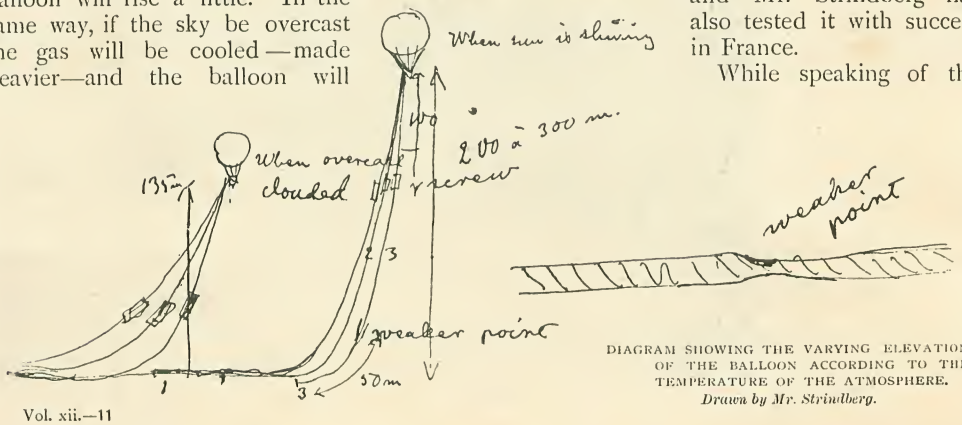


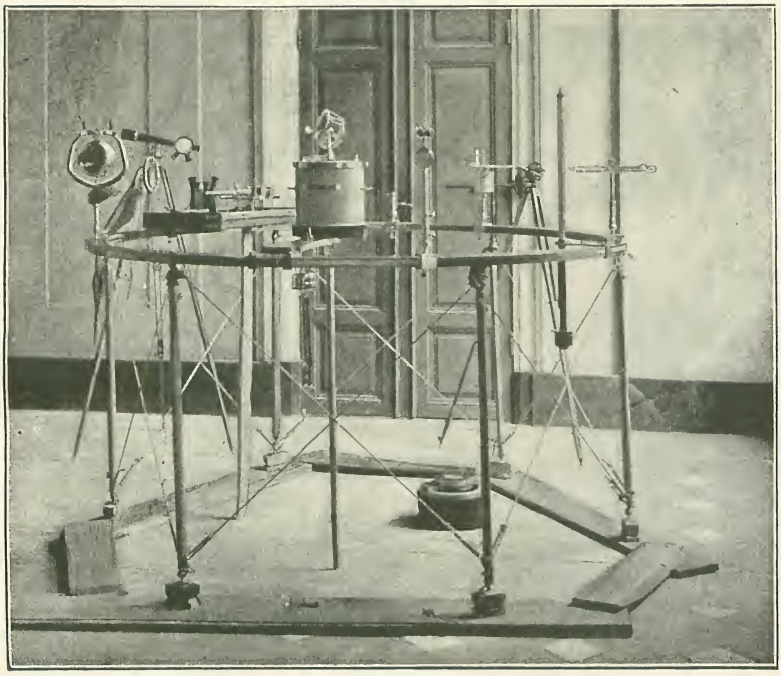
DIAGRAM SHOWING THE VARYING ELEVATION OF THE BALLOON ACCORDING TO THE TEMPERATURE OF THE ATMOSPHERE.
Drawn by Mr. Strindberg.

From a] IN THE BALLOON FACTORY. *[Photograph.*

guide-ropes, it should be said that the balloon is provided with another set of hanging ropes, as shown on page 80. These are used for the purpose of ballast, and can be cut away if need be. They are of the same size and composition as the guide-ropes, and in case any of the latter should be lost, they can be used in their place.

The basket, or gondola, is circular in shape, about 5ft. in depth, and 6½ft. in diameter. The lower edge on one side is cut away, so that if it strikes the ground it will not turn over. The edge thus shaved away is the one facing the direction the balloon is going. The basket is provided with a strong wicker-work lid, in which is a trap-door large enough for the exit and entrance of the travellers, whose sleeping-place is in the basket. Only one person, however, will sleep at a time, the other two being in the meantime at work in the "observatory," as the space immediately above the basket is called. The observers stand upon the lid, above which they have a free space of some 8ft. At a convenient height (about 3½ft.) is a ring of equal circumference with the basket, and upon this are fastened the scientific instruments with which they work: barometers, thermometers, sextants, altazimuth, anemometer, an instrument for determining the direction and velocity of the clouds, one for recording the intensity of the sunlight, another for showing the true horizon, compasses, a magnetomètre, a theodolite, and last, but not least, two photographic cameras; indeed, instruments of every kind and shape for astronomical, geographical, and meteorological observation. Some of these are entirely new and novel, the invention either of Dr. Ekholm or Mr. Strindberg. The wonder is how the three voyagers will ever find time to use them all and to record

From a] MAKING THE BALLOON—COVERING THE SEAMS. *[Photograph.*



From a] THE OBSERVATORY. *[Photograph.*

the observers from the wind. Inside, the canvas is provided with pockets for holding recording books, instruments when not in use, etc.

All the explorers seem to be possessed of a demon of work. During the latter months of preparation Mr. Andrée was at work in his room at the Academy of Science, Stockholm, most days at four or half-past in the morning, and he seldom left off before midnight. Everything connected with the balloon was tried and tested by himself with the utmost patience. And this he thoroughly enjoys. Someone having remarked: "When you once get up in your balloon, Mr. Andrée, you will be anxious to get the voyage over and reach home again?" "Oh, no!" he replied; "we shall not have time to think of that. There will be so much work to do, that we shall not be able to note how the time goes—so many observations to make and so many figures to set down in our books." He added: "I only hope we do not go too

the results of their observations. The marvel decreases to some extent when we remember that they will have no night, and that two of them will be constantly at work —"all round the clock," as Dr. Ekholm observed.

The accompanying illustration will give the reader some idea of the "observatory," but when *in situ*, suspended from the balloon, a canvas covering will extend round the supports, which will, to some extent, protect

From a] THE SLEEPING-BAG OF REINDEER-SKIN. *[Photograph.*

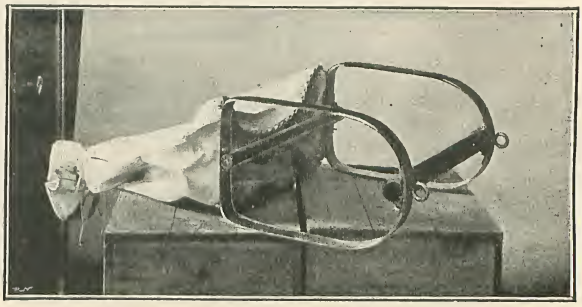
ALTAZIMUTH—FOR ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS.

quickly, else we shall not have time to make our observations. If it were possible, I should like to stand still sometimes."

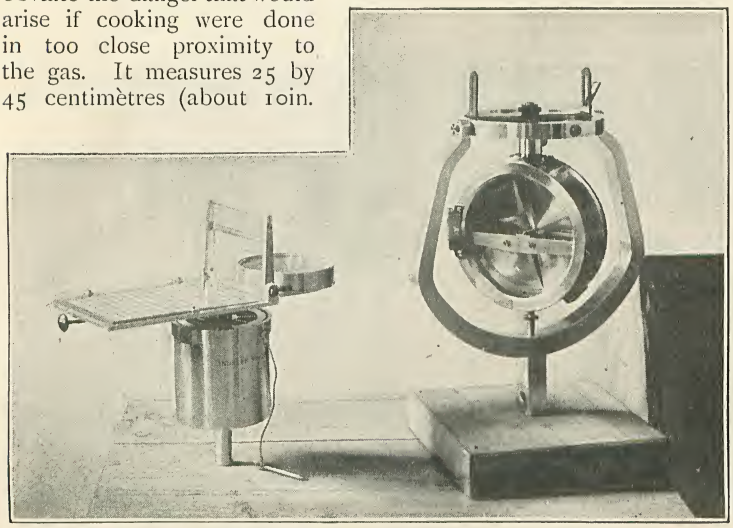
While speaking of instruments and apparatus, one very important apparatus should not be forgotten. This is a cooking-stove specially invented by Mr. E. Göransson, Mr. Andrée's first employer, to obviate the danger that would arise if cooking were done in too close proximity to the gas. It measures 25 by 45 centimètres (about 10in. by 17in.), and when in use hangs by a rope 25ft. below the roof of the basket. By means of a string running down an india-rubber tube, a match is struck and a spirit lamp is lighted. In half an hour water is boiled, soup made, or meat cooked; then by a puff down the tube the lamp is extinguished, and the food is ready to be hoisted up and enjoyed. It cannot be used, however, in a high wind.

Speaking of this and other inventions made especially for the expedition, Mr. Andrée remarked, "I have made something like thirty inventions in connection with the balloon; then manufacturers have made others to overcome difficulties; so that with Dr. Ekholm's and Mr. Strindberg's in regard to instruments, I may say that sixty or seventy inventions in all have been made in order to carry out specially the design of the expedition." One of these is an invention by which they will have fresh bread all the time.

It only remains to refer to the "trawl," the collapsible boat, and the sledges, to finish with the balloon and its various fixings and apparatus. The boat is 12ft. in length by 4ft. in breadth; the frame-work of it is of ash, and the covering of silk, the same as that of the balloon. No nails are used in its construction, the keel, ribs, etc., being tied together with sinews. It carries three persons and 600 kilogrammes (about 1,323lb.) of freight. Two men can put it together in six hours, and it is so light that any of the



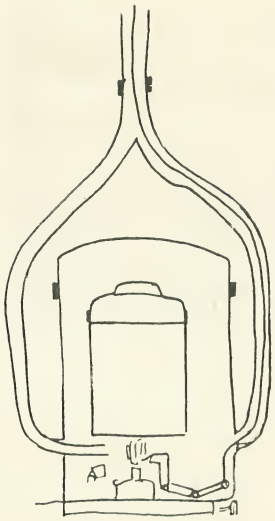
TRAWL—FOR USE EITHER ON LAND OR IN THE WATER.



CLOUD MIRROR—FOR DETERMINING THE MOVEMENT AND VELOCITY OF CLOUDS.

INSTRUMENT FOR MEASURING THE INTENSITY OF TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.

party can carry it without help. I can speak with confidence of its sea-worthiness, as, together with Mr. Andrée, the designer and manufacturer, M. Plym, and two other gentlemen, I had a trip in it on Lake Mälar.



THE SUSPENDED COOKING-APPARATUS.
Drawn by Mr. Andrée.

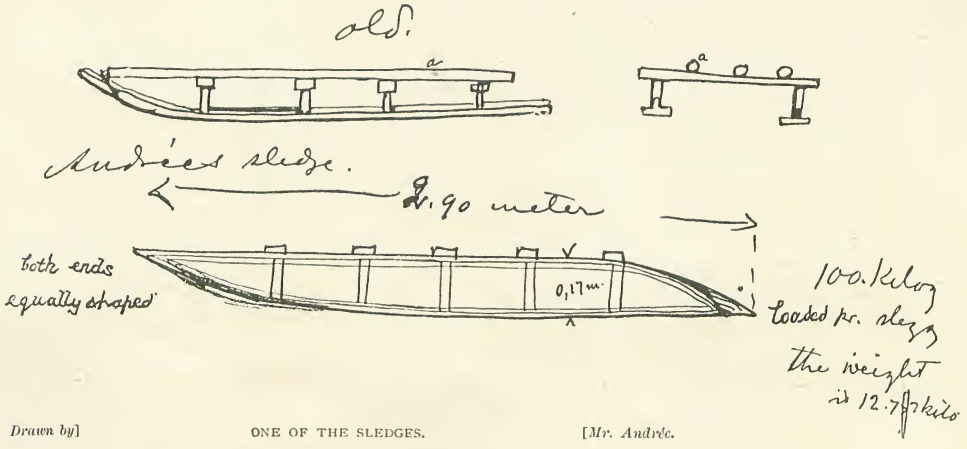
It may be noted here that the silk used for the balloon and the boat has been found, when prepared with varnish, so impermeable by wind or water, that the aerial voyagers have had suits made of it to wear when in their sky-observatory. Their other clothing includes sleeping bags like those used by Nansen in his Greenland expedition.

The sledges, like the frame of the boat, are made of ash. They are nearly three mètres (about 9ft. 10in.) in length, weigh a little over 12 kilogrammes (about 26½lb.), and carry 100 kilogrammes (about 220lb.) each. They are made from the design of Mr. Andrée, and the accompanying diagram by him will show in what they differ from the old form of Arctic sledge. In short, they are of the same shape top and bottom, so that if the runners get damaged by the ice, the sledge can be turned right over. "By that means," said Mr. Andrée, as he finished his sketch, "I get as good as two sledges out of one."

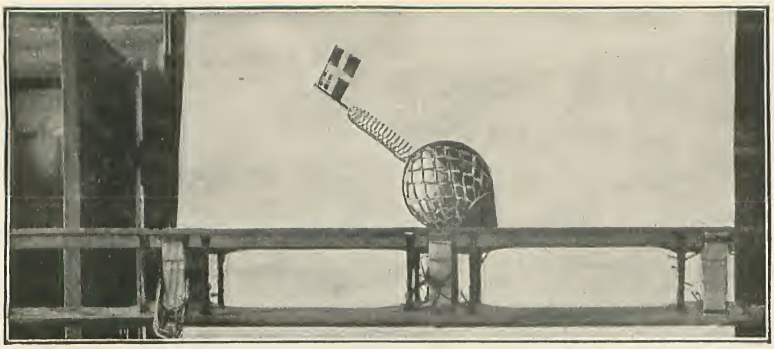
In the next illustration one of the sledges is shown on its side, and upon it is a small apparatus which may be worthy of a few words. It represents a small buoy, made of cork and covered with copper wire, terminating in a spiral bearing a Swedish flag. The idea is to drop one at each degree of latitude as a way-mark. They are so buoyant that they will always bear the flag aloft, and if crushed flat betwixt ice-blocks, they immediately resume their rotundity on being released and wave the national emblem. Within each is a brass tube in which will be placed a record and chart of progress made.

As regards the use of the boat and the sledges, it is proposed to have recourse to them only at the last extremity. The sledges are designed chiefly for employment in the event that, after the explorers have descended to earth, they should have to travel long distances over snow and ice, as they might have to do in Siberia or North America. The stores include, of course, leathern sledge harness for each person.

As to the men who are committing their lives to this elaborately constructed and expensively fitted machine for floating through the air, they form a striking trio. Dr. Ekholm, the oldest, is a man bordering on fifty years of age, though he bears his years well, appearing to be in the best of health, as he certainly always is in the best of spirits. He is sparely built, of medium height, and fair complexion, with a high and prominent



Drawn by] ONE OF THE SLEDGES. *[Mr. Andrée.*



ONE OF THE BUOYS TO BE DROPPED AT EACH PARALLEL OF LATITUDE—STANDING ON A SLEDGE

forehead. He is a doctor of science, and one of the best-known meteorologists in Europe. So long ago as 1882-83 he had charge of a Swedish scientific expedition to Spitzbergen, in which Mr. Andrée took part. He is the author of several treatises on subjects connected with meteorology.

Mr. Andrée is an engineer by profession, but is now the examiner-in-chief of the Royal Patent Office in Sweden. He is very tall, standing over 6ft., broad-shouldered, and altogether of herculean frame. It is possible that he may return from his voyage before completing his forty-second year. In a city notable for handsome men, he is remarkable for his good looks. With a well-marked Wellington nose, which people in Sweden regard as an augury of success, and a piercing blue-grey eye, he seems cut out for command. Like Dr. Ekholm, he is very fair, with blonde moustache and hair. Very quiet in manner—almost reserved, indeed—he appears at first a little repellent to strangers. But amongst those who know him he is genial and full of laughter and the brightest of good-humour. Indeed, as regards his humour, no one can talk with him long without being struck by it. It bubbles out on all occasions. For instance, when speaking of the provisions he was carrying, after saying that these would be 700 kilogrammes in all, he remarked, "A lot of that will be water—liquid—of course, but it will not be all water. When we get to the Pole we shall want to drink some champagne, naturally."

It is very droll to hear Mr. Andrée recount his yarns, and one only hopes he may preserve his spirits and good-humour during the trying times that are before him and his companions.

The third and youngest member of the party, Mr. Nils Strindberg, is, like his chief, a man of magnificent physique, and apparently well fitted to undergo any amount of fatigue. He is not yet twenty-four years of age; but he has already distinguished himself at the University, especially in science, and is a teacher at the High School for Science in Stockholm. Dark in complexion, with the ruddy hue of youth, he is possessed of a fine open countenance, and has the frank, ingenuous manners of a boy. He takes immense delight in the prospect of the voyage to the Pole, for which he has prepared himself by several balloon ascents in France. He speaks English a little, and when asked if he was at all nervous on going up in a balloon for the first time, he replied: "Oh, no, the pleasure was huge! It was immense!" He certainly could not have been very nervous, for over dinner he confessed that a young French lady had placed an album in his hands when he was about to ascend, and had asked him to write some verses in it when as high up as the balloon would go. "And did you write them?" was the natural query. "Certainly," said he. But he would not tell what they were.

This young gentleman, although born so far north, is not at all wanting in that *esprit* wherein the French take so much delight, and of which they are rather disposed to imagine they possess the sole secret. Naturally the North Pole was apt to intrude itself into all conversations in which the explorers took part, and so it happened that one person asked Mr. Strindberg how they would know when they reached the Pole. Said he: "We shall know we are at the Pole the instant the south wind becomes a north wind." That question could hardly have been answered more neatly—not even by Mr. Andrée, who is noted for his quick repartee. Here is an instance. He was asked by a very unscientific person: "In what direction does the Pole lie from Spitzbergen—north or north-east?" "About that," said Mr. Andrée. To another person who asked: "What would you do if your balloon collapsed and you came down into the water?" he gave the instant answer, "Drown!"

But one feels sure that the end would not come about so simply and undramatically as that, and in talking the matter over quietly

Mr. Andrée tells you: "If we were to come down in the water the basket might swim for a while. If it did, it would be dragged very quickly through the water. I believe we should go quicker than the greyhound of the Atlantic. But if things came to the worst, we would cut the basket loose and climb up on to the bearing-ring." (There is a rope-ladder, it should be said, from the top of the basket to this ring.) "We shall stick to the balloon to the last. In the boat we might go ten or twelve miles a day; in the balloon we would go a hundred."

On one of the occasions when Mr. Strindberg was taking a balloon trip near Paris a number of dogs followed it, barking and seizing hold of the guide-ropes with their teeth. Writing his experience in a letter to Stockholm, he pointed to this as a probable foretaste of what they might expect when travelling with their balloon in the Polar regions, where the bears might imitate the French dogs and hang on to their guide-ropes!

Both Dr. Ekholm and Mr. Strindberg have the greatest confidence in their chief, and well they may, for a cooler or more courageous man is rarely to be found. He is said by those who have seen him in times of danger not to know fear. On one occasion during the expedition to Spitzbergen, already referred to, when walking out alone he met a Polar bear, which came towards him as though desirous of trying conclusions with him. His first thought was: "I should like to have you"; but he had no arms, nothing indeed but a stick. With it, however, he so belaboured Bruin that he turned and fled.

CAPTAIN H. ZACHAU.
Commander of the *Virgo*, which takes the balloon to Spitzbergen.
From a Photo. by Hayman, Landskrona.

Another incident relating to the above expedition may be recorded here as showing Mr. Andrée's devotion to science. One of the experts during the long winter paid special attention to the effect of darkness on the eye, and was one day regretting that he could not have another month of darkness in which to complete his observations. Andrée at once said: "I will remain another month in the dark for you, if you like. It won't matter to me; I have plenty of work to do." This expedition was charged especially with the investigation of the electricity of the air, and Mr. Andrée brought home 15,000 personal observations—such is his passion for work.

The expedition naturally divides itself into three parts: (1) the voyage to Spitzbergen; (2) the balloon voyage thence to —— wherever it may happen to go—possibly to the Pole; and (3) the journey home.

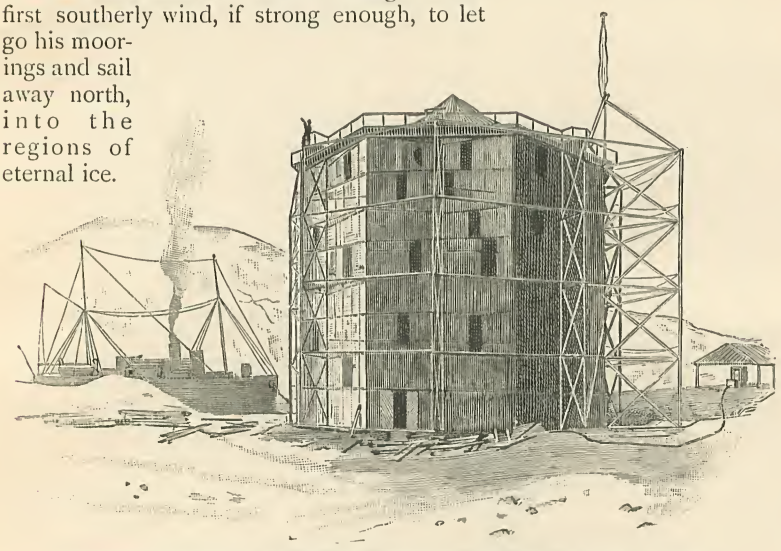
For the transport of the travellers, their balloon, the materials for inflating it, etc., and the necessary provisions to Spitzbergen, the iron ship *Virgo*, of 5,500 tons carrying capacity, Captain H. Zachau — a man of Falstaffian proportions and "infinite jest"— was chartered. It sailed from Gothenburg on June 7th, calling at Tromsö on its way to take in additional stores, stuff for making the gas, etc. From Tromsö the run to Amsterdam Island, Spitzbergen, takes about four days, and Captain Zachau expected to reach his destination about June 18th.

Arrived there, and a landing safely effected, there was much to be done—the wooden house, 95ft. in width and 100ft. in height, for sheltering the balloon during inflation, to be put up, the gas-making shed and apparatus to be erected, and a great deal of detail work to be seen to. The house was constructed at Gothenburg at a cost of £1,000. It is octagonal in shape, and is so substantially put together, that when half of it is taken away the other half remains perfectly stable. This was done with the view of allowing the lee-side to be removed when a suitable wind arose, so that the balloon could get free from the house without being subjected to undue pressure from the wind. The entire structure contains 6,600 cubic feet of wood, and the roof, which is of canvas, is so constructed that it can be removed in a few minutes by pulleys.

From this, and from the apparatus for making the hydrogen gas, some idea will be obtained of the size and power of the balloon. The material for making the gas consists of 40 tons of iron filings, 35 tons of sulphuric acid, and 75 tons of water. Mr. Andrée's

first estimate was that it would take three days to inflate the balloon, but from experiments made at Stockholm, where the apparatus was constructed, he found that the time could, if necessary, be shortened. For putting up the house, making the gas, etc., a large number of carpenters, blacksmiths, and other artisans—including an experienced gas-maker—were taken with the expedition to Spitzbergen.

Everything being ready, it was Mr. Andrée's intention to take advantage of the first southerly wind, if strong enough, to let go his moorings and sail away north, into the regions of eternal ice.



THE BALLOON-HOUSE IN AMSTERDAM ISLAND, FROM WHICH THE START IS MADE.

None of the explorers appear to have the least doubt about their coming safely home from their perilous adventure. The only doubt there seems to be in their minds is as to where they will land, and how far they may have to travel over snow and ice before they reach the borders of civilization. In conversation with them it was curious to note the way in which each looked upon the experiment. Dr. Ekholm is a man of science pure and simple, and it was from that point of view, and that only, that he regarded it; whilst in the minds of his two companions the adventure—the daring of the thing—appeared to count for something.

Dr. Ekholm is the only one of the party who had no previous experience in ballooning, but he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with every detail of the construction and management of the balloon, and with all the literature on the subject. "We have made every calculation," he says, "and I do not know how we can fail. We lose per day of gas one cubic foot. We can afford to lose 1,000 cubic feet without detriment to the efficiency of the balloon." He adds very quaintly, "And we carry food for only four months—about 120 days." To the same effect Mr. Strindberg, when asked if he had any doubts as to the success of the voyage, replied: "Before we tested the balloon for impermeability by the gas—yes. But since we have found by experiment that the loss of gas is so small, I have no doubt at all."

Speaking of the work of observation, Dr. Ekholm says, in his precise way: "The principal instruments and methods are those for determining the geographical position by means of sailors' day's work and of astronomical observation, and the photographic apparatus. They form together what may be termed the sight—mental and physical eye—of the expedition."

The following diagram and explanation of the way in which the balloonists will reckon their position and rate of travel may be interesting to some readers. They are from the hand of Dr. Ekholm himself:—

"A frame, C D E F, with a longitudinal thread, A B (and several transverse ones), is connected with the compass. The direction of the frame is adjusted so that the eye of the observer sees an object on the ground running along the thread, A B, when the magnetic course is read on the compass. Then the angular velocity is determined by observing the time (in seconds) during which the line of sight is moving from the position on the threads, G H and I K, to that on the threads, G H and L M. Then, knowing the height of the instrument above the ground, the velocity is easily calculated. Also, the velocity may be strictly determined by observing the movement along the ground of marks on the guide-ropes, from 100 to 600 mètres (about 109 to 654 yards.)

"Magnetical charts, specially calculated for the expedition by Mr. V. Carlmheim-Gyllen-

skiöld, allow of the ready reduction of the magnetical course to the true one."

In answer to a question about their astronomical observations, Dr. Ekholm says: "They are made by means of a special instrument called the navis-azimuth—the invention of an Englishman—forming at once an altazimuth and equatorial. The true bearing of the compass being approximately known, one determines by means of this instrument at once and without calculation the latitude and longitude even in the neighbourhood of the Pole—only by sighting at the sun or the moon, taking the Greenwich time simultaneously on the chronometer. Also the sextants may be used for the same purpose, and by the aid of specially-constructed charts for applying Sumner's method, the determination may be made nearly without calculation and in a few minutes."

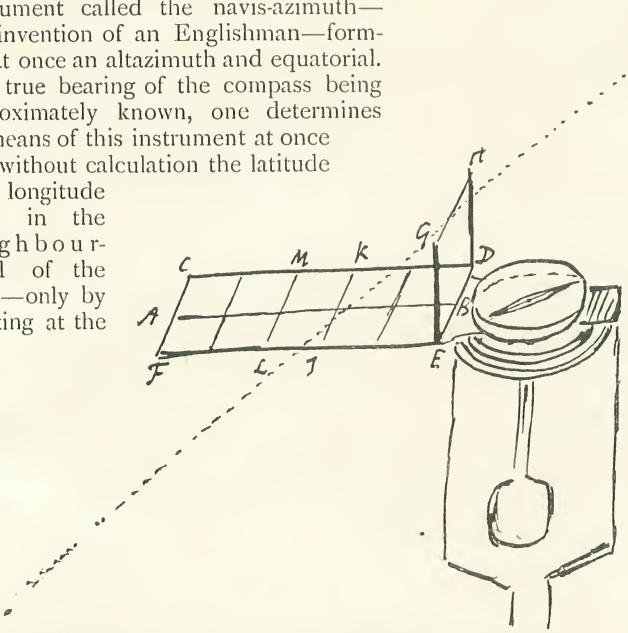


DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW THE BALLOONISTS RECKON THEIR POSITION AND RATE OF TRAVEL
Drawn by] [*Dr. Ekholm.*

It is only by knowing something of the nature of these observations, and understanding to what extent the expedition is planned to carry them out, that its true scope can be appreciated. By this means also the real character of the men conducting it can only be properly estimated. If the expedition prove successful, Mr. Andrée calculates that it will take him and his companions three years to prepare the work for publication, in which the whole of their observations, and the natural deductions therefrom, will be set forth.

As regards the temperature they will experience, Mr. Andrée thinks they will have it about freezing point all the time. "Our chief danger," he adds, "will arise from snow or rain getting frozen on the balloon. If we were to have much snow and it became firmly attached to the balloon, or if much rain were to fall and it froze, that would be a real danger, because it might overweight us and bring us to the ground. But apart from that, I do not see much danger. If we got into a cyclone, we could steer out of it, as a ship does."

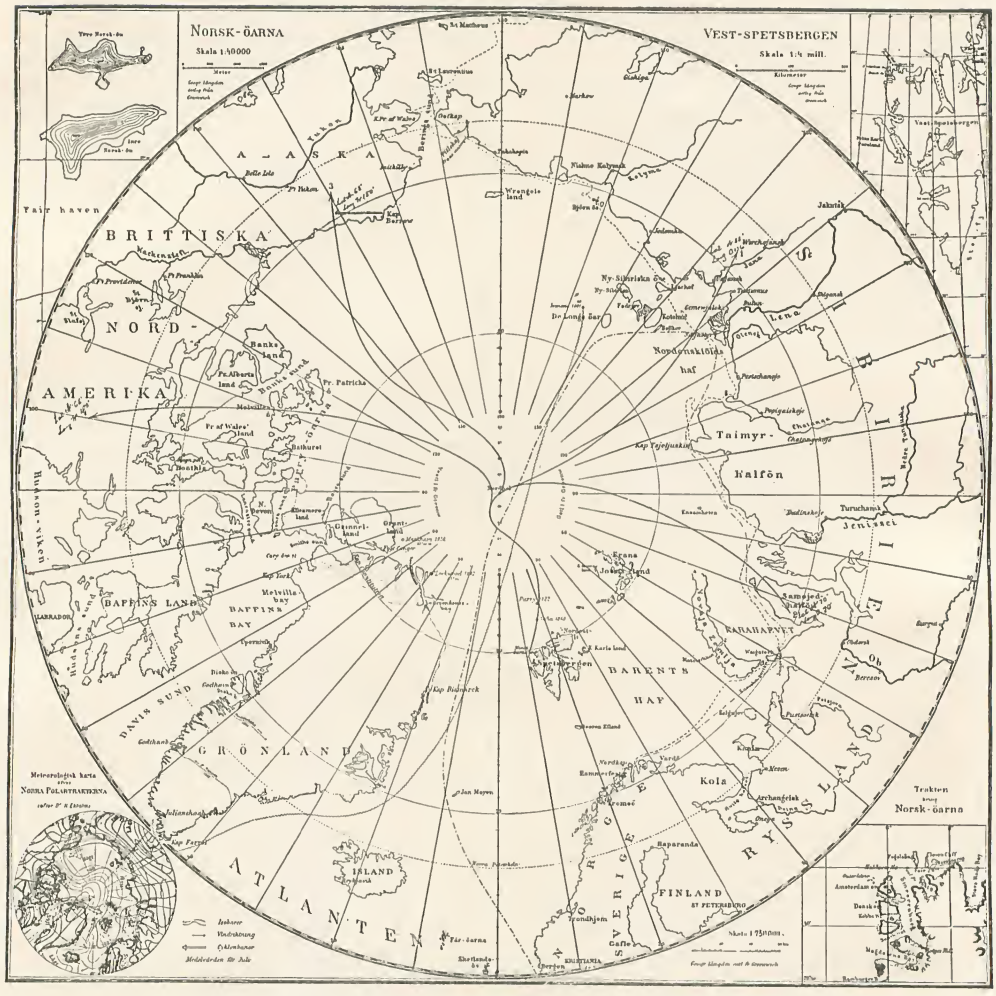
Dr. Ekholm's estimate is that under favourable circumstances they may travel at the rate of from twelve to fifteen miles an hour, and that they might reach the Pole in six days, and Siberia or the North American Continent in two weeks more. "But this," he remarked, "is putting things in the most favourable condition. Possibly we might be six weeks in reaching continental land, and that is really more likely to be the case." Mr. Andrée's estimate is much shorter than this. He reckons the balloon's mean rate of travelling at twenty miles an hour, or nearly that. "So," he says, "we may be at the Pole in forty-two hours, and in Siberia or Behring's Strait in a week!" He laughs as he says so, but adds: "It is quite possible; but I don't think it is very probable. It is more likely that we shall be three weeks or even more. I would rather not do it so quick, because of our observations."

It may here be noted that, judging from what is known of the prevailing winds in the Polar regions, the explorers arrived at the following conclusions as regards the probable place of their landing:—

(1) The greatest probability is that the balloon will land in Siberia, in about latitude 70N. and long. 135E.

(2) That it will land on the Samoyeden Peninsula in lat. 70 N., long. 70 E.

(3) That it will land in the vicinity of Cape Barrow, in Alaska, in lat. 70 N. and long. 155 W., where there is an American Government station.



MAP SHOWING THE STARTING-POINT IN SPITZBERGEN AND THE VARIOUS COURSES POSSIBLE.

(4) That it will land in British North America in lat. 67 N., long. 100 W.

Speaking of these probabilities, Mr. Andrée said :—

"For myself I would like as well as anything to sight continental land at Behring's Strait, and be able to go as far as San Francisco ; but that is not likely. What would please me the least, perhaps, would be to come down in Northern Greenland, which would probably compel us to remain there a year. We might, of course, find ourselves brought right back to Spitzbergen, though that, of course, is hardly to be expected.

"In case we are compelled to make a long journey over the ice and snow, we shall have to depend very much upon the animal life we meet with for food. We should not be able to carry food for more than a month. But the Arctic regions abound in life, and we shall have our guns."

How much Dr. Ekholm is sacrificing at the shrine of science may be gathered from the fact that he "took to himself a wife" after the expedition was decided upon, and he had undertaken to go with it. Personally, he wished to postpone the wedding until his return ; but the lady felt brave, and desired that the ceremony should take place without delay. "But," said Mr. Andrée, referring one day to his companion, "as the time approaches for our departure she weakens—she finds she is not so strong as she thought she was. It is very sad to see how wistfully she looks at her husband ; but she says nothing." Neither Mr. Andrée nor his younger companion is married. But it does

not follow that there are not hearts that will be anxiously awaiting the result of the expedition. Mr. Andrée's mother is still living, a bright and active-minded lady of seventy. Everything concerning the expedition she watches with the greatest interest. Not an article or paragraph appears about it but she must have a copy, and these she dates and puts away with the greatest care. She has specially asked to have a copy of THE STRAND MAGAZINE containing this article, that she may preserve it with the rest. Captain Andrée says the old lady is not so anxious now about her son's perilous voyage. She has got used to his ballooning, and believes that he will come out of the experiment all right. But she was extremely anxious about him when on his earlier balloon flights.

Everyone will wish the plucky balloonists the most favourable of winds and the best of luck, and especially that the good lady of seventy may have the happiness ere long of embracing her son on his return from the Pole, or from those regions of "thick-ribbed ice" where the Pole lurks.

It remains only to say that should the voyagers have the good fortune to return, and they should descend in any part of the Russian dominions, they will be given every possible assistance. Tens of thousands of a circular, of which we give a photographic reproduction, have been distributed broadcast throughout Siberia, instructing all and sundry what to do should the balloon descend in their midst. Similar circulars have been distributed also in Alaska and British North America.

Печатать, распространять и выставлять въ общественныхъ мѣстахъ разрѣшено Г. Министромъ Внутреннихъ Дѣлъ. Февраля 7 дня 1896 г.

ОБЪЯВЛЕНІЕ.

Три ученыхъ иноземца шведы: АНДРЭ, ЭКХОЛЬМЪ и СТРИНДБЕРГЪ намѣреваются лѣтомъ 1896 года подвергая жизнь свою опасности подняться съ научною цѣлью на воздухъ подъ облака въ корзинѣ, подвѣшенной къ надутому особымъ воздухомъ огромному пузырю, какъ изображено на верхнемъ рисункѣ, представляющемъ такой пузырь или воздушный шаръ, летящій вдоль морского берега, высоко надъ землею.

Вѣтры могутъ занести шаръ этотъ въ Россію или въ Сибирь, гдѣ въ такомъ случаѣ люди, находящіеся въ корзинѣ шара, дадутъ ему опуститься на землю, какъ то изображено на нижнемъ рисункѣ, представляющемъ спускъ воздушнаго шара въ окрестностяхъ Петербурга. На рисункѣ показано, какъ къ спускающемуся шару бѣгутъ и взрослые и дѣти, мужчины и женщины чтобы помочь людямъ, находящимся въ корзинѣ, благополучно изъ нея выйти. По этому уже видно что воздушный шаръ не можетъ причинить вреда даже и малымъ дѣтямъ. Не только не надо, значитъ, опасаться шара, а тѣмъ болѣе людей находящихся въ корзинѣ, но слѣдуетъ оказать людямъ этимъ помощь при спускѣ, ласковый, добрый пріемъ какъ дорогимъ гостямъ, всячески стараться облегчить имъ ихъ тяжелое положеніе на чужбинѣ и съ честью проводить ихъ до ближайшаго начальства, такъ какъ ученые иностранцы эти во время пребыванія въ русскихъ предѣлахъ будутъ находиться подъ Высочайшимъ покровительствомъ ГОСУДАРЯ ИМПЕРАТОРА.

Еслибы иностранцы съ шара не могли немедленно заплатить за услуги, имъ оказанныя, это не должно удерживать отъ поданія имъ помощи и всякаго содѣйствія, такъ какъ всѣ издержки, какія будутъ при этомъ сдѣланы, будутъ возвращены, а лица, оказавшія услуги, будутъ награждены Шведскимъ Королемъ.

Всякаго, кто увидитъ шаръ съ людьми пролетающимъ далѣе того мѣста съ котораго онъ замѣченъ, просятъ сообщать о томъ всѣмъ встрѣчнымъ поперечнымъ, чтобы дошла вѣсть о пролетѣ шара до начальства.

При этомъ желательно, чтобы было указано время когда шаръ замѣченъ, въ какую сторону онъ летѣлъ, какой о ту пору дулъ вѣтеръ.

Эти свѣдѣнія нужны для успѣха розыска людей съ шара въ случаѣ, если о нихъ долго не будетъ вѣстей.

Не пугайтесь шара, а всячески помогите людямъ при спускѣ ихъ на шарѣ изъ поднебесья на землю, сдѣлаете этимъ дѣло доброе, угодное Богу и Великому Государю.

Высшее ИМПЕРАТОРСКАГО Русскаго Географическаго Общества.

CIRCULAR DISTRIBUTED OVER SIBERIA GIVING THE INHABITANTS DIRECTIONS HOW TO ASSIST THE VOYAGERS IN THEIR DESCENT.

Dog Smugglers.

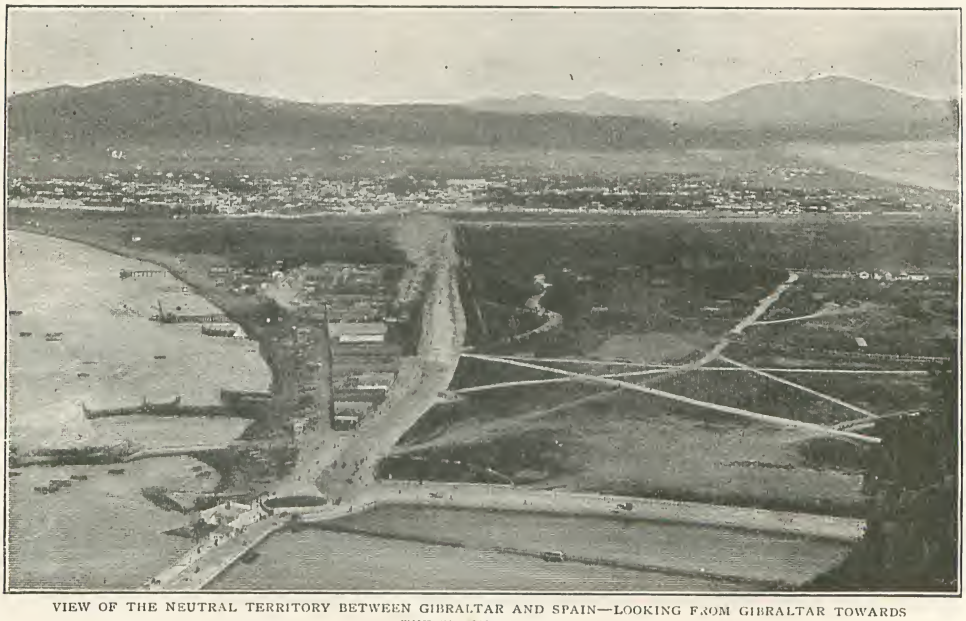
By Charles S. Pelham-Clinton.

IT is no uncommon thing for visitors to Gibraltar to hear the report of a shot ring out in the stillness of the night, and echo against the vast mass of rock that goes by the name of "England's Key to the Mediterranean." They must not think, however, that this means that war has broken out between England and Spain, and that the Spaniards are attempting to regain possession of their lost stronghold; it only means that the *Carabineri*, or Custom House authorities, are endeavouring to suppress, with a strong hand, the smuggling of tobacco. Their bullets, in this instance, are not directed against two-legged smugglers, but against those with four legs—dogs, in fact—though these are aided, of course, by their biped *confrères*.

Nearly everybody knows of the neutral territory that lies just to the north of Gibraltar; but for the sake of any who do not, it may be said that it is a strip of land about half a mile wide, running across the isthmus which connects the Rock with the mainland, and which is bounded on the south side by the British lines, and on the north by the Spanish, or La Linea, as they are distinctively called; and at this latter place there is always a strong force of Custom House officials on the look-out for smugglers. The illustration given below will make this description clear.

It must be remembered that, although a British possession, Gibraltar is an entirely free port, with the exception of a light import duty on alcoholic liquors, which has been recently imposed. This privilege was granted to it at the beginning of last century, in the reign of Queen Anne, and for the last 200 years the Rock has been the paradise of those who prefer Free Trade to what some of our home politicians dignify with the name of Fair Trade. Spain, on the other hand, imposes heavy duties on most of her imports, so that the difference in the prices of many commodities on the opposite sides of the neutral ground is very marked.

The Spanish, perhaps more than any other, is a nation of smokers, and when one knows that, in addition to the heavy duty imposed on tobacco, its manufacture is a jealously-guarded Government monopoly.



VIEW OF THE NEUTRAL TERRITORY BETWEEN GIBRALTAR AND SPAIN—LOOKING FROM GIBRALTAR TOWARDS THE SPANISH LINES.

yielding a revenue of between three and three and a half millions sterling per annum, the inducement for a Spaniard to become a contrabandist will be seen to be very strong. Signor Espagnol strolls across into the town of Gibraltar, and while there thinks he may as well buy a pound of tobacco free of duty; this he does, and then he has a chance to exercise his ingenuity in getting back past the line of *Carabineri*, who are waiting at the Spanish boundary to examine all persons, carts, carriages, beasts of burden, and parcels, to see if there is any tobacco concealed in or about them.

Thomas Carlyle, a great lover of the soothing weed himself, by the way, once said, with the open expression of opinion and hatred of sham that characterized him: "The Government lays a tax of some hundreds per cent. upon the poor man's pipe, while the rich man's wine pays scarcely one-tenth of this impost; but it is a comfort to think (as I have been told) the amount of tobacco smuggled is about as great as that which pays duty." Such may have been the case in this country when these words were written, but here, at any rate, they do not now hold good. At Gibraltar, however, in spite of the watchfulness spoken of above, the quantity of tobacco smuggled from the Rock into Spain is still very great, although, owing to the co-operation of the British authorities with the Spanish, it is considerably less than it was a decade ago.

The love of tobacco is pretty nearly universal through all grades of Spanish society, from the street urchin to the highest in the land, and it is said that even among these last there are to be found some who are not above evading the tobacco tax should opportunity offer. When one of the Governors of Algeciras, so the story goes, had come from that town, which is on the west side of the Bay of Gibraltar, to call officially on the Governor of Gibraltar, the members of his suite took advantage of the opportunity to fill their pockets with the "weed," and, of course, they were not searched when passing through La Linea, for a Spanish officer is surely above reproach!

The ways of even the most commonplace smuggler are always of interest to the more honest portion of the populace, for, as has been said time and again, the ingenuity they display in devising means to carry on their illicit calling might, if turned to a legitimate purpose, have benefited the world as greatly as the inventiveness of a Stephenson or an Edison. Many of the methods adopted by the smugglers at Gibraltar have been discovered and suppressed, but it is not easy to put an end to the traffic altogether, even though the methods by which it is carried on are known to the authorities. One very ingenious idea was that of a Spaniard who used to smuggle from Gibraltar to San Roque by means of a freshly-baked 4lb. loaf, of the ordinary English type. To all appearance it was only a very ordinary sort of loaf, the outside being beautifully brown and crusty, but, oh! the base use to which it was put. This loaf was only a thin bark of the staff of life to hide the three pounds or so of tobacco which contributed nothing to the Spanish Exchequer.

Another gentleman adopted the device of arraying himself as a priest, and devoutly attended mass every morning in Gibraltar. Like the good man he wished to seem, he invariably carried with him his Bible, a tome of goodly size, and there is little doubt that he derived considerable benefit from it, from a worldly point of view at any rate, for on a certain day one of the Custom House officers had the impertinence to ask him to open the book, whereupon it was found to be nothing but a box, and its leaves, instead of being of paper, were discovered to consist of tobacco. Both this Bible and a specimen of the loaves mentioned above now repose among the relics at the head office of the Custom House at Madrid.

A good deal of smuggling is also done by sea, and the fishermen are in the habit of getting empty paraffin tins and filling them with tobacco. They then attach to each tin a small weight, just sufficient to sink it, and throw them overboard in shallow water when they see a storm coming on. This is always done at a particular state of the night tide, so that with the combined effect of the tide and the waves raised by the storm, the tins are washed ashore, where their owners are carefully watching for them, and when they reach the strand, they are at once conveyed to a place of safety.

Another vehicle for smuggling by sea in comparatively large quantities was only discovered a few weeks ago, although it had been in use for a considerable number of years. It took the form of a boat with a double bottom, so ingeniously constructed that it would probably never have been discovered had not some traitor given information to the *Carabineri*. It was provided on each side, near the keel, with small doors, by means of which the space between the true

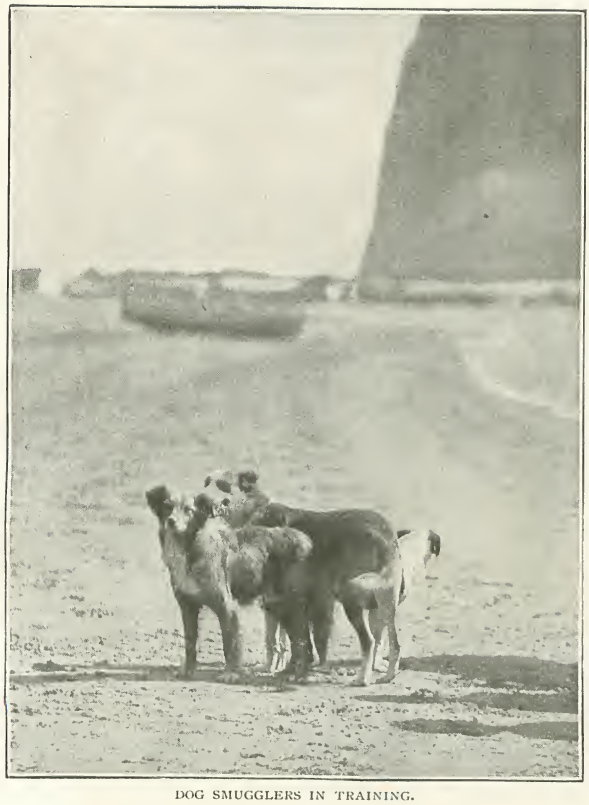
and false bottoms could easily be filled with tobacco, and the whole was so perfectly constructed that no damage could be done by the admission of sea-water. Of course, there could be no harm in this boat taking an occasional cruise from the Spanish territory to Rosia Bay, and equally of course, it was the most natural thing in the world to haul her up on the beach when she was not going to be used for a few days, in order to keep her out of reach of the storms, sudden and severe, which break at times over the Bay. But a Gibraltar might be sure that he bought only quite young birds, and that they would be freshly killed. He was either a very unlucky or a very poor salesman, or, perhaps, the dwellers on the Rock didn't want turkeys at any price, for his flock was rarely much diminished in numbers and not at all in the size of the individuals, when he wended his way back across the neutral ground before evening gunfire, after which the gates are shut, and no one is allowed to pass through. It may have been from sympathy,

A GROUP OF DOG TRAINERS.

new light was thrown on the *raison d'être* of the boat and her crew when it was found that she was run high and dry only to give an opportunity for taking the concealed tobacco from her, and naturally, when this came to light, the officials at once confiscated and destroyed her, so promptly that not even a photograph of her was taken.

The services of other than human bipeds have also been put under contribution by the smugglers, and a ruse which succeeded for a long time was that of a Spaniard who kept a turkey farm. Englishmen are notoriously fond of turkeys, so our farmer would drive such of his birds as were plump and ready for consumption across from Spanish to English territory, so that the purchaser in or it may have been from suspicion, but one evening a *Carabinero* took it into his head to try and examine one of the birds, and he noticed, as the gobbler opened its wings in running away, that there was a fair-sized package under each of them. Naturally a general scrutiny ensued, with the result that each member of the flock was found to have a parcel of tobacco, weighing about half a pound, tied under each wing. Needless to say that since that time the import of live Spanish turkeys in Gibraltar is considerably reduced.

One of the earlier four-legged smugglers was a fine large donkey, which used to pass to and from Gibraltar daily, under the care of an innocent-looking rustic. After the



DOG SMUGGLERS IN TRAINING.

lapse of some time it was found out that this animal had been completely covered over with the skin of a dead donkey—that rarity of rarities—which was so well cut and so beautifully padded that it fitted to perfection. A further examination revealed the fact that the padding was composed entirely of the forbidden leaf, and as a result, the false skin has joined the Bible and the loaf in the Museum at Madrid, and the rustic and his donkey no longer travel between Spain and Gibraltar.

In both the cases of animal smugglers mentioned above it was necessary that a man should be in charge of them, and this, of course, was a considerable drawback. To obviate this disadvantage some genius conceived the idea of training dogs in the wary and cautious habits necessary for successfully carrying on the contraband business, and one man had a dog who, like the donkey, had a double skin, with a quantity of tobacco placed between the false outer skin and the true inner one. This intelligent animal had been trained to play with other dogs, and so to get through the lines from the Rock, after which he went straight to his master's house to be unloaded, and sent off for a fresh consignment. In this manner he used to make several trips a day; but, alas! he, too, was eventually caught. It is probable that this dog was only one of many which were used for the same purpose, so at least the Spanish Tobacco Company seem to have thought, for they have had a high fence of wire netting raised right across the isthmus from sea to sea, a distance of about a mile and a quarter, and thus the land smuggling dogs have been rendered useless.

Of late years, owing both to this wire netting and to the assistance given by the authorities in Gibraltar to the Spanish

A DOG SMUGGLER PACKED WITH TOBACCO.

officials in suppressing the illicit trading on the neutral ground, the smuggling by dogs is carried on from a number of hulks, which are anchored in the Bay, opposite the English territory. On these hulks a number of men are occupied all day long in making up tobacco in small, convenient packages, tied up in waterproof paper. Towards sundown, men may be seen coming from La Linea in the direction of Gibraltar, accompanied by a suspicious number of dogs. Men and dogs all embark in a boat, and row, or are rowed, out to the hulks at anchor, and, once on board, the packages of tobacco are carefully fastened around the bodies of the dogs and covered with sacking—as depicted in the illustration on the previous page—care being taken not to overload the animals.

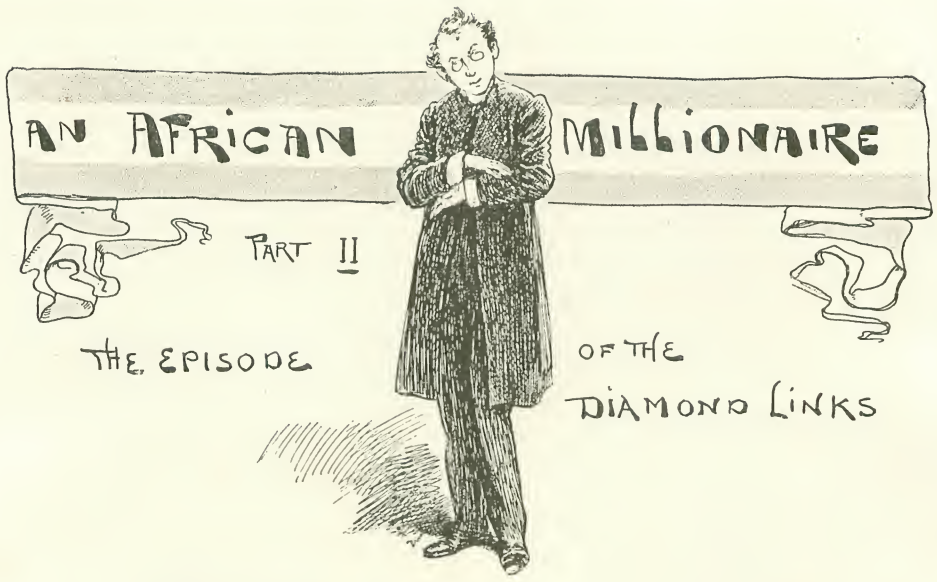
As soon as night falls the dogs are again placed in the boats, and are quietly rowed towards the Spanish shore, and when a short distance from it, they are gently placed in the water at short intervals and left to swim ashore. The spot where this takes place is to be seen at the left of the illustration on the first page of this article, and the dogs land beyond the wire-netting which runs across the isthmus in front of the Spanish lines.

Before being actually started on their smuggling career, the dogs undergo a course of training, each being taken out for a walk in the country by his master; and a friend of the latter, dressed in an old *Carabinero's* uniform, and armed with a bludgeon, hides himself somewhere on the route the dog and his owner intend to pursue. The dog is encouraged to go forward, and immediately he comes within reach of the hidden counterfeit officer, the latter catches hold of the animal, and gives him a sound drubbing with his weapon. After a few lessons of this kind the dog's intelligence teaches him to carefully avoid anybody dressed in the hated uniform, as he has souvenirs of wearers of it on every part of his body.

But to return to the dogs we have left swimming in the surf: they nearly always reach the shore safely, and then they display almost more than human intelligence and cunning in avoiding the approach of the *Carabineri*, hiding until the coast is clear, and then making a bolt for home as fast as their legs will carry them. The *Carabineri*, however, are in watch and wait, and in spite of the cleverness of the dogs, the snap of a rifle and a short "yap," showing that the bullet has gone home, often shows that the life of the smuggler dog has been cut short in his attempt to evade the law.

THE DOG SMUGGLER'S ENEMY.

While, as I have said, the trade is greatly decreased, so long as there is any duty on tobacco in Spain, just so long will there be found men ready to evade it, and the only thing that will effectually stop it will be an export tax from Gibraltar, which will double the difficulty of evading the Custom House, and make the game not worth the candle.



By Grant Allen.

"LET us take a trip to Switzerland," said Lady Vandrift. And anyone who knows Amelia will not be surprised to learn that we *did* take a trip to Switzerland accordingly. Nobody can drive Sir Charles except his wife. And nobody at all can drive Amelia.

There were difficulties at the outset, because we had not ordered rooms at the hotels beforehand, and it was well on in the season; but they were overcome at last by the usual application of a golden key; and we found ourselves in due time pleasantly quartered in Lucerne, at that most comfortable of European hostelries, the Schweitzerhof.

We were a square party of four — Sir Charles and Amelia, myself and Isabel. We had nice big rooms, on the first floor, overlooking the lake, and as none of us was possessed with the faintest symptom of that incipient mania which shows itself in the form of an insane desire to climb mountain heights of disagreeable steepness and unnecessary snowiness, I will venture to assert we all enjoyed ourselves. We spent most of our time sensibly in lounging about the lake on the jolly little steamers; and when we did a mountain climb, it was on the Rigi or Pilatus —where an engine undertook all the muscular work for us.

As usual, at the hotel, a great many miscellaneous people showed a burning desire to be specially nice to us. If you wish to see how friendly and charming humanity is, just try being a well-known millionaire for a week, and you'll learn a thing or two. Wherever Sir Charles goes, he is surrounded by charming and disinterested people, all eager to make his distinguished acquaintance, and all familiar with several excellent investments, or several deserving objects of Christian charity. It is my business in life, as his brother-in-law and secretary, to decline with thanks the excellent investments, and to throw judicious cold water on the objects of charity. Even I myself, as the great man's almoner, am very much sought after. People casually allude before me to artless stories of "poor curates in Cumberland, you know, Mr. Wentworth," or widows in Cornwall, penniless poets with epics in their desks, and young painters who need but the breath of a patron to open to them the doors of an admiring Academy. I smile and look wise, while I administer cold water in minute doses; but I never report one of these cases to Sir Charles, except in the rare or almost unheard-of event where I think there is really something in them.

Ever since our little adventure with the Seer at Nice, Sir Charles, who is constitutionally cautious, had been even more careful than usual about possible sharpers. And, as chance would have it, there sat just opposite

us at *table d'hôte* at the Schweitzerhof—'tis a fad of Amelia's to dine at *table d'hôte;* she says she can't bear to be boxed up all day in private rooms with "too much family"—a sinister-looking man with dark hair and eyes, conspicuous by his bushy, overhanging eyebrows. My attention was first called to the eyebrows in question by a nice little parson who sat at our side, and who observed that they were made up of certain large and bristly hairs, which (he told us) had been traced by Darwin to our monkey ancestors. Very pleasant little fellow, this fresh-faced young parson, on his honeymoon tour with a nice wee wife, a bonnie Scotch lassie with a charming accent.

I looked at the eyebrows close. Then a sudden thought struck me. "Do you believe they're his own?" I asked of the curate; "or are they only stuck on—a make-up disguise? They really almost look like it."

"You don't suppose——" Charles began, and checked himself suddenly.

"Yes, I do," I answered; "the Seer!" Then I recollected my blunder, and looked down sheepishly. For, to say the truth, Vandrift had straightly enjoined on me long before to say nothing of our painful little episode at Nice to Amelia; he was afraid if *she* once heard of it, *he* would hear of it for ever after.

"What Seer?" the little parson inquired, with parsonical curiosity.

I noticed the man with the overhanging eyebrows give a queer sort of start. Charles's glance was fixed upon me. I hardly knew what to answer.

"Oh, a man who was at Nice with us last year," I stammered out, trying hard to look unconcerned. "A fellow they talked about, that's all." And I turned the subject.

But the curate, like a donkey, wouldn't let me turn it.

"Had he eyebrows like that?" he inquired, in an undertone. I was really angry. If this *was* Colonel Clay, the curate was obviously giving him the cue, and making it much more difficult for us to catch him, now we might possibly have lighted on the chance of doing so.

"No, he hadn't," I answered, testily; "it was a passing expression. But this is not the man. I was mistaken, no doubt." And I nudged him gently.

The little curate was too innocent for anything. "Oh, I see," he replied, nodding hard and looking wise. Then he turned to his wife, and made an obvious face, which the man with the eyebrows couldn't fail to notice.

Fortunately, a political discussion going on a few places further down the table spread up to us and diverted attention for a moment. The magical name of Gladstone saved us. Sir Charles flared up. I was truly pleased, for I could see Amelia was boiling over with curiosity by this time.

"THE MAN WITH THE BIG EYEBROWS SIDLED UP."

After dinner, in the billiard-room, however, the man with the big eyebrows sidled up and began to talk to me. If he *was* Colonel Clay, it was evident he bore us no grudge at all for the five thousand pounds he had done us out of. On the contrary, he seemed quite prepared to do us out of five thousand

more when opportunity offered; for he introduced himself at once as Dr. Hector Macpherson, the exclusive grantee of extensive concessions from the Brazilian Government on the Upper Amazons. He dived into conversation with me at once as to the splendid mineral resources of his Brazilian estate—the silver, the platinum, the actual rubies, the possible diamonds. I listened and smiled; I knew what was coming. All he needed to develop this magnificent concession was a little more capital. It was sad to see thousands of pounds' worth of platinum and car-loads of rubies just crumbling in the soil or carried away by the river, for want of a few hundreds to work them with properly. If he knew of anybody, now, with money to invest, he could recommend him — nay, offer him — a unique opportunity of earning, say, 40 per cent. on his capital, on unimpeachable security.

"I wouldn't do it for every man," Dr. Hector Macpherson remarked, drawing himself up; "but if I took a fancy to a fellow who had command of ready cash, I might choose to put him in the way of feathering his nest with unexampled rapidity."

"Exceedingly disinterested of you," I answered, drily, fixing my eyes on his eyebrows.

The little curate, meanwhile, was playing billiards with Sir Charles. His glance followed mine as it rested for a moment on the monkey-like hairs.

"False, obviously false," he remarked with his lips; and I'm bound to confess I never saw any man speak so well by movement alone; you could follow every word, though not a sound escaped him.

During the rest of that evening, Dr. Hector Macpherson stuck to me as close as a mustard-plaster. And he was almost as irritating. I got heartily sick of the Upper Amazons. I have positively waded in my time through ruby mines (in prospectuses, I mean) till the mere sight of a ruby absolutely sickens me. When Charles, in an unwonted fit of generosity, once gave his sister Isabel (whom I had the honour to marry) a ruby necklet (inferior stones), I made Isabel change it for sapphires and amethysts, on the judicious plea that they suited her complexion better. (I scored one, incidentally, for having considered Isabel's complexion.) By the time I went to bed I was prepared to sink the Upper Amazons in the sea, and to stab, shoot, poison, or otherwise seriously damage the man with the concession and the false eyebrows.

For the next three days, at intervals, he returned to the charge. He bored me to death with his platinum and his rubies. He didn't want a capitalist who would personally exploit the thing; he would prefer to do it all on his own account, giving the capitalist preference debentures of his bogus company, and a lien on the concession. I listened and smiled; I listened and yawned; I listened and was rude; I ceased to listen at all; but still, he droned on with it. I fell asleep on the steamer one day, and woke up in ten minutes to hear him droning yet: "And the yield of platinum per ton was certified to be——" I forget how many pounds, or ounces, or pennyweights. These details of assays have ceased to interest me; like the man who "didn't believe in ghosts," I have seen too many of them.

The fresh-faced little curate and his wife, however, were quite different people. He was a cricketing Oxford man; she was a breezy Scotch lass, with a wholesome breath of the Highlands about her. I called her "White Heather." Their name was Brabazon. Millionaires are so accustomed to being beset by harpies of every description, that when they come across a young couple who are simple and natural, they delight in the purely human relation. We picnicked and went excursions a great deal with the honeymooners. They were so frank in their young love, and so proof against chaff, that we all really liked them. But whenever I called the pretty girl "White Heather," she looked so shocked, and cried: "Oh, Mr. Wentworth!" Still, we were the best of friends. The curate offered to row us in a boat on the lake one day, while the Scotch lassie assured us she could take an oar almost as well as he did. However, we did not accept their offer, as row-boats exert an unfavourable influence upon Amelia's digestive organs.

"Nice young fellow, that man Brabazon," Sir Charles said to me one day, as we lounged together along the quay; "never talks about advowsons or next presentations. Doesn't seem to me to care two pins about promotion. Says he's quite content in his country curacy; enough to live upon, and needs no more; and his wife has a little, a very little, money. I asked him about his poor to-day, on purpose to test him: these parsons are always trying to screw something out of one for their poor; men in my position know the truth of the saying that we have that class of the population always with us. Would you believe it, he says he hasn't any poor at all

in his parish! They're all well-to-do farmers or else able-bodied labourers, and his one terror is that somebody will come and try to pauperize them. 'If a philanthropist were to give me fifty pounds to-day for use at Empingham,' he said, 'I assure you, Sir Charles, I shouldn't know what to do with it. I think I should buy new dresses for Jessie, who wants them about as much as anybody else in the village—that is to say, not at all.' There's a parson for you, Sey, my boy. Only wish we had one of his sort at Seldon."

"He certainly doesn't want to get anything out of you," I answered.

That evening at dinner, a queer little episode happened. The man with the eyebrows began talking to me across the table in his usual fashion, full of his wearisome concession on the Upper Amazons. I was trying to squash him as politely as possible, when I caught Amelia's eye. Her look amused me. She was engaged in making signals to Charles at her side to observe the little curate's curious sleeve-links. I glanced at them, and saw at once they were a singular possession for so unobtrusive a person. They consisted each of a short gold bar for one arm of the link, fastened by a tiny chain of the same material to what seemed to my tolerably experienced eye—a first-rate diamond. Pretty big diamonds, too, and of remarkable shape, brilliancy, and cutting. In a moment, I knew what Amelia meant. She owned a diamond *rivière*, said to be of Indian origin, but short by two stones for the circumference of her tolerably ample neck. Now, she had long been wanting two diamonds like these to match her set; but owing to the unusual shape and antiquated cutting of her own gems, she had never been able to complete the necklet, at least without removing an extravagant amount from a much larger stone of the first water.

The Scotch lassie's eyes caught Amelia's at the same time, and she broke into a pretty smile of good-humoured amusement. "Taken in another person, Dick, dear!" she exclaimed, in her breezy way, turning to her husband. "Lady Vandrift is observing your diamond sleeve-links."

"They're very fine gems," Amelia observed, incautiously. (A most unwise admission, if she desired to buy them.)

But the pleasant little curate was too transparently simple a soul to take advantage of her slip of judgment. "They *are* good stones," he replied; "very good stones—considering. They're not diamonds at all, to tell you the truth. They're best old-fashioned Oriental paste. My great-grandfather bought them, after the siege of Seringapatam, for a few rupees, from a Sepoy who had looted them from Tippoo Sultan's palace. He thought, like you, he had got a good thing. But it turned out, when they came to be examined by experts, they were only paste—very wonderful paste; it is supposed they had even imposed upon Tippoo himself, so fine is the imitation. But they are worth—well, say, fifty shillings at the utmost."

While he spoke, Charles looked at Amelia, and Amelia looked at Charles. Their eyes spoke volumes. The *rivière* was also supposed to have come from Tippoo's collection. Both drew at once an identical conclusion. These were two of the same stones, very likely torn apart and disengaged from the rest in the *mêlée* at the capture of the Indian palace.

"Can you take them off?" Sir Charles asked, blandly. He spoke in the tone that indicates business.

"Certainly," the little curate answered, smiling. "I'm accustomed to taking them off. They're always noticed. They've been kept in the family ever since the siege, as a sort of valueless heirloom, for the sake of the picturesqueness of the story, you know; and nobody ever sees them without asking, as you do, to examine them closely. They deceive even experts at first. But they're paste, all the same; unmitigated Oriental paste, for all that."

He took them both off, and handed them to Charles. No man in England is a finer judge of gems than my brother-in-law. I watched him narrowly. He examined them close, first with the naked eye, then with the little pocket-lens which he always carries. "Admirable imitation," he muttered, passing them on to Amelia. "I'm not surprised they should impose upon inexperienced observers."

But from the tone in which he said it, I could see at once he had satisfied himself they were real gems of unusual value. I know Charles's way of doing business so well. His glance to Amelia meant, "These are the very stones you have so long been in search of."

The Scotch lassie laughed a merry laugh. "He sees through them now, Dick," she cried. "I felt sure Sir Charles would be a judge of diamonds."

Amelia turned them over. I know Amelia, too; and I knew from the way Amelia looked

at them that she meant to have them. And when Amelia means to have anything, people who stand in the way may just as well spare themselves the trouble of opposing her.

They were beautiful diamonds. We found out afterwards the little curate's account was quite correct: these stones *had* come from the same necklet as Amelia's *rivière*, made for a favourite wife of Tippoo's, who had presumably as expansive personal charms as our beloved sister-in-law's. More perfect diamonds have seldom been seen. They have excited the universal admiration of thieves and connoisseurs. Amelia told me afterwards that, according to legend, a Sepoy stole the necklet at the sack of the palace, and then fought with another for it. It was believed that two stones got spilt in the scuffle, and were picked up and sold by a third person—a looker-on—who had no idea of the value of his booty. Amelia had been hunting for them for several years, to complete her necklet.

"They are excellent paste," Sir Charles observed, handing them back. "It takes a first-rate judge to detect them from the reality. Lady Vandrift has a necklet much the same in character, but composed of genuine stones; and as these are so much like them, and would complete her set, to all outer appearance, I wouldn't mind giving you, say, £10 for the pair of them."

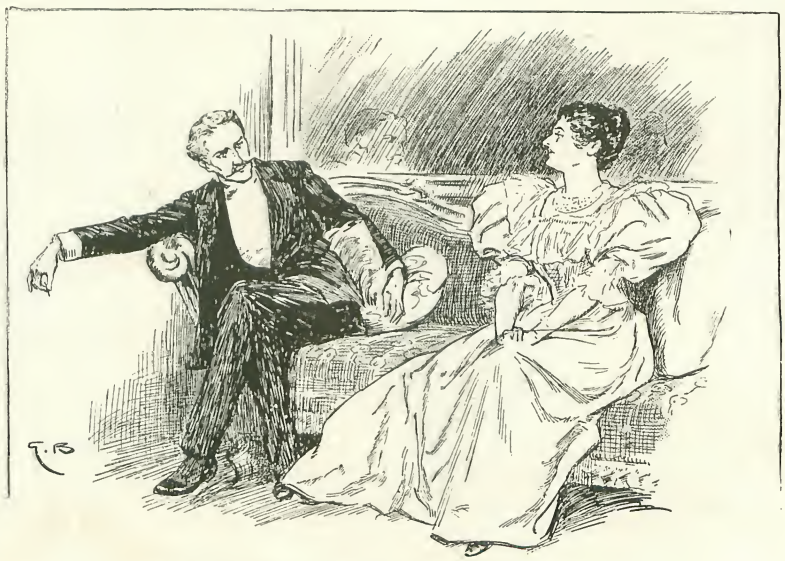
Mrs. Brabazon looked delighted. "Oh, sell them to him, Dick," she cried, "and buy me a brooch with the money! A pair of common links would do for you just as well. Ten pounds for two paste stones! It's quite a lot of money."

She said it so sweetly, with her pretty Scotch accent, that I couldn't imagine how Dick had the heart to refuse her. But he did, all the same.

"No, Jess, darling," he answered. "They're worthless, I know; but they have for me a certain sentimental value, as I've often told you. My dear mother wore them, while she lived, as earrings; and as soon as she died, I had them set as links in order that I might always keep them about me. Besides, they have historical and family interest. Even a worthless heirloom, after all, *is* an heirloom."

Dr. Hector Macpherson looked across and intervened. "There is a part of my concession," he said, "where we have reason to believe a perfect new Kimberley will soon be discovered. If at any time you would care, Sir Charles, to look at my diamonds—when I get them—it would afford me the greatest pleasure in life to submit them to your consideration."

Sir Charles could stand it no longer. "Sir," he said, gazing across at him with his sternest air, "if your concession were as full of diamonds as Sindbad the Sailor's valley, I would not care to turn my head to look at them. I am acquainted with the nature and practice of salting." And he glared at the man with the overhanging eyebrows as if he would devour him raw. Poor Dr. Hector Macpherson subsided instantly. We learnt a little later that he was a harmless lunatic, who went about the world with successive concessions for ruby mines and platinum reefs, because he had been ruined and driven mad by speculations in the two, and now recouped himself by imaginary grants in Burmah and Brazil, or anywhere else that turned up handy. And his eyebrows, after all, were of Nature's handicraft. We were sorry for the incident; but a man in Sir Charles's position is such a mark for rogues



"CHARLES, I SHALL NEVER BE HAPPY AGAIN TILL I GET THEM."

that, if he did not take means to protect himself promptly, he would be for ever overrun by them.

When we went up to our *salon* that evening, Amelia flung herself on the sofa. "Charles," she broke out in the voice of a tragedy queen, "those are real diamonds, and I shall never be happy again till I get them."

"They are real diamonds," Charles echoed. "And you shall have them, Amelia. They're worth not less than three thousand pounds. But I shall bid them up gently."

So, next day, Charles set to work to higgle with the curate. Brabazon, however, didn't care to part with them. He was no money-grubber, he said. He cared more for his mother's gift and a family tradition than for a hundred pounds, if Sir Charles were to offer it. Charles's eye gleamed. "But if I give you *two* hundred!" he said, insinuatingly. "What opportunities for good! You could build a new wing to your village schoolhouse!"

"We have ample accommodation," the curate answered. "No, I don't think I'll sell them."

Still, his voice faltered somewhat, and he looked down at them inquiringly.

Charles was too precipitate.

"A hundred pounds more or less matters little to me," he said; "and my wife has set her heart on them. It's every man's duty to please his wife—isn't it, Mrs. Brabazon?—I offer you three hundred."

The little Scotch girl clasped her hands.

"Three hundred pounds! Oh, Dick, just think what fun we could have, and what good we could do with it! Do let him have them."

Her accent was irresistible. But the curate shook his head.

"Impossible," he answered. "My dear mother's earrings! Uncle Aubrey would be so angry if he knew I'd sold them. I daren't face Uncle Aubrey."

"Has he expectations from Uncle Aubrey?" Sir Charles asked of White Heather.

Mrs. Brabazon laughed. "Uncle Aubrey! Oh, dear, no. Poor dear old Uncle Aubrey! Why, the darling old soul hasn't a penny to bless himself with, except his pension. He's a retired post captain." And she laughed melodiously. She was a charming woman.

"Then I should disregard Uncle Aubrey's feelings," Sir Charles said, decisively.

"No, no," the curate answered. "Poor dear old Uncle Aubrey! I wouldn't do anything for the world to annoy him. And he'd be sure to notice it."

We went back to Amelia. "Well, have you got them?" she asked.

"No," Sir Charles answered. "Not yet. But he's coming round, I think. He's hesitating now. Would rather like to sell them himself, but is afraid what 'Uncle Aubrey' would say about the matter. His wife will talk him out of his needless consideration for Uncle Aubrey's feelings; and to-morrow we'll finally clench the bargain."

Next morning we stayed late in our *salon*, where we always breakfasted, and did not come down to the public rooms till just before *déjeûner*, Sir Charles being busy with me over arrears of correspondence. When we *did* come down, the *concierge* stepped forward with a twisted little feminine note for Amelia. She took it and read it. Her countenance fell. "There, Charles," she

"THE CONCIERGE STEPPED FORWARD WITH A LITTLE NOTE FOR AMELIA."

cried, handing it to him, "you've let the chance slip. I shall *never* be happy now! They've gone off with the diamonds."

Charles seized the note and read it. Then he passed it on to me. It was short, but final:—

"Thursday, 6 a.m.

"Dear Lady Vandrift,

"*Will* you kindly excuse our having gone off hurriedly without bidding you good-bye? We have just had a horrid telegram to say that Dick's favourite sister is *dangerously* ill of fever in Paris. I wanted to shake hands with you before we left—you have all been so sweet to us—but we go by the morning train, absurdly early, and I wouldn't for worlds disturb you. Perhaps some day we may meet again—though, buried as we are in a North-country village, it isn't likely; but in any case, you have secured the grateful recollection of

"Yours very cordially,

"Jessie Brabazon.

"P.S.—Kindest regards to Sir Charles and those *dear* Wentworths, and a kiss for yourself, if I may venture to send you one."

"She doesn't even mention where they've gone," Amelia exclaimed, in a very bad humour.

"The *concierge* may know," Isabel suggested, looking over my shoulder.

We asked at his office.

Yes, the gentleman's address was the Rev. Richard Peploe Brabazon, Holme Bush Cottage, Empingham, Northumberland.

Any address where letters might be sent at once, in Paris?

For the next ten days, or till further notice, Hotel des Deux Mondes, Avenue de l'Opéra.

Amelia's mind was made up at once.

"Strike while the iron's hot," she cried. "This sudden illness, coming at the end of their honeymoon, and involving ten days' more stay at an expensive hotel, will probably upset the curate's budget. He'll be glad to sell now. You'll get them for three hundred. It was absurd of Charles to offer so much at first; but offered once, of course we must stick to it."

"What do you propose to do?" Charles asked. "Write, or telegraph?"

"Oh, how silly men are!" Amelia cried. "Is this the sort of business to be arranged by letter, still less by telegram? No. Seymour must start off at once, taking the night train to Paris; and the moment he gets there, he must interview the curate or Mrs. Brabazon. Mrs. Brabazon's the best. She has none of this stupid, sentimental nonsense about Uncle Aubrey."

It is no part of a secretary's duties to act as a diamond broker. But when Amelia puts her foot down, she puts her foot down—a fact which she is unnecessarily fond of emphasizing in that identical proposition. So the self-same evening saw me safe in the train on my way to Paris; and next morning I turned out of my comfortable sleeping-car at the Gare de Strasbourg. My orders were to bring back those diamonds, alive or dead, so to speak, in my pocket, to Lucerne; and to offer any needful sum, up to two thousand five hundred pounds, for their immediate purchase.

When I arrived at the Deux Mondes, I found the poor little curate and his wife both greatly agitated. They had sat up all night, they said, with their invalid sister; and the sleeplessness and suspense had certainly told upon them after their long railway journey. They were pale and tired; Mrs. Brabazon in particular looking ill and worried—too much like White Heather. I was more than half ashamed of bothering them about the diamonds at such a moment; but it occurred to me that Amelia was probably right; they would now have reached the end of the sum set apart for their Continental trip; and a little ready cash might be far from unwelcome.

I broached the subject delicately. It was a fad of Lady Vandrift's, I said. She had set her heart upon those useless trinkets. And she wouldn't go without them. She must and would have them. But the curate was obdurate. He threw Uncle Aubrey still in my teeth. Three hundred?—no, never! A mother's present; impossible, dear Jessie! Jessie begged and prayed; she had grown really attached to Lady Vandrift, she said; but the curate wouldn't hear of it. I went up tentatively to four hundred. He shook his head gloomily. It wasn't a question of money, he said. It was a question of affection. I saw it was no use trying that tack any longer. I struck out a new line. "These stones," I said, "I think I ought to inform you, are really diamonds. Sir Charles is certain of it. Now, is it right for a man of your profession and position to be wearing a pair of big gems like those, worth several hundred pounds, as ordinary sleeve-links? A woman? Yes, I grant you; but for a man, is it manly? And you a cricketer!"

He looked at me and laughed. "Will nothing convince you?" he cried. "They have been examined and tested by half-a-

dozen jewellers, and we know them to be paste. It wouldn't be right of me to sell them to you under false pretences, however unwilling on my side. I *couldn't* do it."

"Well, then," I said, going up a bit in my bids to meet him; "I'll put it like this. These gems are paste. But Lady Vandrift has an unconquerable and unaccountable desire to possess them. Money doesn't matter to her. She is a friend of your wife's. As a personal favour, won't you sell them to her for a thousand?"

He shook his head. "It would be wrong," he said—"I might even add, criminal."

"But we take all risk," I cried.

He was absolute adamant. "As a clergyman," he answered, "I feel I cannot do it."

"Will *you* try, Mrs. Brabazon?" I asked.

The pretty little Scotchwoman leant over and whispered. She coaxed and cajoled him. Her ways were winsome. I couldn't hear what she said; but he seemed to give way at last. "I should love Lady Vandrift to have them," she murmured, turning to me.

The curate looked up as if ashamed of himself.

"I consent," he said, slowly, "since Jessie wishes it. But as a clergyman, and to prevent any future misunderstanding, I should like you to give me a statement in writing that you buy them on my distinct and positive declaration that they are made of paste—old Oriental paste—not genuine stones, and that I do not claim any other qualities for them."

I popped the gems into my purse, well pleased.

"Certainly," I said, pulling out a paper. Charles, with his unerring business instinct, had anticipated the request, and given me a signed agreement to that effect.

"You will take a cheque?" I inquired.

He hesitated.

"Notes of the Bank of France would suit me better," he answered.

"Very well," I replied. "I will go out and get them."

How very unsuspicious some people are!

"SHE TOOK OUT THE LINKS FROM HER HUSBAND'S CUFFS."

"She *is* such a dear!" And she took out the links from her husband's cuffs and handed them across to me.

"How much?" I asked.

"Two thousand?" she answered, interrogatively. It was a big rise, all at once; but such are the ways of women.

"Done!" I replied. "Do you consent?"

He allowed me to go off—with the stones in my pocket!

Sir Charles had given me a blank cheque, not exceeding two thousand five hundred pounds. I took it to our agents and cashed it for notes of the Bank of France. The curate clasped them with pleasure. And right glad I was to go back to Lucerne that night, feeling that I had got those diamonds

"HAVE YOU BOUGHT THEM, SEYMOUR?

into my hands for about a thousand pounds under their real value!

At Lucerne railway station Amelia met me. She was positively agitated.

"Have you bought them, Seymour?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered, producing my spoils in triumph.

"Oh, how dreadful!" she cried, drawing back. "Do you think they're real? Are you sure he hasn't cheated you?"

"Certain of it," I replied, examining them. "No one can take me in, in the matter of diamonds. Why on earth should you doubt them?"

"Because I've been talking to Mrs. O'Hagan, at the hotel, and she says there's a well-known trick just like that—she's read of it in a book. A swindler has two sets, one real, one false; and he makes you buy the false ones by showing you the real, and pretending he sells them as a special favour."

"You needn't be alarmed," I answered. "I am a judge of diamonds."

"I sha'n't be satisfied," Amelia murmured, "till Charles has seen them."

We went up to the hotel. For the first time in her life, I saw Amelia really nervous as I handed the stones to Charles to examine. Her doubt was contagious. I half feared, myself, he might break out into a deep monosyllabic interjection, losing his temper in haste, as he often does when things go wrong. But he looked at them with a smile, while I told him the price.

"Eight hundred pounds less than their value," he answered, well satisfied.

"You have no doubt of their reality?" I asked.

"Not the slightest," he replied, gazing at them. "They are genuine stones, precisely the same in quality and type as Amelia's necklet."

Amelia drew a sigh of relief. "I'll go upstairs," she said, slowly, "and bring down my own for you both to compare with them."

One minute later, she rushed down again, breathless. Amelia is far from slim, and I never before knew her exert herself so actively.

"Charles, Charles!" she cried, "do you know what dreadful thing has happened? Two of my own stones are gone. He's stolen a couple of diamonds from my necklet, and sold them back to me."

She held out the *rivière*. It was all too true. Two gems were missing—and these two just fitted the empty places!

A light broke in upon me. I clapped my hand to my head. "By Jove," I exclaimed, "the little curate is—Colonel Clay!"

Charles clapped his own hand to his brow in turn. "And Jessie," he cried, "White Heather—that innocent little Scotchwoman! I often detected a familiar ring in her voice, in spite of the charming Highland accent. Jessie is—Madame Picardet!"

We had absolutely no evidence; but, like the Commissary at Nice, we felt instinctively sure of it.

Sir Charles was determined to catch the rogue. This second deception put him on his mettle. "The worst of the man is," he said, "he has a method. He doesn't go out of his way to cheat us; he makes us go out of ours to be cheated. He lays a trap, and we tumble headlong into it. To-morrow, Sey, we must follow him on to Paris."

Amelia explained to him what Mrs.

O'Hagan had said. Charles took it all in at once, with his usual sagacity. "That explains," he said, "why the rascal used this particular trick to draw us on by. If we had suspected him, he could have shown the diamonds were real, and so escaped detection. It was a blind to draw us off from the fact of the robbery. He went to Paris to be out of the way when the discovery was made, and to get a clear day's start of us. What a consummate rogue! And to do me twice running!"

"How did he get at my jewel-case, though?" Amelia exclaimed.

"That's the question," Charles answered. "You *do* leave it about so!"

"And why didn't he steal the whole *rivière* at once, and sell the gems?" I inquired.

"Too cunning," Charles replied. "This was much better business. It isn't easy to dispose of a big thing like that. In the first place, the stones are large and valuable; in the second place, they're well known—every dealer has heard of the Vandrift *rivière*, and seen pictures of the shape of them. They're marked gems, so to speak. No, he played a better game—took a couple of them off, and offered them to the only one person on earth who was likely to buy them without suspicion. He came here, meaning to work this very trick; he had the links made right to the shape beforehand, and then he stole the stones and slipped them into their places. It's a wonderfully clever trick. Upon my soul, I almost admire the fellow."

For Charles is a business man himself, and can appreciate business capacity in others.

How Colonel Clay came to know about that necklet, and to appropriate two of the stones, we only discovered much later. I will not here anticipate that disclosure. One thing at a time is a good rule in life. For the moment, he succeeded in baffling us altogether.

However, we followed him on to Paris, telegraphing beforehand to the Bank of France to stop the notes. It was all in vain. They had been cashed within half an hour of my paying them. The curate and his wife, we found, quitted the Hotel des Deux Mondes for parts unknown that same afternoon. And, as usual with Colonel Clay, they vanished into space, leaving no clue behind them. In other words, they changed their disguise, no doubt, and reappeared somewhere else that night in altered characters. At any rate, no such person as the Reverend Richard Peploe Brabazon was ever afterwards heard of—and, for the matter of that, no such village exists as Empingham, Northumberland.

We communicated the matter to the Parisian police. They were *most* unsympathetic. "It is, no doubt, Colonel Clay," said the official whom we saw; "but you seem to have little just ground of complaint against him. As far as I can see, messieurs, there is not much to choose between you. You, Monsieur le Chevalier, desired to buy diamonds at the price of paste. You, madame, feared you had bought paste at the price of diamonds. You, monsieur the secretary, tried to get the stones from an unsuspecting person for half their value. He took you all in, that brave Colonel Caoutchouc—it was diamond cut diamond."

Which was true, no doubt, but by no means consoling.

We returned to the Grand Hotel. Charles was fuming with indignation. "This is really too much," he exclaimed. "What an audacious rascal! But he will never again take me in, my dear Sey. I only hope he'll try it on. I should love to catch him. I'd know him another time, I'm sure, in spite of his disguises. It's absurd my being tricked twice running like this. But never again while I live! Never again, I declare to you!"

"*Jamais de la vie!*" a courier in the hall close by murmured responsive. We stood under the veranda of the Grand Hotel, in the big glass courtyard. And I verily believe that courier was really Colonel Clay himself in one of his disguises.

But perhaps we were beginning to suspect him everywhere.

The New Photography.

By Alfred W. Porter, B.Sc.

Fellow and Assistant-Professor of Physics, University College, London.

THE New Photography is more than two years old. At the beginning of the year 1894 Lenard, at Bonn, showed that it was possible to obtain "shadows" of objects through optically opaque substances, and to produce an impress of these "shadows" on photographic plates which could afterwards be developed and fixed by ordinary photographic processes.

So modestly was the fact announced in the midst of other and more striking statements, that even those who read his paper upon its publication had well-nigh forgotten that such photographs had been obtained by him, when their attention was called afresh to the subject by the announcement (in January of this year) of a much more sensational fact by Professor Röntgen, of Würzburg—viz., that by similar means it is possible to photograph the skeleton of an animal while it is still alive. Professor Röntgen's publication —pregnant as it was with the possibility of important practical applications—was the herald of an enormous amount of activity in the physico-medical world; while certain paradoxical properties (announced at the same time) of the agent by which the photographs are obtained, afforded a rare stimulus to experimental work by physicists in the exercise of their true function as inquirers into the secrets of Nature.

It is not possible in this place to narrate all the scientific details connected with this subject; but to make the process plain to you a few brief semi-scientific paragraphs are indispensable.

Take an ordinary medical or "shocking" coil, with its electric battery, and imagine both made so much larger that the apparatus is no longer convenient for producing comfortable shocks. If the terminals which you usually catch hold of (in the smaller coils) are brought very close together, you will probably see a small spark passing between them; and even with only moderately large coils it is easy in this way to obtain electric sparks (miniature lightning flashes) several inches long. A spark 3in. long is very good for our purpose. This spark is produced by the electric current tearing its way through the intermediate air.

Now imagine the coil terminals imbedded in the ends of a glass tube from which the air can be gradually withdrawn by means of an air-pump. As the exhaustion proceeds, a series of remarkable changes is passed through. At a particular stage the spark has lost its sharp, lightning-like character, and a reddish glow of light spreads through almost the whole extent of the tube. Near one terminal (called the negative terminal) a non-luminous space is seen, while the terminal itself is coated with a blue, velvet-like glow. As the amount of air present becomes still less, a stage is at last reached when the red light disappears, and in the meantime the appearances near the negative terminal have become increasingly prominent. From this terminal a very faint glow of blue light may be seen spreading. It has been shown to represent the path of a stream of particles of gas which dart away with prodigious velocity in a direction always perpendicular to the negative pole. This is the famous negative stream. If a solid

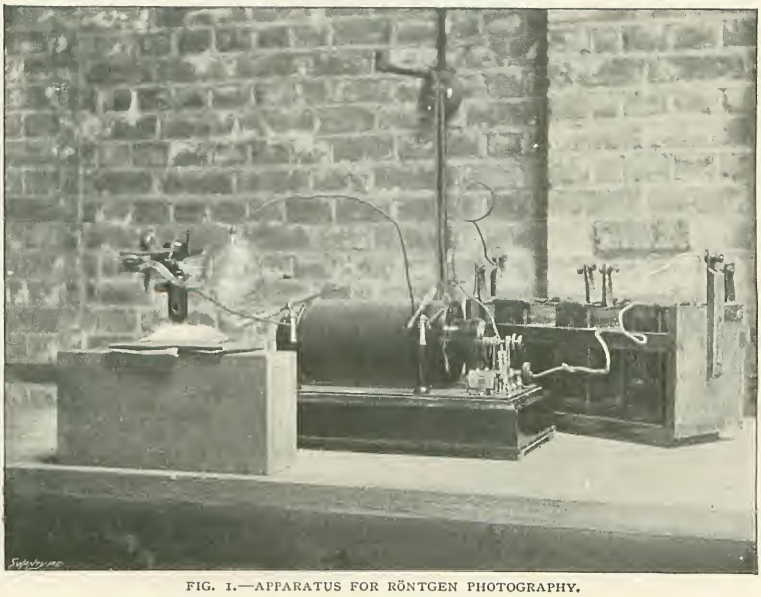


FIG. 1.—APPARATUS FOR RÖNTGEN PHOTOGRAPHY.

object is placed in the path of this stream, several things may happen: 1st, it may get hot; 2nd, it may get bright—shining with a green or blue glow, according to the material of which it is made; 3rd, it may become the seat of the production of that which is the instrument in the hands of the "New" photographer, and which is variously known as Röntgen radiation or X-radiation. At the solid object the new radiation springs into being, and then travels away from it in all directions, in very much the same way that ordinary light would do.

Tubes in which this new phenomenon may arise have been in use in all physical laboratories for nearly twenty-five years. In the majority of them the negative stream first strikes against the glass walls, and these walls constitute the source of the active rays. But a far more efficient form has been used by a few experimentalists from the beginning, and now—since it has been put on the market—is used by every worker in Great Britain. In this tube (it is a *spherical tube*, by the way, and we shall henceforth call it a bulb) the negative terminal is made of a saucer-shape, and the paths of the stream of particles starting from it all meet at a point near the centre of the bulb. At this point a disc of platinum is placed, and this serves both as the second terminal and as the source of the new rays. The bulb is called a "focus-tube." Amongst those who recognised the great superiority of this form of bulb were Professor Hicks, F.R.S., of Sheffield; Mr. Herbert Jackson, of King's College, London; and myself. The first to show in public a bulb of this character was, I believe, myself, viz., in a lecture delivered at University College, on January 29th; and on February 13th, in a discussion at the Royal Society, I first described the bulb in connection with an experiment demonstrating that a point on the platinum disc acted as the source of the radiation.

In what manner is this radiation employed in the New Photography?

If we hold a lighted taper above a sheet of paper, rays stream out in every direction, and where they strike the paper illuminate it. Now interpose an opaque object between the taper and paper screen: it will prevent the light from falling on certain portions of the paper, which will, therefore, remain dark—*i.e.*, the object casts a shadow. This shadow has sharper edges the smaller the source of light is and the nearer the object is to the paper.

Replace the taper by the platinum disc of the active bulb. Radiation (of the new kind) streams from it in every direction *on one side of the disc*, and if the interposed object be opaque to the rays it will again cast a shadow on a screen which is placed in their path; but in this case it is usually an *invisible* shadow, for the new radiation cannot be seen by the eye.

Two ways are known of showing that the shadow is there. If a screen coated with crystals of potassium platino cyanide receives the rays, it glows blue *wherever the rays fall.* Such a screen then will reveal the presence of the shadow, for it will glow least where fewest rays fall. It is called a *fluorescent screen.* The other mode is the photographic one. The X-rays, like light-rays, possess the property of affecting an ordinary photo-

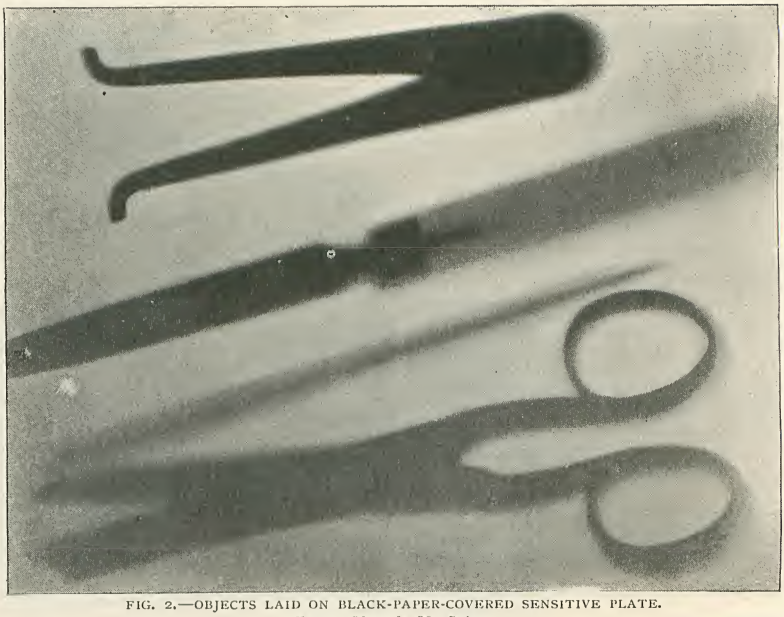
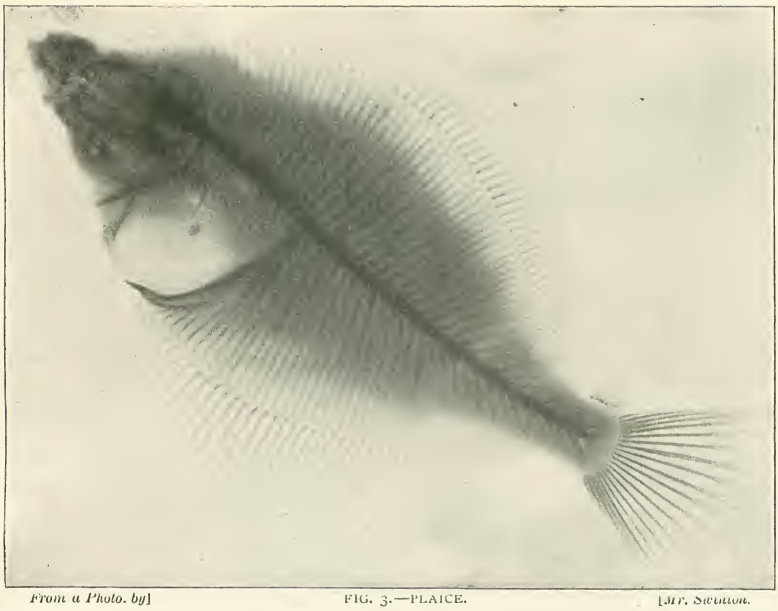


FIG. 2.—OBJECTS LAID ON BLACK-PAPER-COVERED SENSITIVE PLATE.
From a Photo. by Mr. Spiers.



From a Photo. by] FIG. 3.—PLAICE. [*Mr. Swinton.*

graphic plate, so that where most rays fall a black deposit will be formed on subsequently treating the plate chemically (developing it), as is done in ordinary photography—where no rays fall no deposit is formed, the plate is then transparent when finished. If a series of objects of various degrees of transparency are permitted to cast shadows, we obtain a series of visible images of different degrees of darkness on the developed photographic plate. We obtain, in fine, a New Photograph.

The disposition of the apparatus as used by me throughout is represented in Fig. 1. The photographic plate is there shown wrapped in black paper (so that one may work in ordinary daylight); upon it lies the object (a white rat), whose shadow is being "taken," and above it the acting bulb. Behind these stands the induction coil, and in the background is the battery which serves to excite the coil.

And what will be the appearance of the image of the rat when taken? If its shadow had been cast by ordinary light, we would obtain merely an ungraded shadow, bounded by the outline of its body; because the whole body is opaque to rays of light. But optical opacity is no guarantee of opacity to the new rays. To these flesh is very tolerably transparent—the rays get through several inches of it without considerable loss. Bone, on the other hand, is very opaque—a shower of rays falling on even slender bones is to a large extent stopped. The bones will therefore cast a more complete shadow than the rest of the body. We might compare the result with that which would be obtained optically from a glass rat with translucent porcelain bones.

Let us prepare now to look at some of these *radiographs* (as we call them) obtained by various experimentalists in England. They represent the productions of two periods. First, the pioneer period, when every man used the tube and other apparatus which was right in his own eyes; secondly, the present period in which the focus-tube has proved itself to be king over all tubes, and the rest of the apparatus adopted is identical in character with that figured above. For the work produced by Professor Hicks, and also

FIG. 4.—INJURED HAND.
From a Photo. by Prof. S. P. Thompson, F.R.S.

From a Photo. by] FIG. 5*a*.—DOG'S PAW (NO ANÆSTHETIC USED). [*Mr. Gifford.*

for that done by myself, both periods merge into one; for each of us has used the same character of apparatus and bulb throughout. Further, with regard to my own work, I must say that, with the exception of Figs. 7, 13, and 21, all shown here were obtained by means of the *identical bulb* with which my first successful radiograph was taken. I mention this latter fact in order to assist in dissipating the impression created by the first reports of English work, viz., that the radiographs could only be obtained at the expense of an immeasurable number of bulbs. We heard (in imagination) crash after crash as successive bulbs succumbed. But these crashes did not occur in our own laboratory.

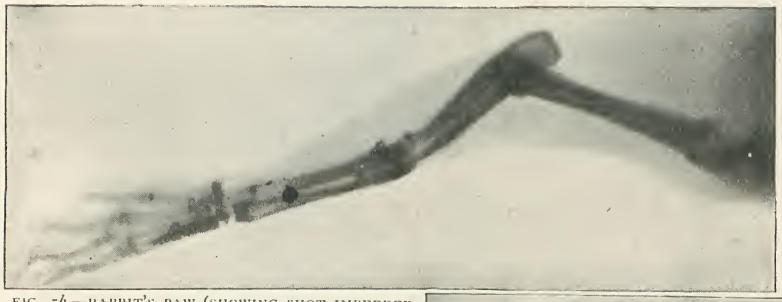


FIG. 5*b*.—RABBIT'S PAW (SHOWING SHOT IMBEDDED IN FRACTURED BONE).
From a Photo. by Mr. Gifford.

We must hasten to our first-period photographs. Fig. 2 is an example of Lenard photography by Mr. C. W. Spiers, working in the laboratory of Professor Ayrton, F.R.S. It is interesting, because it was taken with a 2in. coil, at a time when very much huger and more complicated apparatus was declared to be necessary for the process. Fig. 3 is by Mr. A. C. Swinton, to whom the credit is due of being the first to obtain a Röntgen radiograph in Great Britain. It represents a clearly defined shadow cast by the body-clothed skeleton of a plaice.

In Fig. 4 we have a glimpse of a possible practical application of the process. The revelation of the bones in a living subject at once opened up the power of the process in investigating the nature of internal injuries without the need of surgical probing. The figure represents an injured hand, taken by Professor Sylvanus Thompson, F.R.S. The definition, however, in this case is not good enough to enable one to make out more than the general positions of the bones.

The illustrations,

FIG. 6.—FOOT TAKEN WITH THE SOCK ON.
From a Photo. by Porter & Duckham.

FIG. 7.—BOOT CONTAINING SOCK AND FOOT.
From a Photo. by A. W. Porter.

Figs. 5*a* and 5*b*, were radiographed by Mr. J. W. Gifford, of Chard, one of the first whose names became familiar to us in connection with the subject. Fig. 5*b* was taken with a practical object. The heavier metals are very opaque to the X-rays ; hence the presence of a lead bullet in a limb should at once manifest itself. There is no need to put a bullet in one's hand to test the point. Mr. Gifford has utilized the paw of a shot rabbit, in the fractured bone of which the shot is embedded. The fur was on the paw, but the radiation went through it as easily as you go through an open door ; hence it does not appear on the print.

We will deal with the actual surgical cases later on : but this is the place to say that, in the first public demonstration of the new process given in Great Britain (given by me on January 29th), I took, with an exposure of 3¾min., a radiograph of a finger containing a lead pellet, which showed most clearly the presence of the pellet. Short exposures, such as that just mentioned, were all that were required (at any rate in my case) for such slender things as fingers.

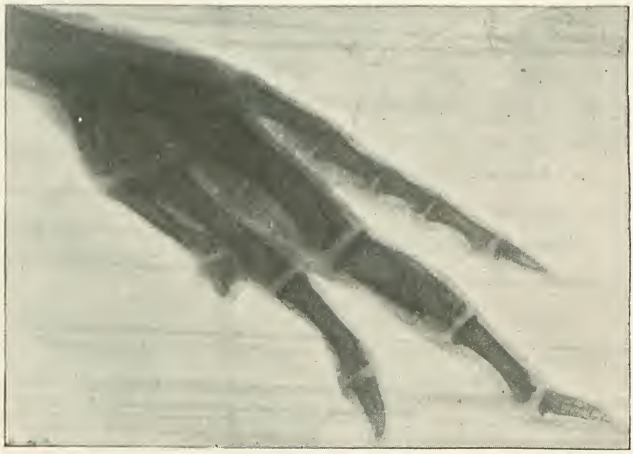
In passing from these to thicker objects, such exposures were found to be insufficient. It has to be borne in mind that each inch of substance passed through cuts off a certain percentage of the incident rays, and in order that the same quantity of rays shall reach the sensitive plate, a longer exposure must be given for thick objects than for thin.

This is exemplified in Fig. 6, which was taken with the assistance of Mr. Alec Duckham. Six minutes' exposure was given, although for a hand four minutes would have been ample. The sock was visible optically, almost invisible Röntgenically, though its outline shows faintly along one side.

The same point is exemplified still better by Fig. 7 (taken at a much later date), representing a foot taken with both sock and boot on—a sample curious for its revelation of the structure (partly metallic) of the boot, and quite ghastly in its portrayal of the bones inside. We willingly turn to some less gruesome specimens.

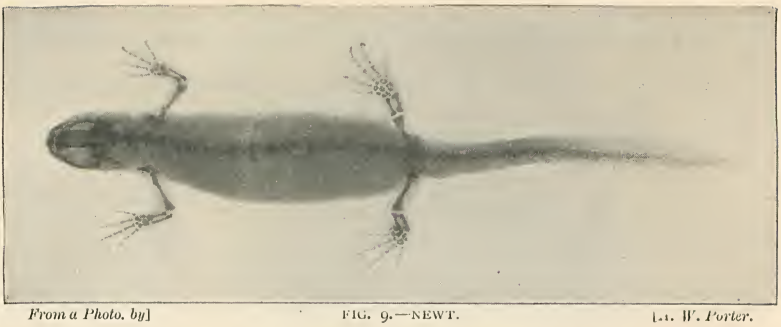
Fig. 8 is a chicken's foot, which was laid on the sensitive plate placed at the bottom of a cardboard box packed up to the lid with corrugated paper (such as is used for packing bottles), the lid put on, and the whole radiographed. The result is of unsurpassed sharpness.

In Fig. 9, the water-newt, or common triton, proudly exposes his wrists and ankles to view ; and very pretty they are, too.



From a Photo. by] FIG. 8.—CHICKEN'S FOOT. *[Porter & Duckham.*

But for magnificence nothing can compare with the common frog (Fig. 10). *He was made for the process.* His skeleton is strong but graceful: built up of innumerable small bones, each of which is so fine that the radiation partly penetrating it reveals its internal structure, and yet it stands boldly out in the midst of its almost spiritual covering of flesh. The radiograph kindly hides the fact that he had been dead several days when this last memorial of his earthly career was obtained. The only indication of the fact is the abnormally expanded lung, which shows of a light shade in the figure.



From a Photo. by] FIG. 9.—NEWT. [*A. W. Porter.*

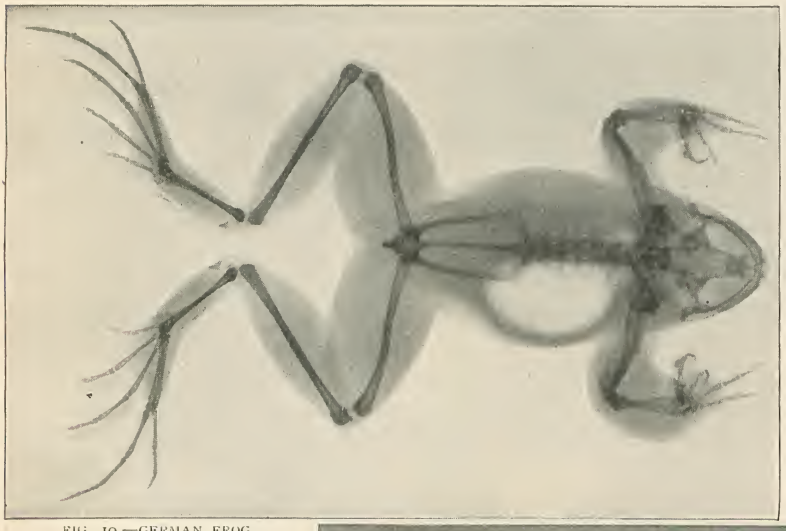


FIG. 10.—GERMAN FROG.
From a Photo. by A. W. Porter.

We turn now to the severely practical side of the subject—the utility of the process as an aid to the surgeon. This aspect of the subject is more suited to the pages of a medical journal — we prefer not to look on ghastly things. A few illustrations will serve to emphasize its vast importance.

Fig. 11 is by Professor Hicks, of Sheffield. (We must remark that all the examples by Professor Hicks which we have seen are of remarkable sharpness and distinctness, and we would have been glad of examples from him on a *variety* of subjects.) This figure served to locate a needle which had become embedded in the ball of a thumb.

Fig. 12 (*a* and *b*) is another similar instance where the needle is in a more difficult position. It illustrates how entangled such an intruder can become in the

From a Photo. by] FIG. 11.—PORTION OF HAND [*Prof. Hicks, F.R.S.*
(SHOWING NEEDLE EMBEDDED IN THE BALL OF THE THUMB).

FIG. 12*a*.—HAND CONTAINING NEEDLE WITH THUMB CLOSE AGAINST PALM.
From a Photo. by Porter & Allan Hair.

tissues into which it works its way. The only difference between Fig. 12*a* and Fig. 12*b* is that in the former the thumb is close against the palm, while in the latter it is stretched as far from it as possible; yet this slight movement of the thumb has shifted the shadow of the needle through nearly a right angle.

In both Professor Hicks's case and the latter the needle was successfully removed. A specially interesting fact with regard to the latter is that the doctor who had initially treated the case was confident (in spite of the swelling and pain) that *no needle was present.*

We will glance, as we take the path away from this part of the subject, at a malformation of the hand (Fig. 13). The process is here seen to be valuable, as affording interesting information where no resort to the surgeon's knife is intended. The hand lacks the normal number of fingers: there are only three bones in the palm instead of five; and one of the wrist bones is wanting.

The process has been applied almost exclusively to the animal and mineral kingdom. I am not aware that any attempt has been made outside our own college to extend its range of application to the vegetable kingdom. But the different parts of a plant are of different degrees of transparency, and therefore will be differentiated from one another if a radiograph be taken. The inside of a growing plant can then be revealed without destroying the life of the plant. As an illustration take Fig. 14 (*a* and *b*), which shows (*a*) the outside of a black tropical pod taken by ordinary photography; (*b*) its internal structure revealed by the new method. These were obtained by Mr. W. Grant, of this college. We do not scruple to tear a plant to pieces, and this will generally be the easiest way of finding out what is inside, but there may occur cases in botanical investigation in which the new process will be of some slight use.

A means which is so capable of disclosing

FIG. 12*b*.—HAND CONTAINING NEEDLE WITH THUMB STRETCHED OUT.
From a Photo. by Porter & Allan Hair.

From a Photo. by] FIG. 13.—MALFORMED HAND. *[A. W. Porter.*

the presence of metal might well be expected to have other useful application besides its surgical one. We have heard that it has been used by the Post Office for detecting the unlawful presence of coins in unregistered packages. A more important application is that which has been made by MM. Ch. Girard and F. Bordas, the former of whom is Director of the Municipal Laboratory in Paris.

To these gentlemen is intrusted the hazardous task of examining bombs and dynamitards' and other packages suspected of containing explosive material. We can understand the eagerness with which they have put to proof the possibility of using the new rays as an aid in their performance of their dangerous duties. Some of the results of their experiments are shown in Figs. 15 and 16. Fig. 15 represents an ordinary photograph of an explosive-book, such as was sent some three or four years ago to MM. Constans and Etienne.

It is constructed on the "bon-bon" principle. One end of the cracker is attached to the cover, the other end to a box placed in a hollow inside the glued-up leaves. When the book is opened the cracker goes off and ignites the contents of the iron vessel. If this is filled with fulminate of mercury and scraps of iron, the result can be better imagined than described. What the contents are can be in part discovered by the new photographic method.

The revelation made by Fig. 16 is quite sufficient to make one cautious in further investigating the encyclopædic character of the contents of this terrible volume.

We leave behind us now the period in which sharply defined results could only be obtained by the few. In the present stage anyone can obtain such results who is inclined to pay the extortionate prices charged by the sundry sellers of the "focus-tube." Results, therefore, fail to have the same interest as those obtained in the pioneer period. But I give a few here in order to bring the matter well up to date.

A remarkably clear hand, by Mr. Gifford,

FIG. 14*a*.—ORDINARY PHOTOGRAPH OF SEED-POD.
From a Photo. by Mr. W. Grant.

FIG. 14*b*.—RADIOGRAPH OF SEED-POD.
From a Photo. by Mr. W. Grant.

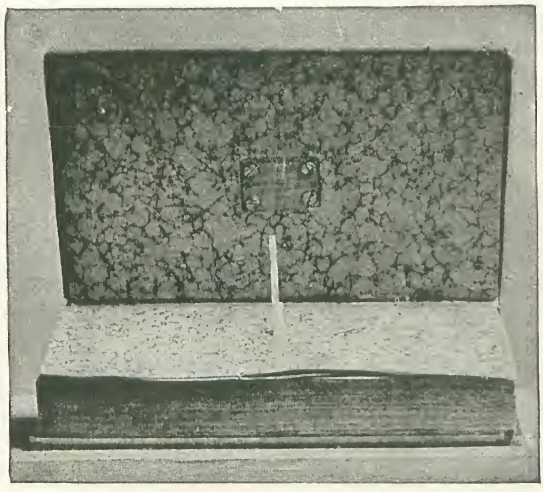


FIG. 15.—PHOTOGRAPH OF EXPLOSIVE BOOK.

is presented in Fig. 17. The amount of detail on it is surprising. The shading does not represent surface marking as it would in ordinary photography. It is an indication of the spongy nature of the bone. The shaft of each bone is seen (on interpretation) to be of much denser bone than the terminal portions. Indeed, in the first stage of life these portions have not yet become ossified. This is illustrated by the next example—a puppy, by Mr. Swinton (Fig. 18), in which the large interspaces between the bones represent regions filled with cartilaginous material, which will in part become ossified at a later period of life.

In the earlier attempts little success was obtained by those who used imperfectly acting tubes, in differentiating the various portions of the flesh from one another. A considerable amount of success has since been obtained. I give a fine example by Mr. Swinton — a side view of the heel, in which tendon, muscle, surface tissues, and bone are each distinguishable from one another (Fig. 19); and a further example is seen in Fig. 20—a pigeon by Mr. Stainer, of Folkestone. In this the trachea, or windpipe, shows plainly up to the point where the poulterer interfered. Lower down are seen the stones which the

FIG. 16.—RADIOGRAPH OF CONTENTS OF EXPLOSIVE BOOK.

gizzard contains and which serve the same purpose as teeth in animals that possess them.

Finally I present a bat, by myself (Fig. 21). This animal had not awakened from his winter sleep when he was transported from the country and subjected to the radiographic ordeal.

We have been dealing with the subject

From a Photo. by] FIG. 17.—HAND. *[Mr. Gifford.*

FIG. 18.—PUPPY (SHOWING INCOMPLETE OSSIFICATION OF BONES).
From a Photo. by Mr. Swinton.

chiefly in so far as it lends itself to pictorial illustration. But the matter is one which, as I stated near the beginning, has aroused an enormous amount of interest amongst scientific men. As leaders in this respect in Britain may be mentioned Dr. O. J. Lodge, F.R.S., of Liverpool, and Professor J. J. Thomson, F.R.S., of Cambridge. But there is scarcely a physical laboratory in the world in which experimental work is not being done in confirmation and extension of the valuable work done by Professor Röntgen himself.

The universality of this inquiry brings with it an important advantage. There is evidence that this radiation is not a simple thing. Just as light of many kinds is known—"blood-red and purple, green and blue"—so it would appear that Röntgen radiation is of a variegated character. It is of the supremest importance, then, that it should be developed under the greatest possible variety of conditions in order that its nature may be adequately brought to light.

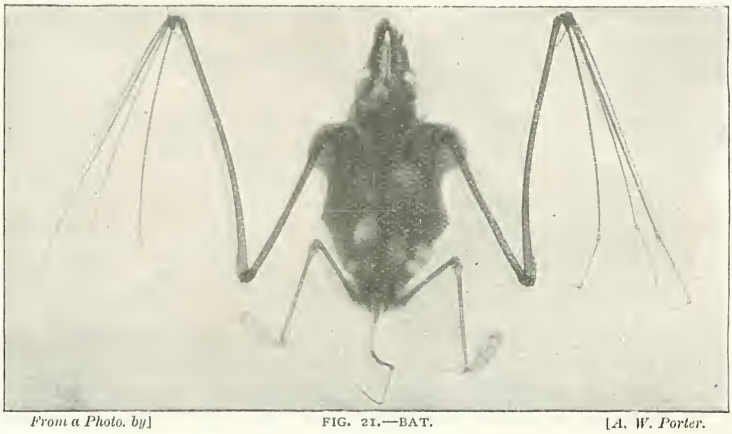
What that nature is is still a mystery. No crucial experiment has been yet made deciding definitely in favour of one over the other of the two guesses which were made at first. In many respects it behaves like ordinary light. It thus behaves in its action on photographic plates and in its power of making certain bodies glow when placed in its path. It is like light also in so far as it can be reflected from certain surfaces. Here, however, the resemblance ceases. Light-rays are commonly bent on

From a Photo. by] FIG. 19.—SIDE VIEW OF HEEL. *[Mr. Swinton.*

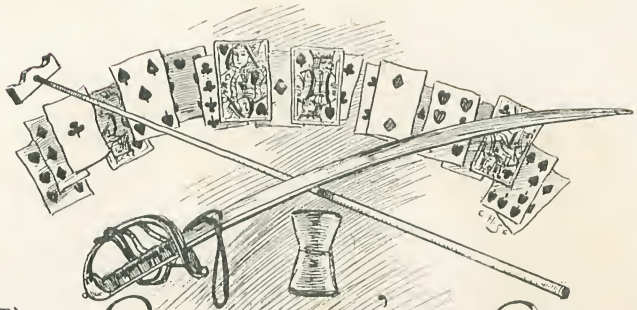
From a Photo. by] FIG. 20.—PIGEON. [*Mr. Stainer.*

passing from one substance to another. No evidence of similar bending has been obtained for the new rays. Puzzling though this property of always passing in a straight course through a succession of substances undoubtedly is, it is yet not conclusive evidence against the rays being essentially similar to light-rays. A helpful analogy may be sought in the behaviour of a beam of light itself. "The gay motes that people a sunbeam" have no power to turn the beam out of its course; and if we can conceive the particles of which any substance is built up as behaving toward the new radiation in very much the same way that the particles of dust in the atmosphere act on the sunbeam which streams through them, the difficulty is to a large extent removed.

Professor Röntgen's own suggestion was different from this. It is known that ordinary light consists of waves in a medium filling all space, to which the name "ether" has been given. If a stone is dropped into a pool of water, it starts the water moving up and down in such a way that a series of waves is propagated in every direction over the surface of the pool. When a candle or other bright point is shining, it is setting the ether particles vibrating from side to side in such a way that a series of waves passes away from it in every direction. But instead of vibrating from side to side, it is possible to imagine the ether moving backward and forward in the direction in which the waves travel. The waves produced would be called longitudinal waves. Such waves actually occur in our atmosphere, and are called *sound;* but they have never hitherto been detected in the ether. Are Röntgen waves the missing longitudinal waves in the ether? This was Röntgen's question; to it no decisive answer has yet been given, though the balance of evidence seems against an affirmative answer. Whichever of these solutions is the true one, we have been brought face to face with facts which would only a short while ago have been considered improbable, if not impossible. A new region for scientific exploration has been opened up, and no one yet knows what the extent of the new land is. But as we walk in it all regrets at our previous ignorance of its existence pass away, and the dominant feeling becomes one of joy and expectation with regard to the potentialities of our new possessions.



From a Photo. by] FIG. 21.—BAT. [*A. W. Porter.*



THE CAPTAIN'S STORY

FROM THE FRENCH of ALBERT DELPIT

By Alys Hallard.

IT was just after the scandal at our club, and a little group of us were talking in a very animated way of the affair. Captain Joubert did not join in the conversation, and did not even seem to be listening to us.

"What will you take for your thoughts?" I said to him, at last.

"Oh! they are not worth much. I was thinking just then of an incident which occurred once at a club in a small provincial town where I happened to be staying."

"Tell us about it!" exclaimed one of the other men, and the captain lighted a cigarette and, putting his elbow on the mantel-shelf against which he had been leaning, began his story:—

"Well, it was when I was in garrison at M——, one of the dullest and most stupid of provincial towns. There was nothing in the world for a fellow to do with himself there, no theatre even, only a low music-hall.

"When I was off duty I gradually got into the habit of turning in to the Union Club, which, by-the-bye, was the only one the town possessed.

"It was called the 'Union,' I should imagine because there was always a dispute of some kind or another going on there. There was very little play at this club except at the time of the three annual fairs, each of which lasted a week. One autumn afternoon, just at the opening of one of these fairs, I happened to go to the club rather early. There were a fair number of men there that day who were strangers to me, wealthy farmers of the neighbourhood, who rarely came into town, and the various owners of the country houses round.

"'They are playing high to-day,' said one of the *habitués* of the club to me. I turned round towards the table to watch the game, and was so surprised at the sight of one of the players that I almost exclaimed.

"It was a young man of some twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, whom I knew by sight. I was very much interested in him, for his father had fought courageously at Magenta and had been killed on the field of battle, leaving his widow and son by no means well provided for. The young man came very rarely to the club, and I had never seen him touch a card before. I was stupefied therefore to see him holding the bank, and a good bank it was too, for there were plenty of notes and gold coins, heaped up in front of him.

"'How much?' called out one of the players.

"'Oh!' laughed a wealthy farmer, 'M. de Mertens is in luck's way: he can safely keep his bank open.'

"I noticed that the young man's face was deadly pale, and there was an excited look in his eyes.

"'Open bank,' he said, and it seemed as though the very words had changed the luck.

"Ten times running Mertens lost, and in a quarter of an hour his bank was cleared out. Another man took his place and the play went on. It got so exciting that I, too, was fascinated, and joined in. There was no room to sit down at the table, so I continued standing, holding my hat in my hand and throwing my winnings into it. I had a run of luck, and went on playing in the most excited way until I was startled by someone calling out: 'You are being robbed, Captain!'

"I started, and instinctively seized a hand

"I STARTED, AND INSTINCTIVELY SEIZED A HAND.'

which had knocked against mine through my sudden movement. It was M. de Mertens' hand, and he held the forty-pound note which he had just taken out of my hat. The wretched man's face was convulsed with emotion. Our eyes met; his were dilated with terror, and there was a look in them that seemed to hold me spell-bound.

"'M. de Mertens is my partner,' I said, haughtily, to the man who had warned me; 'and I am surprised that you should dare to bring such an accusation against a gentleman whose reputation is so well known.'

"The individual who had called out had never been to the club before, and did not know M. de Mertens at all. We had all been standing round the table close to each other, and on seeing another player put his hand into my hat, it was very natural that the man should have thought it his duty to warn me. On hearing my explanation he apologized most humbly to M. de Mertens, and several of the acquaintances of the latter gathered round and expressed their regret that such an insult should have been offered him.

"We then continued our play, and M. de Mertens soon after left the club. Three days passed, and I heard nothing more of the young man. In shielding him as I had done, my first thought had been of his father, and I had determined to save from disgrace the name of the brave soldier of Magenta. Of course, I could quite understand that the young man should now shrink from seeing me again, but still it struck me as rather strange that in some way, either direct or indirect, he did not attempt to express his thanks.

"One evening, however, just as I was going out to pay some visits, my orderly informed me that a lady wished to see me. I went into the drawing-room, and there I found a woman of about forty-five years of age. She was very dignified-looking, and there was an open, honest expression about her face which fascinated me.

"'I am Madame de Mertens,' she said,

simply. 'My son told me everything about the affair at the club, and I have come to thank you with all my heart for having preserved for us intact the honour of our name.'

"'Madame——' I began; but she interrupted me in her emotion and nervousness.

"'My son had got entangled in various ways, and in desperation had taken to play. It appears he had lost every penny he possessed that night. You know the rest, alas!'

"I felt very much embarrassed, for the poor mother's grief was terrible to witness. She was still standing there in front of me, her face was deadly pale, and the tears were trembling on her long, dark eyelashes.

"'He is young, madame; you must not take it to heart so,' I stammered. 'It was just a moment's weakness. I will see your son, and——'

"'No, Captain,' she said, shaking her head sadly, 'he is no longer here . . . he has enlisted, and is already on his way with the regiment.'"

We had all been listening attentively to Captain Joubert's story, and when he stopped speaking there was silence for a few minutes.

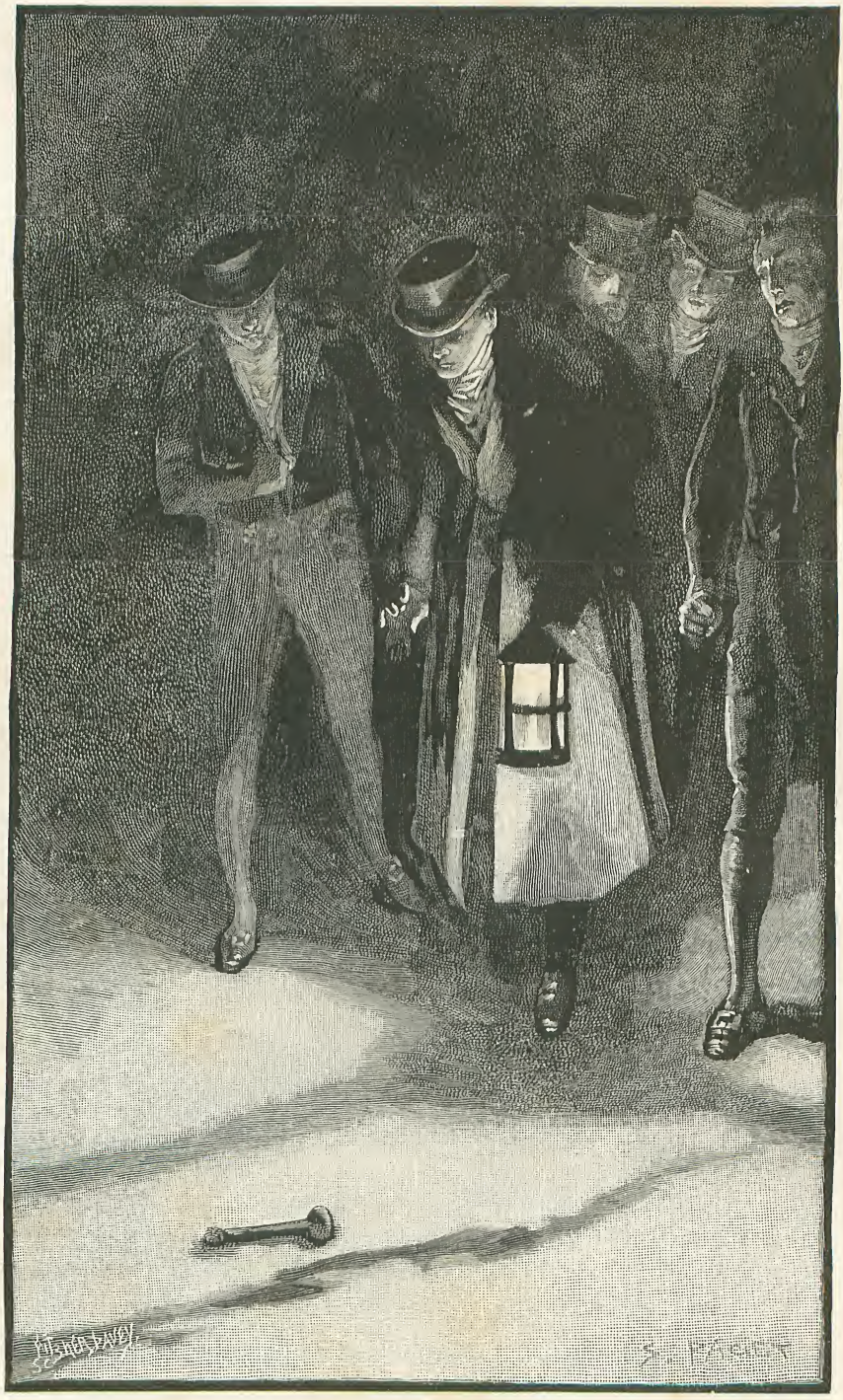
"And what happened to M. de Mertens, Captain?" asked one of our group. "Did you ever hear?"

"He is dead. . . . Six months ago I received a letter from Kelung—a pitiful little letter—written with very pale ink, and on a sheet of paper that was all crumpled and yellow with age. There were only a few lines for me to read. I know them by heart. They were as follows:—

"'*I am mortally wounded. . . . Admiral Courbet has just brought me the cross; but . . . I am dying. I am sending it to you, my poor cross . . . for you saved me, and I should like you to wear it. . . .*'

"This is why, my friends, instead of wearing the decoration which I received from the Chancellor, you always see me with the sergeant's cross which poor Mertens sent me. Poor boy! To think that he started as a thief, and died a hero's death at Kelung."

"HE IS NO LONGER HERE . . . HE HAS ENLISTED."



"THERE LAY A MURDEROUS LITTLE POCKET BLUDGEON."

(See page 133.)

Rodney Stone.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON THE ROAD.

AND now the day of the great fight began to approach. Even the imminent outbreak of war and the renewed threats of Napoleon were secondary things in the eyes of the sportsmen—and the sportsmen in those days made a large half of the population. In the club of the patrician and the plebeian ginshop, in the coffee-house of the merchant or the barrack of the soldier, in London or the provinces, the same question was interesting the whole nation. Every west-country coach brought up word of the fine condition of Crab Wilson, who had returned to his own native air for his training, and was known to be under the immediate care of Captain Barclay, the expert. On the other hand, although my uncle had not yet named his man, there was no doubt amongst the public that Jim was to be his nominee, and the report of his physique and of his performance found him many backers. On the whole, however, the betting was in favour of Wilson, for Bristol and the west country stood by him to a man, whilst London opinion was divided. Three to two were to be had on Wilson at any West-end club two days before the battle.

I had twice been down to Crawley to see Jim in his training quarters, where I found him undergoing the severe regimen which was usual. From early dawn until nightfall he was running, jumping, striking a bladder which swung upon a bar, or sparring with his formidable trainer. His eyes shone and his skin glowed with exuberant health, and he was so confident of success that my own misgivings vanished as I watched his gallant bearing and listened to his quiet and cheerful words.

"But I wonder that you should come and see me now, Rodney," said he, when we parted, trying to laugh as he spoke. "I have become a bruiser and your uncle's paid man, whilst you are a Corinthian upon town. If you had not been the best and truest little gentleman in the world, you would have been my patron instead of my friend before now."

When I looked at this splendid fellow, with his high-bred, clean-cut face, and thought of the fine qualities and gentle, generous impulses which I knew to lie within him, it seemed so absurd that he should speak as though my friendship towards him were a condescension, that I could not help laughing aloud.

"That is all very well, Rodney," said he, looking hard into my eyes. "But what does your uncle think about it?"

This was a poser, and I could only answer

"WHAT DOES YOUR UNCLE THINK ABOUT IT?"

lamely enough that, much as I was indebted to my uncle, I had known Jim first, and that I was surely old enough to choose my own friends.

Jim's misgivings were so far correct that my uncle did very strongly object to any intimacy between us, but there were so many other points in which he disapproved of my conduct, that it made the less difference. I fear that he was already disappointed in me. I would not develop an eccentricity, although

Copyright, 1896, by A. Conan Doyle, in the United States of America.

he was good enough to point out several by which I might "come out of the ruck" as he expressed it, and so catch the attention of the strange world in which he lived.

"You are an active young fellow, nephew," said he. "Do you not think that you could engage to climb round the furniture of an ordinary room without setting foot upon the ground? Some little *tour-de-force* of the sort is in excellent taste. There was a captain in the Guards who attained considerable social success by doing it for a small wager. Lady Lieven, who is exceedingly exigeant, used to invite him to her evenings merely that he might exhibit it."

I had to assure him that the feat would be beyond me.

"You are just a little *difficile*," said he, shrugging his shoulders. "As my nephew, you might have taken your position by perpetuating my own delicacy of taste. If you had made *le mauvais gout* your enemy, the world of fashion would willingly have looked upon you as an arbiter by virtue of your family traditions, and you might without a struggle have stepped into the position to which this young upstart Brummell aspires. But you have no instinct in that direction. You are incapable of minute attention to detail. Look at your shoes! Look at your cravat! Look at your watch-chain. Two links are enough to show. I have shown three, but it was an indiscretion. At this moment I can see no fewer than five of yours. I regret it, nephew, but I do not think that you are destined to attain that position which I have a right to expect from my blood relation."

"I am sorry to be a disappointment to you, sir," said I.

"It is your misfortune not to have come under my influence earlier," said he. "I might then have moulded you so as to have satisfied even my own aspirations. I had a younger brother whose case was a similar one. I did what I could for him, but he would wear ribbons in his shoes, and he publicly mistook white Burgundy for Rhine wine. Eventually the poor fellow took to books, and lived and died in a country vicarage. He was a good man, but he was commonplace, and there is no place in society for commonplace people."

"Then I fear, sir, that there is none for me," said I. "But my father has every hope that Lord Nelson will find me a position in the fleet. If I have been a failure in town, I am none the less conscious of your kindness in trying to advance my interests, and I hope that, should I receive my commission, I may be a credit to you yet."

"It is possible that you may attain the very spot which I had marked out for you, but by another road," said my uncle. "There are many men in town, such as Lord St. Vincent, Lord Hood, and others, who move in the most respectable circles, although they have really nothing but their services in the Navy to recommend them."

It was on the afternoon of the day before the fight that this conversation took place between my uncle and myself in the dainty sanctum of his Jermyn Street house. He was clad, I remember, in his flowing brocade dressing-gown, as was his custom before he set off for his club; and his foot was extended upon a stool—for Abernethy had just been in to treat him for an incipient attack of the gout. It may have been the pain, or it may have been his disappointment at my career, but his manner was more testy than was usual with him, and I fear that there was something of a sneer in his smile as he spoke of my deficiencies. For my own part I was relieved at the explanation, for my father had left London in the full conviction that a vacancy would speedily be found for us both, and the one thing which had weighed upon my mind was that I might have found it hard to leave my uncle without interfering with the plans which he had formed. I was heart-weary of this empty life, for which I was so ill-fashioned, and weary also of that intolerant talk which would make a coterie of frivolous women and foolish fops the central point of the universe. Something of my uncle's sneer may have flickered upon my own lips as I heard him allude with supercilious surprise to the presence in those sacrosanct circles of the men who had stood between the country and destruction.

"By the way, nephew," said he, "gout or no gout, and whether Abernethy likes it or not, we must be down at Crawley to-night. The battle will take place upon Crawley Downs. Sir Lothian Hume and his man are at Reigate. I have reserved beds at the 'George' for both of us. The crush will, it is said, exceed anything ever known. The smell of these country inns is always most offensive to me—*mais que voulez-vous?* Berkeley Craven was saying in the club last night that there is not a bed within twenty miles of Crawley which is not bespoke, and that they are charging three guineas for the night. I hope that your young friend, if I must describe him as such, will fulfil the promise which he has shown, for I have rather

more upon the event than I care to lose. Sir Lothian has been plunging also—he made a single bye-bet of five thousand to three upon Wilson in Limmer's yesterday. From what I hear of his affairs it will be a serious matter for him if we should pull it off. Well, Lorimer?"

"A person to see you, Sir Charles," said the new valet whose hard fate it had been to succeed the incomparable Ambrose.

"You know that I never see anyone until my dressing is complete."

"He insists upon seeing you, sir. He pushed open the door."

"Pushed it open! What d'you mean, Lorimer? Why didn't you throw him out?"

A smile passed over the servant's face. At the same moment there came a deep voice from the passage.

"You show me in this instant, young man, d'ye 'ear? Let me see your master, or it'll be the worse for you."

I thought that I had heard the voice before, but when, over the shoulder of the valet, I caught a glimpse of a large, fleshy bull-face, with a flattened Michael Angelo nose in the centre of it, I knew at once that it was my neighbour at the supper party.

"'Tis Warr, the prize-fighter, sir," said I.

"Yes, sir," said our visitor, pushing his huge form into the room. "It's Bill Warr, landlord of the 'One Ton' public-'ouse, Jermyn Street, and the gamest man upon the list. There's only one thing that ever beat me, Sir Charles, and that was my flesh, which creeps over me that amazin' fast that I've always got four stone that 'as no business there. Why, sir, I've got enough to spare to make a feather-weight champion out of. You'd 'ardly think, to look at me, that even after Mendoza fought me I was able to jump the four-foot ropes at the ring-side just as light as a little kiddy; but if I was to chuck my castor into the ring now I'd never get it till the wind blew it out again, for blow my dicky if I could climb after. My respec's to you, young sir, and I 'ope I see you well."

My uncle's face had expressed considerable disgust at this invasion of his privacy, but it was part of his position to be on good terms with the fighting-men, so he contented himself with asking curtly what business had brought him there. For answer the huge prize-fighter looked meaningly at the valet.

"It's important, Sir Charles, and between man and man," said he.

"You may go, Lorimer. Now, Warr, what is the matter?"

The bruiser very calmly seated himself astride of a chair with his arms resting upon the back of it.

"I've got information, Sir Charles," said he.

"I'VE GOT INFORMATION, SIR CHARLES."

"Well, what is it?" cried my uncle, impatiently.

"Information of value."

"Out with it, then!"

"Information that's worth money," said Warr, and pursed up his lips.

"I see. You want to be paid for what you know?"

The prize-fighter smiled an affirmative.

"Well, I don't buy things on trust. You should know me better than to try such a game with me."

"I know you for what you are, Sir Charles, and that is a noble, slap-up Corinthian. But if I was to use this against you, d'ye see, it would be worth 'undreds in my pocket. But my 'eart won't let me do it, for Bill Warr's always been on the side o' good sport and fair play. If I use it for you, then I expect that you won't see me the loser."

"You can do what you like," said my uncle. "If your news is of service to me, I shall know how to treat you."

"You can't say fairer than that. We'll let it stand there, gov'nor, and you'll do the 'andsome thing, as you 'ave always 'ad the name for doin'. Well, then, your man, Jim 'Arrison, fights Crab Wilson, of Gloucester, at Crawley Down to-morrow mornin' for a stake."

"What of that?"

"Did you 'appen to know what the bettin' was yesterday?"

"It was three to two on Wilson."

"Right you are, gov'nor. Three to two was offered in my own bar-parlour. D'you know what the bettin' is to-day?"

"I have not been out yet."

"Then I'll tell you. It's seven to one against your man."

"What?"

"Seven to one, gov'nor, no less."

"You're talking nonsense, Warr! How could the betting change from three to two to seven to one?"

"I've been to Tom Owen's, and I've been to the 'Ole in the Wall,' and I've been to the 'Waggon and 'Orses,' and you can get seven to one in any of them. There's tons of money being laid against your man. It's a 'orse to a 'en in every sportin' 'ouse and boozin' ken from 'ere to Stepney."

For a moment the expression upon my uncle's face made me realize for the first time that this match was really a serious matter to him. Then he shrugged his shoulders with an incredulous smile.

"All the worse for the fools who give the odds," said he. "My man is all right. You saw him yesterday, nephew?"

"He was all right yesterday, sir."

"If anything had gone wrong I should have heard."

"But perhaps," said Warr, "it 'as not gone wrong with 'im *yet*."

"What d'you mean?"

"I'll tell you what I mean, sir. You remember Berks? You know that he ain't to be over much depended on at any time, and that he 'ad a grudge against your man 'cause 'e laid 'im out in the coach-'ouse. Well, last night about ten o'clock in 'e comes into my bar, and the three beastliest rogues in London at his 'eels. There was Red Ike, 'im that was warned off the ring 'cause he fought a cross with Bittoon; and there was Fightin' Yussef, who would sell his mother for a seven-shillin'-bit; the third was Chris McCarthy, who is a fogle-snatcher by trade, with a pitch outside the 'Aymarket Theatre. You don't often see four such beauties together, and all with as much as they could carry save only Chris, who is too leary a cove to drink when there's somethin' goin' forward. For my part, I showed 'em into the parlour, not 'cos they was worthy of it, but 'cos I knew right well they would start bashin' some of my customers, and maybe get my license into trouble, if I left 'em in the bar. I served 'em with drink, and stayed with 'em just to see that they didn't lay their 'ands on the stuffed paroquet and the pictures.

"Well, gov'nor, to cut it short, they began to talk about the fight, and they all laughed at the idea that young Jim 'Arrison could win it—all except Chris, and 'e kept a-nudging and a-twitchin' at the others until Joe Berks nearly gave 'im a wipe across the face for 'is trouble. I saw somethin' was in the wind, and it wasn't very 'ard to guess what it was—especially when Red Ike was ready to put up a fiver that Jim 'Arrison would never fight at all. So I up to get another bottle of lip-trap, and I slipped round to the shutter that we pass the liquor through from the private bar into the parlour. I drew it an inch open, and I might ha' been at the table with them, I could 'ear every word that clearly.

"There was Chris McCarthy growlin' at them for not keepin' their tongues still, and there was Joe Berks swearin' that 'e would knock 'is face in if 'e dared give 'im any of 'is lip. So Chris 'e sort of argued with them, for 'e was frightened of Berks, and 'e put it to them whether they would be fit for the job in the mornin', and whether the gov'nor would pay the money if 'e found they 'ad been drinkin' and were not to be trusted.

This struck them sober, all three, an' Fighting Yussef asked what time they were to start. Chris said that as long as they were at Crawley before the 'George' shut up they could work it. 'It's poor pay for a chance of a rope,' said Red Ike. 'Rope be blowed!' cried Chris, takin' a little loaded stick out of his side pocket. 'If three of you 'old him down and I break his arm-bone with this we've earned our money, and we don't risk more'n six months' skilly and crank. ''E'll fight,' said Berks. 'Well, it's the only fight 'e'll get,' answered Chris, and that was all I 'eard of it. This mornin' out I went, and I found as I told you afore that the money is goin' on to Wilson by the ton, and that no odds are too long for the layers. So it stands, gov'nor, and you know what the meanin' of it may be better than Bill Warr can tell you."

"Very good, Warr," said my uncle, rising. "I am very much obliged to you for telling me this, and I will see that you are not a loser by it. I put it down as the gossip of drunken ruffians, but none the less you have served me vastly by calling my attention to it. I suppose I shall see you at the Downs to-morrow?"

"Mr. Jackson 'as asked me to be one o' the beaters-out, sir."

"Very good. I hope that we shall have a fair and good fight. Good day to you, and thank you."

My uncle had preserved his jaunty demeanour as long as Warr was in the room, but the door had hardly closed upon him before he turned to me with a face which was more agitated than I had ever seen it.

"We must be off for Crawley at once, nephew," said he ringing the bell. "There's not a moment to be lost. Lorimer, order the bays to be harnessed in the curricle. Put the toilet things in, and tell William to have it round at the door as soon as possible."

"I'll see to it, sir," said I, and away I ran to the mews in Little Ryder Street, where my uncle stabled his horses. The groom was away, and I had to send a lad in search of him, while with the help of the livery-man I dragged the curricle from the coach-house and brought the two mares out of their stalls. It was half an hour, or possibly three-quarters, before everything had been found, and Lorimer was already waiting in Jermyn Street with the inevitable baskets, whilst my uncle stood in the open door of his house, clad in his long, fawn-coloured driving-coat, with no sign upon his calm pale face of the tumult of impatience which must, I was sure, be raging within.

"We shall leave you, Lorimer," said he. "We might find it hard to get a bed for you. Keep at her head, William! Jump in,

"THE ODDS HAVE SPRUNG TO TEN TO ONE."

nephew. Halloa, Warr, what is the matter now?"

The prize-fighter was hastening towards us as fast as his bulk would allow.

"Just one word before you go, Sir Charles," he panted. "I've just 'eard in my tap-room that the four men I spoke of left for Crawley at one o'clock."

"Very good, Warr," said my uncle, with his foot upon the step.

"*And the* odds have sprung to ten to one."

"Let go her head, William!"

"Just one more word, gov'nor. You'll excuse the liberty, but if I was you I'd take my pistols with me."

"Thank you, I have them."

The long thong cracked between the ears of the leader, the groom sprang for the pavement, and Jermyn Street had changed for St. James's, and that again for Whitehall with a swiftness which showed that the gallant mares were as impatient as their master. It was half-past four by the Parliament clock as we flew on to Westminster Bridge. There was the flash of water beneath us, and then we were between those two long, dun-coloured lines of houses which had been the avenue which had led us to London. My uncle sat with tightened lips and a brooding brow. We had reached Streatham before he broke the silence.

"I have a good deal at stake, nephew," said he.

"So have I, sir," I answered.

"You!" he cried, in surprise.

"My friend, sir."

"Ah, yes, I had forgot. You have some eccentricities after all, nephew. You are a faithful friend, which is a rare enough thing in our circles. I never had but one friend of my own position, and he—but you've heard me tell the story. I fear it will be dark before we reach Crawley."

"I fear that it will."

"In that case we may be too late."

"Pray God not, sir!"

"We sit behind the best cattle in England, but I fear lest we find the roads blocked before we get to Crawley. Did you observe, nephew, that these four villains spoke in Warr's hearing of the master who was behind them, and who was paying them for their infamy? Did you not understand that they were hired to cripple my man? Who then could have hired them? Who had an interest unless it was—— I know Sir Lothian Hume to be a desperate man. I know that he has had heavy card losses at Watier's and White's. I know also that he has much at stake upon this event, and that he has plunged upon it with a rashness which made his friends think that he had some private reason for being satisfied as to the result. By Heaven, it all hangs together! If it should be so——!" He relapsed into silence, but I saw the same look of cold fierceness settle upon his features which I had marked there when he and Sir John Lade had raced wheel to wheel down the Godstone road.

The sun sank slowly towards the low Surrey hills, and the shadows crept steadily eastwards, but the whirr of the wheels and the roar of the hoofs never slackened. A fresh wind blew upon our faces, while the young leaves drooped motionless from the wayside branches. The golden edge of the sun was just sinking behind the oaks of Reigate Hill when the dripping mares drew up before the "Crown" at Redhill. The landlord, an old sportsman and ringsider, ran out to greet so well-known a Corinthian as Sir Charles Tregellis.

"You know Berks, the bruiser?" asked my uncle.

"Yes, Sir Charles."

"Has he passed?"

"Yes, Sir Charles. It may have been about four o'clock, though with this crowd of folk and carriages it's hard to swear to it. There was him, and Red Ike, and Fighting Yussef the Jew, and another, with a good bit of blood betwixt the shafts. They'd been driving her hard, too, for she was all in a lather."

"That's ugly, nephew," said my uncle, when we were flying onwards towards Reigate. "If they drove so hard, it looks as though they wished to get early to work."

"Jim and Belcher would surely be a match for the four of them," I suggested.

"If Belcher were with him I should have no fear. But you cannot tell what diablerie they may be up to. Let us only find him safe and sound, and I'll never lose sight of him until I see him in the ring. We'll sit up on guard with our pistols, nephew, and I only trust that these villains may be indiscreet enough to attempt it. But they must have been very sure of success before they put the odds to such a figure, and it is that which alarms me."

"But surely they have nothing to win by such villainy, sir? If they were to hurt Jim Harrison the battle could not be fought, and the bets would not be decided."

"So it would be in an ordinary prize-battle, nephew, and it is fortunate that it

should be so, or the rascals who infest the ring would soon make all sport impossible. But here it is different. On the terms of the wager I lose unless I can produce a man, within the prescribed ages, who can beat Crab Wilson. You must remember that I have never named my man. *C'est dommage*, but so it is! We know who it is and so do our opponents, but the referees and stakeholder would take no notice of that. If we complain that Jim Harrison has been crippled, they would answer that they have no official knowledge that Jim Harrison was our nominee. It's play or pay, and the villains are taking advantage of it."

"ON THE ROAD."

My uncle's fears as to our being blocked upon the road were only too well founded, for after we passed Reigate there was such a procession of every sort of vehicle, that I believe for the whole eight miles there was not a horse whose nose was further than a few feet from the back of the curricle or barouche in front. Every road leading from London, as well as those from Guildford in the west and Tunbridge in the east, had contributed their stream of four-in-hands, gigs, and mounted sportsmen, until the whole broad Brighton highway was choked from ditch to ditch with a laughing, singing, shouting throng, all flowing in the same direction. No man who looked upon that motley crowd could deny that, for good or evil, the love of the ring was confined to no class, but was a national peculiarity, deeply seated in the English nature, and a common heritage of the young aristocrat in his drag and of the rough costers sitting six-deep in their pony-cart. There I saw statesmen and soldiers, noblemen and lawyers, farmers and squires, with roughs of the East-end and yokels of the shires, all toiling along with the prospect of a night of discomfort before them, on the chance of seeing a fight which might, for all that they knew, be decided in a single round. A more cheery and hearty set of people could not be imagined, and the chaff flew about as thick as the dust clouds, while at every wayside inn the landlord and the drawers would

be out with trays of foam-headed tankards to moisten those importunate throats. The ale-drinking, the rude good-fellowship, the heartiness, the laughter at discomforts, the craving to see the fight—all these may be set down as vulgar and trivial by those to whom they are distasteful; but to me, listening to the far-off and uncertain echoes of our distant past, they seem to have been the very bones upon which much that is most solid and virile in this ancient race was moulded.

But, alas for our chance of hastening onwards! Even my uncle's skill could not pick a passage through that moving mass. We could but fall into our places and be content to snail along from Reigate to Horley and on to Povey Cross and over Lowfield Heath, while day shaded away into twilight, and that deepened into night. At Kimberham Bridge the carriage lamps were all lit, and it was wonderful, where the road curved downwards before us, to see this writhing serpent with the golden scales crawling before us in the darkness. And then, at last, we saw the formless mass of the huge Crawley elm looming before us in the gloom, and there was the broad village street with the glimmer of the cottage windows, and the high front of the old "George Inn," glowing from every door and pane and crevice, in honour of the noble company who were to sleep within that night.

CHAPTER XV.

FOUL PLAY.

My uncle's impatience would not suffer him to wait for the slow rotation which would bring us to the door, but he flung the reins and a crown-piece to one of the rough fellows who thronged the side-walk, and pushing his way vigorously through the crowd he made for the entrance. As he came within the circle of light thrown by the windows, a whisper ran round as to who this masterful gentleman with the pale face and the driving coat might be, and a lane was formed to admit us. I had never before realized the popularity of my uncle in the sporting world, for the folk began to huzza as we passed with cries of "Hurrah for Buck Tregellis! Good luck to you and your man, Sir Charles! Clear a path for a bang-up noble Corinthian!" whilst the landlord, attracted by the shouting, came running out to greet us.

"Good evening, Sir Charles!" he cried. "I hope I see you well, sir, and I trust that you will find that your man does credit to the 'George.'"

"How is he?" asked my uncle, quickly.

"Never better, sir. Looks a picture, he does—and fit to fight for a kingdom."

My uncle gave a sigh of relief.

"Where is he?" he asked.

"He's gone to his room early, sir, seein' that he had some very partic'lar business to-morrow mornin'," said the landlord, grinning.

"Where is Belcher?"

"Here he is, in the bar parlour."

He opened a door as he spoke, and looking in we saw a score of well-dressed men, some of whose faces had become familiar to me during my short West-end career, seated round a table upon which stood a steaming soup-tureen filled with punch. At the further end, very much at his ease amongst the aristocrats and exquisites who surrounded him, sat the Champion of England, his superb figure thrown back in his chair, a flush upon his handsome face, and a loose red handkerchief knotted carelessly round his throat in the picturesque fashion which was long known by his name. Half a century has passed since then, and I have seen my share of fine men. Perhaps it is because I am a slight creature myself, but it is my peculiarity that I had rather look upon a splendid man than upon any work of Nature. Yet during all that time I have never seen a finer man than Jim Belcher, and if I wish to match him in my memory, I can only turn to that other Jim whose fate and fortunes I am trying to lay before you.

There was a shout of jovial greeting when my uncle's face was seen in the doorway.

"Come in, Tregellis!" "We were expecting you!" "There's a devilled bladebone ordered." "What's the latest from London?" "What is the meaning of the long odds against your man?" "Have the folk gone mad?" "What the deuce is it all about?" They were all talking at once.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," my uncle answered. "I shall be happy to give you any information in my power a little later. I have a matter of some slight importance to decide. Belcher, I would have a word with you!"

The Champion came out with us into the passage.

"Where is your man, Belcher?"

"He has gone to his room, sir. I believe that he should have a clear twelve hours' sleep before fighting."

"What sort of day has he had?"

"I did him lightly in the matter of exercise. Clubs, dumb-bells, walking, and a half-hour with the mufflers. He'll do us all proud, sir, or I'm a Dutchman! But what in the world's amiss with the betting? If I didn't know that he was as straight as a line, I'd ha' thought he was planning a cross and laying against himself."

"It's about that I've hurried down. I have good information, Belcher, that there has been a plot to cripple him, and that the rogues are so sure of success that they are prepared to lay anything against his appearance."

Belcher whistled between his teeth.

"I've seen no sign of anything of the kind, sir. No one has been near him or had speech with him, except only your nephew there and myself."

"Four villains, with Berks at their head, got the start of us by several hours. It was Warr who told me."

"What Bill Warr says is straight, and what Joe Berks does is crooked. Who were the others, sir?"

"Red Ike, Fighting Yussef, and Chris McCarthy."

"A pretty gang, too! Well, sir, the lad is safe, but it would be as well, perhaps, for one or other of us to stay in his room with him. For my own part, as long as he's my charge I'm never very far away."

"It is a pity to wake him."

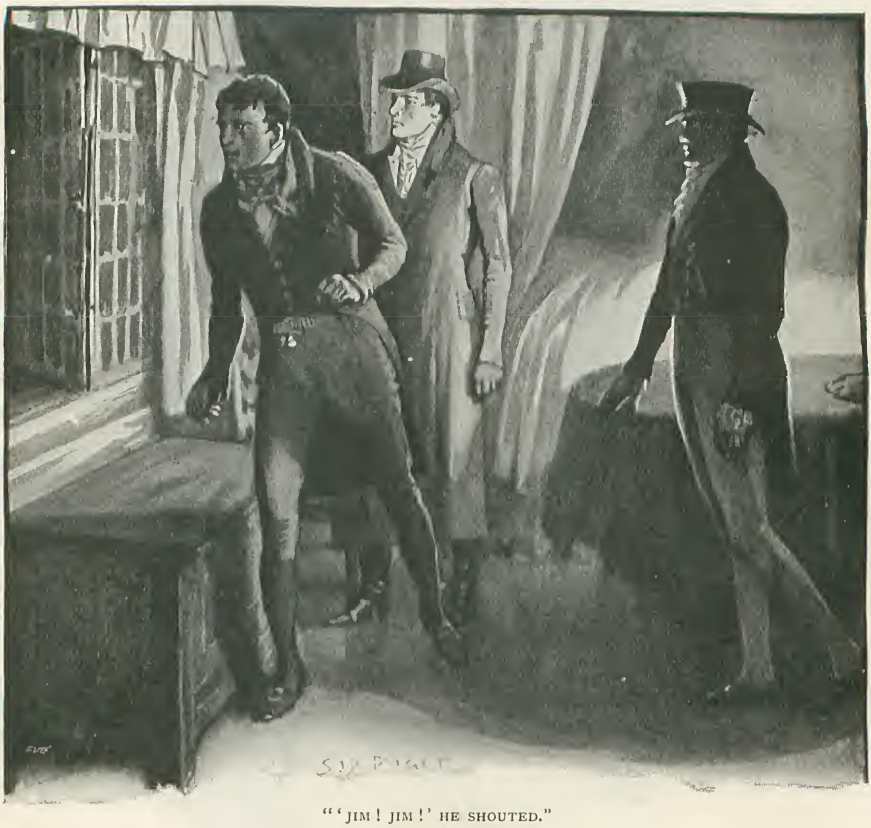
"He can hardly be asleep with all this

"A LANE WAS FORMED TO ADMIT US."

racket in the house. This way, sir, and down the passage!"

We passed along the low-roofed, devious corridors of the old-fashioned inn to the back of the house.

"This is my room, sir," said Belcher, nodding to a door upon the right. "This one upon the left is his." He threw it open as he spoke. "Here's Sir Charles Tregellis come to see you, Jim," said he—and then: "Good Lord, what is the meaning of this?"



"'JIM! JIM!' HE SHOUTED."

The little chamber lay before us brightly illuminated by a brass lamp which stood upon the table. The bed-clothes had not been turned down, but there was an indentation upon the counterpane which showed that someone had lain there. One-half of the lattice window was swinging on its hinge, and a cloth cap lying upon the table was the only sign of the occupant. My uncle looked round him and shook his head.

"It seems that we are too late," said he.

"That's his cap, sir. Where in the world can he have gone to with his head bare? I thought he was safe in his bed an hour ago. Jim! Jim!" he shouted.

"He has certainly gone through the window," cried my uncle. "I believe these villains have enticed him out by some devilish device of their own. Hold the lamp, nephew! Ha, I thought so! Here are his footmarks upon the flower-bed outside."

The landlord, and one or two of the Corinthians from the bar-parlour, had followed us to the back of the house. Someone had opened the side door, and we found ourselves in the kitchen garden, where, clustering upon the gravel path, we were able to hold the lamp over the soft, newly-turned earth which lay between us and the window.

"That's his footmark!" cried Belcher. "He wore his running boots this evening, and you can see the nails. But what's this? Someone else has been here."

"A woman!" I cried.

"By Heaven, you're right, Rodney," said my uncle.

Belcher gave a hearty curse.

"He never had a word to say to any girl

in the village. I took partic'lar notice of that. And to think of them coming in like this at the last moment."

"'Tis clear as possible, Tregellis," said the Hon. Berkeley Craven, who was one of the company from the bar-parlour. "Whoever it was came outside the window and tapped. You see here, and here, the small feet have their toes to the house, while the others are all leading away. She came to summon him, and he followed her."

"That is perfectly certain," said my uncle. "There's not a moment to be lost. We must divide and search in different directions, unless we can get some clue as to where they have gone."

"There's only the one path out of the garden," cried the landlord, leading the way. "It opens out into this back lane, which leads to the stables. The other end of the lane goes out into the side road."

The bright yellow glare from a stable lantern cut a ring suddenly from the darkness, and an ostler came lounging out of the yard.

"Who's that?" cried the landlord.

"It's me, master! Bill Shields."

"How long have you been there, Bill?"

"Well, master, I've been in an' out of the stables this hour back. We can't pack in another 'orse, and there's no use tryin'. I daren't 'ardly give them their feed, for, if they was to thicken out just ever so little——"

"See here, Bill! Be careful how you answer, for a mistake may cost you your place. Have you seen anyone pass down the lane?"

"There was a feller in a rabbit-skin cap some time ago. 'E was loiterin' about until I asked 'im what 'is business was, for I didn't care about the looks of 'im, or the way that 'e was peepin' in at the windows. I turned the stable lantern on to 'im, but 'e ducked 'is face, an' I could only swear to 'is red 'ead."

I cast a quick glance at my uncle, and I saw that the shadow had deepened upon his face.

"What became of him?" he asked.

"'E slouched away, sir, an' I saw the last of 'im."

"You've seen no one else? You didn't, for example, see a woman and a man pass down the lane together?"

"No, sir."

"Or hear anything unusual?"

"Why, now that you mention it, sir, I did 'ear somethin', but on a night like this, when all these London blades are in the village——"

"What was it, then?" cried my uncle, impatiently.

"Well, sir, it was a kind of a cry out yonder as if someone 'ad got 'imself into trouble. I thought, maybe, two sparks were fightin', and I took no partic'lar notice."

"Where did it come from?"

"From the side-road, yonder."

"Was it distant?"

"No, sir; I should say it didn't come from more'n two 'undred yards."

"A single cry?"

"Well, it was a kind of a screech, sir, and then I 'eard somebody drivin' very 'ard down the road. I remember thinking that it was strange that anyone should be drivin' away from Crawley on a great night like this."

My uncle seized the lantern from the fellow's hand, and we all trooped behind him down the lane. At the further end the road cut it across at right angles. Down this my uncle hastened, but his search was not a long one, for the glaring light fell suddenly upon something which brought a groan to my lips and a bitter curse to those of Jim Belcher. Along the white surface of the dusty highway there was drawn a long smear of crimson, while beside this ominous stain there lay a murderous little pocket bludgeon, such as Warr had described in the morning.

(To be continued.)

The Prince's Derby.

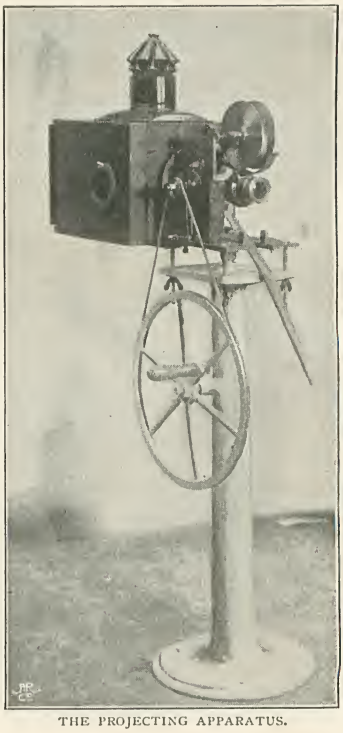
SHOWN BY LIGHTNING PHOTOGRAPHY.

MR. PAUL AND HIS CAMERA.

WE are told that nothing is new. Out of the ancient zoëtrope, or wheel of life, was evolved the gyroscope, which was exhibited in a gallery at the Polytechnic more than sixty years ago. This was a wheel of black silhouette figures, revolving before a mirror, and giving the appearance of vitality. Half a century or so later, Mr. Edison produced his kinetoscope—a band of progressive pictures passing before the eye applied to an optical peep-hole, and creating the effects of life and motion.

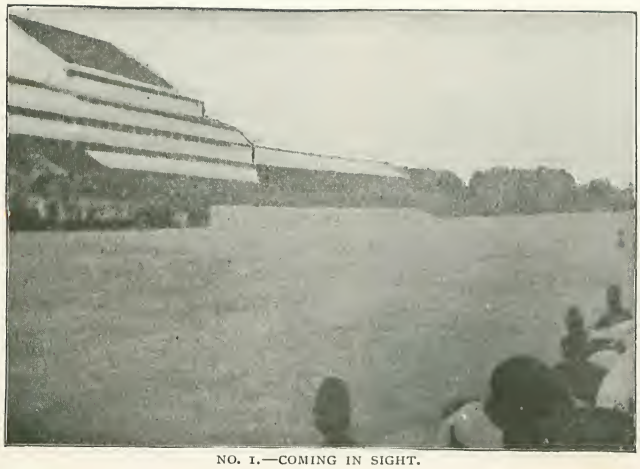
During the Indian Exhibition last year, Mr. R. W. Paul, a clever electrical engineer, of Hatton Garden, made and exhibited the kinetoscopes there, and noticing the rush for these marvellous machines, he wondered if their fascinating pictures could be reproduced on a screen, so that thousands might see them at one time. This idea has been brought to a triumphantly successful issue, though not without infinite patience and ingenuity on the part of the inventor. In Edison's machine the photos. are magnified six times only, whilst in Mr. Paul's apparatus, prints no bigger than a postage-stamp are projected on to a ten-foot screen. Plainly, then, such very high magnification calls for absolute perfection in the tiny originals.

Briefly explained, the whole thing amounts to this: Hundreds of photographs are taken with amazing rapidity—say, twenty a second—on an enormous length of transparent celluloid ribbon. These photos. are subsequently shown magic-lantern fashion, also with extreme rapidity, the result being "living pictures" which completely baffle description; they *must* be seen to be appreciated. On this page Mr. Paul is seen with his unique



THE PROJECTING APPARATUS.

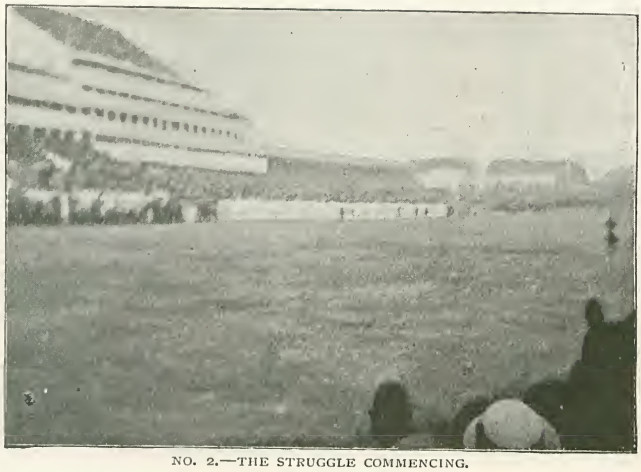
camera; he is looking into the "finder," ready to commence turning the hand-wheel the moment the desired picture comes into the field.



NO. 1.—COMING IN SIGHT.

By means of the unique photographs reproduced in this article, we are able to critically examine literally every step of the Prince's Derby; the now famous race is, so to speak, placed under a microscope for our benefit. First of all, we just discern the leading horse in the distance. Then the horses draw nearer, and we notice their queer attitudes when at full speed—quite unlike the galloping horse of convention. We can realize from the photos. that the memorable Derby of 1896 was at the finish a contest between the favourites only, Earwig being quite a long way behind. The hotly-contested race is won as Persimmon and Watts vanish towards the left in illustration No. 13.

Next is seen the beginning of the inevitable rush across the course. Notice the policeman in the foreground. The great race being over, he knows full well that the most arduous part of his duty has only just commenced. One can see his head turning round as the great river of humanity overwhelms the racecourse; and the last photo. shows that the river has grown into a veritable sea of human beings, each wild with excitement and delight at having witnessed the most popular horse-race of modern times — the Prince's Derby of 1896.



NO. 2.—THE STRUGGLE COMMENCING.

NO. 3.—ST. FRUSQUIN MAKES HIS EFFORT.

But to return to the method whereby these marvellous photos. were taken. The sensitive film is fed from a spool and passes an opening in front of the lens. The process of taking one scene is as follows: The film is moved forward exactly three-quarters of an inch (the width of the photo.); then it stops for the exposure, and moves on again for the next. While the film is actually moving, the light has to be cut off by the revolving shutter so as to prevent blurring, the exposure occurring only when the film is quite stationary. All these conditions are necessary for every picture; and yet Mr. Paul can take with this camera over 2,000 photos. per minute!

On the previous page is the inventor's projecting machine. The ribbon is made

NO. 4.—PERSIMMON HOLDS HIS OWN.

to pass step by step through a kind of magic lantern at precisely the same rate at which the photos. were taken. Each picture pauses in front of the lantern aperture just sufficiently long to appear momentarily on the screen, before being followed by the next. Thus the eye gets the different phases of the scene presented in rapid order. While one photo. is giving place to the next, the lantern aperture is covered with a movable shutter operating at a speed which deceives the eye. Needless to say, the mechanism is wonderfully delicate, containing an aluminium sprocket-wheel, a presser pad, a cam, a steel finger, and other comparatively uninteresting things. The camera and the projecting machine are identical in principle.

NOS. 5 TO 13.—PASSING THE POST.

NO. 6.

Anyone who *hasn't* seen Mr. Paul's amazing "living photographs" has decidedly missed a sensational thing. Take the arrival of the Paris express at Calais station. The great train appears in the distance, and rushes forward as though to overwhelm the audience, but presently slows down in time, and discharges its living freight amid a scene of bustle and excitement. The scene at Westminster, too, with its superb equipages, high-spirited horses, and passing crowds and omnibuses, fairly glows with life. Again, in the Hampstead Heath set, we see the swings and roundabouts going merrily, the children skipping and 'Arry working off his traditional exuberance of spirit. A "Rough Sea at Ramsgate" shows the breakers rolling in majestically, and the spray is thrown up in so realistic a fashion as to make the people in the stalls actually start involuntarily, lest they should be drenched!

But the great sensation is, beyond question, the "Prince's Derby" of 1896, the most popular win the turf has ever known. Of course, Mr. Paul didn't know that the Prince of Wales was going to win the Derby; he merely went to get the finish of that great race, having less concern with the "blue ribbon of the turf" as such, than with the

black ribbon of film which should show to countless multitudes one of the most popular events of the Victorian age. At all events, our inventor was on the spot, with the result that he deposited at these offices some 80ft. of celluloid ribbon, containing about 1,280 unique instantaneous photographs of the historical race. The story of this remarkable photographic feat is well worth recording.

NO. 7.

Mr. Paul went down a few days before the Derby to make his arrangements. Disappointed in the use of one of the stands, he at length rented a few square yards of ground from a man on the course, whose legal rights were by no means well defined. The spot chosen was near Mr. D'Arcy's stand, on the opposite side to the Grand Stand, and about 20yds. past the winning-post.

NO. 8.

At five o'clock on the morning of Derby Day, Mr. Paul set out for the Downs in a wagonette, with two assistants, and the camera shown on the first page of this article. As in the case of other expeditions, great care was taken to provide the necessary appliances. Among the impedimenta were a number of beams of wood, wherewith to shore up the vehicle, so as to take the weight off the springs. This was in order that the camera might have a perfectly steady platform. Incidentally, the beams served another purpose: preventing the total annihilation of the entire party — wagonette, apparatus, and operators — by the surging thousands, who, at the finish of the race, became perfectly delirious with excitement, and were only kept from wiping out the hated intruders by being menaced with far-reaching clubs. It must have been a grand sight —the siege of the wagonette, I mean, not the race. No vehicle had ever been allowed on that spot before. Mr. Paul reached Epsom at eight o'clock, but his troubles commenced with his work. At ten, his erratic landlord (who had received the rent in advance) turned up in a "Derby-Dayish" condition,

NO. 9.

NO. 10.

and requested him to leave. That landlord must have felt strongly on the subject, for he spoke *very* strongly. Half an hour before the race, however, the man was removed, protesting.

The adventurous trio fortunately had the minor races on which to practise beforehand, so that the exact range was soon revealed by the finder. Presently the old cry was raised with its accustomed force and volume. "Off!" sounded with sonorous unanimity from innumerable throats. The Derby had begun. Hearts began to beat faster. Even philosophers, ready to recognise the supreme advantage of keeping cool in all circumstances, felt a peculiar sensation thrilling through their veins. Truly the pace was astonishing. The crowd by the starting-post had scarcely commenced its mad rush across the Downs in the vain hope of getting a glimpse of the finish, when the field "began to tail," as the sporting reporters say. Tamarind and Toussaint were already out of it, and Persimmon was so full of running that his jockey could be seen taking a pull at him. Almost before one could realize the rapid progress of events, the leaders were pounding away as hard as they could down to Tattenham Corner, the purple and scarlet of the Prince gradually forging to the front. But the mighty St. Frusquin was in no humour to be left behind, and came into the straight "going great guns." People held their breath, and wondered, with palpitating hearts, what the result would be. There were only two in it. The favourites left the others as if they were standing still, and the Derby of 1896 resolved itself into a close and desperate struggle. Cries for the Prince were already being raised, when St. Frusquin made a magnificent challenge, and it looked for an instant as if the spoils were going to Mentmore after all. Only for a moment, however. The Royal champion, full of running, answered with an invincible rush, and before he had reached the post the discerning multitude detected what was about to happen. The horses were

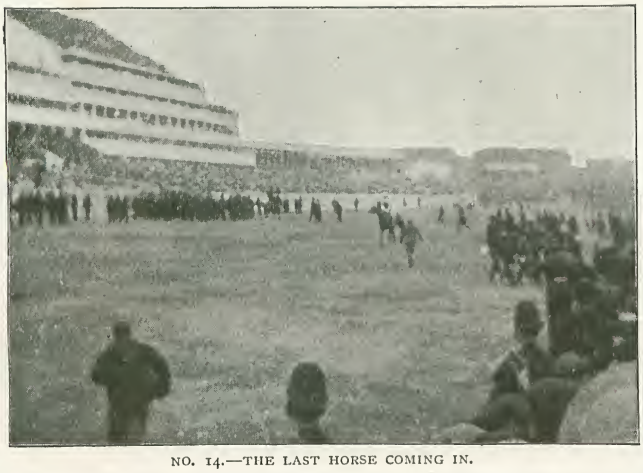
NO. 11.

NO 12

a good twenty yards from the judge's box, but the verdict was, in the estimation of the populace, already assured. A few strides more, and there was no doubt about it. Cheering, which had already begun lustily, swelled into a surging, indomitable, all-conquering roar. It is easy to imagine the utter and complete abandonment of self-possession at that thrilling moment, when one united shout of semi-delirious joy broke from thousands of half-frantic spectators.

NO. 13.

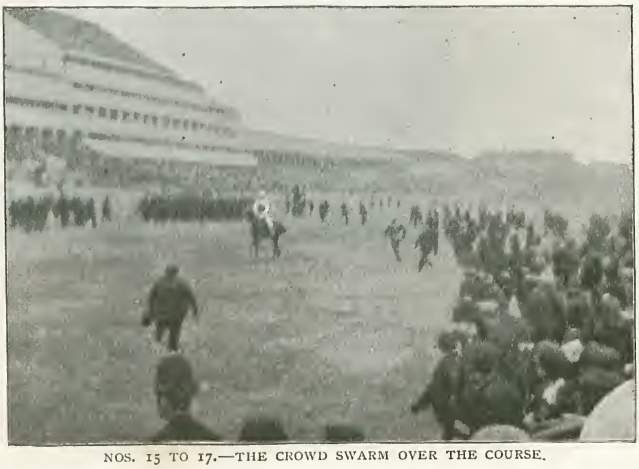
And no wonder. More than 100 years have passed since a Prince of Wales won the Derby. Of the eleven runners competing for the great race in 1788 (the same number, curiously enough, ran in the historic Derby of 1896), the Prince—afterwards George IV. —supplied the favourite in his chestnut colt, Sir Thomas.



NO. 14.—THE LAST HORSE COMING IN.

But let us get back to our enterprising photographer, Mr. Paul. Like a mariner whose vessel is in deadly peril, he stood with his hand on the wheel, looking anxiously along the vast expanse of green turf. Strange as it may seem, he commenced to turn the wheel eight seconds before the horses came into the "field"; of course, I mean the field of the camera. At first the photos. were taken at the rate of about 12 a second, but during the exciting finish the pace increased to 30 and 35 a second, or over 2,000 pictures a minute. The operator slowed down somewhat when the two favourites had passed the winning-post, but the curious photos. of the crowd pouring over the course were taken at about 15 a second. It took Mr. Paul exactly a minute and three-quarters to take the whole scene — the complete set of 1,280 photographs.

The inventor paid little heed to the appalling uproar that marked the finish of the race; he only turned his wheel for dear life, and for the benefit of the public who weren't there. The moment the race was over, Mr. Paul whipped out the film, packed it up securely, and made a dash for Epsom Downs station, only regretting that he couldn't take



NOS. 15 TO 17.—THE CROWD SWARM OVER THE COURSE.

NO. 16.

the uproariously popular sequel to the race—the Prince of Wales leading in his superb horse, Persimmon. However, he had another worry on hand at the moment, for he was by no means sure that his prodigiously long negative was a photographic success.

Mr. Paul, I say, left wagonette, camera, assistants, and everything else, and hurried back to London, reaching Hatton Garden at six o'clock. The assistants, by the way, recommenced operations on the next race. The great negative was developed and hung up to dry at one o'clock in the morning. Later on the Thursday prints were made and tested in the inventor's workshops at Saffron Hill, where a couple of projecting machines and a full-sized screen are always kept in readiness. Thus the same evening an enormous audience at the Alhambra Theatre witnessed the Prince's Derby all to themselves amidst wild enthusiasm, which all but drowned the strains of "God Bless the Prince of Wales," as played by the splendid orchestra. The favourites raced in once more with a tremendous stride, checking their speed only when the winning-post was passed; next were seen the laggard horses, and lastly a seemingly illimitable multitude which swarmed over the course as far as the eye could see. In short, the great race, as depicted by Mr. Paul's animatographe, is a veritable marvel of modern photography and mechanism.

Reproduced in this article are several photos. selected from Mr. Paul's set of 1,280. Seen separately in this way the pictures look rather peculiar, and it is difficult to realize from them the astounding actuality and life of the whole set when spun through the inventor's projecting machine.

NO. 17.

For Dear Life!

A Story of the West.

By Denzil Vane.

"IT'LL be a tough job, mates, but I reckon we'll have to go through with it."

The speaker thrust the barrel of his revolver into his belt with a calm air of determination that heartened up his two companions. The two men belonged to an Anti-Lynching Association, formed for the suppression of lawless acts, miscalled justicial.

"I know for certain sure," remarked a quiet-looking man, who had not spoken before, "that Dick Field never stole them horses."

"Anyway, he sha'n't be hanged for horse-stealing if we can save him. The lad's a good fellow and goin' to be married, too, to the brightest gell in Miners' Gulch City," declared the first speaker.

"That she is, and the tender-heartedest," put in Joe Saker, a tall, lank, bony-framed man. "Do you call to mind, when old Mother Peperdyne was sick, how that there gell nussed her to the very last? I guess our Mirandy's young man's got a right to our purtection—even if he did nab them horses."

"But I tell you he didn't. I know for certain sure he didn't," asseverated the quiet-looking man, who was known in Miners' Gulch City as Silent Pete. "Brandy Ben owed Dick Field a grudge becos of a jolly good thrashing he got for telling a big lie about Mirandy. He swore he'd be even with him. It was him as set the story rolling that Dick had stole the nags. But Brandy Ben sperreted 'em away himself. I saw him a-drivin' 'em in the grey of the morning, and he's got 'em hid somewhere; I guess in one of them caves way off down the river. Then

"THAT GELL NUSSED HER TO THE VERY LAST."

he swore he'd seen Dick do the trick, and 'twas he roused up the boys to be off on Dick's trail."

This was probably a longer speech than Silent Pete had uttered for years. Perhaps the unusualness of his harangue lent it a force it would not otherwise have possessed, for it was listened to with marked attention, both by Saker and Revell. The latter was the leading spirit of the triumvirate. He was an Englishman of good family, reputed to have been once an officer in the Queen's Guards. The story, whether true or false, certainly gave Vin Revell a halo of mysterious splendour; but, apart from that, he had now the good opinion of the rough cowboys and miners of the district for two excellent reasons, namely, his prowess in the saddle, and his skill in the noble art of self-defence.

Vin Revell was, besides, a born leader of men. He had readiness of brain as well as physical courage. Consequently, he soon constituted himself uncrowned king of the community. It was he who had organized the self-constituted police force known as the Anti-Lynching Association. His two lieutenants, Silent Pete and Joe Saker, would have cheerfully died to do him a service. Revell never assumed any airs of superiority on the score of his supposed gentle birth or better education. He conversed, whether from habit or set purpose, in the idiom of the West, and used the turns of speech dear to their hearts. There was only one man in Miners' Gulch City who hated Revell, and that man was Brandy Ben. But, then, Brandy Ben was a scoundrel, a drunkard, and a liar, whose hand was against every man, and for whom no man had a good word.

Only Miranda Wynter pitied the drink-soddened creature. And the ungrateful wretch had once dared to malign the gentle girl, who was adored and reverenced by even the roughest and most reckless of the many rough and reckless men who made Miners' Gulch City their head-quarters. Miranda and her mother kept the best store in the place, and in that isolated and primitive spot they were as safe as if they had lived in Broadway, New York, or Beacon Street, Boston.

Miranda was engaged to be married to Dick Field, who was as fine a specimen of a Western American as one would wish to see. He, like the rest of the inhabitants of Miners' Gulch City, had a great admiration for Vin Revell, and the Englishman honoured young Field with a good deal of his society, and taught him how to handle the foils and how to use his fists in the time-honoured British fashion.

When the ugly story got about that Field had been guilty of an offence that is considered the worst of crimes in the West—namely, horse-stealing—Revell and his two lieutenants were, with the exception of Miranda and her mother, almost the only believers in his innocence in the city. For Brandy Ben had told so plausible a story, and adduced so many facts which seemed to incriminate him, that a general hue and cry was raised among the more rowdy denizens of the township, ever ready for the chance of a "lark."

To "dance a man from a tree," *i.e.*, to hang him without benefit of clergy, judge, or jury, was a common punishment for the offence of which Field was accused.

Two days before, Field had ridden off westward to take up a new "claim" at a distant location away on the frontier of the Indian Reservation. He was believed to have made off with the stolen horses, which he would sell there and return with the price to marry Miranda Wynter. The "boys" had already started on his trail. The chances were that they would overtake and lynch him before Revell and his two aides-de-camp could go to the rescue.

The speech of Silent Pete was therefore received with becoming respect, without, however, interfering with their preparations for departure. Two minutes afterwards the three men were in the saddle, and their horses' heads were turned towards the wide, swelling prairie, across which the winds of Heaven swept unchecked for hundreds of desolate miles.

The broad moon, nearly at the full, shone down on the grassy billows of the prairie. A solitary horseman, mounted on a sinewy mustang, sped westward. His broad-leaved hat was pressed down over his brows, his long hair streamed down to his square shoulders. The moon-lighted prairie stretched before him. He had ridden forty miles that day, and ten more must be covered before he reached the settler's shanty where he meant to snatch a few hours' rest for his horse.

Dick Field had no idea of the danger that menaced him. He was thinking of Miranda, and wondering if the mission on which he was bound would prove successful.

Suddenly a wild halloa startled the stillness of the night. Turning in the saddle he saw half a mile away a dark blot on the dis-

tant horizon. His eyes were preternaturally keen and long-sighted. The dark blot separated into several black dots, which he perceived to be six in number. Six horsemen were riding swiftly towards him across the wide prairie.

Not knowing of their evil intent, he slightly slackened speed and called back a shrill answering halloa. Another shout came ringing back. His horse had already shown signs of fatigue. The men behind him might bivouac, and the thought of rest and food was pleasant to him. They had already gained on him, and he could see in the brilliant moonlight the glint of the metal on their horses' accoutrements. Another shrill halloa, coupled with his name, decided him. These men knew him—they might be friends. He knew of no enemies.

In five minutes they had overtaken him.

"IN FIVE MINUTES THEY HAD OVERTAKEN HIM."

"We want a word with you, Field," shouted the foremost of the band.

"Two, if you like," he called out, cheerfully.

"You've stolen Reid's horses. Confess—out with the truth, or we'll drag it from you."

Two of the band seized his horse's bridle; a third levelled a revolver at his head.

"Speak, or the barker'll do your business," remarked the fellow, coolly.

"Stolen Reid's horses! Why, what the blazes should I do that for?"

"You know that better than we do. What we want to know is what you've done with 'em."

"Do you s'pose I've ate 'em?" retorted Field, sarcastically.

"We guess you've hid 'em somewhere, and that you'll sell 'em when the hue and cry's over!"

"Come, now, that's a bit too strong," Field answered, hotly. "What in thunder sent you off on this fool's errand?"

"Fool's errand or not, I'll guess you'll get a rise in the world you won't like," remarked one of the lads, significantly. "There's trees at White Man's Knoll."

Then for the first time it dawned on Field that he was in a tight place. He had to deal with six men who somehow or other had got hold of the idea that he, Dick Field, had been guilty of what, to them, was a crime at least equal to murder. Human life is of small account in the Wild West, but the kidnapping of horseflesh was a breach of the unwritten code of honour that was sacred to them as the Law of Moses to the ten tribes of Israel.

"Own up and tell us what you've done with the nags, and we'll give you half an hour to say your prayers in. Come—guess we can't waste time here. White Man's Knoll isn't far, and we've a rope handy." He pointed to a stout coil fastened to his saddle.

"Who set you on my tracks?" demanded Field.

"That's not your business."

"But," said Field, desperately, "you're on the wrong scent. I never laid a hand on Reid's horses. I swear it. Perhaps the

fellow who told this lying story was the thief himself. Yes," he went on, a flash of inspiration illuminating his dazed brain, "I'll bet you got your information from Brandy Ben. And I'll stake my bottom dollar that he could tell you a sight more about those nags than ever I could. The cunnin' beast! He swore he'd spite me, and I'm blest if he ain't done it."

"Come, move on, if he won't own up the truth. White Man's Knoll's but a mile away," remarked the rowdiest of the band, a big cowboy, known about the district as Arizona Charlie.

The six men closed round Dick. Escape was hopeless. His only hope of getting out of this tight place lay in the chance that he might be able to convince some of the band that Brandy Ben and not he had stolen Reid's horses. The chance was a remote one, for no means of convincing them, save protestation, was likely to occur during the brief time that would pass before the rope was round his neck.

The band urged on their horses, and soon White Man's Knoll was reached. Field's hands were tied behind his back, the rope was adjusted round his throat by Arizona Charlie's skilled fingers, and finally he was led beneath the branch of a cotton-wood tree, to which the other end of the rope was fastened.

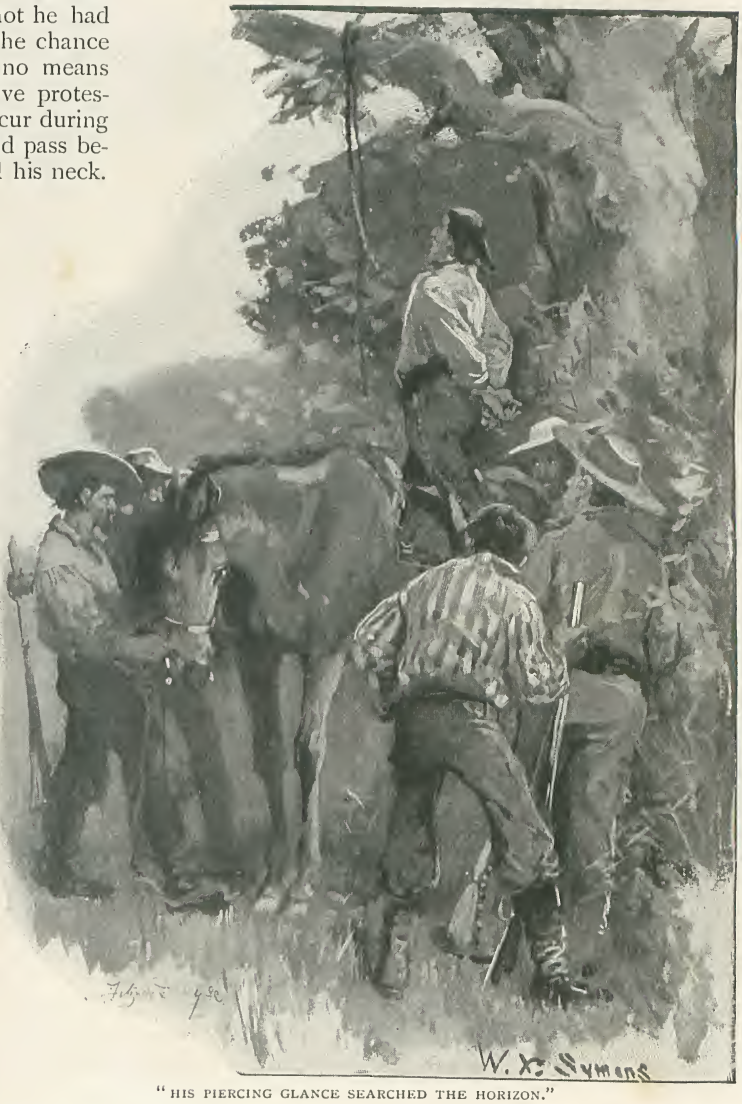
"Up on your feet," ordered his self-constituted executioner.

Field understood. He was to stand on the saddle; then his horse would be goaded on and he—would be jerked out of the world, to go—whither? This, then, was to be his end! In this ignominious way he was to suffer the penalty of another's crime! And Miranda? She would hear of his fate; would she believe in his guilt? Ah, no, surely not. Then his despairing thoughts went out to his friend, Vin Revell. Did Revell know that this band of rowdy "rustlers" had ridden out from Miners' Gulch City bent on his destruction?

But his moments were numbered. He felt the rough contact of the rope against his skin. He glanced up at the thick branch of the cotton-wood tree and then round on the silent, silver-lighted earth. Farewell life! Farewell love! Farewell Miranda!

"Now, then, up on your feet," repeated Arizona Charlie.

He obeyed. As he did so his piercing glance searched the horizon. Far away, on



"HIS PIERCING GLANCE SEARCHED THE HORIZON."

the trail they had travelled, was a black splash, moving across the silvered sage-scrub. Field uttered a tremendous yell that pierced the clear air like a dagger. An answering cry came echoing back. The six men instinctively drew back from their prisoner. A hurried consultation took place, resulting in the decision to delay the execution for five minutes. That brief respite brought an element of hope into the situation. Each passing moment seemed to Field an age—a life-time, during which he suffered many times the pangs of death and the torturing pulsations of returning life.

"By thunder! They've got a prisoner, too!" said Arizona Charlie, as he eagerly scanned the group of approaching horsemen. "We'll give Field a pal to swing at his side."

The horsemen were four in number, counting the prisoner. There were Vin Revell, the Englishman, Joe Saker, and Silent Pete. Hope sprang up full-grown and vigorously, conquering all other emotions in Field's breast: for under the slouched hat of the fourth horseman he recognised the bloated face and sullen eyes of Brandy Ben.

"We've done the job neatly, and not five minutes to spare," drawled Silent Pete, reining in his horse under the spreading arms of the cotton-wood trees. "Guess we've saved you from making an orkard mistake, boys. Here we've the real criminal: caught him red-handed, driving Reid's horses along the track to White Water Creek. We picketed them down by the river and came on to save Field Ben Griffen," he went on, turning to the crouching figure of that notorious rascal, "own up!"

"Confess that you and no other stole Reid's horses," said Vin Revell, in loud, clear tones. "It's your only chance."

"Yes, I took the burros, bad luck to them," grunted Brandy Ben, sulkily.

"We ain't goin' to be done out of our spree, any way," declared Arizona Charlie, "in spite of your durned Anti-Lynching Association. We don't care a blamed red cent whether we hang Field or Brandy Ben. Someone's got to swing on this tree, that's all."

"No man's going to be hanged without a fair trial. None of you will lay a finger on Ben Griffen. We'll just ride back to Miners' Gulch, and he'll be lodged in the gaol to await his trial. Field," he added, going up to the half-dazed ranchman, and cutting the thong of leather that bound his hands, "you're on the side of law and justice, eh?"

"I'm your man, for life or death, Revell," he said, brokenly. "If it's to be a fight, I'll stand by you to the last."

But even cowboys and miners on the spree retain some shreds of common-sense. A fight between four such men as Revell, Saker, Pete, and Field against six good fellows with whom they had ridden and "parded," eaten and drunk in amity, was not to be seriously undertaken. Brandy Ben's wretched carcase wasn't worth that game of chance, anyway.

"Guess we'll join your association, Revell. Lynching's a game that is pretty well played out now, 'cept you're dealing with niggers," drawled Arizona Charlie, calmly, unknotting the rope he had skilfully adjusted round Field's neck awhile since.

"Right you are, my lad," cried Revell, heartily. "Well, this cotton-wood tree's a fine shelter. Let's camp and sup under it."

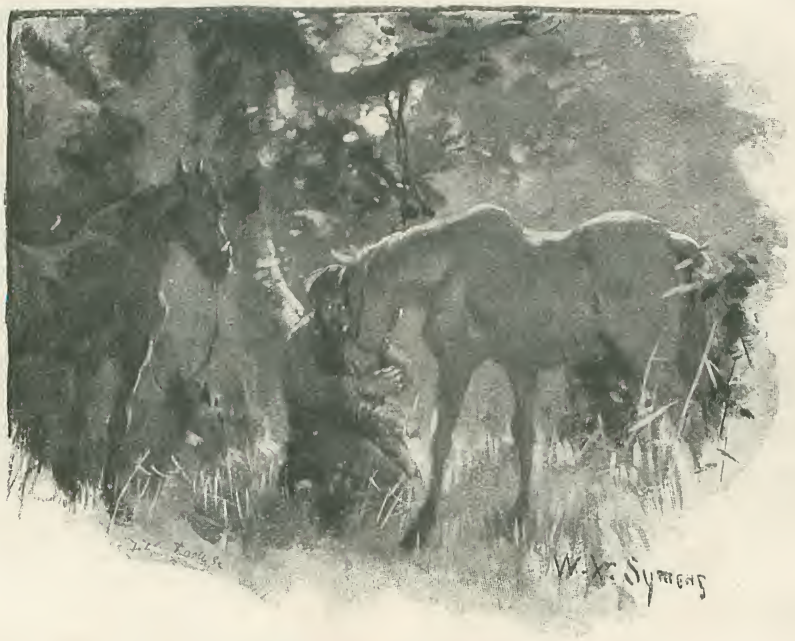
And in a quarter of an hour the tree that was to serve as gallows spread its protecting arms over a jolly party, every member of which was bent on contributing something to the common stock. Arizona Charlie had lighted a fire, Revell and some of the new members of the Anti-Lynching Association produced tinned meat and vegetables from capacious saddle-pockets. Field picketed the horses in a circle round Brandy Ben, whose wrists and ankles were tied with the rope that had galled his own throat. Silent Pete, who was an excellent cook, and commonly carried one or two kitchen utensils strapped to his saddle, set himself to the congenial task of preparing supper for the party.

When the round-faced moon looked down an hour later on the scene, she beheld ten sleeping forms stretched out in a radiating circle, of which the dying fire was the centre. Only one of the men, he who lay bound among the picketed mustangs, met the glance of the serene Queen of Night. It was Brandy Ben's turn now to taste the bitterness of despair. He writhed and twisted on the ground, striving to break his bonds. In vain he strove to wrench the knots that Arizona Charlie had so skilfully tied. Then suddenly an inspiration came to him. He rolled over and over towards the circle of horses and softly called his beloved mustang, Wildfire. The horse knew her master's voice, whinnied lovingly, and snuffed the prostrate body of the horse-stealer with affectionate solicitude.

Brandy Ben possessed, with all his faults, one virtue: he loved his horse with almost Arab-like devotion. And as animals return,

with generous interest, any kindness vouchsafed them, Wildfire now concentrated all her intelligence to understand and then to carry out her master's wishes. The pantomime between master and horse was only witnessed by the silent moon. First, Brandy Ben writhed to his knees and held up his rope-bound hands towards Wildfire, who rubbed her nose tenderly against them. Then, informed perchance by some swift, feminine flash of intuition, she bit sharply at the knotted rope.

Now his task was easy. In Wildfire's saddle-pocket was hidden a sharp, strong knife. A few swift cuts severed the rope which bound his ankles. At first the numbed muscles caused him agony, but the prospect of freedom, the thought that escape was now possible, made his heart beat fast and sent the warm blood coursing through his chilled body. He got on his feet and then cut the picketing rope, bounded on Wildfire's back, and soon the watching moon saw the freed prisoner galloping for dear life westward



"WILDFIRE GNAWED AT THE KNOT."

"Good lass! Bite away, bite hard," whispered Brandy Ben, tenderly.

With right goodwill Wildfire gnawed at the knot. The shreds of hemp gave way, slowly but surely; at last the filaments yielded, and Brandy Ben's hands were free.

across the silvered billows of the grassy ocean.

Brandy Ben had won the recompense of his one virtue. The only creature in the world that loved him had saved him from the hands of his enemies.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXXI.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR.

WRITING in the April number about the secret history of succession to the Speaker's Chair, I said: "When towards the close of the Session of 1883 Mr. Brand intimated his intention of retiring, Mr. Goschen was the first man turned to by Mr. Gladstone with invitation to step into the vacant Chair. Mr. Gladstone next approached Sir Farrer Herschell, at the time Solicitor-General."

Lord Herschell tells me this is not quite an accurate account of an episode in Parliamentary history recorded for the first time in these pages. The offer was first made to Sir Farrer Herschell, and when he took the courageous and, as it proved, far-sighted course of declining the tempting offer, Mr. Goschen was next approached. Mr. Goschen, as I have said, reluctantly declined the honour on the ground of physical disability owing to short-sightedness.

One who was present at the pathetic scene tells me how Mr. Goschen, slow to abandon hope of presiding over the assembly of which he has long been an ornament, sat in the Speaker's Chair, and with the collaboration of a few friends made experiment as to how far he was able to recognise faces at varying distances. The rehearsal convinced him of his inability to play the part assigned to him. So he withdrew from the nomination, and lived to be Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Conservative Government, and First Lord of the Admiralty in a "Unionist" Administration.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

It is a trite reflection how from slight causes great events have birth. It is not too much to say that had Mr. Goschen's eyesight been of average strength, the history of this country during the last ten years would have been materially altered. With him in the Chair, Lord Randolph Churchill would never have been reminded that he had "forgotten Goschen"; on the contrary, he would at the beginning of the Session of 1887 have gone back to Lord Salisbury's Cabinet master of the position. There would never have been a Home Rule Bill of 1892, since Lord Randolph would have attempted, and would probably have succeeded in, the settlement of that burning question on the firm basis of "similarity, equality, and simultaneity" he had commenced to prepare during his brief Leadership of the House in 1886.

KILTS AT COURT.

Amongst the uniforms that blazed during the ceremony of the coronation of the Czar, none, I am told, attracted more admiring attention than one worn by a member of the House of Commons, who attended in certain diplomatic capacity. Although he represents an English county in the Commons, the ex-Attaché is a Scot of ancient lineage, and when occasion presents itself, proudly wears the garb of Gaul. It seems a matter simple enough for a man of whatever nation, duly accredited to such a ceremony, to wear his national dress. But earlier experience at Court suggested the necessity of negotiating the matter of the kilt before it was packed up for Moscow.

A few years ago the owner of this particular costume was attached to the British Embassy at Berlin. On one occasion of State pageantry he proposed to wear his kilt. Timely suggestion was made to him that the Emperor, who, unlike the lilies of the field, takes thought of what himself and others shall wear, might object. On inquiry being made in the proper quarter the suspicion proved well founded. Consent to such an innovation at the Court of Berlin was sternly refused. A short time later, to the surprise of those in the secret—if, indeed, surprise is still possible to the *entourage* of the Emperor William—His Imperial Majesty one evening strutted forth in the full toggery of kilts.

THE MCWILHELM.

A NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS' QUESTION.

At country houses, a question of growing difficulty is: Who is to clean the cycles? In these days, guests of both sexes invited to country houses, if they do not travel thither on their bicycles, include the machine among their personal luggage, and use it daily through their stay. Under the old order of things, when a guest made use of the stable the horses on their return were, naturally, cared for by the stablemen. The bicycle is too new an institution to have yet established its full attendant service. There are few gentlemen's gentlemen who hold the cleaning of a bicycle to be among their daily duties. For a lady's-maid the suggestion is even more absurd. But bicycles in daily use have to be cleaned, and with a house-party of a dozen or a score, every one with his or her cycle, who is to look after the machines?

That is a question, pressing enough last autumn, which in the coming months may be expected to come to a head. Meanwhile a difficulty is growing in the House of Commons as to the housing of bicycles during a sitting. The number of members who come down on the cycle is rapidly growing. There are few places of public meeting where its convenience is more marked. After a late sitting, closing with a big division, the supply of cabs in Palace Yard is altogether inadequate to the demand. First comers having been served, there ever remains something like two hundred who have to go forth in search of cabs in the streets. The cyclist is, both coming and going, independent of the hansom cab, a fact which week by week members are more fully appreciating.

"CHEVIOT."

Thus the difficulty of storing bicycles increases. Next Session we shall in all probability have formal demand made upon the First Commissioner of Works to arrange at some convenient place in the courtyard stalls for bicycles, each one numbered, in supplement of the existing locker.

"CHEVIOT, M.P."

The transmigration, much lamented in the House of Commons, of Mr. David Plunket into Lord Rathmore actually involves the withdrawal from the scene of two esteemed members. Mr. Plunket was frequently accompanied in his attendance on his duties in the House of Commons by a beautiful collie dog. Of late years Cheviot found that "at my time of life," as he might have said, quoting a consecrated phrase, regular attendance upon the House of Commons was more than could be expected of him. In earlier years he came down regularly at prayer-time, and remained till his master went off to dinner, sometimes sauntering down again after the meal, and waiting till the House was up.

Cheviot was, of course, not admitted within range of the Speaker's eye. He used to wait in the courtyard flanking the entrance to the Ladies' Gallery and leading on to the terrace. There he lay by the hour, silent, watchful, waiting for his master's step, the signal gaily to bound homewards. He was so old a Parliamentary hand that he was able infallibly to distinguish between the signals of the bells. When a division is called the bells tinkle in three several bursts. When all is over, and the cry, "Who goes home?" reverberates through the lobby, the bell rings only once. Through a long sitting, when from time to time the division bell rang, Cheviot pricked up his ears and waited. When after a brief pause the bell began again with the second of the three peals, his head sank down on his paw and he dozed off. The signal was to him like the chunk of old red sandstone to its recipient. "Subsequent proceedings interested him no more," at least, not till the bell rang again.

When the end came, and after a single outburst the bell stopped, Cheviot knew it was the home-going signal. He leaped to his feet, gambolled all over the yard with the glad certainty of presently hearing his master's footstep and his cheery voice. Cheviot is getting up in years now, has grown fat and prosperous, and is, happily, since circumstances have so ordained his master's lot, more in sympathy with the slow respectability of the House of Lords than with the

sometimes turgid vigour of the House of Commons.

LORD HARTINGTON'S DOG.

Another dog that used to pay regular visits to the House of Commons was the property of Lord Hartington. Though, like Cheviot, a collie, Roy was of less mercurial temperament, and as he crossed Palace Yard ever walked sedately at the heels of his master, not without a certain subtle gesture, as if he had almost caught the trick of lounging along with one hand in his trouser pocket. He did not long survive the disruption of the Liberal Party. Accustomed on his visits to the House of Commons to find a united party, buttressed by his master under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone, he, when the trouble came, displayed remarkable reluctance to go down to the House, and finally discontinued his visits.

LOUNGING ALONG.

Soon after he died, and now sleeps in an honoured grave, dug for him in the garden of Devonshire House, the roar of the life of London falling on unheeding ears.

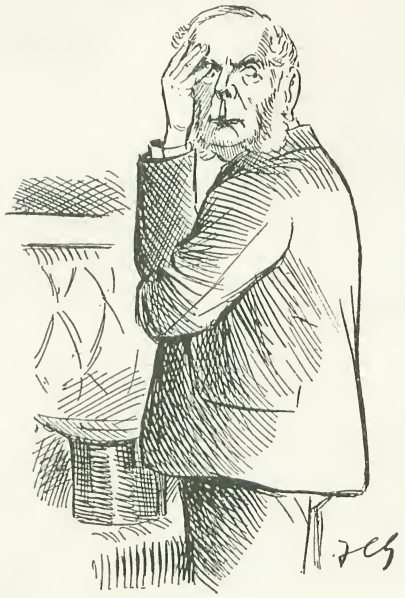
Among his race, Roy enjoyed the rare distinction of being the only dog privileged to accompany a Cabinet Minister in attendance on the Queen at Balmoral. When Lord Hartington, at the time a member of Mr. Gladstone's Government, took his first turn at Balmoral, he carried with him his inseparable companion, Roy. There was some perturbation amongst authorities of the Royal Household, who had never known such a thing done. This led to only greater triumph for Roy. The Queen making his acquaintance was so delighted with him, that next time the Secretary of State for War took his turn as Minister in attendance on Her Majesty, Roy was "commanded" to accompany his master.

MR. GEDGE AT PRAYERS.

One summer afternoon during the Session Mr. Gedge had his devotions disturbed by observation of a regrettable incident on the bench immediately opposite. Whilst the chaplain was approaching his last amen, the member for Stockport observed Sir Charles Dilke enter the House with that rapid step that always brings him first man out of the division lobby. Mr. Gedge, who is above all things charitably inclined, came to the conclusion that Sir Charles, having been unavoidably detained, was endeavouring to make up for lost time, bent upon securing as much as possible of the ghostly comfort with which prayer-time fills the House of Commons. Moved by sympathy with this desire, Mr. Gedge, opening a little wider the fingers of the hands spread in devotional gesture across his face, observed that Sir Charles was inserting in the receptacle at the back of his seat the small ticket bearing his name which would secure the place for him during the remainder of the evening.

HE SMELLS A RAT.

That was a shock to a man who had expected better things. But there was worse to follow. Sir Charles, by dint of diligent attendance, has secured the tenancy of the second seat on the front bench below the gangway. The corner seat is invariably occupied by Mr. Labouchere, the regularity of whose appearance in it is a circumstance that conveys to the mind of Mr. J. G. Talbot an assurance that in some measure mitigates the pain with which he hears Mr. Labouchere attack the Church and speak disrespectfully of the House of Lords. It is an ancient and sacred condition of securing a particular seat in the House of



MR. GEDGE AT PRAYERS.

Commons that a member claiming it shall have been present at prayers. Every day the House is in Session Mr. Labouchere is found in the corner seat of the front bench below the gangway. *Argal*, he must have been present at prayer-time, and as the continual dropping of water weareth away a stone, so, in process of time, through the operation of this agency, Mr. Labouchere may be brought into a frame of mind in which he shall see eye to eye with the member for Oxford University.

HE SEES IT MOVING IN THE AIR.

Mr. Gedge may, previously to this fateful afternoon, have taken the same view. Rude awakening was at hand. As, almost petrified, grievously unmindful of the voice of the chaplain standing at the table, he opened still wider his fingers and peered with fuller freedom, he beheld Sir Charles Dilke take out of his waistcoat pocket another small card, and place it in the receptacle at the back of the seat from which Mr. Labouchere is wont to address inconvenient questions to Mr. Gedge's right hon. friends on the Treasury Bench! This done, Sir Charles folded his hands, bent his head, and assumed an attitude of prayer.

HE SCOTCHES IT.

This was too much for Mr. Gedge. He felt it his duty to interpose in the course of public business, in order to tell a shocked House what he had seen. The Speaker, in his diplomatic manner, declined to be drawn into reproof of individuals, but solemnly reaffirmed the principle that, in order to secure a seat, members must personally attend prayers.

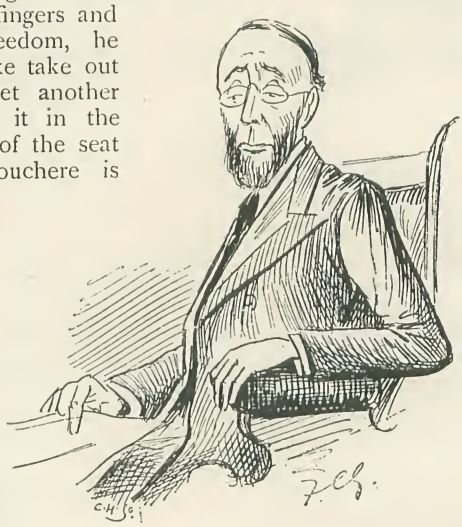
HUMAN DEPRAVITY.

It is sad to reflect how the devotional exercise which in the House of Commons precedes attention to mundane matters has, for generations, been made the occasion of bringing out that residuum of depravity which exists even among members of Parliament. Up to Viscount Peel's Speakership, the established custom was that members desiring to secure a seat might take the preliminary step thereto by planting out their hats at any hour of the morning after the doors were opened. The assumption was that the member owning the hat was in waiting within the precincts of the House, would enter at prayer-time, and at the close of the service, receiving a ticket, would complete the act of occupancy by inserting it at the back of his bench.

This worked well enough for a time, but it soon began to be whispered that old Parliamentary hands had possessed themselves of two hats. One they, looking in at the House of Commons in the early morning, placed on the desired seat; putting on the other, they went forth about their business.

THE WORKING HAT.

One day in the Parliament of 1880–5, Mr. Mitchell Henry created a profound sensation by addressing the Speaker from a side gallery and blowing upon this little plot. It appeared that Mr. Henry, driving down in what he thought was good time to secure a seat, chanced to meet a well-known Liberal member wearing a new tall hat cantering in the park. On arriving at the House he was amazed to discover, on the very seat he coveted, another hat, not quite so glossy, bearing the card of his hon. friend.



MR. TALBOT—A PAINED LISTENER.

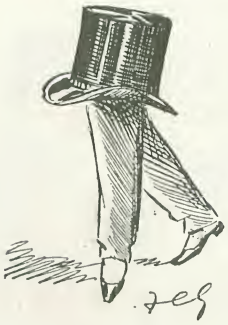
There was evidently something wrong somewhere, and Mr. Henry, as did Mr. Gedge in the Session just closing, appealed to the Speaker. It was then Mr. Speaker Brand laid down that rule, a kind of Magna Charta for innocent members, that two hats are much worse than one, and that in the securing of a seat only what was styled a working hat, in contradistinction to a supernumerary tile, would be recognised as securing a seat.

THE CARD TRICK.

In the last year of Mr. Peel's Speakership a new procedure was approved. Strict enforcement of what had come to be known in text-books on Constitutional practice as the working hat principle obviously involved certain inconvenience, even danger, to precious lives. Members having placed their only hat on a desired seat, possibly some hours before the call to prayer, must needs

go about the corridors and passages hatless. This led to discomfort, sometimes catarrh. An appeal was made to the Speaker, and after grave deliberation a new system was elaborated and sanctioned. Amid general cheering the Speaker announced that cards would be provided, obtainable at any hour of the morning after the House opened. These, placed upon a selected seat, would secure it until final appropriation was made at prayer-time.

THE WORKING HAT.



THE PARK HAT.

It is possible that when the announcement was made some frail breasts were flushed with wild hope. Cards had not hitherto been distributed till after prayers. If in lieu of the hats they were to be available at any hour of the morning, why should not a member look in, take a card, write his name on it, forthwith place it in the brass frame let into the back of the seat, and there an end of the business? But Mr. Peel had not sat in the House of Commons for more than a quarter of a century and been four times elected to the Chair without learning a thing or two. When the new cards were available it was found they were too large to fit in the receptacle at the back of the seat, and that in order to obtain those particular cards it was still necessary to be present at prayers. Nothing was gained except the use of the hat during the morning.

Till Mr. Gedge, fortuitously opening his fingers as he covered his face with his hands when he bent in prayer, chanced to observe Sir Charles Dilke's manœuvre, it seemed that the system was impregnable, and that attendance at prayers would be an indispensable condition of securing a choice seat. Mr. Gedge's alertness spoiled that particular game for the Session. But the disclosure, as opening up fresh vistas of human duplicity, makes consideration of the situation not wholly relieved from anxiety.

POLITICS AND PRIVATE FRIENDSHIPS.

One of the pleasantest characteristics of political warfare in this country is that it never (or hardly ever) interferes with personal relationships. It is by no means an uncommon thing for two members of the House of Commons after what, looked down upon from the Strangers' Gallery, seemed a duel *à la mort*, to meet an hour later at the dinner-table of a common friend, possibly one of the duellists as the host, chatting in intimate cordiality.

Within the last six years one great party has been riven by volcanic eruption. Political friends and colleagues of old standing have been parted by the breadth of the table in the House of Commons, or the space of the flooring below the gangway. That, a trial of peculiar bitterness, has served in some measure to vary the rule which still happily exists in respect of the ancient division of parties. Still, in some cases, even Liberals and Liberal Unionists maintain their former social relations.

Early in the Civil War, when passion was at its hottest, a critical election took place at Southampton. A Liberal Home Ruler fought the seat against a candidate who had seceded from the Liberal camp on the Home Rule question. Sir William Harcourt went down to Southampton on the polling day to help the Liberal candidate. When he returned, he had the satisfaction of informing Mr. Chamberlain, who happened to be his guest, that the "Unionist" had been beaten, and that Southampton had been recaptured under the Liberal flag. It was at the time a great political event, a significant turn of the tide. Its imminence, and the condition of affairs it indicated, had not prevented Mr. Chamberlain becoming the guest of one of his most redoubtable political adversaries. It is safe to assume that the conclusion of the matter did not disturb the cheerful serenity of the house-party at Milwood.

DEGREES OF BROTHERHOOD.

There is another personal relationship enjoyed by Sir William Harcourt of older standing, of closer touch even, than that established with Mr. Chamberlain. The two men entered the House of Commons within three months of each other. They ran together neck and neck in the Parliamentary race, received Ministerial promotion on the same day, and worked hand in hand in the same department of the State. When the split came, one remained steadfast by the side of the statesman who had been their first chief. The other threw in his lot with the Dissentient Liberals. In

STILL FRIENDS.

subsequent debate in the House of Commons they were often personally pitted against each other, mutually dealing blows that made the rafters ring—or would have done so if there had been any rafters in the House of Commons. An eminent Conservative lately remarked to Sir William Harcourt on the charm of this incident in the storm and stress of party warfare.

"Yes," said Sir William Harcourt, softly, with a wistful, far-away look in his eyes, "we are, as you may say, brothers."

"So were Cain and Abel," retorted the irreverent Conservative.

HOW GORDON WENT TO KHARTOUM.

The following note from Sir Charles Dilke explains itself: "In your June Number, Mr. Lucy, describing 'How Gordon Went to Khartoum,' says that 'a member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet from 1880 to 1885, who from the Front Opposition Bench listened to' a speech of mine against the Soudan movement, heard it 'with amazement,' because I 'was largely responsible for sending Gordon to Khartoum. . . . Granville and he settled the whole business in the pauses of a quadrille at Waddesdon, the rest of the Cabinet knowing nothing about it until Gordon had received his orders.'

"Mr. Lucy then goes on to tone down the story in language of his accustomed accuracy and courtesy, and I have no complaint to make of him, except that he took some gentleman of the Front Opposition Bench as having been a 'member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet from 1880 to 1885,' who cannot have been in that position. The only such member who now sits on the Front Opposition Bench is Sir William Harcourt: the only such members in the House of Commons, except myself, are Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Chamberlain. It is quite impossible that Sir William Harcourt can have made such a statement, for, although there is no obligation of Cabinet secrecy about the main facts, inasmuch as they were laid before Parliament, the alleged facts in this story are entirely without foundation.

"Putting together two statements which were made by Lord Granville in the House of Lords and the despatches which were laid before Parliament, we find that on the 16th January, 1883, Sir Evelyn Baring's request for a British officer to be sent to conduct the retreat from Khartoum was considered; and that on the 18th January a meeting of members of the Cabinet took place at the War Office which decided that the then Colonel Gordon should go, not to Khartoum, but to Suakim to consult the friendly Sheiks, and to report upon the best means of bringing about the evacuation of the Soudan. From Lord Granville's statements in the House of Lords we find that he had previously heard that Colonel Gordon was willing, but apparently had only heard this about the time that Sir Evelyn Baring telegraphed for a British officer to be sent. The Cabinet approved the action taken by the Committee at the War Office. It appears from despatches laid before Parliament that the alteration by Colonel Gordon of his journey from one to Suakim to one to Cairo was approved by the Cabinet under circumstances which Colonel Gordon's telegrams described; also that when Colonel Gordon saw Sir Evelyn Baring at Cairo, they revived the proposal of the latter for sending an officer—that is, Colonel Gordon himself—to Khartoum to personally conduct the evacuation.

"The trivialities of the story as it concerns myself are as absolutely incorrect as the main serious suggestion. Of several visits which at various times I paid to Waddesdon, the nearest to the date of the 18th January was one which occurred on the 22nd June; and as quadrilles are mentioned, I may perhaps be allowed to add that I was not aware that any took place at Waddesdon, and I, certainly, never witnessed one there."

THE EXPOSURE OF LORD STANSFORD.

BY

ROBERT BARR.

THE large mansion of Louis Heckle, millionaire and dealer in gold mines, was illuminated from top to bottom. Carriages were arriving and departing, and guests were hurrying up the carpeted stair after passing under the canopy that stretched from the doorway to the edge of the street. A crowd of onlookers stood on the pavement watching the arrival of ladies so charmingly attired. Lord Stansford came alone in a hansom, and he walked quickly across the bit of carpet stretched to the roadway, and then more leisurely up the broad stair. He was an athletic young fellow of twenty-six, or thereabouts. The moment he entered the large reception-room his eyes wandered, searchingly, over the gallant company, apparently looking for someone whom he could not find. He passed into a further room, and through that into a third, and there his searching gaze met the stare of Billy Heckle. Heckle was a young man of about the same age as Lord Stansford, and he also was seemingly on the lookout for someone among the arriving guests. The moment he saw Lord Stansford a slight frown gathered upon his brow, and he moved among the throng towards the spot where the other stood. Stansford saw him coming, and did not seem to be so pleased as might have been expected, but he made no motion to avoid the young man, who accosted him without salutation.

"Look here," said Heckle, gruffly, "I want a word with you."

"Very well," answered Stansford, in a low voice; "so long as you speak in tones no one else can hear, I am willing to listen."

"You will listen, whether or no," replied the other, who, nevertheless, took the hint and subdued his voice. "I have met you on various occasions lately, and I want to give you a word of warning. You seem to be very devoted to Miss Linderham, so perhaps you do not know she is engaged to me."

"I have heard it so stated," said Lord Stansford, "but I have found some difficulty in believing the statement."

"Now, see here," cried the horsey young man, "I want none of your cheek, and I give you fair warning that, if you pay any more attention to the young lady, I shall expose you in public. I mean what I say, and I am not going to stand any of your nonsense."

Lord Stansford's face grew pale, and he glanced about him to see if by chance anyone had overheard the remark. He seemed about to resent it, but finally gained control over himself and said:—

"We are in your father's house, Mr. Heckle, and I suppose it is quite safe to address a remark like that to me!"

"I know it's quite safe—anywhere," replied Heckle. "You've got the straight tip from me; now see you pay attention to it."

Heckle turned away, and Lord Stansford, after standing there for a moment, wandered back to the middle room. The conversation

Copyright, 1896, by Robert Barr, in the United States of America.

had taken place somewhat near a heavily-curtained window, and the two men stood slightly apart from the other guests. When they left the spot the curtains were drawn gently apart, and a tall, very handsome young lady stepped from between them. She watched Lord Stansford's retreat for a moment, and then made as though she would follow him, but one of her admirers came forward to claim her hand for the first dance. "Music has just begun in the ball-room," he said. She placed her hand on the arm of her partner and went out with him.

When the dance was over, she was amazed to see Lord Stansford still in the room. She had expected him to leave, when the son of his host spoke so insultingly to him, but the young man had not departed. He appeared to be enjoying himself immensely, and danced through every dance with the utmost devotion, which rather put to shame many of the young men who lounged against the walls; never once, however, did he come near Miss Linderham until the evening was well on, and then he passed her by accident. She touched him on the arm with her fan, and he looked quickly around.

"Oh, how do you do, Miss Linderham?" he said.

"Why have you ignored me all the evening?" she asked, looking at him with sparkling eyes.

"I haven't ignored you," he replied, with some embarrassment; "I did not know you were here."

"Oh, that is worse than ignoring," replied Miss Linderham, with a laugh; "but now that you do know I am here, I wish you to take me into the garden. It is becoming insufferably hot in here."

"Yes," said the young man, getting red in the face, "it is warm."

"SHE WATCHED LORD STANSFORD'S RETREAT."

The girl could not help noticing his reluctance, but nevertheless she took his arm, and they passed through several rooms to the terrace which faced the garden. Lord Stansford's anxious eyes again seemed to search the rooms through which they passed, and again, on encountering those of Billy Heckle, Miss Linderham's escort shivered slightly as he passed on. The girl wondered what mystery was at the bottom of all this, and with feminine curiosity resolved to find out, even if she had to ask Lord Stansford himself. They sauntered along one of the walks until they reached a seat far from the house. The music floated out to them through the open windows, faint in the distance. Miss Linderham sat down and motioned Lord Stansford to sit beside her. "Now," she said, turning her handsome face full upon him, "why have you avoided me all the evening?"

"I haven't avoided you," he said.

"Tut, tut, you mustn't contradict a lady, you know. I want the reason, the real reason, and no excuses."

Before the young man could reply, Billy Heckle, his face flushed with wine or anger, or perhaps both, strode down the path and confronted them.

"I gave you your warning," he cried.

Lord Stansford sprang to his feet; Miss Linderham arose also, and looked in some alarm from one young man to the other.

"Stop a moment, Heckle; don't say a word, and I will meet you where you like afterwards," hurriedly put in his lordship.

"Afterwards is no good to me," answered Heckle. "I gave you the tip, and you haven't followed it."

"I beg you to remember," said Stansford, in a low voice with a tremor in it, "there is a lady present."

Miss Linderham turned to go.

"Stop a moment," cried Heckle; "do you know who this man is?"

Miss Linderham stopped, but did not answer.

"I'll tell you who he is: he is a hired guest. My father pays five guineas for his presence here to-night, and every place you have met him, he has been there on hire. That's the kind of man Lord Stansford is. I told you I should expose you. Now I am going to tell the others."

Lord Stansford's face was as white as paper. His teeth were clinched, and taking one quick step forward, he smote Heckle fair between the two eyes and felled him to the ground.

"LORD STANSFORD FELLED HIM TO THE GROUND."

"You cur!" he cried. "Get up, or I shall kick you, and hate myself for ever after for doing it."

Young Heckle picked himself up, cursing under his breath.

"I'll settle with you, my man," he said, "I'll get a policeman. You'll spend the remainder of this night in the cells."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," answered Lord Stansford, catching him by both wrists with an iron grasp. "Now pay attention to me, Billy Heckle: you feel my grip on your wrists; you felt my blow in your face, didn't you? Now you go into the house by whatever back entrance there is, go to your room, wash the blood off your face, and stay there, otherwise, by God, I'll break both of your wrists as you stand here," and he gave the wrists a wrench that made the other wince, big and bulky as he was.

"I promise," said Heckle.

"Very well, see that you keep your promise."

Young Heckle slunk away, and Lord Stansford turned to Miss Linderham, who stood looking on, speechless with horror and surprise.

"What a brute you are," she said, with a quiver in her under-lip.

"Yes," he replied, quietly. "Most of us men are brutes when you take a little of the varnish off. Won't you sit down, Miss Linderham? There is no need now to reply to the question you asked me: the incident you have witnessed, and what you have heard, has been its answer."

The young lady did not sit down; she stood looking at him, her eyes softening a trifle.

"It is true, then?" she said.

"Is what true?"

"That you are here as a hired guest?"

"Yes, it is true."

"Then why did you knock him down, if it was the truth?"

"Because he spoke the truth before you."

"I hope, Lord Stansford, you don't mean to imply that I am in any way responsible for your ruffianism?"

"You are, and in more than one sense of the word. That young fellow threatened me when I came here to-night, knowing that I was his father's hired guest; I did not wish exposure, and so I avoided you. You spoke to me, and asked me to bring you out here. I came, knowing that if Heckle saw me he

would carry out his threat. He has carried it out, and I have had the pleasure of knocking him down."

Miss Linderham sank upon the seat, and once more motioned with her fan for him to take the place beside her.

"Then you receive five guineas a night for appearing at the different places where I have met you?"

"As a matter of fact," said Stansford, "I get only two guineas. I suppose the other three, if such is the price paid, go to my employers."

"I thought Mr. Heckle was your employer to-night?"

"I mean to the company who let me out, if I make myself clear; Spink and Company. Telephone 100,803. If you should ever want an eligible guest for any entertainment you give, and men are scarce, you have only to telephone them, and they will send me to you."

"Oh, I see," said Miss Linderham, tapping with her fan upon her knee.

"It is only justice to my fellow-employés," continued Lord Stansford, "to say that I believe they are all eligible young men, but many of them may be had for a guinea. The charge in my case is higher, as I have a title. I have tried to flatter myself that it was my polished, dignified manner that won me the extra remuneration; but after your exclamation on my brutality to-night, I am afraid I must fall back on my title. We members of the aristocracy come high, you know."

There was silence between them for a few moments, and then the girl looked up at him and said:—

"Aren't you ashamed of your profession, Lord Stansford?"

"Yes," replied Lord Stansford, "I am."

"Then why do you follow it?"

"Why does a man sweep a street-crossing? Lack of money. One must have money, you know, to get along in this world; and I, alas, have none. I had a little once; I wanted to make it more, so gambled—and lost. I laid low for a couple of years, and saw none of my old acquaintances; but it was no use, there was nothing I could turn my hand to. This profession, as you call it, led me back into my old set again. It is true that many of the houses I frequented before my disaster overtook me, do not hire guests. I am more in demand by the new-rich, like Heckle here, who, with his precious son, does not know how to treat a guest, even when that guest is hired."

"But I should think," said Miss Linderham, "that a man like you would go to South Africa or Australia, where there are great things to be done. I imagine, from the insight I have had into your character, you would make a good fighter. Why don't you go where fighting is appreciated, and where they do not call a policeman?"

"I have often thought of it, Miss Linderham, but you see, to secure an appointment, one needs to have a certain amount of influence, and be able to pass examinations. I can't pass an examination in anything. I have quarrelled with all my people, and have no influence. To tell you the truth, I am saving up money now in the hope of being able to buy an outfit to go to the Cape."

"You would much rather be in London, though, I suppose?"

"Yes, if I had a reasonably good income."

"Are you open to a fair offer?"

"What do you mean by a fair offer?"

"I mean, would you entertain a proposal in your present line of business for a remuneration?"

The young man sat silent for a few moments and did not look at his companion. When he spoke there was a shade of resentment in his voice.

"I thought you saw, Miss Linderham, that I was not very proud of my present occupation."

"No, but as you said, a man will do anything for money."

"I beg your pardon for contradicting you, but I never said anything of the sort."

"I thought you did, when you were speaking of the crossing-sweeping; but never mind. I know a lady who has plenty of money; she is an artist; at least, she thinks she is one, and wishes to devote her life to art. She is continually pestered by offers of marriage, and she knows these offers come to her largely because of her money. Now, this lady wishes to marry a man, and will settle upon him two thousand pounds a year. Would you be willing to accept that offer if I got you an introduction?"

"It would depend very much on the lady," said Stansford.

"Oh, no, it wouldn't, for you would have nothing whatever to do with her except that you would be her hired husband. She wants to devote herself to painting, not to you, don't you understand; and so long as you did not trouble her, you could enjoy your two thousand pounds a year. You, perhaps, might have to appear at some of the receptions she would give, and I have no doubt she would add five guineas an evening for

your presence. That would be an extra, you know."

There was a long silence between them after Maggie Linderham ceased speaking. The young man kicked the gravel with his toes, and his eyes were bent upon the path before him. "He is thinking it over," said Miss Linderham to herself. At last Lord Stansford looked up, with a sigh.

"Did you see the late scuffle between the unfortunate Heckle and myself?"

"Did I see it?" she asked. "How could I help seeing it?"

"Ah, then, did you notice that when he was down I helped him up?"

"Yes; and threatened to break his wrists when you got him up."

"Quite so. I should have done it, too, if he had not promised. But what I wanted to call your attention to, was the fact that he was standing up when I struck him, and I want also to impress upon you the other fact, that I did not hit him when he was down. Did you notice that?"

"Of course, I noticed it. No man would hit another when he was down."

"I am very glad, Miss Linderham, that you recognise it as a code of honour with us men, brutes as we are. Don't you think a woman should be equally generous?"

"Certainly, but I don't see what you mean."

"I mean this, Miss Linderham, that your offer is hitting me when I'm down."

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Linderham, in dismay. "I'm sure I beg your pardon; I did not look at it in that light."

"Oh, it doesn't matter very much," said Stansford, rising; "it's all included in the two guineas, but I'm pleased to think I have some self-respect left, and that I can refuse your lady, and will not become a hired husband at two thousand pounds a year. May I see you back to the house, Miss Linderham? As you are well aware, I have duties towards other guests who are not hired, and it is a point of honour with me to earn my money. I wouldn't like a complaint to reach the ears of Spink and Company."

Miss Linderham rose and placed her hand within his arm.

"Telephone, what number?" she asked.

"Telephone 100,803," he answered. "I am sorry the firm did not provide me with some of their cards when I was at the office this afternoon."

"It doesn't matter," said Miss Linderham; "I will remember," and they entered the house together.

Next day, at a large studio in Kensington, none of the friends who had met Miss Linderham at the ball the evening before would have recognised the girl; not but what she was as pretty as ever, perhaps a little prettier, with her long white pinafore and her pretty fingers discoloured by the crayons she was using. She was trying to sketch out on the canvas before her the figure of a man, striking out from the shoulder, and she did not seem to have much success with her drawing, perhaps because she had no model, and perhaps because her mind was pre-occupied. She would sit for a long time staring at the canvas, and then jump up and put in lines which did not appear to bring the rough sketch any nearer perfection.

The room was large, with a good north window, and scattered about were the

"YOU SHALL BE SO FASCINATING, MADEMOISELLE."

numberless objects that go to the confusing make-up of an artist's workshop. At last Miss Linderham threw down her crayon, went to the end of the room where a telephone hung, and rang the bell.

"Give me," she said, "100,803."

After a few moments of waiting, a voice came.

"Is that Spink and Company?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," was the reply.

"You have in your employ Lord Stansford, I think?"

"Yes, madam."

"Is he engaged for this afternoon?"

"No, madam."

"Well, send him to Miss Linderham, No. 2,044, Cromwell Road, South Kensington."

The man at the other end wrote the address and then asked:—

"At what hour, madam?"

"I want him from four till six o'clock."

"Very well, madam, we shall send him."

"Now," said Miss Linderham, with a sigh of relief, "I can have a model who will strike the right attitude. It is so difficult to draw from memory."

The reason why so many women fail as artists, as well as in many other professions, may be because they pay so much attention to their own dress. It is an astonishing fact to record that Miss Linderham sent out for a French hairdresser, who was a most expensive man, and whom she generally called in only when some very important function was about to take place.

"I want you," she said, "to dress my hair in an artistic way, and yet in a manner that will seem as if no particular trouble had been taken with it. Do you understand me?"

"Ah, perfectly, mademoiselle," said the polite Frenchman. "You shall be so fascinating, mademoiselle, that ——"

"Yes," said Miss Linderham, "that is what I want."

At three o'clock she had on a dainty gown. The sleeves were turned up as if she were ready for the most serious work. The spotless pinafore which covered this dress had the most fetching little frill around it; all in all, it was doubtful if any studio in London, even one belonging to the most celebrated painter, had in it as pretty a picture as Miss Maggie Linderham was that afternoon. At three o'clock there came a ring at the telephone, and when Miss Linderham answered the call, the voice which she had heard before said:—

"I am very sorry to disappoint you, madam, but Lord Stansford resigned this afternoon. We could send you another man if you liked to have him."

"No, no," cried Miss Linderham, and the man at the other end of the telephone actually thought she was weeping.

"No, I don't want anyone else. It doesn't really matter."

"The other man," replied the voice, "would be only two guineas, and it was five for Lord Stansford. We could send you a man for a guinea, although we don't recommend him."

"No," said Miss Linderham, "I don't want anybody. I am glad Lord Stansford is not coming, as the little party I proposed to give has been postponed."

"Ah, then, when it does come off, madam, I hope——"

But Miss Linderham hung up the receiver, and did not listen to the recommendations the man was sending over the wire about his hired guests. The chances are that Maggie Linderham would have cried had it not been that her hair was so nicely, yet carelessly, done; but before she had time to make up her mind what to do, the trim little maid came along the gallery and down the steps into the studio, with a silver salver in her hand, and on it a card which she handed to Miss Linderham; who picked up the card and read, "Richard Stansford."

"Oh," she cried, joyfully, "ask him to come here."

"Won't you see him in the drawing-room, miss?"

"No, no; tell him I am very busy, and bring him to the studio."

The maid went up the stair again. Miss Linderham, taking one long, careful glance at herself, looking over her shoulder in the long mirror, and not caring to touch her wealth of hair, picked up her crayon and began making the sketch of the striking man even worse than it was before. She did not look round until she heard Lord Stansford's step on the stair, then she gave an exclamation of surprise on seeing him. The young man was dressed in a wide-awake hat, and the costume which we see in the illustrated papers as picturing our friends in South Africa. All he needed was a belt of cartridges and a rifle to make the picture complete.

"This is hardly the dress a man is supposed to wear in London when he makes an afternoon call on a lady, Miss Linderham," said the young man, with a laugh, "but I had either to come this way or not at all, for my time is very limited. I thought it was

too bad to leave the country without giving you an opportunity to apologize for your conduct last night, and for the additional insult of hiring me for two hours this afternoon. And so, you see, I came."

"I am very glad you did," replied Miss Linderham. "I was much disappointed when they telephoned me this afternoon that you had resigned. I must say that you look exceedingly well in that outfit, Lord Stansford."

"Yes," said the young man, casting a glance over himself; "I must admit that it is rather becoming. I have had the pleasure of attracting a good deal of attention as I came along the street."

"They took you for a cow-boy, I suppose?"

"Well, something of that sort. The small boy, I regret to say, was so unfeeling as to sing 'He's got 'em on,' and other ribald ditties of that kind, which they seemed to think suited the occasion. But others looked at me with great respect, which compensated for the disadvantages. Will you pardon the rudeness of a pioneer, Miss Linderham, when I say that you look even more charming in the studio dress than you did in ball-costume, and I never thought that could be possible?"

"Oh," cried the girl, flushing, perhaps because the crimson paint on the palette she had picked up reflected on her cheek. "You must excuse this working garb, as I did not expect visitors. You see, they telephoned to me that you were not coming."

The deluded young man actually thought this statement was correct, which in part it was, and he believed also that the luxuriant hair tossed up here and there with seeming carelessness was not the result of an art far superior to any the girl herself had ever put upon canvas.

"So you are off to South Africa?" she said.

"Yes, the Cape."

"Oh, is the Cape in South Africa?"

"Well, I think so," replied the young man, somewhat dubiously, "but I wouldn't be certain about it, though the steamship company guarantee to land me at the Cape, wherever it is."

The girl laughed.

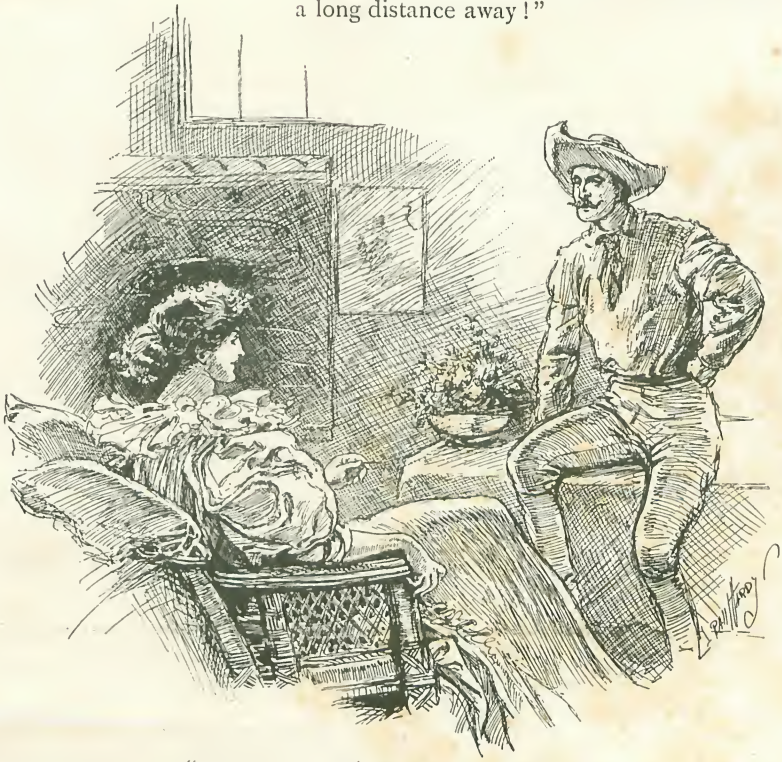
"You must have given it a great deal of thought," she said, "when you don't really know where you are going."

"Oh, I have a better idea of direction than you give me credit for. I am not such a fool as I looked last night, you know; then I belonged to Spink and Company, and was sub-let by them to old Heckle; now I belong to myself and South Africa. That makes a world of difference, you know."

"I see it does," replied Miss Linderham. "Won't you sit down?"

The girl herself sank into an arm-chair, while Stansford sat on a low table, swinging one foot to and fro, his wide-brimmed hat thrown back, and gazed at the girl until she reddened more than ever. Neither spoke for some moments.

"Do you know," said Stansford at last, "that when I look at you South Africa seems a long distance away!"



"SOUTH AFRICA SEEMS A LONG DISTANCE AWAY!"

"I thought it was a long distance away," said the girl, without looking up.

"Yes; but it's longer and more lonely when one looks at you. By Jove, if I thought I couldn't do better, I would be tempted to take that two thousand a year offer of yours and——"

"It wasn't an offer of mine," cried the girl, hastily. "Perhaps the lady I was thinking of wouldn't have agreed to it, even if I had spoken to her about it."

"That is quite true; still, I think if she had seen me in this outfit she would have thought me worth the money."

"You think you can make more than two thousand a year out in South Africa? You have become very hopeful all in a moment. It seems to me that a man who thinks he can make two thousand a year is very foolish to let himself out at two guineas an evening."

"Do you know, Miss Linderham, that was just what I thought myself, and I told the respectable Spink so, too. I told him I had had an offer of two thousand a year in his own line of business. He said that no firm in London could afford the money. 'Why,' he cried, waxing angry, 'I could get a Duke for that.'

"'Well,' I replied, 'it is purely a matter of business with me. I was offered two thousand pounds a year as ornamental man by a most charming young lady, who has a studio in South Kensington, and who is herself, when dressed up as an artist, prettier than any picture that ever entered the Royal Academy'; that's what I told Spink."

The girl looked up at him, first with indignation in her eyes, and then with a smile hovering about her pretty lips.

"You said nothing of the sort," she answered, "for you knew nothing about this studio at that time, so you see I am not going to emulate your dishonesty by pretending not to know you are referring to me."

"My dishonesty!" exclaimed the young man, with protest in his voice. "I am the most honest, straightforward person alive, and I believe I would take your two thousand a year offer if I didn't think I could do better."

"Where, in South Africa?"

"No, in South Kensington. I think that when the lady learns how useful I could be around a studio—oh, I could learn to wash brushes, sweep out the room, prepare canvases, light the fire; and how nicely I could hand around cups of tea when she had her 'At Homes,' and exhibited her pictures! When she realizes this, and sees what a bargain she is getting, I feel almost certain she will not make any terms at all."

The young man sprang from the table, and the girl rose from her chair, a look almost of alarm in her face. He caught her by the arms.

"What do you think, Miss Linderham? You know the lady. Don't you think she would refuse to have anything to do with a cad like Billy Heckle, rich as he is, and would prefer a humble, hard-working farmer from the Cape?"

The girl did not answer his question.

"Are you going to break my arms as you threatened to do his wrists last night?"

"Maggie," he whispered, in a low voice, with an intense ring in it, "I am going to break nothing but my own heart if you refuse me."

The girl looked up at him with a smile.

"I knew when you came in you weren't going to South Africa, Dick," was all she said, and he, taking advantage of her helplessness, kissed her.

Through a Telescope.

By Sir Robert Ball.

III.—THE DISCOVERY OF NEPTUNE.

THE OBSERVATORY AT CAMBRIDGE, WITH SIR ROBERT BALL STANDING AT THE ENTRANCE. TO THE RIGHT IS THE RESIDENCE OF THE DIRECTOR, AT THE LEFT IS THE RESIDENCE OF THE ASSISTANT ASTRONOMER, WHILE THE CENTRAL BUILDING CONTAINS THE INSTRUMENTS AND COMPUTING ROOM.

From a Photo. by Stearn, Cambridge.

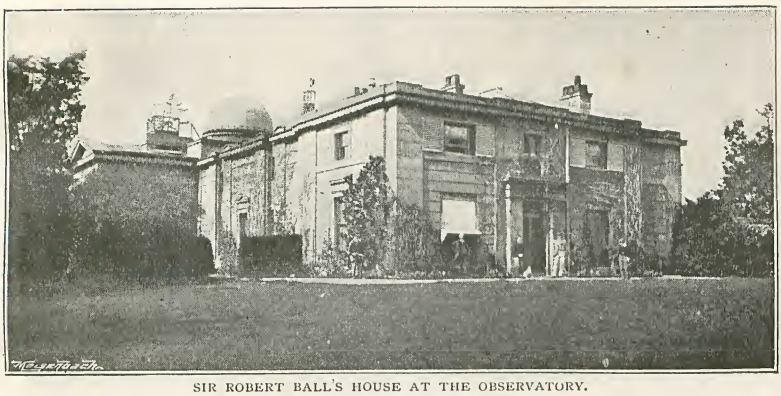
IN the course of the present year we have to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of one of the most famous astronomical discoveries of modern times: indeed, it may truly be said, of one of the most famous discoveries ever made in the whole annals of astronomy. There is no chapter in the history of science which contains incidents of a more dramatic character than those which are described in the narrative of the discovery of the planet Neptune. Nor are other associations wanting to lend additional attraction to this splendid achievement.

The human element, without which no story could be completely interesting, is here also present, and a memorable controversy, the smouldering embers of which still occasionally burst into flame, has arisen with respect to the discoverer of the remotest planet in our system. At the present time, when a lapse of just half a century has again stimulated a general interest in the subject, there seems to be a special propriety in attempting once more to draw attention to the series of never-to-be-forgotten investigations which brought Neptune into light.

To tell the story from the beginning, it is necessary to commence with the latter part of the last century, when those who loved to hear about the stars were astonished by the announcement of the first discovery of a planet which had ever been made since the time when history commenced. The older planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Mercury, Venus, and Mars, had been known to observers of the heavens prior to the very earliest ages of which we have any record. No fresh additions had been made to the slender list of five, until William Herschel, then organist at the Octagon Chapel at Bath, suddenly sprang into fame by the announcement that, with a home-made telescope, he had, on the night of the 13th of March, 1781, discovered the vast orb which presently received the name of "Uranus."

Herschel was led to this discovery by having imposed upon himself the task of examining all the stars he could find whose magnitude exceeded a certain limit. In the fulfilment of this scheme, he happened on the night in question to be reviewing the various stars in the constellation of Gemini, when his penetrating glance was attracted by an object which seemed different from the ordinary stars which are strewn in such thousands over the sky. Closer inspection revealed that this object was a planet. Hence came the announcement of the superb discovery of a mighty orb which revolved far outside the orbit of Saturn. An immense enlargement was thus given to the dimensions of the planetary system as they had been previously understood.

When Herschel had directed attention to this new object Uranus, it was naturally submitted to careful observation by astro-



SIR ROBERT BALL'S HOUSE AT THE OBSERVATORY.
From a Photo. by Stearn, Cambridge.

nomers all over the world. They were anxious to learn all that they could with reference to the nature and the movements of this newly added member of our solar system. It was presently found that the planet required a period of about eighty-one years for the accomplishment of a complete revolution around the sun. As the years passed by, observations were accumulated showing the several positions which the planet occupied in the different stages of its circuit. More and more accuracy was thus infused into our knowledge of the various circumstances of the motion of Uranus.

At last astronomers were able to follow out with all needful precision the mighty highway which the great planet pursued, as it traced out what was then supposed to constitute the frontier of the solar system. It was found that, like the orbits of all the other great planets, the highway of Uranus was not exactly a circle; it was, in fact, an oval, or, as we should say more accurately, an ellipse, and the details of the size and position of this ellipse were carefully studied, and became exactly known.

As soon as the track of Uranus through the heavens had become determined, it was possible to find with some approximation the position which the planet occupied at any particular date, even though that date were antecedent to its discovery. In fact, a time-table was formed from which the locality of the planet, not only for each year, but even for each day, could be ascertained for any past epoch extending, if necessary, to centuries before Herschel lived. It happens, singularly enough, that a planet of the size of Uranus, and situated at its distance from the earth, bears a striking resemblance, though of a very superficial kind, to an ordinary star. Such a planet is, indeed, very liable to be mistaken for a star, and as the history of Uranus was studied, it came to the knowledge of astronomers that, though this object had never been recognised as a planet before the eagle glance of Herschel first detected it, yet that it had in a certain sense often come under the observation of preceding observers.

Nor is this fact to be wondered at, when we reflect that Uranus is bright enough to be visible with the most moderate telescopic power. Those earlier astronomers, who in the course of reconnoitring the heavens happened to light on Uranus, not unnaturally took for granted that it was a fixed star; it never occurred to them that it was anything essentially different from one of the thousands of similar looking objects lying all around. They never imagined that it called for any further recognition than was implied by noting its magnitude and the exact position which it occupied in the sky. These early observations in which the planet was mistaken for a star, and had its places recorded in catalogues with thousands of undoubted stars, have since proved to be of signal service, in connection with the immortal discovery which we are presently to set forth.

Little could any one of these ancient astronomers have suspected that, while his attention was fixed on a supposed star whose place he was so carefully measuring, he was just on the very brink of a discovery which would have rendered his name famous throughout the ages. The records which these astronomers have left possess, however, great importance for our present purpose. We are able by their aid to learn the track along which the planet was moving during the century which preceded its discovery. Thus the study of these early investigations permits us to learn the exact position occupied by Uranus years before attention had been directed to it by the achievements of Herschel.

If a planet were permitted to pursue its movement without the interference of any external forces, so that it was guided solely by the supreme central attraction of the sun,

then the orbit of the planet would be invariable. Each revolution would be performed along the same ellipse precisely as that which was traversed during the preceding revolution. When the highway which Uranus was following at the time of its discovery, and for years subsequent thereto, was compared with the track which the same planet was pursuing in those earlier years before Herschel's time, when it was unwittingly observed by preceding astronomers, it was found that the two tracks did not agree. No doubt the differences were but small between the actual positions in which Uranus was found by the early observers and the positions which calculations based on the later observations would have assigned to the planet. But they were quite large enough to be unmistakable when we remember how accurately the determinations of positions can be effected in our observatories.

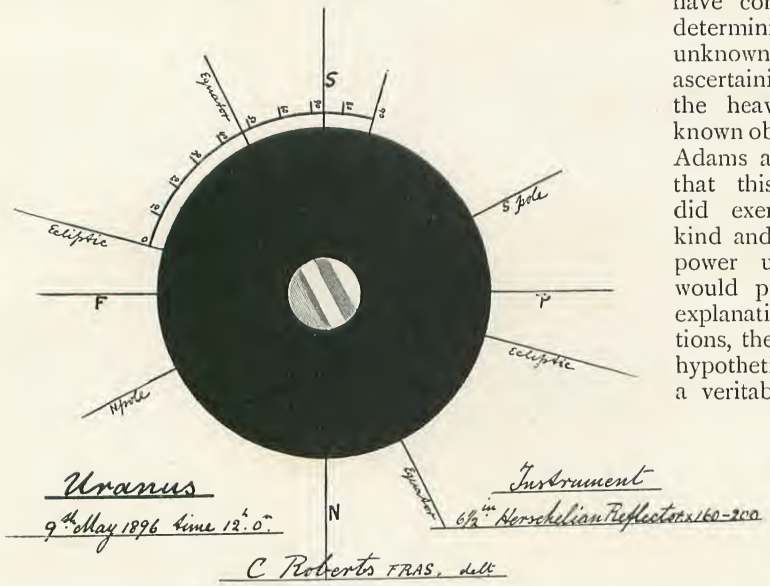
WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

It was therefore clear that there must be some other influence upon the planet Uranus besides that which was due to the supreme controlling attraction of the sun. Astronomers had been long accustomed to find that the movements of the planets varied from the movements which those planets would have had if the sun's attraction had been the sole guiding force. In all such cases it had been the custom to seek for an explanation of the observed discrepancies in the effects produced by the attraction of the other planets. It was known, for instance, that the movements of the earth were in this way affected by Jupiter, and that the movements of Mars were affected by the attraction of the earth. In fact, every one of the planets exercises a disturbing effect on the movements of each of the other planets, the amount of those disturbances depending primarily upon the mass of the disturbing planet, and also, of course, on the other circumstances of the movements of each of the bodies. The studies of mathematicians have so far perfected our methods of calculating the effects of these forces, that we are able to determine how much each planet is forced to swerve from its track, in virtue of the pull exercised upon it by every other planet. Generally speaking, the disturbances which observation showed to take place in the movements of the heavenly bodies admitted of being completely accounted for as consequences of such attractions. Thus, for instance, in the case of two mighty neighbouring planets, Jupiter and Saturn, there was an irregularity in the movement of Jupiter which was most satisfactorily explained to be a consequence of the attraction of the planet Saturn, and a corresponding irregularity in the movement of Saturn was satisfactorily attributed to the disturbing effect of Jupiter.

When it appeared that Uranus was performing movements which indicated that the planet was affected by certain perturbations, attempts were naturally made to account for those perturbations by showing that they were the consequences of the attractive power of the other bodies in the solar system. The effects which Jupiter could produce upon Uranus admitted of being estimated, and so also the disturbing influence of Saturn, as well as of the other planets, could be certainly ascertained. After due allowance had been made for all known sources of disturbance it was, however, found that there were still certain discrepancies outstanding between the places actually occupied by the planet discovered by Herschel and the places in which calculation seemed to locate it. The belief in the universal validity of the laws of gravitation is so well founded that it suggested the possibility that the perturbations of Uranus, which could not be otherwise accounted for, must be due to the attraction of some other planet which was quite unknown to astronomers. This gave rise to one of the grandest intellectual problems which the mind of man has ever undertaken to solve.

Let it be observed that the facts with which astronomers had to deal in their quest for the unknown planet were simply these: The position in which Uranus was actually found differed from the positions which that

planet would have held had there been no other agents acting upon it except those which are already known. Accordingly, two accomplished mathematicians, Le Verrier in France, and Adams in England, undertook to investigate the whereabouts of a conceivable planet which should be capable of producing precisely those disturbances in the motion of Uranus which had actually been observed. It need hardly be said that the solution of this question involved refinements of mathematical research which could not be here reproduced. We may, however, indicate an outline of the methods which had to be pursued in this extraordinary investigation.



ILLUSTRATING THE REMARKABLE INCLINATION OF THE AXIS OF URANUS TO THE PLANE OF ITS ORBIT. REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION OF C. ROBERTS, ESQ., F.R.A.S.

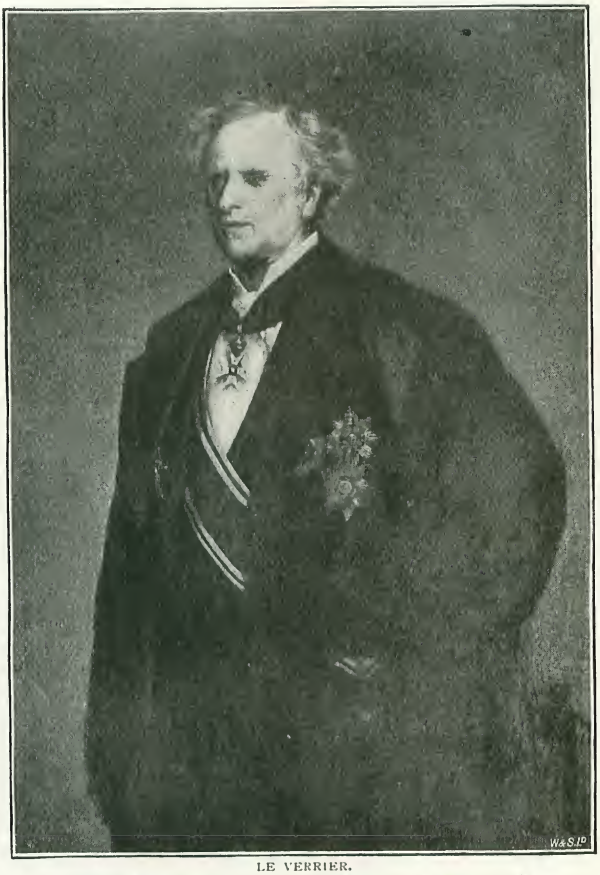
First, some well-considered guess or assumption had to be hazarded as to the distance from the sun at which the supposititious planet might be likely to revolve. Its orbit should certainly be presumed to lie outside that of Uranus, and from a certain curious law which governed with some regularity the distances of the other planets from the sun, it was possible to anticipate what the distance from the sun of an additional planet revolving outside Uranus might be reasonably expected to amount to. The weight of the hypothetical planet could also in the first instance be only estimated rather vaguely, but the assumptions being made, it became possible to calculate the effects which such a body, if it really existed, would produce upon Uranus. It could hardly be expected that a first attempt of this kind would provide a satisfactory explanation of the irregularities in the motions of Herschel's planet, but by making successive trials, in which the unknown planet was placed at different distances from the sun, and assumed to have different magnitudes, light gradually dawned on the subject.

Both of the illustrious astronomers, Le Verrier and Adams, each pursuing his researches independently of the other, came at last to the conclusion that it was quite possible to determine the whereabouts of the unknown planet from the study of its action reflected, so to speak, in the movements of Uranus. Indeed, it is a most remarkable circumstance that the two investigators should have concurred, not only in determining the track of the unknown planet, but even in ascertaining the very spot in the heavens which the unknown object occupied. When Adams and Le Verrier found that this hypothetical body did exercise precisely that kind and degree of attractive power upon Uranus which would provide the necessary explanation of its perturbations, their confidence that the hypothetical body must have a veritable existence rose to absolute certainty.

Le Verrier's calculations having been completed, he not only ascertained the track in which the unknown planet moved, and the mass of that body, but he was able to learn its movement through the heavens so as to know the place among the stars which it occupied day after day. At last he felt so confident that this planet could now be detected by the telescope, that on the 18th of September, 1846, a day from henceforward to be memorable in the annals of astronomy, Le Verrier wrote to Dr. Galle, astronomer at the Berlin Observatory, requesting him to direct his telescope on a particular spot of the sky which was carefully indicated, "and there," said Le Verrier, in effect, "you will see a planet which I have not seen, and which no human eye has ever seen, but which nevertheless must lie in that spot, because calculations have pointed out the necessity for its existence." It may sound almost like a romance when we are told

that this astonishing prediction was literally fulfilled.

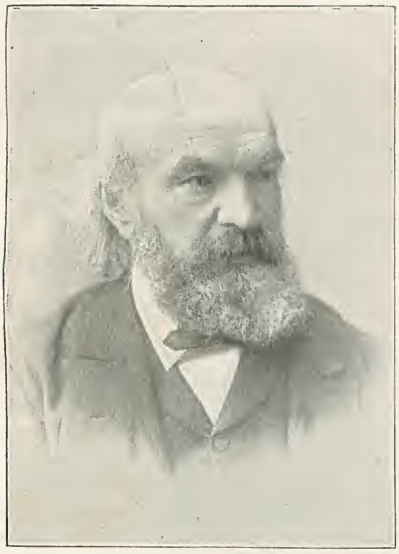
On the very evening of the day on which Le Verrier's letter was received at Berlin, Dr. Galle was able to comply with the request made of him. He was fortunately in possession of an accurate chart of the stars in that part of the heavens in which the spot indicated by Le Verrier was situated. This circumstance greatly facilitated his search. He compared the several bright points which his telescope showed him in the heavens with the stars which had been marked down on the chart. Most of the stars in the sky could be readily identified with the corresponding stars on the chart. There was, however, one starlike object in the field of the telescope which was not represented by any point on the chart. The attention of the experienced practical astronomer was instantly concentrated on this object. It was perfectly clear that the orb he was now looking at could not have been visible to the painstaking astronomer who had some years before been studying that part of the sky, and taking note of all the stars it contained with view to the preparation of the chart. There seemed to be only two possible suppositions to account for the discrepancy between the chart and the sky. One would be that the object in question was a star which had sprung into visibility at some period subsequent to the observations made for the preparation of the map. The other supposition would be that the suspicious object was a veritable planet, that is to say, a wanderer over the heavens which had been in some other part of the sky at the time when the chart was being made, but which had since moved into the position where it was now met with in September, 1846. Closer examination showed that the latter was the true interpretation of the new object. It was found to be in motion; it was, therefore, indeed a planet.



LE VERRIER.
From the Painting by Giacomotti, in the Royal Observatory, Paris.

Subsequent investigations with high magnifying powers on the telescope disclosed that this new member of the solar system possessed a characteristic by which a planet can often be distinguished from a star. No amount of magnifying power will ever exhibit a single star otherwise than as a brilliant point of light. Such an object never presents the appearance of a disc with perceptible area and a circular or oval outline. On the other hand, a planet may frequently be observed to show a distinctly marked disc. This test was here applied, and the new object was presently shown to possess the planetary figure, and thus its true character was illustrated in another way.

The scientific world stood amazed at this astonishing discovery. In any case, to have added yet another magnificent planet to the sun's retinue would have been a notable achievement. But the circumstances under which this planet was brought to light made the incident mark an epoch in the history of the human intellect. Here was a superb planet, eighty times larger than the earth, discovered, not by a mere accidental survey, but in consequence of refined mathematical



PROFESSOR ADAMS.
From a Photo. by Scott & Wilkinson, Cambridge.

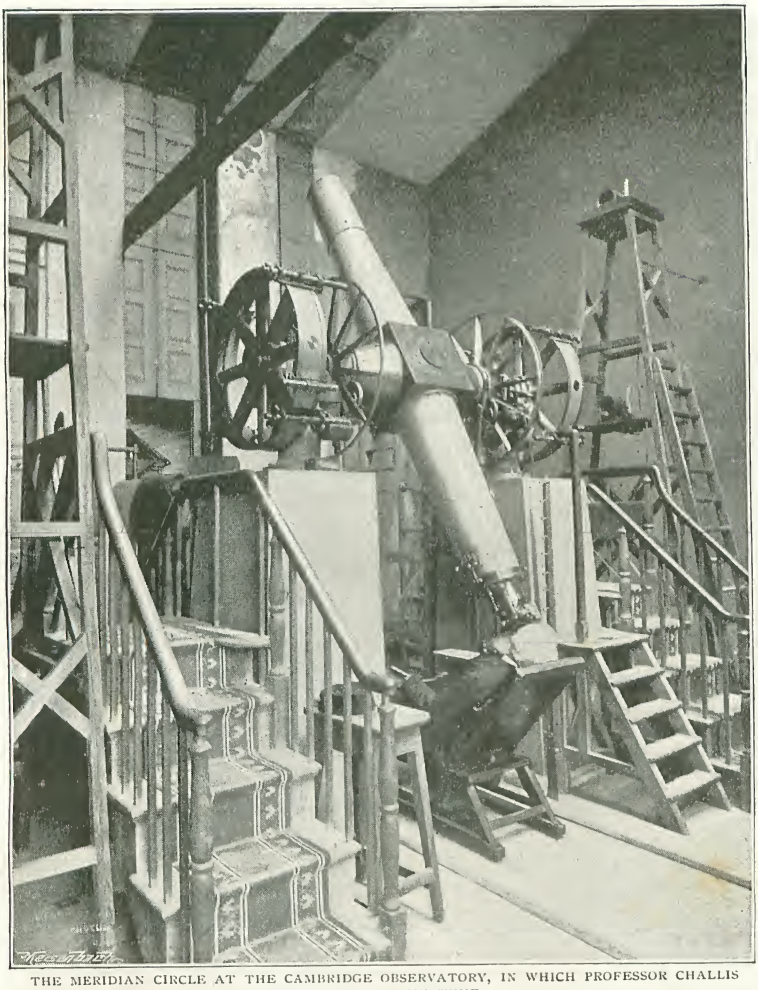
anticipations, which illustrated in the most emphatic manner the truth of the law of universal gravitation. The name of Le Verrier was immediately elevated to a pinnacle of renown transcending that which had been attained by any mathematical astronomer since the days of Newton.

It presently appeared, however, that the fame of the discovery of Neptune was not to be solely the property of Le Verrier, but that it would have to be shared with a young English mathematician.

Mr. J. C. Adams, who had recently taken an exceptionally brilliant degree at Cambridge, had also, as we have said, discovered the planet by calculation ere it had ever been telescopically seen. Adams had also, like Le Verrier, provided instructions for the practical astronomer by which the telescopic search for the planet might be undertaken.

Professor Challis, of Cambridge, commenced to search for the planet in accordance with the calculations of Adams, but he was, unfortunately, not provided with that special appliance for facilitating such a research which was available to Dr. Galle at Berlin. The Cambridge observer had not yet received a copy of that star-chart without which the task of discriminating the planet from among the hundreds of adjacent stars involved an arduous and tedious piece of work. Professor Challis did, however, manfully commence the laborious duty of instituting a careful survey of the region. We now know that in the course of his work he had, on more than one occasion, unwittingly observed the planet Neptune, so that there cannot be the least doubt that the process which he was pursuing must necessarily in due time have resulted in complete success. But while Challis was engaged in this laborious work, news reached Cambridge of the discovery of the planet which had already been effected at Berlin. A considerable controversy thereupon ensued. The French nation claimed for Le Verrier the credit of the discovery of Neptune, and were at first inclined to deny to Adams any share whatever in the immortal achievement. They urged that Le Verrier, quite unconscious of the labours of Adams, had completely worked out the position of the planet, and in consequence of that work, and solely in consequence of it, the planet had been telescopically discovered at Berlin. Those who put forward the claims of the English mathe-

From a Photo. by] PROFESSOR CHALLIS. *[Maull & Fox.*



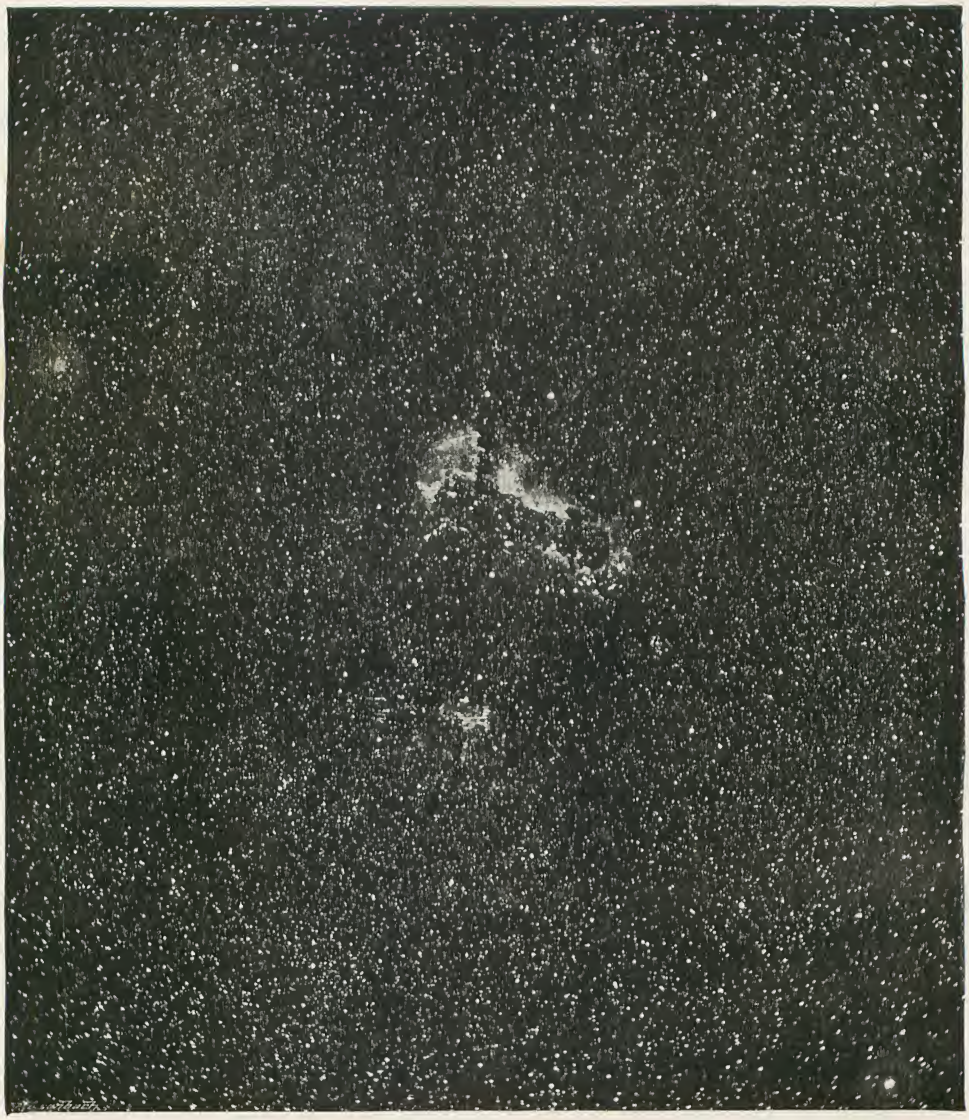
THE MERIDIAN CIRCLE AT THE CAMBRIDGE OBSERVATORY, IN WHICH PROFESSOR CHALLIS SEARCHED FOR NEPTUNE.
From a Photo. by Stearn, Cambridge.

matician urged the undoubted fact that the calculations of Adams were really prior to those of Le Verrier, though it was admitted that the optical discovery by Dr. Galle anticipated the discovery, which certainly would have been made by Challis when he had completed and compared his observation at Cambridge. The English claim demanded that the fame of the discovery of Neptune by mathematical research should be equally shared between Le Verrier and Adams.

Gradually this claim has come to be almost universally recognised as a just one. It is true that certain French writers occasionally speak of the discovery of Neptune as simply due to Le Verrier, but impartial judges generally refer to it as the joint result of the concurrent labours of the French and the English astronomers.

There can be no doubt that, even if Le Verrier or Adams had never lived, Neptune would in the course of the last fifty years have been discovered in some other way. We frequently read in the papers announcements of the detection of an additional planetary member of our system, but no one attaches to such achievements more than a very small fraction of the significance that must ever be attached to the discovery of Neptune. These small planets are usually discovered by diligent comparison of the stars in the sky with the stars on the chart, and whenever a new object is thus brought under notice, it is carefully looked after. There can be no doubt that Neptune would, in the course of time, have been found by this simple survey work, and though its detection would have been a great reward to the diligent astronomer who was so fortunate as to have first dropped upon it, yet it would have been a matter of much regret had Neptune been thus picked up, instead of having been the object of that wonderful mathematical triumph by which indications were given of the exact spot in which the search was to be made.

Indeed, as a matter of fact, Neptune had once been very nearly discovered in what may be described as an accidental manner before either Adams or Le Verrier were born. Astronomer Lalande records in his great celestial catalogue a certain "star" in a certain place on the 10th of May, 1795. Subsequent inquiries instituted by Adams showed that this object was not a star as Lalande thought, but that it was really the



PART OF THE CONSTELLATION GEMINI, IN WHICH NEPTUNE WAS FOUND, AS PHOTOGRAPHED BY PROFESSOR E. E. BARNARD AT THE LICK OBSERVATORY, WITH THE SIX-INCH PORTRAIT LENS.

planet Neptune. A reference to the original manuscript observations of Lalande brought to light circumstances of much interest. It appears that the astronomer had observed this object on May 8th, as well as on the date two days later, but as his observations showed a different position on the 10th from that which he had set down on the 8th, Lalande concluded that the latter was erroneous. We now know that the discrepancy in the two positions was simply due to the movement of the planet in the interval. Little did Lalande dream that a superb discovery had lain so nearly in his grasp, but we cannot regret that he did not make it. Had he done so, it would have been what we may relatively describe as a mere accidental achievement. We should have been deprived of the most glorious illustration science has yet given of the principles of theoretical astronomy.

The Adventures of a Man of Science.

By L. T. Meade and Clifford Halifax, M.D.

We have taken down these stories from time to time as our friend, Paul Gilchrist, has related them to us. He is a man whose life study has been science in its most interesting forms—he is also a keen observer of human nature and a noted traveller. He has an unbounded sympathy for his kind, and it has been his lot to be consulted on many occasions by all sorts and conditions of men.

II.—OUGHT HE TO MARRY HER?

MY small laboratory in Bloomsbury has been the source of more than one interesting experiment. I have worked the X rays, and have caught some glimpses of the infinite possibilities of the new discovery, but no subjects interest me so much as those which relate to biology, and of late my whole attention has been turned to the new future which the treatment of disease by animal extract affords.

The subject in its full intensity is naturally more in the line of the ordinary medical man than myself, but if I am not a biologist in the full sense of the word, I am nothing, and it has often seemed to me that the scientific man of leisure has more opportunity for making experiments and working up valuable discoveries, than his brother who is in the thick of the battle-field itself. The following story, which bears fully on the subject of this new discovery, absorbed my keenest attention at the time, and I cannot forbear from giving it here :—

On a certain evening in the month of May, my friend Dr. Everzard and I were seated together in his private study. We had been engaged in an interesting discussion, and I had been telling him of experiments which I had been fortunate enough to complete.

"Yes," he said, with eagerness, "I fully believe that there is a great future before this theory of treating disease by animal extract, and I shall be greatly surprised if it does not prove of marked use in the case of the insane."

"That is the very point I am coming to," I answered. "With all our knowledge we must confess that at the present moment we know little or nothing of the marvellous structure of the human brain. Until we are better acquainted with its functions, you doctors will be in the dark as far as the real treatment of insanity is concerned."

"I am by no means sure that light is not coming," answered Dr. Everzard. "Brain disease is often due, I feel sure, to functional disturbance and consequent mal-nutrition of certain centres. We see this plainly in cases of epilepsy, hysteria, etc. If we can, therefore, ascertain where the brain is at fault, there is a rational deduction and line of treatment pointed out."

I thought over these words for a moment; meanwhile, Everzard gave a quick glance at his watch.

"How the time has flown," he said, "we have neither of us another moment to waste. Pray, Gilchrist, hurry up to your room and get into your evening dress. If we don't both hasten we shall not be in the ball-room when the strains of the first waltz strike up. I cannot afford to be absent. You know your way to your room, don't you?"

I said I did, and hurried off to dress as fast as I could. This was the night when the great annual ball was held at Fairleigh Manor, and when the county were invited to attend the function.

Fairleigh Manor is one of the most beautiful places in the south-west of England. It possesses something like ninety acres of pleasure grounds, and the house itself is old and full of historical interest. On ordinary occasions, however, the high walls which surround the pleasure grounds, the wrought-iron gates, and the general air of seclusion, cast a certain gloom over the lovely place.

Dr. Everzard is much respected in the neighbourhood, but it is well known that he has a queer strain about him. Fairleigh Manor belongs to him, he is known to be a very wealthy man—he has refused to marry, and has turned his own place into nothing more or less than a large lunatic asylum. There are all sorts of theories to account for this, the favourite one being that there is really concealed insanity in Everzard's own family. To the outward eye, however, the gloom of the place does not affect its owner—he is a bright, keen-looking man of about forty years of age. Not only does he attend to his patients, but he is on the local board of magistrates, and attends church at least once every Sunday. There is nothing of importance which goes on in the district that he does not take part in, his activity

Copyright, 1896, by L. T. Meade.

being something wonderful. To look at him one can see that he is all on wires. His patients adore him, and he has the satisfaction of performing many permanent cures. The life at the Manor is all that is luxurious, the terms are reasonable, and the restraint as slight as possible. Moral suasion is brought to bear whenever moral suasion can effect its object; and Everzard, I know for a fact, often spends the short hours in earnest endeavours to lift the veil which separates the sane man from his insane brother.

He is a special friend of mine, and I am fond of running down to the Manor whenever I can spare the time to spend a couple of nights there.

On this occasion I was in time for the annual ball. Once a year the beautiful place is really thrown open—the dangerous patients disappear, no one cares to inquire where or how; but all those patients who are sufficiently well can once more sun themselves in the public gaze. Not only the splendid house itself, but the stately grounds, are got ready for the reception of guests.

On this particular night, having dressed, I ran downstairs. I lifted a curtain, and found myself in the great ball-room. Just within the entrance my eyes lighted on my friend Everzard and a particularly graceful, fair-haired woman of about thirty-five years of age. They were talking earnestly together, and I noticed that Everzard's eyes lightened, and his face seemed to contract with some displeasure as he conversed. The moment he saw me a look of relief passed over his features, and he came a step or two forward to meet me.

"Gilchrist," he said, "allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Joliffe. Mrs. Joliffe, this is my old friend, Paul Gilchrist."

"I am very glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Gilchrist," answered Mrs. Joliffe. She raised two sky-blue eyes to my face; a colour of the faintest rose mantled her cheeks for a moment, then left them with a lovely creamy pallor.

We stepped out through an open window, and Mrs. Joliffe leant against a pillar round which a lovely "Gloire de Dijon" climbed. It was just coming into flower, and she pulled one of the half-open buds and began to pick it absently to pieces.

"What are you doing in your world now?" she said.

"In my world?" I answered, startled by her tone, and at the flashing light which came and went in her peculiarly blue eyes.

She laughed—her laughter was as sweet as a silver bell.

"Ah," she said, "did I not see you talking to Dr. Everzard? You know my story, or at least some of it. You know that I am one of the unfortunate victims who live in this outward paradise—in reality, in this gilded prison."

"I am truly sorry for you," I said.

"Pray don't be that," she interrupted, "I am leaving here next week. Thanks to our good doctor's care I no longer belong to the insane members of the public. Now you understand why I asked my question. I do not wish to appear ignorant when I leave Fairleigh Manor. Please tell me what they are doing now in your world."

She laid her small hand confidingly on my arm.

"Let us walk up and down," she said, "it is quite sheltered on this terrace. Now, please, tell me."

"THEY WERE TALKING EARNESTLY TOGETHER."

"What about?" I asked.

"Oh, anything—not Parliamentary news, of course, but society gossip, little scandals, the 'bon mots' of polite life. What is the subject which interests most now in the London drawing-room, for instance?"

I began to relate one or two of the topics of the day.

She gazed at me while I was speaking with large, interested, wondering eyes.

"How nice," she said, "how I shall enjoy it all again! Of course no place, *for a lunatic*, could go beyond this, but when one is cured one can really enjoy life to the full. By the way, Mr. Gilchrist, you hold a somewhat unique position in London society, do you not?"

"Not that I know of," I answered, with a laugh.

"Let me see," she continued, holding up one of her pretty little hands, and beginning to count on her fingers; "you work hard, and yet you have so much money that you find it unnecessary to earn your own living."

"There is nothing very uncommon in that," I replied.

"Don't interrupt me. You are a noted traveller—you are partly of foreign extraction—your mother was not an Englishwoman, in consequence you have the foreigner's gift for languages; you know several."

"Nevertheless, in these days, such a fact does not put me out of the common run," I replied.

"Don't interrupt me, please; I have something further to say. You know the secrets of our prison-house, and yet you do not belong to us."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this: you have lifted the curtain which shows the hideous reality of disease, mental or physical, and yet in the ordinary sense of the word, you are not a doctor."

"Heaven forbid," I replied.

"Why do you say that? Why should you not help your fellow creatures?"

"It is my delight to help them when in my power," I said.

"Is that indeed so?" She looked at me with quite a glitter in her eyes. "Perhaps some day," she added, after a pause, "we may meet again, and it may be in your province to render me assistance."

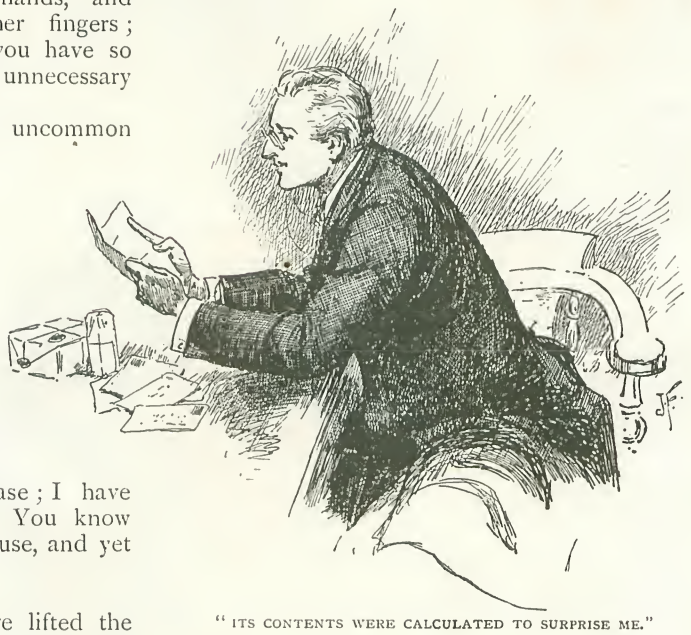
"If it is, be sure that I will do my utmost for you," I answered.

I had scarcely said the words before a neighbouring squire came up to take Mrs. Joliffe in to dance, and I had no opportunity of talking to her again that evening.

Early the next morning I left the Manor, but on my way up to town, the recollection of her somewhat strange face kept flashing again and again before my memory.

When I returned to town I found a letter awaiting me from my friend, Lucian Maxwell. He and I had spent a whole year travelling together in the Himalayas, and there were few men whom I knew better. I opened his letter now with eagerness, its contents were calculated to surprise me.

"When you read this, my dear Gilchrist, you will doubtless be astonished," he wrote. "I am about to enter immediately into the



"ITS CONTENTS WERE CALCULATED TO SURPRISE ME."

holy state of matrimony. I, who vowed against the whole thing for so long, am at last caught in the toils. My only excuse is that Laura is unlike any other girl I ever met. Fairer, braver, and, I believe, more noble. I really flatter myself that these are not altogether lovers' raptures. Gilchrist, you must see her for yourself. I write now to claim the performance of an offer you once made to act in the capacity of my best man should I ever break my vow. We are to be married in exactly three weeks, and as Laura has no settled home, the wedding

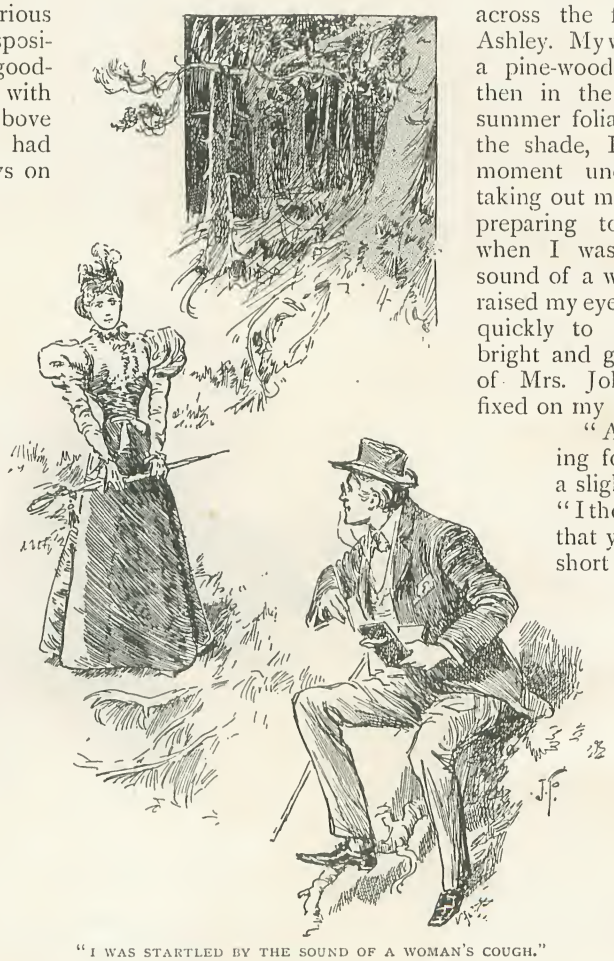
will take place from my place in Derbyshire. Pray write at once to say that you will be at my service on the 25th of June."

I threw down the letter, went to my diary, looked up the date, marked it with a red cross, and then wrote to my friend telling him that I would certainly be present at the wedding, and would be only too glad to make the acquaintance of his future bride.

Maxwell was as fine a fellow as I have often met, but he was not without a curious crank in his disposition. He was good-looking, well-off, with a family history above reproach, but he had some curious views on many subjects, and in particular with regard to women. From his earliest days he had been fond of making mental sketches of his future wife. This impossible creation, as I used to consider her, must possess in all things the happy mean, being neither too young nor too old, too clever nor too silly. She must be feminine without being prudish. She must be brave without possessing any of the attributes of the New Woman. In short, as I often said to Maxwell, his future wife must come straight down from Heaven, for in no other way could he obtain the perfect woman whom he hoped some day might own his name and be the mother of his children. Now, it appeared that he had discovered this pearl of great price, and that her feet really trod the earth.

"No doubt the girl is as commonplace as possible," I said to myself. "Maxwell has fallen in love, and he sees her through false glasses. Well, I shall soon know for myself." I wrote the usual congratulatory letter, and prepared to go to Combe Ashley the last week in June.

On the afternoon of the 23rd, I started for my friend's place; I arrived in good time, but to my surprise no one met me at the little wayside station, which was distant about two miles from the house. As the afternoon was a particularly fine one I desired my luggage to be sent after me and walked across the fields to Combe Ashley. My way led me through a pine-wood, which was just then in the perfection of its summer foliage. Thankful for the shade, I sat down for a moment under a tree, and taking out my sketch-book, was preparing to make a sketch when I was startled by the sound of a woman's cough. I raised my eyes, and then started quickly to my feet, for the bright and glittering blue orbs of Mrs. Joliffe were eagerly fixed on my face.



"I WAS STARTLED BY THE SOUND OF A WOMAN'S COUGH."

"Ah," she said, coming forward and giving a slight theatrical laugh, "I thought it quite likely that you would take this short cut. That is well; I shall be able to have a little conversation with you before we join the rest of the visitors."

"How do you do?" I said, "I am surprised to see you here."

"Are you?" she replied; "well, I can account for my presence very easily. But before I say another word it is my turn to ask you a question."

"What is that?"

She came close to me, and looked up into my eyes with a peculiar gaze.

"Do you remember where you saw me last?"

"Perfectly well."

"I want you to keep that fact a secret."

"I shall certainly have no object in betray-

ing it," I answered, speaking abruptly, and with some annoyance, for her manner irritated me, I did not know why.

"That is good. You have promised, remember, to respect that most important secret. I am here as a guest, and not a soul in the house, with the exception of yourself, knows my previous history. I do not choose that anyone shall know. When I heard you were coming here I will confess that I got a considerable start; then it occurred to me that I might manage to meet you before you met any of the other guests, or, in particular, before you had any communication with our charming host, Lucian Maxwell. I have managed this, and you have promised to respect my secret, so all is well. Now, will you sit down and let me sit near you, I have a good deal to say."

I motioned her to avail herself of a mossy bank which sloped away from one of the pine trees. She sat down without a word, and I placed myself at a little distance.

"Now," she began, eagerly, "I must say what I have come to say in as few words as possible. You wonder that I am here—I will tell you. What more natural than that a mother should be in the house with her child, just before that child's wedding?"

"What can you mean?" I asked, surprise and fear on my face.

"Exactly what I say. I have got a daughter, a beautiful daughter—her name is Laura, she is to marry Lucian Maxwell the day after to-morrow."

"Your daughter is to marry Lucian Maxwell," I repeated.

"Yes, pray don't look so stunned; when you see her you will quite forgive your friend's indiscretion."

"It is not that," I replied. I turned my face away. Like a flash a memory rose before my mental vision. If there was a subject on which Maxwell, in my opinion, was a little over-particular, it was on the dreaded topic of heredity. Over and over again had he been fond of assuring me that far rather would he allow his ancient house to die out of existence than bring serious disease into his family. When I last saw Mrs. Joliffe she had been confined in a lunatic asylum. She had met me now in order to wring a promise from me that I would not acquaint Lucian Maxwell with this fact. I had given her the promise without knowing what it involved. Ought I to keep it?

My eyes met her's.

"You think I have trapped you?" she said. "Well, I meant to do so. Now, remember, I hold you to your word; you are not to betray what you know about me. Lucian Maxwell is a special friend of yours. He told me last night with what pleasure he looked forward to your visit. He spoke of the old friendship which existed between you, and said that his crowning bliss would not be there unless you accompanied him to the altar. Those were strong words, and they meant a great deal. Lucian, in my opinion, is one of the best of men; he is the very husband of all others I desire for Laura. She is to marry him on the 25th—you quite understand?"

I did not speak.

"If he knew all that you know about me that wedding would never take place."

"Mrs. Joliffe," I said, suddenly, "is it right to keep Maxwell in the dark?"

She laughed. Then the colour flooded her thin, excited face.

"From my point of view it is perfectly right," she said. "Now I mean to take you into my confidence. You met me a month ago at a ball at Dr. Everzard's house—beyond that one fact you know nothing whatever about me."

"That is perfectly true," I replied. "Everzard, of course, mentioned to me that you were one of his patients."

"Yes—I wish he had not done so—that, alas, signifies a great deal. Now listen to me attentively. When I heard last evening that you were expected here, not only as a guest, but as the special, indeed the chief, friend of the bridegroom, I experienced a sensation of agony, which you, with your cool, well-balanced life, can little understand. The object of many long years, the hope so soon to be realized, the reward for self-denial the most intense, of horrors all cheerfully borne because one result was to be the consequence, seemed about to be shattered by a single blow. Then I remembered your face, which appeared to me to be strong as well as kind. I also recalled a remark made by you to me, that whenever it was in your power it was your pleasure to help your fellow-creatures. Mr. Gilchrist, it is now in your power to render me assistance. The opportunity which you wished for has arrived. You see before you a very miserable and a most anxious woman. I claim your sympathy and I demand your help."

"Pray be assured that there is nothing I would not do for you," I replied, "but the promise you have just wrung from me, Mrs. Joliffe, means injustice to my friend. If

ever there was a man fastidious, over-sensitive on the subject of family history, Maxwell is that person. Is it right to him, is it right to your daughter, to allow them to marry without his knowing the girl's true family history?"

"I repeat, that from my point of view it is perfectly right. Laura is to marry Lucian Maxwell the day after to-morrow. By a mere accident you have got hold of my secret. I insist on your keeping your promise. I expect you to respect it as a man of honour. I have one child. She represents my all of hope, of love—she is my only treasure. She knows nothing whatever of the unhappy doom which hangs over me. She is beautiful, lovable, worthy of the best that life can offer her. I say once for all, that I will not have her happiness tampered with. She is much attached to Lucian, who thinks her perfect—he shall marry her knowing nothing whatever of my unhappy history. I demand your silence."

"This places me in a most unhappy dilemma," I said.

"I am sorry for you; but what is your dilemma to mine? Now, I want to take you further into my confidence. You met me at Fairleigh Manor?"

"Yes, and Everzard gave me to understand that at times you suffer from want of control over your emotions. Perhaps, after all," I added, eagerly, "your mania may be of a very slight character."

"If so, would my liberty have been taken from me? No, do not flatter yourself that it is anything of the sort. At a moment like the present there is no use in mincing matters. You shall know the simple truth. The form my mania takes is the following: I am pursued by the most horrible, ghastly fear that I am being poisoned. Each kindly word, each gentle glance, each sympathizing expression, seems to me at such times like the cunning of my deadliest foe. My mania rises to hatred, and unless something is done to arrest its progress, I should think very little of trying myself to take the life of the person whom I imagine is conspiring against me. But I cannot speak of it further. Only an insane person can know what I endure. Even at the present moment, even as I speak to you, I feel the sure approach of the terrible cloud which shuts away the sunshine of my life. I am convinced, however, that I shall be able to control myself until Thursday morning, when I return immediately to Fairleigh Manor."

"And your daughter is quite unaware of all this?" I said.

"Yes. I have managed well, she knows nothing. My husband died soon after her birth, and when my darling was five years old she was taken from me and sent to school. We used to meet occasionally in the holidays, and we always corresponded with regularity. When with her I have hitherto had power to restrain myself. She suspects nothing. Your terrible theory of heredity cannot be correct, for I am convinced my only child will escape my awful fate. I have done all that I could by placing her in the healthiest environments to insure that. But if she is the victim of a cruel blow I cannot answer for the consequence. She is fragile, physically delicate—were you to tell what you know of me to Mr. Maxwell you would, in all probability, render my daughter insane for life."

I rose to my feet.

"You place me in a terrible position," I replied, "but there is no help for it, I will respect your scruples. I only pray Heaven that I am not committing a sin in doing so."

"Be assured that you are acting nobly, Mr. Gilchrist."

Mrs. Joliffe also stood up, she came forward and took one of my hands in hers.

"Heaven bless you," she said. "You have lifted a weight from my mind. My Laura will now be happily married on the 25th, on which day I return to the Manor. Until then not a soul will know, except yourself, of my secret."

"How have you managed to keep Miss Joliffe in ignorance all this time?" I asked.

Mrs. Joliffe laughed.

"Ah, I have been clever," she said. "My girl is under the impression that I have spent all these long years travelling abroad. I have one or two friends on the Continent who have posted my letters to her. You will see for yourself how unnatural, how more than unnatural, it would have been had I not been present at her wedding. Afterwards I shall see little or nothing of her; but my mind will be at ease, she at least will be insured a happy life."

As she said these last words she looked down the pretty vista through the wood. Some people were coming up a narrow path.

"Lucian and some of his friends!" she exclaimed. "Remember, Mr. Gilchrist, I trust you and—and thank you."

She gave me a glance full of gratitude as well as warning, and then, with a light laugh, ran down the path to meet her friends.

"I have been the very first to meet Mr.

"HERE I AM, OLD FELLOW!"

Gilchrist," she said, going straight up to Maxwell's side.

"Gilchrist!" exclaimed Maxwell. "Has he come?"

"Here I am, old fellow!" I answered, coming forward.

"But I did not expect you until a later train. Did you walk from the station?"

"Yes, and my luggage is following me."

The colour flooded his thin face—he linked his hand through my arm, and without waiting to apologize to the friends who had accompanied him into the wood, walked away rapidly with me by his side.

"I cannot say how acceptable your presence is," he said, "I have much to tell you, but first of all I want to introduce you to Laura. We will come straight away to her now."

"You look well," I said, by way of reply.

"I never felt better in my life," he answered. "I often told you, did I not, Gilchrist, that my bride could not exist out of Paradise? But there, I have found her at last. Of the earth earthy, thank Providence, but so ethereal, so unworldly, that I think a breath would waft her into Heaven. Come, I see you are smiling, but I assure you these are not mere lovers' raptures. You shall see Laura yourself."

As he spoke, he strode forward with eager steps. The next moment we found ourselves in a long, low, cool conservatory, protected from the sun by heavy blinds, which shut out the greater part of the heat of the June day. A very slender young girl was standing under an open window. She was twirling a rose in her fingers. When she saw Maxwell the rose tumbled to the floor, and she advanced slowly to meet him.

"Here I am, Laura," he cried, "and whom do you think I have brought with me? No less a person than my best man, and," he added, giving me an affectionate glance, "my greatest friend, Paul Gilchrist."

"I have heard of you, of course, and I am glad to meet you," she answered—she raised shy blue eyes to my face. She was, I saw at a glance, her mother in miniature, but her mother with a sort of halo cast over her. The same blue eyes were there with their intense—almost china—colour, but in the girl's case they were shaded and softened by thick long lashes of a perfect black. The delicate arched brows, too, were slightly darker. The hair was bright with the brightness of youth, being of a red-gold, crisp, radiant, full of little tendrils and half-attempts at curls—it softened her white forehead and massed itself in graceful confusion round her pretty head. Her complexion was as pink and white as a bit of Dresden china, but extremely delicate, the colour coming and going in her cheeks at the least emotion. Under her wonderful brilliant eyes, too, there were somewhat dark shadows, which seemed to throw up and intensify their expression, adding to the etherealness and fragility of the face. Angelic was the best word by which to describe this very fair girl, and when I gazed at her I did not wonder at Maxwell's infatuation.

She began to speak to me in a low, sweet voice, and I had not been ten minutes in her society before I discovered something else—I caught a glimpse of what was in the heart

of the mother—the passion, the despair which would even commit a crime if necessary to protect so treasured and beautiful a creature from the rough storms of the world.

"The boat is waiting, Laura; are you inclined for our promised row?" said her lover.

She glanced from Maxwell to me.

"If Mr. Gilchrist will come with us," she said.

The compliment was so pretty that I could not but accept. We strolled down together to the lake, and spent an hour or more floating about on its glassy surface.

There was to be a ball that night, and Laura was full of the pleasures of the coming dance. Maxwell lay back in the bow of the boat contented to watch her as she talked. She had a somewhat slow utterance, each word coming out with a sort of deliberate pause, which gave a curious effect to her slightest sentence. She addressed most of her remarks to me, avoiding, I thought, in a somewhat peculiar way, her lover's glances. Now and then her brows were knit as if in momentary pain; now and then she drooped her sweet lips; and once I was certain that I intercepted a startled light of perplexity and almost terror in her eyes.

I said to myself, however, that I was prejudiced, that the knowledge of the mother's history made me read more than I ought in the daughter's face.

The dance that evening was a particularly brilliant one. Many guests from neighbouring houses had arrived, and the grounds were lighted with Chinese lanterns and many other forms of decoration. Soon after ten o'clock I was standing on the south terrace, when I was startled by a light hand being laid on my arm. I looked round and saw the pretty young bride-elect standing at my side. She was all in white, and looked more ethereal and lovely than ever.

"Can I speak to you?" she asked.

Her voice was very low, and almost unnatural in its tone. Even by the artificial light I could see that she was pale, her lips were trembling.

"Certainly," I replied. "Where shall we go?"

"LAURA WAS FULL OF THE PLEASURES OF THE COMING DANCE."

"We need not go anywhere," she answered. "Let us walk up and down here."

"But you are cold—you are trembling."

"I do not tremble from cold," she replied. "Mr. Gilchrist, I must confide in someone—it is all too horrible. You are Lucian's best friend, are you not?"

"One of his best friends," I answered. "Why do you ask?"

"How am I to tell you the truth?" she replied. "You know I am to marry him the day after to-morrow?"

"Of course."

"I will not break off the engagement, for I am no coward. Besides, if my suspicions are true, I shall wish to be able to revenge myself."

"What do you mean by your suspicions?" I asked, "suspicions against Lucian, the best fellow in the world?"

"Ah," she answered with a laugh, so strange that it curdled me. "You don't know him as well as I do. Lucian is not what he seems. Bend down, for I must not speak aloud. I must on no account inform my poor mother of the awful truth."

"What is it, Miss Joliffe? Speak out, you startle me."

"You will be more startled when you know all. Lucian's love for me has changed—he is trying to poison me."

"What nonsense," I answered. "You must be mad to talk in that way."

The next moment I was sorry that I had used the word. She started away from me, and put up both her hands to her face with a puzzled and terrified gesture.

"Mad," she said, "I mad? What do you mean? It is he, poor fellow, who has lost his senses. Of course, he cannot know what he is doing. Were he in his ordinary frame of mind he would not act as he has acted more than once during the last couple of days. Only half an hour ago, Mr. Gilchrist, I saw him put a powder into the champagne which he wished me to drink. Oh, it is too terrible; what is to become of me?"

"'MAD!' SHE SAID. 'WHAT DO YOU MEAN?'"

I thought for a moment, and then took my cue.

"You are excited and over-wrought," I said. "There is no use in telling you that your imagination is running away with you, for in your present state of mind you would not believe me. I will speak to Maxwell."

"But you will not tell him that I suspect him? That would make him more cunning than ever."

"No, no, I will say nothing to implicate you; you look dreadfully tired, will you not go to bed?"

"I am terribly exhausted," she answered; "but don't think that I am inventing this, I saw it all too plainly. He carries the poison in his pocket, and only waits for the moment to give it to me. Oh, yes, I shall marry him, and if he persists in his fiendish resolve I know how I can have my revenge."

She laughed again, her bright blue eyes completely altered in expression, they glittered horribly. The laughter had not died away on her lips before Maxwell joined us.

"My darling," he said, putting his hand on Laura's shoulder, "I have been looking for you, you have had *no* supper — come with me at once, I insist on your having a glass of champagne."

She gave me a glance full of meaning.

"I would rather Mr. Gilchrist took me to supper," she said.

"Well, humour her then, Gilchrist," said Maxwell, raising his brows in momentary surprise. "Laura, I want you to go to bed after you have had some supper."

"Very well, Lucian," she answered, in her peculiarly sweet, low voice.

He gave her an earnest glance which she would not meet. She laid her hand on my arm, and I took her to the supper-room.

"Now," she said, "get me something quickly, I am so hungry. Some chicken and aspic jelly, please, and plenty of champagne."

I supplied her wants, and she ate and drank feverishly. The colour returned to her

cheeks from the action of the stimulant, and after a time she stood up.

"I am better," she said, "the awful fear is not so haunting."

"When did you feel it first?" I asked.

"On the day my mother and I arrived here, but only very slightly. All to-day, however, the dread has become worse and worse until now it is an assurance. The sight of the powder convinces me. Oh poor, poor, poor mother, she shall never know. I will marry Lucian and hide my misery. Once I loved him well. Oh, why has his love for me turned to hate?"

I saw that she would give way to tears unless I hurried her out of the supper-room.

"Go to bed at once," I said, "I will get to the bottom of this mystery for you. You have confided in me, and I promise to be your friend."

"How kind you are," she said.

She held out her hand, which I grasped. A moment later she had left me.

I hurried off to the ball-room, where I met Mrs. Joliffe.

"Are you engaged for the next dance?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied, looking at her programme, "but I don't want to dance. I shall throw my partner over. This place is over-heated; let us go out of doors."

I accompanied her.

"Mrs. Joliffe," I said, the moment we got outside, "you must be prepared for a very painful piece of information."

"That you do not intend to keep your word?" she said.

"It has nothing to do with that. You are a brave woman, and I am sure you will take what I am about to tell you bravely."

Her face turned pale; she pressed one hand against her heart.

"I am accustomed to shocks," she said. "I know what you have come to tell me. Lucian has discovered my secret."

"He knows nothing, all your suspicions are wide of the mark; what I have to tell you is far more terrible"

"Good heavens! speak!" she cried.

"Your daughter——"

"Laura? What of her? Is she ill?"

"In one sense she is very ill. Mrs. Joliffe, she inherits your malady. To-night she gave way to an aggressive form of the madness which at intervals wrecks your life."

"Impossible!" said the miserable woman. She stepped back a few paces and looked up at me with glittering eyes. I gave her a faithful version of the incident which had just taken place. When I had done speaking she covered her face with her hands.

"Has all my suffering and my self-denial been in vain, then?" she cried. "All the years of loneliness, of horror, have not been sufficient to avert the curse. Oh, my God! why should it fall on her—on her, my innocent angel? Was not one victim enough? What is to become of me?"

"Try to calm yourself and listen to me," I said. "Mrs. Joliffe, I do not think this marriage ought to go on."

"Mr. Gilchrist, it must go on. I think of no one but Laura, and you are bound in honour not to betray me. I know, none better, the workings of the insidious and terrible malady. Have I not gone through it all? Laura feels badly to-night, but to-morrow in all probability she will be her own happy self again. The attacks at first are always slight. Laura will be quite well to-morrow, that is, unless she gets a shock. If she gets a shock now she will be a maniac for life. Mr. Gilchrist, I hold you to your promise."

I was silent.

"You are bound in honour, I hold you to your promise," repeated the unhappy woman.

"What can be the matter?" said Maxwell's voice at that moment. "Why, Gilchrist, you look quite pale; Mrs. Joliffe, I have come to claim you, this is our dance, is it not?"

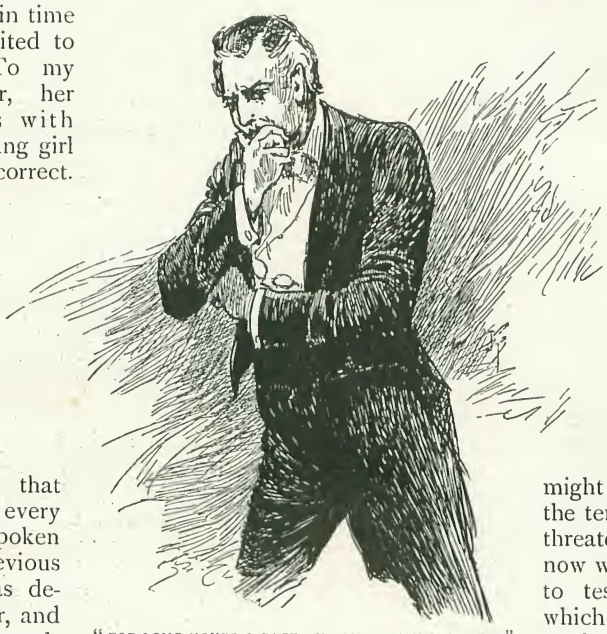
She put her hand on his arm, made some light and laughing remark, and turned away.

I went upstairs to my own room.

It is needless to say that, during that night, no sleep visited my eyes. My position was sufficiently embarrassing to test the nerves of a strong man. I had obtained, through an accident, the possession of a ghastly secret, which first concerned Mrs. Joliffe and then her daughter. Both mother and daughter were victims. The girl was about to marry my greatest friend. I had given my word of honour not to betray the secret.

For long hours I paced up and down my room. What was I to do? Without being a doctor myself I found myself in the position of the family physician. It is an understood thing that a doctor does not betray his patients' secrets. On that point I entertained strong views. Here was a case which illustrated the theory. Without being a doctor I was in the position of one—I felt bound to be faithful to Mrs. Joliffe. Unless Maxwell found out Laura's terrible malady during the following day I could do nothing to enlighten him.

I went downstairs to breakfast, feeling ill at ease; afterwards I strolled away by myself. My one hope, and it was a miserable one, was that Laura would betray herself that day, and that Maxwell would be warned in time before he was united to a mad wife. To my distress, however, her mother's words with regard to the young girl turned out to be correct. When she came to breakfast she looked calm and happy, her eyes met mine with serene unconsciousness. I managed to have a chat with her, and found to my added perplexity that she had forgotten every word she had spoken to me on the previous evening. She was devoted to her lover, and went about the grounds hanging on his arm. Mrs. Joliffe gave me one or two triumphant glances.



"FOR LONG HOURS I PACED UP AND DOWN MY ROOM."

I could not join the rest of the happy party. I went away to the wood, and finding a secluded spot sat down to think out the situation. I must keep Mrs. Joliffe's secret, but at the same time I must take some means to rescue Maxwell from the appalling fate which hung over his head. Suddenly, as I thought, a memory returned to me. I seemed to hear my friend, Dr. Everzard, speaking.

"Brain disease," he said, "is often due to functional disturbance and consequent malnutrition of certain centres. If we can, therefore, ascertain where the brain is at fault, a rational line of treatment is pointed out."

I sprang to my feet.

"I have it," I cried aloud, excitedly.

Had there been time I would have gone to consult Dr. Everzard, but there was none. The wedding was to take place at two o'clock on the following day. I could not possibly reach Fairleigh Manor and return within the allotted time to Combe Ashley. But I might go to London and be back before the wedding. With Dr. Everzard's remark in my mind, I thought carefully over the experiments which I had lately made with regard to animal extracts as a means of cure. If Everzard's idea were correct, there was a certain portion of Laura Joliffe's brain which was not sufficiently nourished. The new line of treatment pointed out a definite cure for this. If I could supply the unhappy girl with those portions of brain which were faulty in her own, I might gradually overcome the terrible malady which threatened her. In short, now was the time for me to test the experiments which I had so lavishly made in my little laboratory in Bloomsbury.

There was not a moment to lose, I hurried to the house.

Maxwell was smoking a cigar on the terrace in front of the house.

"Maxwell," I said, "will you order a trap immediately? I must catch the next train. I shall be back here by twelve to-night, if that is not too late."

"Not a bit," replied Maxwell; "I will sit up for you."

He hurried off to give directions, and in a very short time I found myself driving to the railway station.

I caught my train, and reached St. Pancras in good time. I drove straight home, entered my laboratory, secured a certain box of carefully prepared medicine, and took the next train back to Derbyshire. After twelve that night I was once more in my friend's house. Maxwell came to meet me.

"You look fagged," he said; "come and have some supper, it is waiting for you."

I went into the dining-room, made a hearty meal, and then asked Maxwell if the other guests had retired to bed.

"All except Mrs. Joliffe. For some reason she seems to be in a strangely nervous condition. She asked when you would

return, and said she would like to speak to you."

"She is the very person I want to see," I answered. "Let me go to her at once."

"I suppose I must not know what the mystery is?"

"I am afraid I cannot tell it you," I answered, looking at him earnestly.

For answer he fixed his eyes on my face.

"I had a bad ten minutes to-day," he said. "Laura——"

"What of her?" I asked.

"Nay, I will not tell you, she is all right again now. You will find her mother in the library; do not let her keep you up long."

I went to Mrs. Joliffe with a sinking heart.

She started up eagerly when she saw me.

"What do you mean to do?" she asked, coming forward.

"This," I said. I took the box which I had brought from town out of my pocket.

"What does that box mean?" she asked.

"Sit down and listen to me quietly," I said. "I have been making experiments, important experiments, with regard to a new cure. I need not waste time now in repeating to you exactly what I have done. Your part is to obey my directions implicitly."

"If I do not?" she asked.

"Then I shall consider myself absolved from my promise, and will tell Maxwell the entire truth."

"I will do anything you wish," she said.

She was trembling exceedingly. At this moment she was obliged to lean her hand against the nearest table to keep herself upright.

"The box which I have brought with me from town," I continued, "contains capsules. These capsules are made of gelatine, and each of them contains a certain dose. The medicine is of a new and important kind. In my opinion, and in that of Dr. Everzard, it acts in a direct manner upon the higher nervous centres. There is a strong possibility, Mrs. Joliffe—remember, I cannot speak with certainty—but there is a very strong possibility that within this little box lies the cure of your daughter's malady."

"God grant it," she said; her great eyes glistened through sudden tears.

"Your daughter must take three of these capsules daily," I continued. "You must get her to promise this. Give her one when she wakes in the morning, give her another before she leaves here with her husband. Wring a promise from her that she will never omit to take three daily."

"I will do so," she answered. "God bless you, Mr. Gilchrist. Have you anything more to say?"

"Yes; Miss Joliffe must also furnish you with her address. There are enough capsules in that box to last her exactly a month. If they do anything for her, she will in all probability be obliged to continue the cure for months, perhaps years. I must be placed in a position to be able to supply her with more capsules—the whole thing is an experiment, and it may fail, but it is the very best I can do."

"There is no fear of any other evil resulting from the use of this strange medicine?" asked the mother.

"None whatever. If the capsules do no good, they will at least do no harm. I have taken many of them myself. Remember I have hopes, strong hopes, but no certainty. This, however, is the only thing that I can do."

The tears again sprang to Mrs. Joliffe's eyes.

"You are a good man," she said; "you shall be obeyed in every particular."

She left the room.

The next day Laura and Maxwell were married. The wedding ceremony took place without a hitch, and no bride ever looked more lovely.

I was standing in the hall when the bride and bridegroom went away. Maxwell had forgotten something, and had to hurry back to one of the sitting-rooms. For a moment the bride and I found ourselves alone. She came quickly to my side.

"I remember now all that I said to you the other night," she whispered. "Oh! Mr. Gilchrist, the awful fear is over me again—the terrible, maddening fear. From this out I shall be alone with him; I know he means to poison me—but if he does, remember that I—I have taken means to have my revenge."

She laughed as she spoke, that light, inconsequent, terrible laughter of the insane. Her lovely face also underwent a vivid change. For one flashing moment the angel went out of it, giving place to the fiend.

"Take your medicine three times a day without fail," I whispered back, "and try to believe that this unpleasant sensation will quickly pass."

"I have promised my mother to take those queer little pills," she replied.

"Repeat your promise to me; I am certain you are a woman of your word."

"I am, I never broke it yet. Here comes Lucian."

Her face altered, the fear seemed to die

out of it, the angel look returned. She sprang into the carriage, laughter on her lips, the light of happiness in her blue eyes.

What I suffered during the next few weeks it is difficult to describe. No news reached me with regard to Maxwell and his bride. Mrs. Joliffe, according to her determination,

"SHE SPRANG INTO THE CARRIAGE."

returned to Fairleigh Manor. My sleep was broken at night, my waking hours were haunted by the dread of a terrible catastrophe. Had I done right, had I done wrong? This question haunted me day and night. Would the capsules effect a cure, or would Maxwell find out when too late that I could have warned him against his awful fate and yet did not do so?

At last, on a certain fine morning, one month after the wedding, I could stand the mental strain no longer, and hurried off to Fairleigh Manor.

As soon as I got there I had an interview with Mrs. Joliffe. She came eagerly to meet me, her face was bright, her eyes full of happiness. She placed a letter in my hands. I saw at a glance that the writing was Maxwell's.

"Read that portion," she said, pointing to the third page. I did so.

"I am glad to be able to tell you," wrote Maxwell, "that Laura, who was nervous and depressed, and was at times, I must add, very strange during the first fortnight of our honeymoon, has now quite recovered her normal spirits. She is really in excellent health, has a good appetite, and is putting on flesh. I doubt, when we return to England, if you will know her for the fragile girl who left her native land a short time ago. There is only one odd thing about her: she insists on dosing herself with some extraordinary little capsules three times daily. She is looking over me as I write, and begs me to say that the supply is nearly out, and she wants some more. She thinks they have a wonderful effect upon her, soothing her nerves in an inexplicable manner."

"I have brought a fresh box of medicine with me," I said. "Please send it to Mrs. Maxwell by the next post."

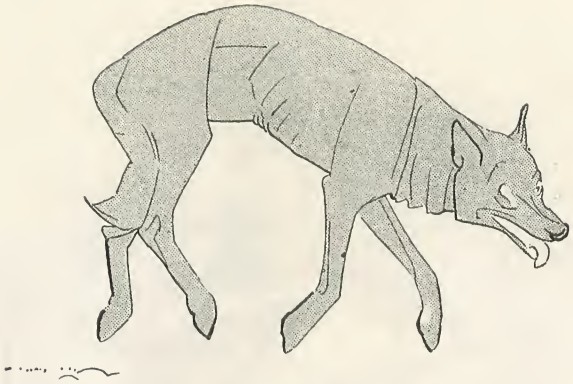
"Mr. Gilchrist," said Mrs. Joliffe, "I intend to try your medicine on myself. If it has effected a cure on my child, why not on me?"

"Why not, truly?" I answered.

Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd

Fables

THE NURSE AND THE WOLF.



1.—AS A WOLF WAS HUNTING UP AND DOWN FOR HIS SUPPER—

2.—HE PASSED BY A DOOR WHERE A LITTLE CHILD WAS BAWLING, AND AN OLD WOMAN CHIDING IT.

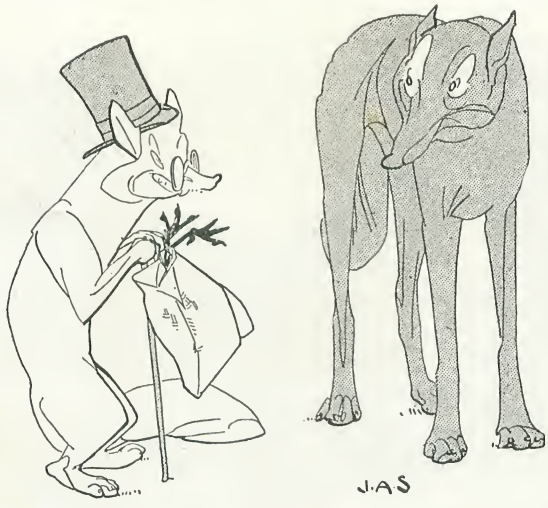
3.—"STOP YOUR NAUGHTY TRICKS," SAYS THE OLD WOMAN, "OR I'LL THROW YOU TO THE WOLF." THE WOLF WAITED A LONG WHILE, IN HOPE THE WOMAN WOULD BE AS GOOD AS HER WORD.

4.—BUT NO CHILD COMING, AWAY HE WENT FOR THAT TIME.

5.—HE TOOK HIS WALK THE SAME WAY AGAIN TOWARD THE EVENING, AND THE NURSE, HE FOUND, HAD CHANGED HER NOTE: FOR SHE WAS THEN COAXING AND CODDLING THE CHILD.

6.—"THAT'S A GOOD DEAR," SAYS SHE. "IF THE WOLF COMES FOR MY CHILD, WE'LL BEAT HIS BRAINS OUT."

7.—THE WOLF WENT MUTTERING AWAY.



8.—THE FOX MEETING HIM, AND SURPRISED TO SEE HIM GO HOME SO THIN AND DISCONSOLATE, ASKED HIM WHAT THE MATTER WAS. THE WOLF EXPLAINED HIS DISAPPOINTMENT. "AH," SAYS THE FOX, "THERE'S NO GOOD IN MEDDLING WITH PEOPLE THAT SAY ONE THING AND MEAN ANOTHER."

Some Curious Public School Customs.

By Thomas Staveley Oldham.

ETON is admittedly the chief rowing school in England, as anyone can tell who scans the lists of the oarsmen who have taken part in the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Races. But at Eton it is by no means a matter of course that a new arrival may start on his aquatic career without the authorities knowing all about it. No boy is allowed to go on the river till he has learned to swim, and it is necessary to pass a regular examination before two masters, who are very particular in requiring a good "header," as well as plenty of swimming power.

A punt full of naked candidates is moored, near Cuckoo Weir, about 25yds. from a pole planted to serve as a goal, and in presence of the two "passing masters," and generally also a crowd of spectators, each boy in turn has to swim to and from the pole, to turn on his back, and show that he knows how to float. A boy who makes a bad dive, and falls flat on the water, is always turned back.

This custom of "passing" in swimming dates from 1839 or 1840, when a boy was drowned by being thrown out of his boat by a barge rope nearly opposite the Eton College Boat Club, formerly Tolladays. The accident happened on a Saturday, and before Monday morning the late Bishop of New Zealand, G. Selwyn, and Mr. Evans, two of the masters, drew up, at Dr. Hawtrey's request, the rules for "passing," which have continued in force ever since.

Speaking of the river at Eton reminds us of a very curious and absurd custom which formerly prevailed at the school, called "shirking." Boys were allowed to boat on the Thames, but all the approaches to it were "out of bounds," and so were the streets of Windsor leading to the Castle terrace, although it was quite lawful to walk on the said terrace. So that if you wanted to have your hair cut, or cash a money order at the post-office, or go to the tailor for a new coat, for which your tutor had given you an order, you had to go "out of bounds."

College boundary was marked by what was known as the "shirking stone," let into the wall on the Eton side of Barnes Pool Bridge, of which we give an illustration on the next page.

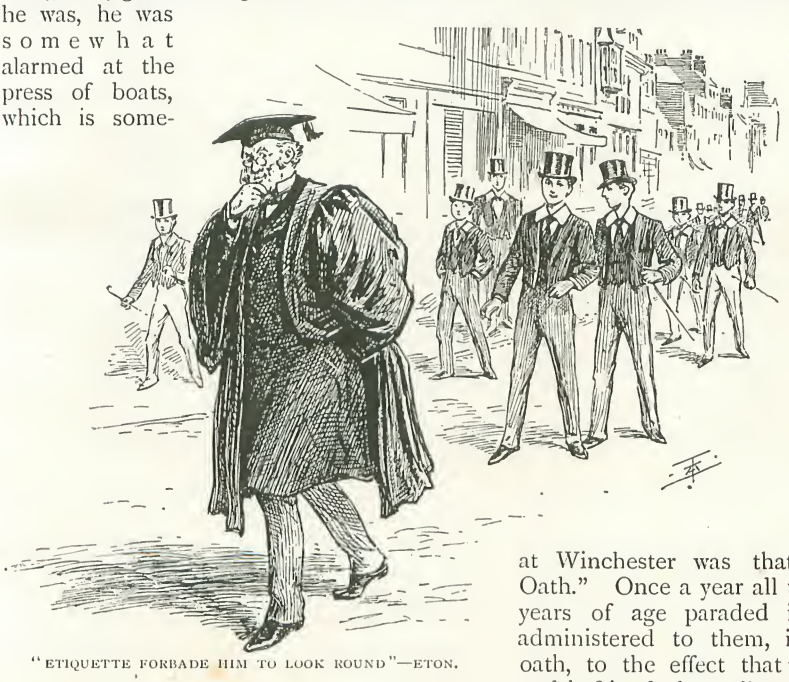
This contradictory system led to "shirking," which meant that if when you were out of bounds you met a master, you promptly popped into the nearest shop, and the master thereupon pretended not to see you and

From a Photo. by] "PASSING"—ETON. *[Hills & Saunders.*

passed on. Or, if boys were hurrying back to college and a master chanced to be in front of them, they would not dare to pass him, and although he might be perfectly well aware of their presence, etiquette forbade him to look round. This ridiculous and humiliating state of affairs was abolished by Dr. Goodford in 1860.

"SHIRKING-STONE"—ETON.

One of the best known of Eton customs is the celebration on the 4th of June, a very pretty scene being afforded by a procession of the school boats rowing up to Surly. It used to be the practice before outriggers came into vogue, and when the long boats were "tubs," for each boat to carry a "sitter" to dine with the crews at Surly. The "sitters" were generally well-known old Etonians or distinguished strangers. It is recorded that George Canning, the famous Prime Minister, went up as "sitter" in the *Monarch* 10-oar, in the year 1824, and, great and powerful statesman as he was, he was somewhat alarmed at the press of boats, which is sometimes tremendous, as they row round the eyot near Windsor Bridge, when the fireworks are let off in the evening.


"ETIQUETTE FORBADE HIM TO LOOK ROUND"—ETON.

When a boy made a start in school-life at Winchester, he used always to be the unwilling subject of a number of more or less playful customs. For instance, when young Greenhorn makes his first appearance, some wag asks him, in the kindest way, if he has a certain book, without which he is assured it will be impossible to get through his lessons. Of course, Greenhorn does not possess this imaginary volume, but his tormentor offers the use of his own, which he has lent to Smith, to whom Greenhorn accordingly goes. Smith has lent it to Jones, so Greenhorn goes to him, only to find that the invaluable work in question is in the sick house, whence he is again sent back to school, and after a peregrination of this sort round the entire precincts, he is ultimately referred to one of the masters, who gently acquaints him with the fact that he has been made a fool of.

Another proceeding with a new boy is to ask him if he is of "founder's kin," *i.e.*, of the family of William of Wykeham, the illustrious founder of the college in the fourteenth century; and whatever the reply, its accuracy is put to the test by the investigator trying to break a plate over the victim's head, the theory being that if the plate breaks first his ancestry is clearly proved.

Another peculiar custom (now done away with) at Winchester was that of "Taking the Oath." Once a year all the boys over fifteen years of age paraded in chapel and had administered to them, in Latin, a solemn oath, to the effect that they would defend and befriend the college through good and evil report. In connection with this, it is interesting to record that, according to an old and well-authenticated tradition, Oliver Cromwell, in his high-handed way, had resolved on the destruction and disestablish-

From the Picture by] FOURTH OF JUNE CELEBRATION—ETON. *[William Evans, painted in 1837.*

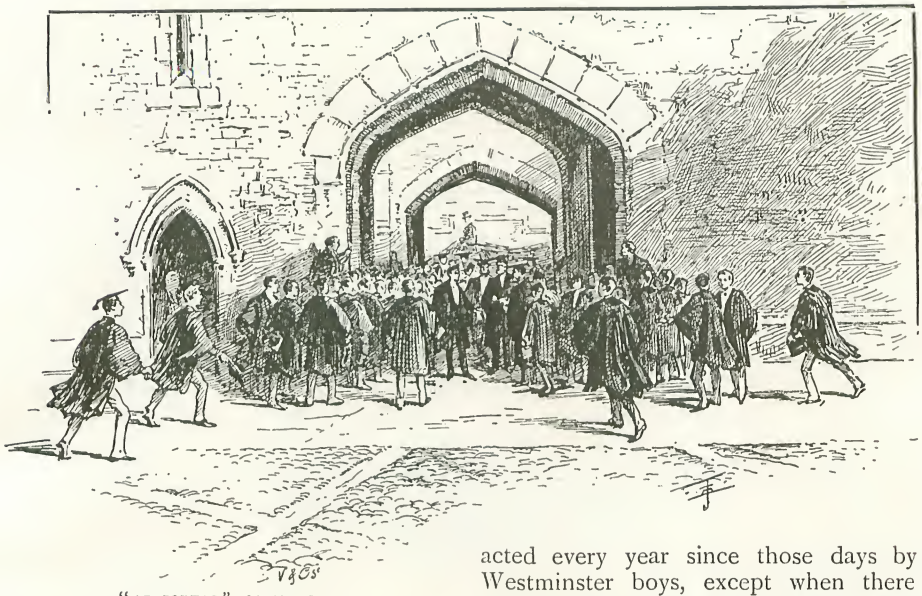
ment of the college, but was turned from his purpose by the strenuous representations of two of his officers, Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes and Colonel Nicholas Love, who, being old Wykehamists and mindful of their oath, succeeded in saving the school from the fate to which it had been decreed by the Lord High Protector of the Commonwealth, and which would certainly have overtaken it but for their timely intervention.

"Standing-up" was an annual institution by which boys were tested in their knowledge of the Greek and Latin lines learnt during the preceding twelve months. One boy is recorded to have successfully repeated no fewer than 10,000 lines.

Another boy, of less studious habits, escaped disgrace by a stratagem. He and his brother were twins, and the latter got through his "standing-up" with much credit, but, on coming away from the school-room, met his brother, who was wholly unprepared. The boy who had already gone through the ordeal undertook, in a truly fraternal spirit, to do it again, and having altered his hair a little and stuck a piece of plaster on his nose, by way of varying the family likeness, he presently appeared again before the unsuspecting master, and triumphantly represented his scapegrace of a brother. The last week of Long Half was known as "Election Week," when the Warden and two Fellows of New College, Oxford, came down for the examination of candidates for admission to Winchester and of Winchester boys who wished to go to New College. These high dignitaries were received at Middle Gate by the boys, headed by the Præfect of Hall, who addressed them with a Latin oration (*ad portas*). A representation of this solemnity is given on the following page. It saw the beginning and the end of the careers of two generations of Wykehamists, and was naturally a day of the greatest interest and excitement in the school.

COMING to Westminster, the third in order on the list of great schools dealt with in the "Public Schools Act, 1864," perhaps the best known custom is that of the "Westminster Play," which is given once a year in the old dormitory, transformed into a theatre for the occasion. It is probable that these performances began in the reign of Henry VIII.; but it is quite certain that very soon after Queen Elizabeth came to the throne Latin plays were acted by the boys. We give a translation of one of Her Majesty's statutes relating to this ancient custom:—

In order that young people may spend Christmas



"AD PORTAS"—WINCHESTER.

time more profitably, we enact that every year within 12 days after Christmas, or subsequently at the Dean's discretion, the Head Master and the Under Master shall jointly see that one play in Latin is acted. If they fail in this duty a fine of 10s. is to be imposed on the party at fault.

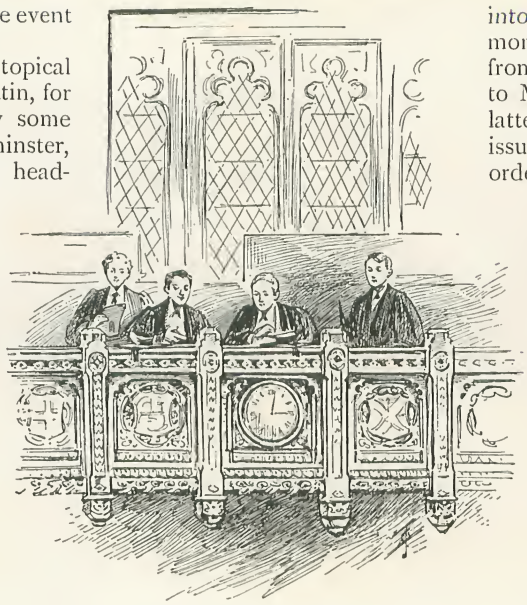
And accordingly a play in Latin has been acted every year since those days by the Westminster boys, except when there has been a death in the Royal Family during the year. When the Prince of Wales was so dangerously ill in December, 1871, fags were sent from time to time to bring to the school copies of the bulletins, which were placed during the day and night at Storey's Gate, so that the elaborate preparations for the play

From a Photo. by] "WESTMINSTER PLAY." *[W. & A. H. Fry, Brighton.*

(Cast of the "Andria," of Terence.)

might be stopped in the event of the Prince's death.

The "Prologue," a topical effusion, written in Latin, for the current year, by some classical Old Westminster, or sometimes by the head-master, is always delivered, before the play commences, by the captain of the school, faultlessly arrayed in knee-breeches, silk stockings, shoes with buckles, and white tie. The scenes of the play used to be kept in the triforium in the north transept of the Abbey.



"ATTENDING THE DEBATES."
From a Sketch by a Westminster Boy.

Westminster boys, if duly attired in cap and gown, have the privilege of attending debates in either House of Parliament. No balloting or other formality is required, but an arrangement is made by which seats are retained for a certain number of boys up to a specified time. This is one of the most jealously-prized customs of the place, and some years ago, when some little difficulty arose about the boys going into the House of Commons, a communication from the then head-master to Mr. Speaker led to the latter exalted personage issuing fresh and stringent orders in confirmation of the ancient usage. Westminsters, also, have the long-established privilege of being present at Coronations. In ancient and mediæval times the Coronation Rite contained elements of a democratic nature, such as the election of the Roman Emperors by the Imperial Guard, and the old German usage of popular election; such also as the taking by the Sovereign of an oath to observe the rights of the subject. The oath, of course, remains now, and it is perhaps not wholly a fanciful parallel to follow Dean Stanley, and to assert that the assent of the people of England to the election of the Sovereign has found its voice, in modern days, through the shouts of

From a Photo. by] "TOSSING THE PANCAKE"—WESTMINSTER. *[W. & A. H. Fry, Brighton.*

the Westminster scholars "from their recognised seats in the Abbey" ("Memorials of Westminster Abbey").

At Westminster there is a famous bar across the great school-room, from which used to hang a curtain dividing the upper school from the lower. Over this bar the annual "pancake tossing" takes place. Always on Shrove Tuesday the college cook appears in white apron and with his frying-pan, on which rests a specially made pancake, which he throws over the bar to be scrambled for by the boys. Whoever secures it in fair fight carries it in triumph to the Dean, who in conformity with long tradition rewards the successful champion with a guinea. In 1864, the cook, who had failed for several years to elevate the pancake right over the bar, so exasperated the boys by again depriving them of their fun—for there was no scramble if the pancake did not go over the bar—that they hurled at his head a shower of books, dictionaries, as being heaviest, by preference. He retaliated by flinging his frying-pan into the midst of the boys—and, in fact, there was a pretty quarrel, which was eventually adjusted by the Dean, with judicial impartiality, and to the satisfaction of all concerned.

"Epigrams" at Westminster are recited at school on a certain day every year on subjects duly announced beforehand by the head-master. Boys are allowed to write their epigrams in any language—Latin, Greek, French, or English—and the reward, consisting of Queen's Maundy money, specially furnished from the Mint for the purpose, is then and there bestowed by the head-master, according to merit of each particular production.

Cowper, the poet, himself an "Old Westminster," thus refers to this custom:—

At Westminster, where little poets strive
To set a distich upon six and five,
Where discipline helps opening buds of sense,
And makes his pupils proud with silver pence,
I was a poet, too.

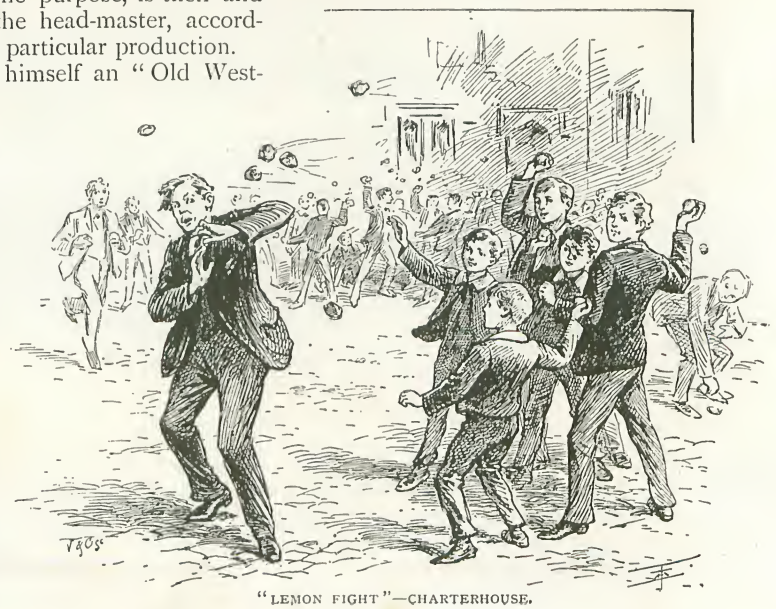
In the case of a school so old as Harrow it is remarkable that there are few, if any, ancient school customs, but there is much quaint local colour in the life of the boys in the different Houses. There lies before the writer a memorandum drawn up and signed by the authorities of one of the Houses, which is so curious in its detail that we think it may be interesting to give a few extracts; for instance:—

Only those who have been three years in the House may

1. Wear any but the regulation school dress (except blue flannel coats in the summer term).
2. Come into Hall, or Lock-up, Supper, etc., by the door next the Pantry.
3. Stand or loiter near the House door within or without.
4. Wear white waistcoats or have their umbrellas rolled up.
5. Wear a cap or fez in the House courts.
6. Whistle or sing in the House or in the courts.
7. Cut or carve their name anywhere in or about the House.

These regulations were evidently framed with a view to keeping new boys in their proper place, and petty and absurd as they seem, they doubtless were effective as a sort of discipline for unruly spirits.

At Harrow one of the great features is what is known there as "house singing," in the evenings of the Christmas and Easter term. The greatest zest is shown in the house glee competitions—a most admirable institution, the example of which has been well followed by a more modern school, Clifton, where a similar custom prevails. The school songs of Harrow have done, and continue to do, much to engender that love of the old place which, to say the least of it, is no less marked in Old Harrovians than in other public school men.

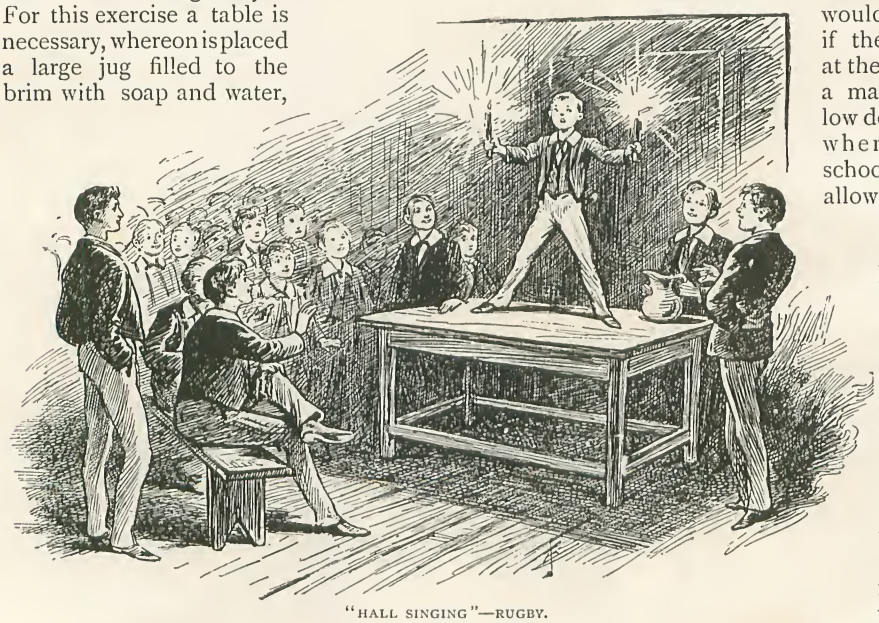


"LEMON FIGHT"—CHARTERHOUSE.

At Charterhouse, Shrove Tuesday, as at Westminster, brings its annual excitement in the shape of an institution known as the "lemon fight." Each boy at dinner is provided with half a lemon, wherewith to flavour the customary pancake; but it is a point of honour not to use the lemon for this very ordinary purpose, but to save it up for the spirited warfare which follows. "Gown Boys" range themselves against "The Rest," and each side pelts the other with a vigour and persistency which leave little to be desired. It is a good opportunity to pay off old scores, and an unpopular bully has often found to his cost that his day of reckoning has come at last.

At old Charterhouse the bell rang daily for chapel, and always sounded just so many strokes as there were pensioners in the establishment. The first announcement of a death has sometimes been conveyed by the striking of one sound less than the number on the previous day.

At Rugby, as elsewhere, great attention is paid to the "new boy." "Hall Singing" is a pleasing ceremony to which his due introduction is not long delayed. For this exercise a table is necessary, whereon is placed a large jug filled to the brim with soap and water,



"HALL SINGING"—RUGBY.

beer, tea, sugar, salt, mustard, pepper, milk, and other appetizing ingredients too numerous to specify. The novice is directed to stand on the table with his legs as wide apart as possible, and to hold a lighted candle in each hand. Thus established, he is invited to sing a song. In most cases he does manage to carol forth some sort of song, the penalty of non-compliance with this ancient custom being the necessity—promptly enforced—of taking a good gulp of the mixture just described.

But at Rugby *the* great thing is football; and when a boy receives a polite note from the captain of his House fifteen saying he may "take his cap," he is, or ought to be, happy for the rest of his school career. And when that career is ended his interest in Rugby and in football by no means ceases, for there are no fewer than three annual matches in which it is the regular custom for past members of the school to take part. The matches are:—

Sixth Match, *i.e.*, VIth Form *v.* the School.
Old Rug. Match, *i.e.*, Past *v.* Present.
Two Cock Houses *v.* School.

The attendance of old Rugbeians at these matches is not specially arranged for by any organization in London, though post-cards are sent out to some old "Rugs" by the heads of House fifteens, to remind them of the dates. The peculiarity in the matter is that all old "Rugs" in these matches play on that side for which they would do battle if they were still at the school, *e.g.*, a man who was low down in form when he left school has no allowance made for any accession of learning that may have come with later years. He may be a Senior Wrangler, or have won the Ireland or the Craven, but he nevertheless may not join the sacred band of the VI., and must perforce take side with the "school." In the same way, he plays for the House he formerly belonged to. A well-known Rugby player, in his day a member of H. Vassall's famous Oxford XV., to whom we are indebted for these parti-

A "BIG-SIDE" AT RUGBY SCHOOL.
From a Photo. kindly lent by Mr. A. G. Guillemard, ex-President of the Rugby Football Union.

culars, tells us that he has seen as many as forty or fifty old "Rugs" come down to join these great yearly festivals.

A curious regulation prevails at Rugby, forbidding boys, unless they are "swells," from walking about more than three in a group, and also compelling such groups to walk arm-in-arm. Swells, such as the "caps" and the VIth, may walk about four or forty in a party if they like, and are not obliged to take arms. The "Holder of School Bags" is, of course, a swell, being generally the winner of the "Crick," *i.e.*, the cross-country run from school gates round Crick Church and back. Theoretically, he is supposed to carry the bags of torn-up paper used as "scent," but practically his duties are to generally arrange and supervise all matters relating to the cross-country runs, which have always been such a feature at Rugby.

At Wellington, so called after the Great Duke, which is, of course, quite a modern establishment, all the dormitories are named, as is fitting in a military school, in memory of great commanders, such as Anglesey, Blücher, Orange (William III.), Hopetoun, Hill, Lynedoch, Murray. Here there has not yet grown up any specially curious custom, but one peculiarity in connection with the place which we may mention is the great gathering of the boys for singing on the night before the school breaks up. It is quite an unwritten rule, but by some mysterious influence, as the customary hour approaches, every boy finds his way to the foot of the "Hopetoun" stairs—always the same place—where every variety of youthful voice may be heard at its best.

At Marlborough it is the custom for every boy each term to have an order for a cushion. What a boy wants with such an article, a thin cushion about 2½ft. long, it is difficult for an ordinary outsider to see, but it seems they are carried about by the boys almost wherever they go, and are used to sit on in class or when watching a cricket match, to wrap round books, as weapons of offence or defence, or in a variety of ways as occasion requires. Sometimes a dandy would bring a cushion from home, beautifully embroidered, but this was considered effeminate, and has never become a popular habit.

"THE MARLBOROUGH CUSHION."

With regard to the picturesque dress worn at Christ's Hospital, we may explain that the coat is blue with bright metal buttons, and the stockings yellow. The waist is encircled by—not a belt, no Blue Coat calls it that—but by a girdle, *i.e.*, a plain leathern strap with a buckle, the breadth and embellishment of which depend on the boy's position in the school. They wear no head-dress of any sort now, though formerly a cloth cap was used. The result of this regulation, strange to say, seems to be that "Blues" are by no means liable to colds in the head, and never seem to feel cold weather.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL—"EASTER BOBS" AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

Of old customs still observed we may refer to the going to the Mansion House for the "Easter Bobs" (as the boys call it), and the Public or Lenten Suppers. The former ceremony annually attracts a good deal of public attention, as the boys march "in fours" through the streets of the City to the Mansion House, where they are forthwith regaled with two buns apiece. Thus fortified, they file before the Lord Mayor, who, from sundry piles of new money on the table before him, presents each "Grecian" with a sovereign, and all the other boys, according to their standing, with coins of lesser value. Before they retire the boys have a glass of lemonade, and we are sure it will be news to some to hear that at one time the alternative of sherry was permitted. This form of "local option," however, has now been abolished.

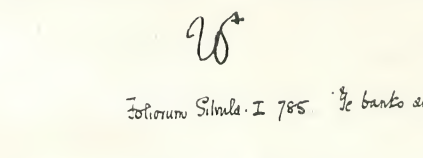
The public suppers are held on four Thursdays in Lent in the Great Hall, and the public are admitted to the ceremony, which always begins with prayer, and is presided over by the Lord Mayor or one of the Sheriffs of London.

In the first quarter of the present century the boys were not allowed to go out of the gates without a "ticket of leave"—a small brass tablet attached by a string to a button of the coat—and it was generally understood that any person seeing a boy out without a ticket would receive a reward on bringing him back.

REV. J. H. SKRINE.
(The present "Gru" at Glenalmond.)
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

We may mention an interesting feature at Glenalmond, the well-known Scotch public school, whose youthful riflemen, in their kilts, make such a picturesque figure at the great annual rifle shooting gathering at Bisley. The Warden of Glenalmond, whether or not he has any personal peculiarities, is always christened and known as "Gru"—just as every king of ancient Egypt was called Pharaoh. It appears that one of the early Wardens once put a question to the sixth form to which no one was able to give any answer whatever, and, disappointed at the silence of his scholars, he was heard to mutter in Greek, "ὀμδέ γρῦ," not even a grunt. The "Gru" was fastened on by the boys, and has remained as a sort of dynastic title ever since.

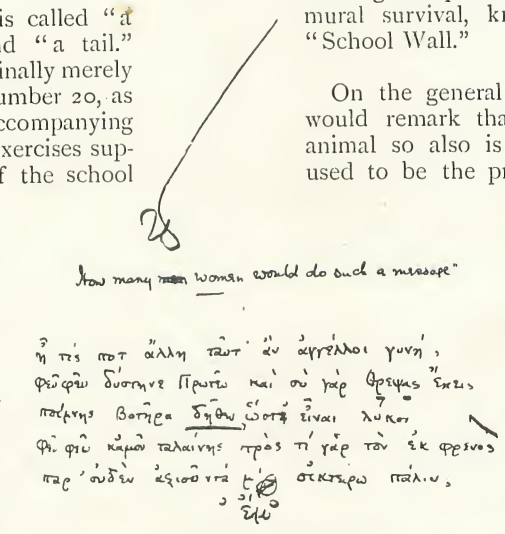
At Shrewsbury it is the custom, on a given day, for the head of the school to ask the



A "CROSS"—SHREWSBURY.

head-master for a half-holiday for the sixth form, basing his appeal on the number of exercises which have been given the highest mark during the week.

The highest mark is called "a cross" and the second "a tail." These marks were originally merely developments of the number 20, as explained in the accompanying facsimile of original exercises supplied to us by one of the school authorities. Thus, when marking an exercise with 20, a tick was added when there was special occasion for satisfaction, and when a composition seemed absolutely flawless the sign of *plus* was added to the number. These curious marks date from the time of Dr. Butler, 1797 – 1836, and having gradually become recognised symbols, have continued to be used till the present day.



A "TAIL"—SHREWSBURY.

The occasion on which a sixth form boy gains his first "cross" is always looked upon as a red-letter day in his school career.

When University, Parliamentary, or other honours are gained by old Salopians, a half-holiday is usually asked for, and also whenever a bishop or a judge can be discovered in the town. On the two latter occasions a Latin letter is addressed to the dignitary in question by the head of the school, asking that the head-master may be applied to for the desired indulgence. In this ingenious and simple manner respect alike for the episcopal and the judicial Bench becomes a matter of habit with all but the most ungrateful of Salopian youth. When the school left its old habitation it brought away bodily the old boundary-wall between the Castle gates and what used to be called "School Gardens." This relic now stands between the Fives Court and the bath, near the cricket ground. It bears many names of old Salopians, but space having become doubly precious, it has been enacted that in future names are not to be of more than a certain limited size, and must be cut by the boys themselves, and not, as was formerly allowed, by a professional stone-cutter. On a fine afternoon, towards the end of the summer term, it is not unusual to see a line of boys, each with hammer and chisel, occupied in recording their names for the benefit and example of future generations. We are much indebted for the courtesy which enables us to give a photograph of this interesting mural survival, known to Salopians as "School Wall."

On the general question of fights, we would remark that if man is a fighting animal so also is a boy; and it always used to be the practice for boys at the public schools to settle their differences by a regular stand-up battle, conducted with due solemnity under the authority of properly selected "seconds" to see fair play. At most schools a particular spot was always held sacred for these youthful contests. At Westminster, in olden days, it was

"RECORDING THEIR NAMES"—SHREWSBURY.

a recognised privilege that the boys might fight in the cloisters. The late Earl of Albemarle relates in his book, "Fifty Years of my Life," that the Princess Charlotte, who had driven down to Westminster to take him out on a half-holiday, found him forming one of the ring at a fight between John Erskine, afterwards Earl of Mar, and another boy. Her Royal Highness had to wait till the battle was over before her young friend could be brought away. At Eton a particular corner of the playing fields called "Sixpenny" was used. On this spot both the great Duke of Wellington and the poet Shelley had fought as boys, and long after those days it was the custom to challenge a schoolfellow by saying, "Will you fight me in Sixpenny?"

We do not propose to offer a disquisition on the vexed question of "fagging," but it may be permissible to remark that most men who have been brought up under the system of authorized "fagging" speak well of it as, on the whole, a good working arrangement.

At Charterhouse, the juniors had to fetch and carry water, and then go for their superiors' clean linen across an open court in the early mornings, which was not any particular joke in winter, when it was pitch dark, and perhaps a snowstorm or a torrent of hail and rain was coming down.

At Westminster the fellows in the sixth form had book fags, whose duty it was to keep a list of the dictionaries, lexicons, and books generally which their particular seniors required "up school," and woe betide a defaulter who failed to bring up the right books at the right time.

Cricket fagging, of course, is common to many schools, and consists chiefly in being told off to "field out" when the fellows in the first eleven are practising batting.

At Harrow, the cricket fagging is managed by functionaries known as "slave-drivers," three or four boys specially appointed to carry out these important duties.

"Watching out" at football is also a form of fagging common to many schools. "Kicking in" it is called at Winchester.

At Glenalmond the term is "keeping terrace," which an old Glenalmond boy thus explains. The football ground was bounded by a gravel terrace, beyond which came a steep bank, sloping down to the River Almond. An iron railing runs along the top of the bank, but this is hardly enough to prevent an erratic football from finding a short cut to the river level, and it is to obviate this possibility that the "small game" boys, when big matches were being played, had to "keep terrace," *i.e.*, to look out for the ball and send it back to the players if it came towards the bank. The youngsters turn out in great coats and Highland capes of every description, as in the immediate vicinity of the Grampians in mid-winter it is cold work standing about. If the ball did go right over and down the bank, of course it went into the river, and into the river, ice or no ice, it had to be followed by some unlucky fag, who contrived to dry and warm himself as best he could on his return. An unpleasant interview with a monitor, as a matter of course, awaited any junior who cut "terrace keeping" without leave.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

SIR T. C. O'BRIEN, BART.

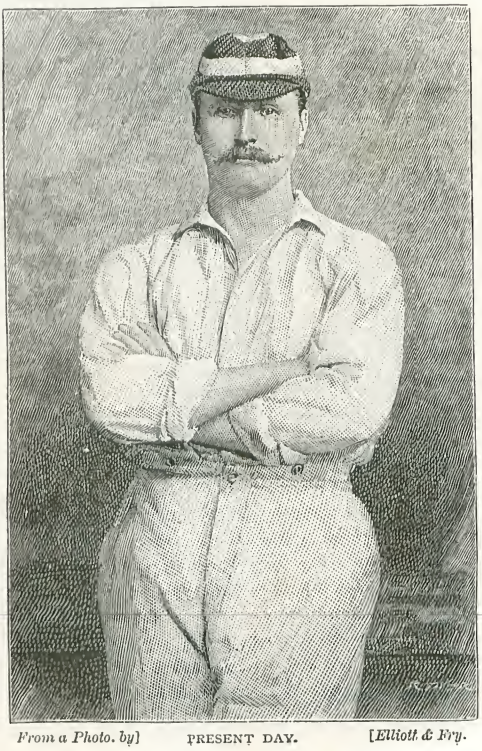
BORN 1861.

SIR T. C. O'BRIEN was educated at Oxford University, where he established a reputation as a dashing batsman, one who might be depended upon to make runs when required. He is at the present time one of the most popular cricketers of the day. A most fearless player, he yet combines style with scoring powers. He is very smart in the field, and has before now proved a useful change bowler, although it is as a batsman he is known to fame. In 1894, 34·10 represented his county average, and 30 the first-class figures. His highest score was 110 not out. Last year Sir T. C. O'Brien was very successful, securing a county average of 40·3 and full 38·15. This season, on June 25 and 26, against Surrey, he did much to secure the victory for his county, by playing a grand innings of 137, at the Oval.

AGE 2.
From a Photo. by James Simonton, Dublin.

From a Photo. by] AGE 22. *[London Stereoscopic Co.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 12. *[Chancellor, Dublin.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

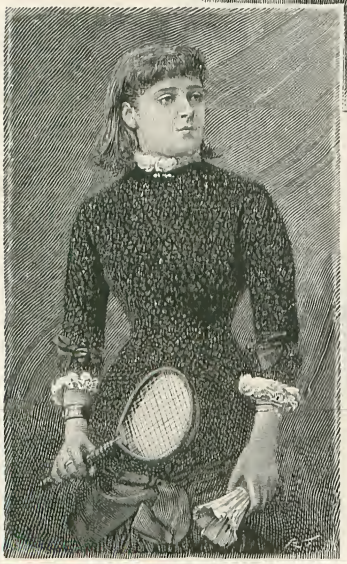
MISS PHYLLIS BROUGHTON.

LIKE so many of our best actresses, Miss Broughton began her career at the very bottom of the ladder, yet so fruitful have her experiences been that, apart from her talents as an actress, we now have in Miss Broughton one of our cleverest and most graceful dancers; a fact that is universally appreciated. As a girl, Miss Broughton was a student at the Neville Dramatic School, with thoughts of some day playing *Juliet*, or *Desdemona*, or in "Macbeth"; but fate willed it otherwise, and she made her *début* at the Canterbury Music Hall, at the time under the direction of Mr. Villiers, whose son later on married her sister Emma. She soon afterwards made her name at the Gaiety in the "Forty Thieves," her engagement at that theatre lasting five years. Since then Miss Broughton's career has been one uninterrupted series of successes in such well-known pieces as "The Old Guard," "In Town," "La Mascotte," "The Gaiety Girl," "Gentleman Joe," "Biarritz," and others.

AGE 5.
From a Photograph.

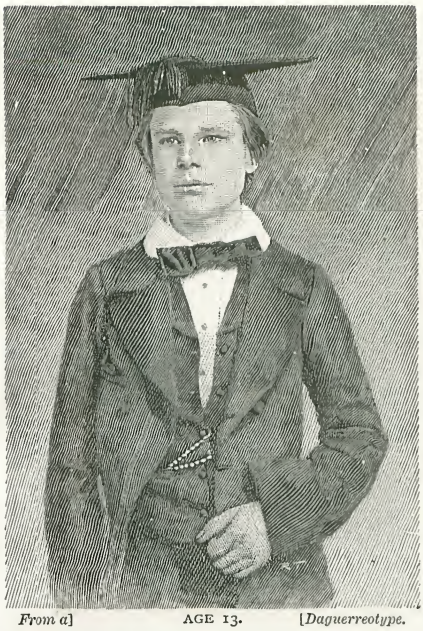
AGE 10.
From a Photo. by The Imperial French Photographic Co., Regent Street.

AGE 20.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.



From a Photo. by AGE 16. *[W. & D. Downey.*

From a Photo. by PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*



From a] AGE 13. *[Daguerreotype.*

SIR BENJAMIN BAKER, LL.D., K.C.M.G.

BORN 1840.

SIR BENJAMIN BAKER, the well-known engineer, of Forth Bridge fame, began his distinguished career in one of the oldest ironworks in South Wales. After several years of earnest study he came to London, and entered Sir John Fowler's

From a] AGE 18. *[Miniature.*

office, and gradually took an important part in the many engineering works then in operation, including the Metropolitan and other railways of London. Sir Benjamin is now President of the Institute of Civil Engineers; Lieut.-Colonel in the Engineer and Railway Volunteer Staff Corps; a civil member of the War Office Ordnance Committee; and distinguishedly connected with many other scientific and literary bodies. The Forth Bridge, the greatest work of its kind in the world, was intrusted to Mr. Fowler, now Sir John Fowler, K.C.M.G., in conjunction with his partner,

AGE 35. *From a Photo. by Henri Claudet, Regent St*

From a Photo. by] AGE 45. *[Alex. Bassano.*

Mr. Benjamin Baker, who was knighted in 1889, made an LL.D. at Edinburgh, and created K.C.M.G. in 1890.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

From a] AGE 18. *[Photograph.*

THE LATE MR. DENOVAN ADAM, R.S.A.

BORN 1842.

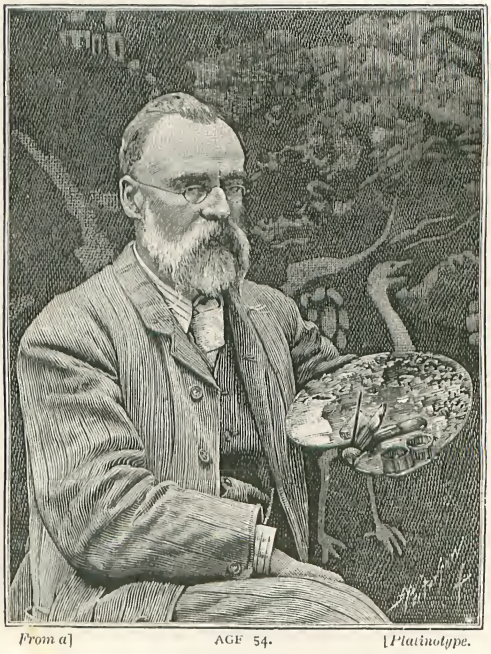
SON of John Adam, a landscape painter of recognised ability, the late Denovan Adam, famous principally for his Highland cattle paintings, passed away in April of this year. For the animal creation he had an

From a Photo. by] AGE 29. *[Thomas Annan, Glasgow.*

inherent love, and very early in his career his natural inclinations began to assert themselves, and the study that was destined to so successfully dominate his art in after years claimed his attention. He studied the Antique at Kensington, and at eighteen he had been through the life-class at Langham Chambers. Though resident in London till he was thirty, he visited the Highlands every year, and finally settled at Craigmill, near Stirling. Since 1868, Mr. Adam has been an exhibitor at the Royal

From a Photo. by] AGE 40. *[J. Moffat, Edinburgh.*

Scottish Academy, and has never missed a single year since 1875. Mr. Adam was elected an Associate in 1884, and eight years later was raised to the rank of Academician.



From a] AGE 54. *[Platinotype.*

By Grant Allen.

LIKE most South Africans, Sir Charles Vandrift is anything but sedentary. He hates sitting down. He must always "trek." He cannot live without moving about freely. Six weeks in Mayfair at a time is as much as he can stand. Then he must run away incontinently for rest and change to Scotland, Homburg, Monte Carlo, Biarritz. "I won't be a limpet on the rock," he says. Thus it came to pass that in the early autumn we found ourselves stopping at the Métropole at Brighton. We were the accustomed nice little family party—Sir Charles and Amelia, myself and Isabel, with the suite as usual.

On the first Sunday morning after our arrival, we strolled out, Charles and I—I regret to say during the hours allotted for Divine service—on to the King's Road, to get a whiff of fresh air, and a glimpse of the waves that were churning the Channel. The two ladies (with their bonnets) had gone to church; but Sir Charles had risen late, fatigued from the week's toil, while I myself was suffering from a matutinal headache, which I attributed to the close air in the billiard-room overnight, combined, perhaps, with the insidious effect of a brand of soda-water to which I was little accustomed; I had used it to dilute my evening whisky. We were to meet our wives afterwards at the church parade—an institution to which I believe both Amelia and Isabel attach even greater importance than to the sermon which precedes it.

We sat down on a glass seat. Charles gazed inquiringly up and down the King's Road, on the look-out for a boy with Sunday papers. At last one passed. "*Observer*," my brother-in-law called out, laconically.

"Ain't got none," the boy answered, brandishing his bundle in our faces. "'Ave a *Referee* or a *Pink 'Un*."

Charles, however, is not a Refereader, while as to the *Pink 'Un*, he considers it unsuitable for public perusal on Sunday morning. It may be read indoors, but in the open air its blush betrays it. So he shook his head, and muttered, "If you pass an *Observer*, send him on here at once to me."

A polite stranger who sat close to us turned round with a pleasant smile. "Would you allow me to offer you one?" he said, drawing a copy from his pocket. "I fancy I bought the last. There's a run on them to-day, you see. Important news this morning from the Transvaal."

Charles raised his eyebrows, and accepted it, as I thought, just a trifle grumpily. So, to remove the false impression his surliness might produce on so benevolent a mind, I entered into conversation with the polite stranger. He was a man of middle age, and medium height, with a cultivated air, and a pair of gold *pince-nez;* his eyes were sharp; his voice was refined; he dropped into talk before long about distinguished people just then in Brighton. It was clear at once that he was hand in glove with many of the very best kind. We compared notes as to Nice,

"WOULD YOU ALLOW ME TO OFFER YOU ONE?"

Rome, Florence, Cairo. Our new acquaintance had scores of friends in common with us, it seemed; indeed, our circles so largely coincided, that I wondered we had never happened till then to knock up against one another.

"And Sir Charles Vandrift, the great African millionaire," he said, at last, "do you know anything of *him?* I'm told he's at present down here at the Métropole."

I waved my hand towards the person in question.

"*This* is Sir Charles Vandrift," I answered, with proprietary pride; "and *I* am his brother-in-law, Mr. Seymour Wentworth."

"Oh, indeed!" the stranger answered, with a curious air of drawing in his horns. I wondered whether he had just been going to pretend he knew Sir Charles, or whether perchance he was on the point of saying something highly uncomplimentary, and was glad to have escaped it.

By this time, however, Charles laid down the paper and chimed into our conversation. I could see at once from his mollified tone that the news from the Transvaal was favourable to his operations in Cloetedorp Golcondas. He was, therefore, in a friendly and affable temper. His whole manner changed at once. He grew polite in return to the polite stranger. Besides, we knew the man moved in the best society; he had acquaintances whom Amelia was most anxious to secure for her "At Homes" in Mayfair—young Faith, the novelist, and Sir Richard Montrose, the great Arctic traveller. As for the painters, it was clear that he was sworn friends with the whole lot of them. He dined with Academicians, and gave weekly breakfasts to the members of the Institute. Now, Amelia is particularly desirous that her *salon* should not be considered too exclusively financial and political in character: with a solid basis of M.P.'s and millionaires, she loves a delicate under-current of literature, art, and the musical glasses. Our new acquaintance was extremely communicative: "Knows his place in society, Sey," Sir Charles said to me afterwards, "and is therefore not afraid of talking freely, as so many people are who have doubts about their position." We exchanged cards before we rose. Our new friend's name turned out to be Dr. Edward Polperro.

"In practice here?" I inquired, though his garb belied it.

"Oh, not medical," he answered. "I'm an LL.D., don't you know. I interest myself in art, and buy to some extent for the National Gallery."

The very man for Amelia's "At Homes"! Sir Charles snapped at him instantly. "I've brought my four-in-hand down here with me," he said, in his best friendly manner, "and we think of tooling over to-morrow to Lewes.

If you'd care to take a seat, I'm sure Lady Vandrift would be charmed to see you."

"You're very kind," the Doctor said, "on so casual an introduction. I'm sure I shall be delighted."

"We start from the Métropole at ten-thirty," Charles went on.

"I shall be there. Good morning!" And, with a satisfied smile, he rose and left us, nodding.

We returned to the lawn, to Amelia and Isabel. Our new friend passed us once or twice. Charles stopped him and introduced him. He was walking with two ladies, most elegantly dressed in rather peculiar artistic dresses. Amelia was taken at first sight by his manner. "One could see at a glance," she said, "he was a person of culture and of real distinction. I wonder whether he could bring the P.R.A. to my Parliamentary 'At Home' on Wednesday fortnight?"

Next day, at ten-thirty, we started on our drive. Our team has been considered the best in Sussex. Charles is an excellent, though somewhat anxious—or, might I say better, somewhat careful?—whip. He finds the management of two leaders and two wheelers fills his hands for the moment, both literally and figuratively, leaving very little time for general conversation. Lady Belleisle of Beacon bloomed beside him on the box (her bloom is perennial, and applied by her maid); Dr. Polperro occupied the seat just behind with myself and Amelia. The Doctor talked most of the time to Lady Vandrift: his discourse was of picture-galleries, which Amelia detests, but in which she thinks it incumbent upon her, as Sir Charles's wife, to affect now and then a cultivated interest. *Noblesse oblige;* and the walls of Castle Seldon, our place in Ross-shire, are almost covered now with Leaders and with Orchardsons. This result was first arrived at by a singular accident. Sir Charles wanted a leader—for his coach, you understand—and told an artistic friend so. The artistic friend brought him a Leader next week with a capital L; and Sir Charles was so taken aback that he felt ashamed to confess the error. So he was turned unawares into a patron of painting.

Dr. Polperro, in spite of his too pronouncedly artistic talk, proved on closer view a most agreeable companion. He diversified his art cleverly with anecdotes and scandals; he told us exactly which famous painters had married their cooks, and which had only married their models; and otherwise showed himself a most diverting talker. Among other things, however, he happened to mention once that he had recently discovered a genuine Rembrandt—a quite undoubted Rembrandt, which had remained for years in the keeping of a certain obscure Dutch family. It had always been allowed to be a masterpiece of the painter, but it had seldom been seen for the last half-century, save by a few intimate acquaintances. It was a portrait of one Maria Vanrenen of Haarlem, and he had bought it of her descendants at Gouda, in Holland.

I saw Charles prick up his ears, though he took no open notice. This Maria Vanrenen, as it happened, was a remote collateral ancestress of the Vandrifts, before they emigrated to the Cape in 1780; and the existence of the portrait, though not its whereabouts, was well known in the family. Isabel had often mentioned it. If it was to be had at anything like a reasonable price, it would be a splendid thing for the boys (Sir Charles, I ought to say, has two sons at Eton) to possess an undoubted portrait of an ancestress by Rembrandt.

Dr. Polperro talked a good deal after that about this valuable find. He had tried to sell it at first to the National Gallery; but though the Directors admired the work immensely, and admitted its genuineness, they regretted that the funds at their disposal this year did not permit them to acquire so important a canvas at a proper figure. South Kensington again was too poor; but the Doctor was in treaty at present with the Louvre and with Berlin. Still, it was a pity a fine work of art like that, once brought into the country, should be allowed to go out of it. Some patriotic patron of the fine arts ought to buy it for his own house, or else munificently present it to the nation.

All the time Charles said nothing. But I could feel him cogitating. He even looked behind him once, near a difficult corner (while the guard was actually engaged in tootling his horn to let passers-by know that the coach was coming), and gave Amelia a warning glance to say nothing committing, which had at once the requisite effect of sealing her mouth for the moment. It is a very unusual thing for Charles to look back while driving. I gathered from his doing so that he was inordinately anxious to possess this Rembrandt.

When we arrived at Lewes, we put up our horses at the inn, and Charles ordered a lunch on his wonted scale of princely magnificence. Meanwhile we wandered, two and two, about the town and castle. I annexed Lady Belleisle, who is at least

amusing. Charles drew me aside before starting. "Look here, Sey," he said, "we must be *very* careful. This man, Polperro, is a chance acquaintance. There's nothing an astute rogue can take one in over more easily than an Old Master. If the Rembrandt is genuine, I ought to have it; if it really represents Maria Vanrenen, it's a duty I owe to the boys to buy it. But I've been done twice lately, and I won't be done a third time. We must go to work cautiously."

"You are right," I answered. "No more seers and curates!"

"If this man's an impostor," Charles went on—"and in spite of what he says about the National Gallery and so forth, we know nothing of him—the story he tells is just the sort of one such a fellow would trump up in a moment to deceive me. He could easily learn who I was—I'm a well-known figure; he knew I was in Brighton, and he may have been sitting on that glass seat on Sunday on purpose to entrap me."

"He introduced your name," I said, "and the moment he found out who I was, he plunged into talk with me."

"Yes," Charles continued. "He may have learned about the portrait of Maria Vanrenen, which my grandmother always said was preserved at Gouda; and, indeed, I myself have often mentioned it, as you doubtless remember. If so, what more natural, say, for a rogue than to begin talking about the portrait in that innocent way to Amelia? If he wants a Rembrandt, I believe they can be turned out to order to any amount in Birmingham. The moral of all which is, it behoves us to be careful."

"Right you are," I answered; "and I am keeping my eye upon him."

We drove back by another road, overshadowed by beech trees in autumnal gold. It was a delightful excursion. Dr. Polperro's heart was elated by lunch and the excellent dry Monopole. He talked amazingly. I never heard a man with a greater or more varied flow of anecdote. He had been everywhere and knew all about everybody. Amelia booked him at once for her "At Home" on Wednesday week, and he promised to introduce her to several artistic and literary celebrities.

That evening, however, about half-past seven, Charles and I strolled out together on the King's Road, for a blow before dinner. We dine at eight. The air was delicious. We passed a small, new hotel, very smart and exclusive, with a big bow window. There, in evening dress, lights burning and blind up, sat our friend, Dr. Polperro, with a lady facing

"THERE SAT OUR FRIEND, DR. POLPERRO."

him, young, graceful, and pretty. A bottle of champagne stood open before him. He was helping himself plentifully to hot-house grapes, and full of good humour. It was clear he and the lady were occupied in the intense enjoyment of some capital joke; for they looked queerly at one another, and burst now and again into merry peals of laughter.

I drew back. So did Sir Charles. One idea passed at once through both our minds. I murmured, "Colonel Clay!" He answered, "*And* Madame Picardet!"

They were not in the least like the Reverend Richard and Mrs. Brabazon. But that clinched the matter. Nor did I see a sign of the aquiline nose of the Mexican Seer. Still, I had learned by then to discount appearances. If these were indeed the famous sharper and his wife or accomplice, we must be very careful. We were forewarned this time. Supposing he had the audacity to try a third trick of the sort upon us, we had him under our thumbs. Only, we must take steps to prevent his dexterously slipping through our fingers.

"He can wriggle like an eel," said the Commissary at Nice. We both recalled those words, and laid our plans deep to prevent the man's wriggling away from us on this third occasion.

"I tell you what it is, Sey," my brother-in-law said, with impressive slowness. "This time, we must deliberately lay ourselves out to be swindled. We must propose of our own accord to buy the picture, making him guarantee it in writing as a genuine Rembrandt, and taking care to tie him down by most stringent conditions. But we must seem at the same time to be unsuspicious and innocent as babes; we must swallow whole whatever lies he tells us, pay his price —nominally—by cheque for the portrait; and then, arrest him the moment the bargain is complete, with the proofs of his guilt then and there upon him. Of course, what he'll try to do will be to vanish into thin air at once, as he did at Nice and Paris; but, this time, we'll have the police in waiting, and everything ready. We'll avoid precipitancy, but we'll avoid delay too. We must hold our hands off till he's actually accepted and pocketed the money; and then, we must nab him instantly, and walk him off to the local Bow Street. That's my plan of campaign. Meanwhile, we should appear all trustful innocence and confiding guilelessness."

In pursuance of this well-laid scheme, we called next day on Dr. Polperro at his hotel, and were introduced to his wife, a dainty little woman, in whom we affected not to recognise that arch Madame Picardet or that simple White Heather. The Doctor talked charmingly (as usual) about art—what a well-informed rascal he was, to be sure!—and Sir Charles expressed some interest in the supposed Rembrandt. Our new friend was delighted; we could see by his well-suppressed eagerness of tone that he knew us at once for probable purchasers. He would run up to town next day, he said, and bring down the portrait. And in effect, when Charles and I took our wonted places in the Pullman next morning, on our way up to the half-yearly meeting of Cloetedorp Golcondas, there was our Doctor, leaning back in his arm-chair as if the car belonged to him. Charles gave me an expressive look. "Does it in style," he whispered, "doesn't he? Takes it out of my five thousand; or discounts the amount he means to chouse me of with his spurious Rembrandt."

Arrived in town, we went to work at once. We set a private detective from Marvillier's to watch our friend; and from him we learned that the so-called Doctor dropped in for a picture that day at a dealer's in the West-end (I suppress the name, having a judicious fear of the law of libel ever before my eyes), a dealer who was known to be mixed up before then in several shady or disreputable transactions. Though, to be sure, my experience has been that picture dealers are—picture dealers. Horses rank first in my mind, as begetters and producers of unscrupulous agents; but pictures run them a very good second. Anyhow, we found out that our distinguished art-critic picked up his Rembrandt at this dealer's shop, and came down with it in his care the same night to Brighton.

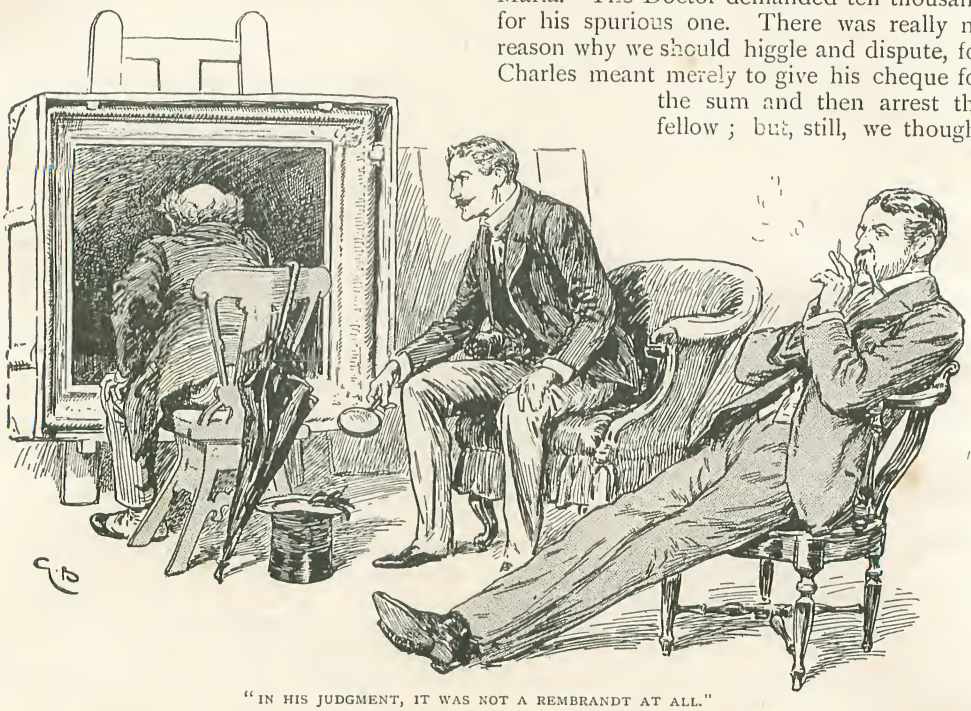
In order not to act precipitately, and so ruin our plans, we induced Dr. Polperro (what a cleverly chosen name!) to bring the Rembrandt round to the Métropole for our inspection, and to leave it with us while we got the opinion of an expert from London.

The expert came down, and gave us a full report upon the alleged Old Master. In his judgment, it was not a Rembrandt at all, but a cunningly-painted and well-begrimed modern Dutch imitation. Moreover, he showed us by documentary evidence that the real portrait of Maria Vanrenen had, as a matter of fact, been brought to England five years before, and sold to Sir J. H. Tomlinson, the well-known connoisseur, for eight thousand pounds. Dr. Polperro's picture was, therefore, at best either a replica by Rembrandt; or else, more

probably, a copy by a pupil; or, most likely of all, a mere modern forgery.

We were thus well prepared to fasten our charge of criminal conspiracy upon the self-styled Doctor. But in order to make assurance still more certain, we threw out vague hints to him that the portrait of Maria Vanrenen might really be elsewhere, and even suggested in his hearing that it might not improbably have got into the hands of that omnivorous collector, Sir J. H. Tomlinson. But the vendor was proof against all such attempts to decry his goods. He had the effrontery to brush away the documentary evidence, and to declare that Sir J. H. Tomlinson (one of the most learned and astute picture-buyers in England) had been smartly imposed upon by a needy Dutch artist with a talent for forgery. The real Maria Vanrenen, he declared and swore, was the one he offered us. "Success has turned the man's head," Charles said to me, well pleased. "He thinks we will swallow any obvious lie he chooses to palm off upon us. But the bucket has come once too often to the well. This time we checkmate him." It was a mixed metaphor, I admit; but Sir Charles's tropes are not always entirely superior to criticism.

So we pretended to believe our man, and accepted his assurances. Next came the question of price. This was warmly debated, for form's sake only. Sir J. H. Tomlinson had paid eight thousand for his genuine Maria. The Doctor demanded ten thousand for his spurious one. There was really no reason why we should higgle and dispute, for Charles meant merely to give his cheque for the sum and then arrest the fellow; but, still, we thought it best for the avoidance of suspicion to make a show of resistance; and we at last beat him down to nine thousand guineas. For this amount, he was to give us a written warranty that the work he sold us was a genuine Rembrandt, that it represented Maria Vanrenen of Haarlem, and that he had bought it direct, without doubt or question, from that good lady's descendants at Gouda, in Holland.



"IN HIS JUDGMENT, IT WAS NOT A REMBRANDT AT ALL."

It was capitally done. We arranged the thing to perfection. We had a constable in waiting in our rooms at the Métropole, and we settled that Dr. Polperro was to call at the hotel at a certain fixed hour to sign the warranty and receive his money. A regular agreement on sound stamped paper was drawn out between us. At the appointed time, the "party of the first part" came, having already given us over possession of the portrait. Charles drew a cheque for the amount agreed upon, and signed it. Then he handed it to the Doctor. Polperro just clutched at it. Meanwhile, I took up my post by the door, while two men in plain clothes, detectives from the police-station, stood as

men-servants and watched the windows. We feared lest the impostor, once he had got the cheque, should dodge us somehow, as he had already done at Nice and in Paris. The moment he had pocketed his money with a smile of triumph, I advanced to him rapidly. I had in my possession a pair of handcuffs. Before he knew what was happening, I had slipped them on his wrists, and secured them

"Are these two raving maniacs?" he asked, at last, "or what do they mean by this nonsensical gibberish about Antonio Herrera?"

The constable laid his hand on the prisoner's shoulder.

"It's all right, my man," he said. "We've got warrants out against you. I arrest you, Edward Polperro, *alias* the Reverend Richard Peploe Brabazon, on a charge of obtaining

"'IT'S ALL RIGHT, MY MAN, HE SAID."

dexterously, while the constable stepped forward. "We have got you this time!" I cried. "We know who you are, Dr. Polperro. You are—Colonel Clay; *alias* Señor Antonio Herrera; *alias* the Reverend Richard Peploe Brabazon."

I never saw any man so astonished in my life! He was utterly flabbergasted. Charles thought he must have expected to get clear away at once, and that this prompt action on our part had taken the fellow so much by surprise as to simply unman him. He gazed about him as if he hardly realized what was happening.

money under false pretences from Sir Charles Vandrift, K.C.M.G., M.P., on his sworn information, now here subscribed to." For Charles had had the thing drawn out in readiness beforehand.

Our prisoner drew himself up. "Look here, officer," he said, in an offended tone, "there's some mistake here in this matter. I have never given an *alias* at any time in my life. How do you know this is really Sir Charles Vandrift? It may be a case of bullying personation. My belief is, though, they're a pair of escaped lunatics."

"We'll see about that to-morrow," the

constable said, collaring him. "At present you've got to go off with me quietly to the station, where these gentlemen will enter up the charge against you."

They carried him off, protesting. Charles and I signed the charge-sheet; and the officer locked him up to await his examination next day before the magistrate.

We were half afraid even now the fellow would manage somehow to get out on bail and give us the slip in spite of everything; and, indeed, he protested in the most violent manner against the treatment to which we were subjecting "a gentleman in his position." But Charles took care to tell the police it was all right; that he was a dangerous and peculiarly slippery criminal, and that on no account must they let him go on any pretext whatever, till he had been properly examined before the magistrates.

We learned at the hotel that night, curiously enough, that there really *was* a Dr. Polperro, a distinguished art critic, whose name, we didn't doubt, our impostor had been assuming.

Next morning, when we reached the court, an inspector met us with a very long face. "Look here, gentlemen," he said, "I'm afraid you've committed a very serious blunder. You've made a precious bad mess of it. You've got yourselves into a scrape; and, what's worse, you've got us into one also. You were a deal too smart with your sworn information. We've made inquiries about this gentleman, and we find the account he gives of himself is perfectly correct. His name *is* Polperro; he's a well-known art critic and collector of pictures, employed abroad by the National Gallery. He was formerly an official in the South Kensington Museum, and he's a C.B. and LL.D., very highly respected. You've made a sad mistake, that's where it is: and you'll probably have to answer a charge of false imprisonment, in which I'm afraid you have also involved our own department."

Charles gasped with horror. "You haven't let him out," he cried, "on those absurd representations? You haven't let him slip through your hands as you did that murderer fellow?"

"Let him slip through our hands?" the inspector cried. "I only wish he would. There's no chance of that, unfortunately. He's in the court there, this moment, breathing out fire and slaughter against you both: and we're here to protect you if he should happen to fall upon you. He's been locked up all night on your mistaken affidavits, and, naturally enough, he's mad with anger."

"If you haven't let him go, I'm satisfied," Charles answered. "He's a fox for cunning. Where is he? Let me see him."

We went into the court. There we saw our prisoner conversing amicably, in the most excited way, with the magistrate (who, it seems, was a personal friend of his); and Charles at once went up and spoke to them. Dr. Polperro turned round and glared at him through his *pince-nez*.

"The only possible explanation of this person's extraordinary and incredible conduct," he said, "is, that he must be mad—and his secretary equally so. He made my acquaintance, unasked, on a glass seat on the King's Road; invited me to go on his coach to Lewes; volunteered to buy a valuable picture of me; and then, at the last moment, unaccountably gave me in charge on this silly and preposterous trumped-up accusation. I demand a summons for false imprisonment."

Suddenly, it began to dawn upon us that the tables were turned. By degrees it came out that we had made a mistake. Dr. Polperro was really the person he represented himself to be, and had been always. His picture, we found out, was the real Maria Vanrenen, and a genuine Rembrandt, which he had merely deposited for cleaning and restoring at the suspicious dealer's. Sir J. H. Tomlinson had been imposed upon and cheated by a cunning Dutchman; *his* picture, though also an undoubted Rembrandt, was *not* the Maria, and was an inferior specimen in bad preservation. The authority we had consulted turned out to be an ignorant, self-sufficient quack. The Maria, moreover, was valued by other experts at no more than five or six thousand guineas. Charles wanted to cry off his bargain, but Dr. Polperro naturally wouldn't hear of it. The agreement was a legally binding instrument, and what passed in Charles's mind at the moment had nothing to do with the written contract. Our adversary only consented to forego the action for false imprisonment on condition that Charles inserted a printed apology in the *Times*, and paid him five hundred pounds compensation for damage to character. So that was the end of our well-planned attempt to arrest the swindler.

Not quite the end, however; for, of course, after this, the whole affair got by degrees into the papers. Dr. Polperro, who was a familiar person in literary and artistic society, as it turned out, brought an action against the so-called expert who had declared against the genuineness of his alleged Rembrandt, and convicted him of the grossest ignorance and misstatement. Then paragraphs got about.

The *World* showed us up in a sarcastic article; and *Truth*, which has always been terribly severe upon Sir Charles and all the other South Africans, had a pungent set of verses on "High Art in Kimberley." By this means, as we suppose, the affair became known to Colonel Clay himself; for a week or two later my brother-in-law received a cheerful little note on scented paper from our persistent sharper. It was couched in these terms:—

"Oh, you innocent infant!

"Bless your ingenuous little heart! And did it believe, then, it had positively caught the redoubtable colonel? And had it ready a nice little pinch of salt to put upon his tail? And is it true its respected name is Sir Simple Simon? How heartily we have laughed, White Heather and I, at your neat little ruses! It would pay you, by the way, to take White Heather into your house for six months to instruct you in the agreeable sport of amateur detectives. Your charming *naïveté* quite moves our envy. So you actually imagined a man of my brains would condescend to anything so flat and stale as the silly and threadbare Old Master deception! And this in the so-called nineteenth century! *O sancta simplicitas!* When again shall such infantile transparency be mine? When, ah, when? But never mind, dear friend. Though you didn't catch me, we shall meet before long at some delightful Philippi.

"Yours, with the profoundest respect and gratitude,

"ANTONIO HERRERA.

"Otherwise RICHARD PEPLOE BRABAZON."

Charles laid down the letter with a deep-drawn sigh. "Sey, my boy," he mused aloud, "no fortune on earth—not even mine

"A CHEERFUL LITTLE NOTE."

—can go on standing it. These perpetual drains begin really to terrify me. I foresee the end. I shall die in a workhouse. What with the money he robs me of when he *is* Colonel Clay, and the money I waste upon him when he *isn't* Colonel Clay, the man is beginning to tell upon my nervous system. I shall withdraw altogether from this worrying life. I shall retire from a scheming and polluted world to some untainted spot in the fresh, pure mountains."

"You *must* need rest and change," I said, "when you talk like that. Let us try the Tyrol."

Some Wonders of the Microscope.

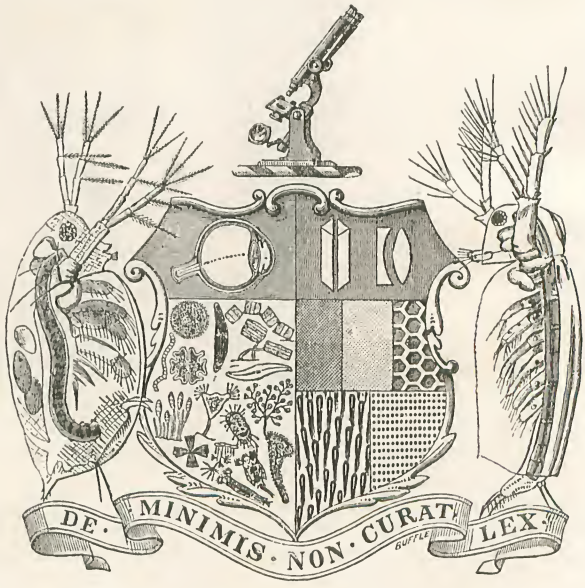
By William G. FitzGerald

A SMALL instrument and a big subject. The microscope, through which Nature has revealed some of her most stupendous secrets, is one of the necessaries of modern life. Where would the bacteriologist be without it? Or the analytical chemist? Or the Home Office expert in a criminal case? Or the young man who wears spectacles and talks of diatomaceæ? The young man who wears spectacles and talks of diatomaceæ is generally an amateur microscopist who can find Paradise in a Hampstead pond; he is also a nuisance, filling the house with nasty, horrid things, including human remains and vermin with big names. And yet it is a mistake to suppose that microscopists are devoid of humour. One glance at the crest and coat-of-arms here shown (No. 1) should dispel such an idea. Notice the "microscope rampant"; the structure of the human eye, the prisms, the Desmids, Fungi, Acineta, Stentor Rotifer, Brachionus, Lemna, and Diatoms—all in the quarterings. And the important-looking "supporters"—two common Entomostracans, with nice names; Daphnia on the left and Sida on the right. This was specially designed by a member of the Quekett Microscopical Club, for reproduction in one of the annual reports at a banquet of that interesting body.

I once attended a lecture on the microscope; everything was microscopic—even the audience. The lecturer was a temperance gentleman, and the lantern slides were a little startling—mainly enlarged photo-micrographs. Presently part of a drunkard's liver was thrown upon the screen, as an "awful example," but it was evident that little attention was being paid. One man said it was a map of South Africa; he knew South Africa well, his uncle having got five years for diamond stealing at Kimberley. Wonderful, indeed, are the lessons taught through the "golden tube!"

The accompanying microscopic photograph (No. 2) is of especial interest at this season. It depicts a section of the human skin, the various "layers" being plainly visible. But observe the seven little corkscrew spirals beneath the outer coating; these are the perspiration ducts, through whose agency we are compelled to mop our moist brows during the summer months. This particular specimen was obtained from the hand of a hospital patient.

The apparatus for taking these photographs is rather elaborate and very costly. It consists of a lamp, a microscope, and a camera, arranged horizontally. The object, usually indistinguishable to the naked eye, is first placed on the stage of the microscope, and receives the light through a condensing lens. Isochromatic plates are used, the exposure given lasting from one to two minutes. The principle seems



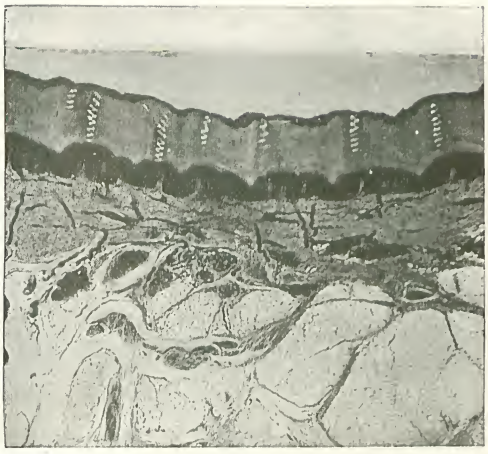
Ye Mikroskopiker's Arms.

Crest:—*A Microscope rampant.*

Supporters:—*Daphnia pulex and Sida crystallina.*

Motto:—*De minimis non curat lex.*

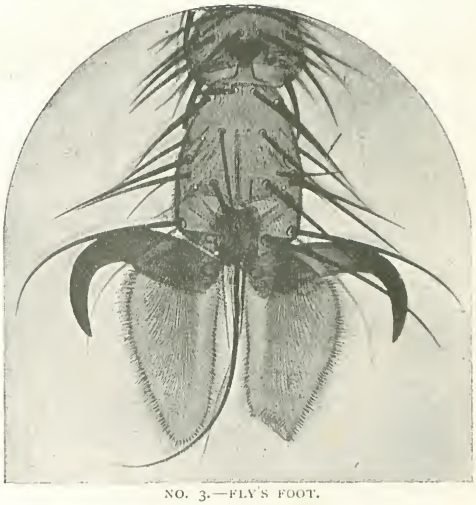
NO. 1.—COMIC CREST AND COAT-OF-ARMS DESIGNED FOR THE MENU OF AN ANNUAL DINNER OF THE QUEKETT MICROSCOPICAL CLUB.



NO. 2.—HUMAN SKIN, SHOWING PERSPIRATION DUCTS.

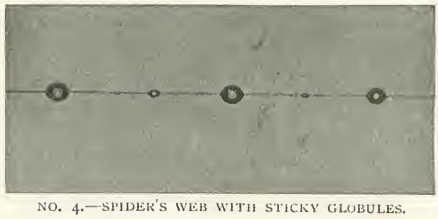
simple enough—the reception of the image by the microscope and photographic plate instead of by one's own eye. These photos are utilized in many ways, not the least interesting being their production in courts of law. Quite recently a photo-micrograph practically decided an incandescent light case, the dispute hinging on the material of certain "mantles" unknown to drapers.

Now fancy this awful-looking thing (No. 3) being laid lightly on your face at all hours of the day! It is the leg and foot of a fly—of



NO. 3.—FLY'S FOOT.

course, highly magnified and photographed. The common, or exasperating, house-fly cares as little for the laws of gravitation as it does for our personal comfort. Why is it able to walk nimbly up the window-panes, sleep on the ceiling, and select a bald-headed man out of a hundred? These be big questions, and I don't think they've been settled yet. Anyhow, they are problems that don't interest the ordinary man, who is chiefly concerned with the total abolition of *musca domestica.* Notice the pair of pads between the hooks. It was at one time thought that these acted as suckers, but some truculent scientist got an air-pump and a few flies and demolished this theory. The hooks assist the insect in releasing itself from any point to which it may be adhering. It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless a fact, that a complete house-fly (we know the complete house-fly) distributed over a dozen microscopic slides would cost you fifteen shillings. Like most of us, the fly gets into trouble—and the spider's web. The latter, as you may see for yourself, is provided with nice little sticky globules, which render impotent the releasing hooks on the fly's foot



NO. 4.—SPIDER'S WEB WITH STICKY GLOBULES.

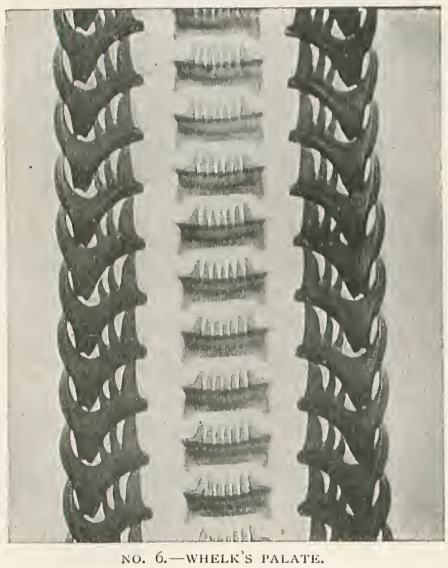
(No. 4). One eminent authority has computed that in an ordinary web there are 87,360 of these globules. This particular strand of a spider's web had to be drawn taut over a wooden cell before being photographed for this article.

Next is shown the foot of a spider (No. 5), with its web-combing claws, hardly an attractive spectacle for the fly, you would think. The mounting of these microscopic objects is a wonderful business. Fancy having to dissect a flea, and place its various organs on different slides! Of course, this work is done under the microscope; the tool, in some cases, being a hedgehog's bristle. The mounters frequently breed their own insects, and attend hospitals and inquests to procure human anatomical specimens. Many people like to have microscopes and microscopic "furniture" about them, even though they

NO. 5.—SPIDER'S FOOT, WITH COMBS FOR THE WEB.

don't know the stage from the eye-piece of the instrument. You see, these things give the room an imposing appearance as the abode of a scientist. The firm of Watson and Sons, of High Holborn, keep a stock of 40,000 microscopic specimens, and sell more than a thousand microscopes every year. You can buy an instrument for two or three pounds, or you can spend two or three hundred on one; the next thing is to get your set of objects. In these your tastes may be peculiar, inclining you to buy a chimney sweeper's lung for 1s. 9d., or the swine fever bacillus for 4s. Tadpoles' tails, ostrich blood, whales' eyelashes, house-crickets' gizzards, whelks' palates—all these will be found competing for your favour in the catalogue.

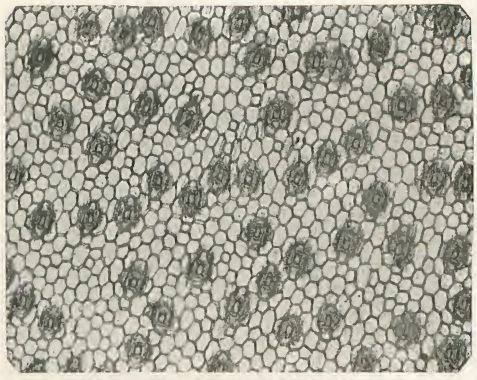
One of the last-named is next reproduced (No. 6); you will notice it resembles a patent



NO. 6.—WHELK'S PALATE.

fire-escape. Without doubt the mounter is called upon to supply queer things, beside which the constituents in the witches' caldron dwindle into mere ordinary "stock" material. There are spiders' eyes, seals' whiskers, and human eyelids, showing the "crying machine." Optic nerves, cats' lips, hornets' stings, rabbits' brains, elephants' corns, eruption dust from Vesuvius, parasites' eggs, the "wicious" eyes of the wasp, the blowfly's buzzing organ, and the breathing apparatus of a flea.

Here are two wonderful photo-micrographs from the vegetable world. The first (No. 7) shows the breathing pores on the surface of a leaf, and the second (No. 8), the stinging



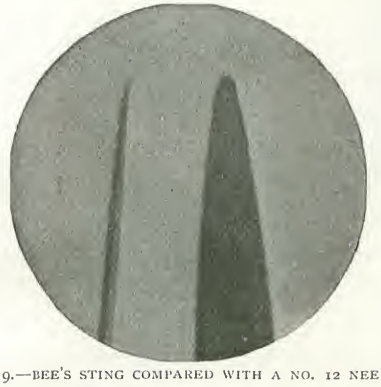
NO. 7.—BREATHING PORES OF A LEAF.

hairs on a nettle. By the way, the application of a solution of ammonia is the best remedy for nettle stings. As I have already said, the mounting of microscopic objects is trying work. Mounted specimens range in price up to £5 each; and Herr J. D. Möller, the great diatom man, once sold a slide for as much as £80. It consisted of 1,600 separate diatoms arranged on the glass, the whole scarcely visible to the naked eye. Here is a fact to be noted. The ability of a microscope lens to show fine detail is *not* dependent on its magnifying power, but rather on the number of light-rays it is capable of receiving from the objective. So it comes about that a modern lens, giving a total magnification of 2,500 diameters—or 6,250,000 "times"—will show fine detail in proportion of 136,000 lines to the inch. On the other hand, the famous microscope belonging to Ephraim Cutter, of New York, will only show 96,000 lines to the inch, although it magnifies 15,000 diameters, or 225,000,000 times, being the most powerful microscope in the world in this respect.

One can't really form an idea of the fineness of the sting of a bee without comparing it with some familiar object. Most of us know what a No. 12 needle is; some of us

NO. 8.—NETTLE STINGS.

may have sat on one. Well, here is the point of such a needle, side by side with the barbed tip of the bee's sting (No. 9); both are magnified equally. One wonders if Dr.

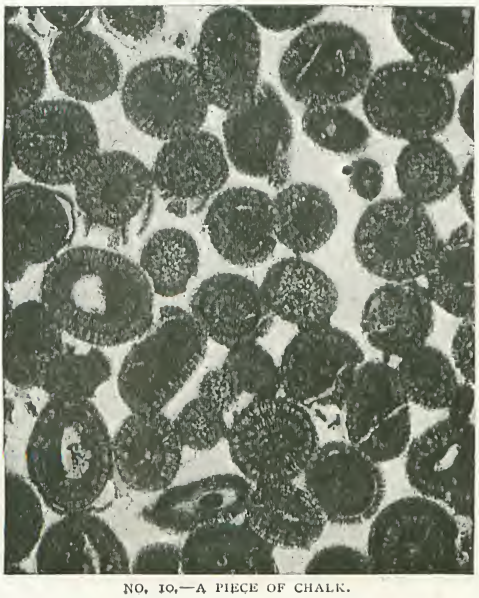


NO. 9.—BEE'S STING COMPARED WITH A NO. 12 NEEDLE.

Watts was ever stung, or if he ever used the microscope on the "harpoon" of the "little busy bee." The man who *is* stung has no time to express amazement at the wonderful arrangement of the bee's anatomy; probably he is busy with other expressions.

But let us turn to the seaside. Here we see under the microscope a piece of chalk from the cliffs on the coast. It's made up, you will notice, of little shells whereof a million might easily be put in a lady's thimble (No. 10).

An ordinary flea is furnished with a pair of very sharp lancets, which are shown in the next picture (No. 11), and with which



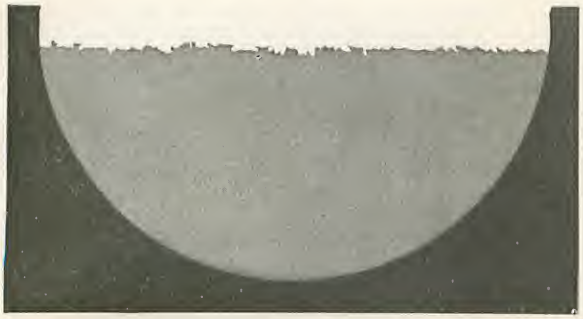
NO. 10.—A PIECE OF CHALK.

NO. 11.—LANCET OF A FLEA.

the flea makes incisions in the skin of its victim. In passing, one may notice the peculiar development of the flea's legs, whereby the insect is enabled to bound from place to place. If we were endowed with proportionately the same muscular power, it would be an easy matter for us to clear St. Paul's Cathedral in one jump. The lancets are the two serrated, sword-like spikes, and they are magnified ninety diameters in the photograph.

It is said that negroes regard the flea's attention with comparative indifference.

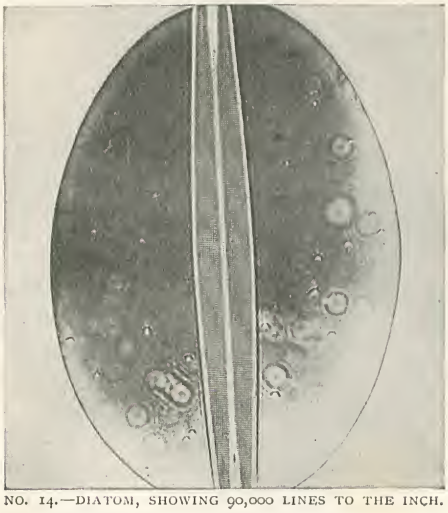
NO. 12.—SKIN OF NEGRO, SHOWING BLACK PIGMENT.



NO. 13.—EDGE OF A GOOD RAZOR.

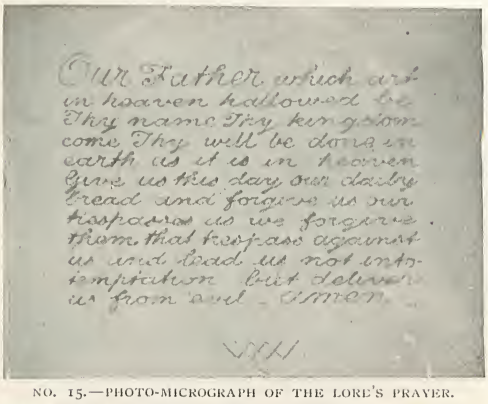
Howbeit, the accompanying photograph shows a section of the skin of a "cullud gen'l'man," pigment cells and all complete (No. 12). At the same time you would think our black friend would need all his callousness to withstand the touch of a razor with an edge like that one here shown (No. 13). And yet we selected for treatment a decent barber's razor; of course we didn't show him this, lest he should bring a libel action against us.

Diatoms are perpetually being examined by microscopists, amateurs and otherwise. They are aquatic in origin, and consist of two almost indestructible flinty shells, inclosing an organic vegetable substance. The shells are held together by connecting girdles. After a brief life, the organisms die, and the shells (known to the microscopist as "valves" or "frustules") fall to the bottom of the water. The city of Richmond, in Virginia, is built on a great stratum of diatoms, 18ft. thick, and the paving stones of our own Royal Exchange are largely composed of them. The little band of pure flint which binds together the twin valves of every circular diatom is a true ring, so absolutely flawless that a magnifying power which would extend a postage stamp to a square mile would fail to reveal even the most trivial deviation from a fidelity of curve, mathematically perfect. That's how Nature does her work.



NO. 14.—DIATOM, SHOWING 90,000 LINES TO THE INCH.

Diatoms vary in size from the 1-60th to the 1-250th of an inch at the widest part. One, called *Amphipleura pellucida*, shown in the accompanying photograph (No. 14), measures 1-250th of an inch in length, and ranks as a test object for microscopes; the fine lines in it are about the 1-90,000th of an inch apart. This photograph represents the *pons asinorum* of the microscopist—and, indeed, of the microscope also. This is because the very highest magnifying powers are required to render visible these amazingly fine lines. The best of apparatus and the most skilful manipulation are, of course, also indispensable. But it is when one comes to consider microscopic writing, or engraving, that one is impressed by the wonders of this instrument. Some years ago a man ruled on glass, with a diamond, lines that were the 1-120,000th of an inch apart. The prices of these engravings vary according to the minuteness of the writing. Look at the Lord's Prayer, whereof a photo-micrograph is here reproduced (No. 15). The original is so small (it occupies the


Our Father which art
in heaven hallowed be
Thy name Thy kingdom
come Thy will be done in
earth as it is in heaven
Give us this day our daily
bread and forgive us our
trespasses as we forgive
them that trespass against
us and lead us not into
temptation but deliver
us from evil Amen

NO. 15.—PHOTO-MICROGRAPH OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.
(The original occupies only the 1-318,000th part of an inch.)

1-318,000th part of an inch) that, according to the same proportion, the whole of the English Bible and Testament could be written *twenty times in the space of one square inch.* Just consider what this means; the entire Bible contains 3,566,480 letters. A "ten-Bible" Lord's Prayer, written on glass, would now cost about a couple of pounds, the return for

your money being an exceedingly minute speck.

After this, the next microscopic curiosities seem rather tame. Here is seen a vase of flowers built up with infinite skill and patience by the mounter, who only used in his "picture" the scales and hairs from the wings and bodies of various butterflies, moths, and other insects (No. 16). Altogether 1,252 particles

NO. 16.—VASE OF FLOWERS, CONSTRUCTED WITH THE HAIRS AND SCALES OF INSECTS.

had to be placed in position separately, yet you can hardly see the whole without the aid of a microscope—under which, of course, the design was executed. The original of this is a microscopic treasure, and treasures are "skeers and dear," as Mark Twain's aunt remarked about the buckwheat cakes in a bad season.

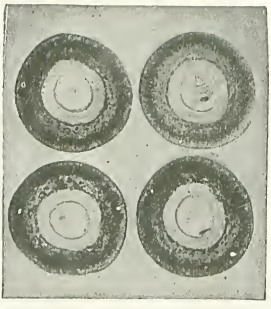
Most microscopists are enthusiasts. Look at John Quekett, who, when only sixteen years old, gave a course of lectures on the microscope, his instrument being a home-made one, constructed from some pieces of brass bought at a rag-shop, a common roasting-jack, and an old-fashioned parasol! The ordinary amateur is for ever on the look-out for new subjects in general, or he may confine himself to one species; he may, for example, become a "diatomaniac." He is almost certain to upset people who like a piece of ripe Stilton, by producing microscopic photos of the ap-

NO. 18.—PART OF THE HUMAN SCALP, SHOWING HOW THE HAIRS GROW.

NO. 17.—A REAL BOOK-WORM.

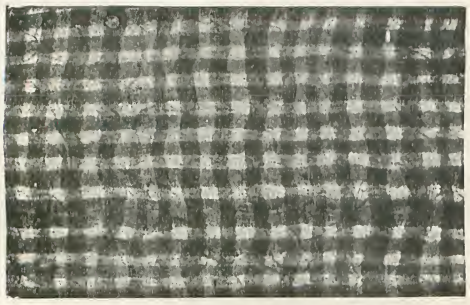
parently gigantic insects that inhabit that cheese. By the way, even mites have their likes and dislikes. For instance, this mite (No. 17) is like the flawless hero—never found out of books. He seems to be a studious mite—a book-worm in fact (his full title is *Cheiletus Eruditus*), and his greatest enemy is the industrious librarian.

Here is another interesting photograph. It shows part of the human scalp with the hairs growing; the roots of hairs that have not yet risen to the



NO. 19.—TOPS OF HAIRS FROM THE WHISKERS OF A LIONESS.

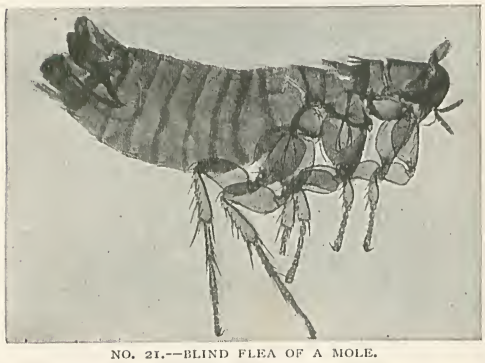
top are also visible (No. 18). Next come four hairs from the whiskers of a lioness. You are looking vertically down on to these latter, and the tops of the hairs were cut off to give a better result in the photograph (No. 19).



NO. 20.—THE FINEST FRENCH CAMBRIC.

Under a powerful microscope, even the most delicate specimen of human workmanship looks astonishingly coarse. Look at this photograph (No. 20). The fabric shown is not a rough Harris or Sutherland tweed, such as shooting suits are made of, but a piece of the most exquisitely fine French cambric, which cost twenty shillings a yard.

The various microscopical societies throughout the world are in no danger of a famine in subjects—or objects. Swift told us that "great fleas have little fleas upon their backs



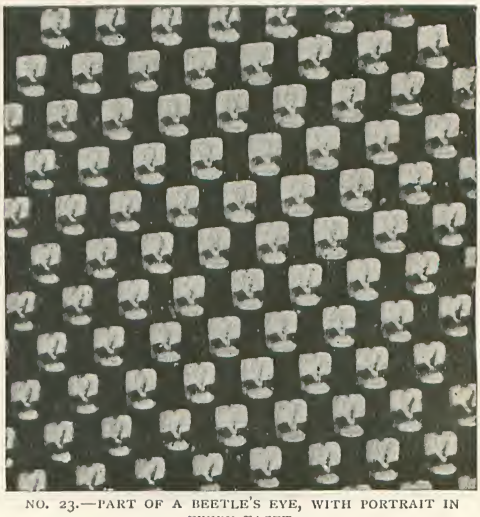
NO. 21.—BLIND FLEA OF A MOLE.

to bite 'em"; and then, again, "little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*." Here is an extraordinary example of what I might call the physiological sympathy which the parasite has for its "host." The mole, as we all know, is not remarkable for keenness of vision, and it has a special kind of flea all to itself. Well, that flea is also blind, although you wouldn't think so on looking at the photograph (No. 21).

It may be some satisfaction to the victims of the ordinary house-fly to know that that provoking insect is in turn preyed upon by these little parasites (No. 22); whether these, too, "have lesser fleas" I can't say—probably they have. At any rate, the beetle has its parasite, with lancets 700 times finer than a human hair; and an exceedingly minute flea has been found upon the flea of a hedgehog. The eye of a water-beetle is made up of many facets; there are about 24,000 of them in the two eyes of a dragon-fly. Each of these facets acts as a lens to convey to the insect's brain some small portion of the object

NO. 22.—PARASITES OF THE HOUSE-FLY.

that is being looked at; at the same time, I want to illustrate a peculiar phenomenon in connection with these facets. If an image be placed between a luminant body and one of these sets of lenses, that image will be represented entirely in each individual facet. A really wonderful microscopic photograph has been specially taken to illustrate this (No. 23). It shows a portrait in every facet of the beetle's eye. The eye was first of all dissected and placed on the stage of the instrument. The portrait—on glass and, of course, exceedingly small—was then interposed and the photograph taken through the microscope.



NO. 23.—PART OF A BEETLE'S EYE, WITH PORTRAIT IN EVERY FACET.

The Storming of the Fort.

By Walter Wood.

GORDON'S OWN were under canvas, and from the lines all men could see the gloomy fort which was to be stormed and captured. The fort lay in a little hollow at the foot of the lowering hills, looking like a prison to which men might be sent who were cut off from the world for evermore. It was 90yds. square, with walls 8ft. thick, and 20ft. high, and at each of the four corners was a tower which rose 20ft. above the wall. Three sides were flanked by hills, and one only was open to the plain, and in that the single gate of the fort was placed. The flat roofs of the huts shone dully in the burning sunshine, and the towers rose heavenward, like silent sentinels. Within the massive walls there was no mark of life; the place was as dormant as a city of the dead. But swarthy men stood, grim and patient, in the watch-towers, waiting for their prey to deliver itself up to them. Their eyes glowed as they swept the plain where Gordon's Own were quartered, and a grating sound arose as they slowly changed their arms from one hand to the other. The banner of the Prophet drooped from a flagstaff on the tallest tower, and the hillmen looked from that to the camp and from the camp to the flag again. They could see the sentries of Gordon's Own, and looked at them with lazy curiosity.

A private of gigantic stature was on sentry nearest the fort, and he stopped on his pendulum-like march to gaze for a moment at it. His form was boldly outlined, and a knot of tribesmen in an outer tower watched him with savage admiration. But the thirst for blood was strong within them, and one man raised his awkward weapon and thrust the barrel gently through a loophole. The sentry stood there like a statue. He was looking dreamily at the fort, and wondering about his own home in the hills across the sea, in more generous climes than these. He saw a puff of smoke and a tiny fork of flame from one of the towers, and before he guessed its meaning he felt a sharp pang in his shoulder, and staggered back a pace or two. The wound was slight, and the sentry had no wish to call attention to it. He was within range of the fort, and might go down at any moment; but that was a concern of his commanding officer. If he saw fit to alter things, it was well; if he did not, it was still well. The officer commanding could do no wrong.

The sergeant of the guard had seen the puff of smoke, and he hastened up to the sentry. The man was plugging the wound with a finger and was telling, in audible tones, what he thought of the hillmen and where he wished they were. "And I'd have it specially hot for 'em, too," he added, as he saw the sergeant.

The sergeant laughed. "Well, you'll be able to fire up a bit when we storm the place to-night," he said; "that is, if you're not too much hurt."

"Hurt," said the sentry, scornfully, "hurt by an old slug-slinger like yond? I'd scorn to think it. I'm as fit as may be, and don't even want relieving."

"Two inches lower down," said the sergeant, eyeing the wound critically, "and it would have plumped through your heart."

"But for an accident of birth I might have been King of England," answered the sentry.

"That's so," said the sergeant; "all the same, you'll get relieved, and take a walk round and see the doctor. If you hadn't such a thundering big carcass you wouldn't be such a good target. That sort of thing reconciles one to being rather small of stature."

The sentry was relieved, there were no more shots, and night came down from the hills. No man went to rest in camp, but the soldiers in the fort, secure in the strength of their retreat, lay down to sleep with their arms beside them. Their minds were at rest, for a certain priest had given them his blessing and said, "The sons of pigs who are in the plains are few in number, and their fate is sealed. To-night they will try to rush the fort, but fear not, for the walls are thick and the gates are strong, and their bones will bleach in the wind and rain." He had given them his blessing and had gone farther up

the hills, mistrusting greatly his own prophecy.

The colonel and his second in command walked forth from the lines as the day gave place to night, and the two looked long and earnestly at the fort.

"THE TWO LOOKED LONG AND EARNESTLY."

"You'll find," said the senior major, "that the place is too strong for us, and that it can't be done."

"Can't be done!" exclaimed the colonel. "Can't be done! Why, if the odds were ten times as big as they are, I'd undertake the risk — and win, too. Can't be done! There's no such word as 'can't' for Gordon's Own!"

"I'm not saying it won't be attempted," said the senior major, sadly. "God knows I'd be the last to do so. The order's come, and we've got to go. You know what I mean, Stevens—we'll talk as friends now, and not as chief and second. When I say 'can't,' I only mean that what happened to Charley will happen again, and perhaps cause to others just the bitterness it caused to me. Someone bungled then, and someone has bungled now; but that doesn't mend matters."

"Someone blundered at Balaclava," said the colonel, "but think of the glory of it."

The major smiled wearily.

"The glory part of the profession never appealed much to me," he said, "and now that I'm getting somewhat into the sere and yellow leaf it doesn't offer any new charms. Charley used to talk of glory—and what was the end of it?"

"I admit that that little affair in the hills was a bad business," said the colonel, uneasily; "but you know, Raylton, it wasn't done on purpose."

"The result was just the same," said Raylton, grimly. "If a father's curses could have withered the life of the man who was responsible for that day's sorry work, he would have gone the way of all flesh long ago."

"You know what the chaplain said on Sunday about forgive and forget," said the colonel, but rather lamely, for he had no great faith in sermons.

"The first I did long ago," replied the major; "but the second—not if I lived till the crack of doom. And if you had had a son of yours sent on to death as Charley was sent, you'd think as I think now."

"The lad was mentioned in despatches," said the colonel, "and his bravery was officially recorded in the *Gazette*."

The major smiled again, but grimly this time. "And when his mother saw it—what then?" he asked.

"It was the suddenness of the shock," replied the colonel, "and the state of her heart. You know, a shock like that often kills."

"I lost Charley out here, and my wife at home, in one week, all through the bungling and incompetence of a general officer commanding," said Raylton, "and yet you talk to me of glory. I remember how every one of the small force was butchered, and you remember just as well. Never a soul survived, and yet when you are ordered to do the same sort of thing you scoff at the notion of its impossibility, and refuse to hear of such a word as 'can't.'"

"I do, and I say again what I said then," exclaimed the colonel. "By the men of Gordon's Own the word 'can't' has never been recognised; you know that it's one of the traditions of the regiment that the word is barred. As for Charley and that miserable business in the hills, you cannot know how sorry and sore I've been about it. Why,

Raylton, only one man on earth suffered more than I did, and that was yourself. Come, come; the worst was bad enough, without adding to it. Remember that, and give me your support now, when I need it more than ever before. If *you* fail me, Raylton, where am I to look for guidance and assistance? Forget the past, and help me to make the present such that people will hold it in eternal remembrance. Think of the records of Ours, and what it would mean to have this achievement added to them! Why, there would be nothing to surpass it in our annals!"

The colonel was a man of enthusiastic temperament, and had a way of communicating his enthusiasm to others. The major was a cold man at best, the soldier of a system, with but meagre receptivity for what he called the bunkum of glory; but the fire of his chief and comrade was thawing him. The sternness of his face relaxed, and he felt a tingling sensation as the blood coursed faster through him.

"Kismet!" he said, at last. "What will be will be. I crave the post of greatest danger. If the worst comes to the worst, why, what's the end of it?—the sooner to be with her and Charley."

The colonel watched him as he strode away. "That's the spirit for a forlorn hope. If I were certain that it would fill every officer and man of the battalion," he mused, "I'd storm the gates of the Inferno itself. But I'm not, in spite of what I said to Raylton, for half the men are fresh from home and the other half are untried. In twelve hours we shall know the worst, and know what stuff the men are really made of."

When the colonel got back to the lines he found that all was ready for the assault. A captain and half his company had fallen in, and the pioneers with the powder-bags and their picks and spades were in front. The captain's instructions were clear and simple, for the colonel was a man of few words. He was to advance noiselessly to the gates, and, having laid his powder-bags, was to blow them up. The explosion was to be the signal for the general assault.

The party marched off, and the colonel moved the battalion nearer to the fort, so that his men should be ready to rush the entrance as soon as the gates were blown down.

The explosion came at last. There was a blinding flash and a dull roar, followed by shouts of startled men within the fort. The battalion dashed up to the gates, with bayonets fixed, but only to meet the captain and his party falling back.

The powder had been exploded, but the bags had been poorly laid in the darkness, and the gates were still standing.

"Never mind," shouted the colonel, "we'll make the assault, all the same. The gates are bound to be weakened, and we can knock them in with spades and axes. Come on, Gordon's Own, remember Ghuznee!"

The men who heard him rallied, but those who did not, and they were most in number, remained where they were, sullen and immovable in the darkness. The front of the battalion got to the gates again, and there

"MEN RAN HELTER-SKELTER BACK."

was a hammering sound of axe and spade. But the gates were stout and strongly barred, and the soldiers within the walls were firing smartly, with heavy loss to the assailants, and never a casualty to themselves.

Who really gave the cue for it no one could tell, but someone shouted that it was no good standing there to be shot down like sheep, and as everyone seemed to be of his way of thinking, there was a general and disorderly retreat.

Men ran helter-skelter back to the lines, where shame overcame them, and they formed up—not quite as steadily as on parade, but as well as could be expected, seeing that the legs of half of them felt as if they had plenty of running power still left, and would like to find an outlet for it.

Day had broken when the battalion had formed up, and in the weird and uncertain light the men began to look uneasily and distrustfully at each other. Each would have liked to ask the other what had possessed him to fly, but as each was quite well able to answer the question, it was not put. The light grew stronger, and when the day had completely broken the battalion, thinking for the moment as an entire being, began to wish that things had been otherwise—that it had not, for instance, fallen back in such unseemly haste; and particularly to wish that the colonel did not look so unholy as he strode to the front and made as if he would address them.

The spirit of "I told you so!" possessed the major for the moment, and he could not keep from reminding the colonel of the talk they had had. "It's scarcely worth mentioning," he said, as he stood beside his chief, for no officer was mounted, "but I ventured to remark that it couldn't be done."

"And I ventured to reply," returned the colonel, hotly, "that it not only could be done, but should be done. We've fallen back for the time being, but we shall storm the fort again, and I'll either take it or lose every officer and man in the battalion."

"In the teeth of language like that," said the major, warmly, "I should be more than coward to say another word to turn you from your purpose. I'm with you to the death, and by way of showing it, I propose to volunteer to place some more bags of powder against the gates and blow an opening through them. If I can't get any men to do it, I'll run the risk alone."

"I'll ask for twenty volunteers for you," said the colonel; "but first of all I've something to say to the battalion."

The colonel was not a pleasant sight to see. He had been shot in the shoulder, and the blood had thickened on his Khaki jacket. One of his own men, in the confusion of the retreat, had stuck his bayonet into his helmet, and had cut through it and on to the colonel's brow, where the marks showed red and fresh. His face was blackened with the battle-smoke, and his eyes glowed in their sockets.

There was dead silence as the chief faced his battalion, and it was broken only by his angry voice.

"Gordon's Own," he began, "what can I say to you? I don't know; words won't come, the words I ought to utter I daren't."

The men shuffled uneasily, and the officers kept their eyes on the ground.

"And yet," exclaimed the colonel, fiercely, "why should I spare you? My feelings are nothing to you; why should your's concern me? What you are you know as well as I

"GORDON'S OWN, WHAT CAN I SAY TO YOU?"

do—you are cowards, poltroons; dogs who turn tail and fly from the enemy, and whose blood turns to water at the sight of the sword and the smell of powder!"

There was more shuffling in the ranks, and the colonel heard low growls of disapproval. The officers lifted their eyes from the ground, and looked defiantly at their leader. His language could be justified to some extent, but there was a limit to what even he might say. Not a sign escaped the colonel's eyes, not a sound was made that did not reach his ears. He began to feel his battalion, and to know that at last all was well. He tried another sentence, and was then sure of his ground. "I wish," he said, "that God had spared me the shame of seeing this night's work. Is there one of you man enough to say 'Amen' to that?"

The soldiers found their tongues at last, and there was one loud answer, "Yes."

The colonel took out his watch and held it in his hand. "One minute's gone," he said, after a pause.

No man stirred. "A minute and three-quarters," said the colonel. Still no man moved. "Only five seconds left," he said; but the ranks remained unbroken.

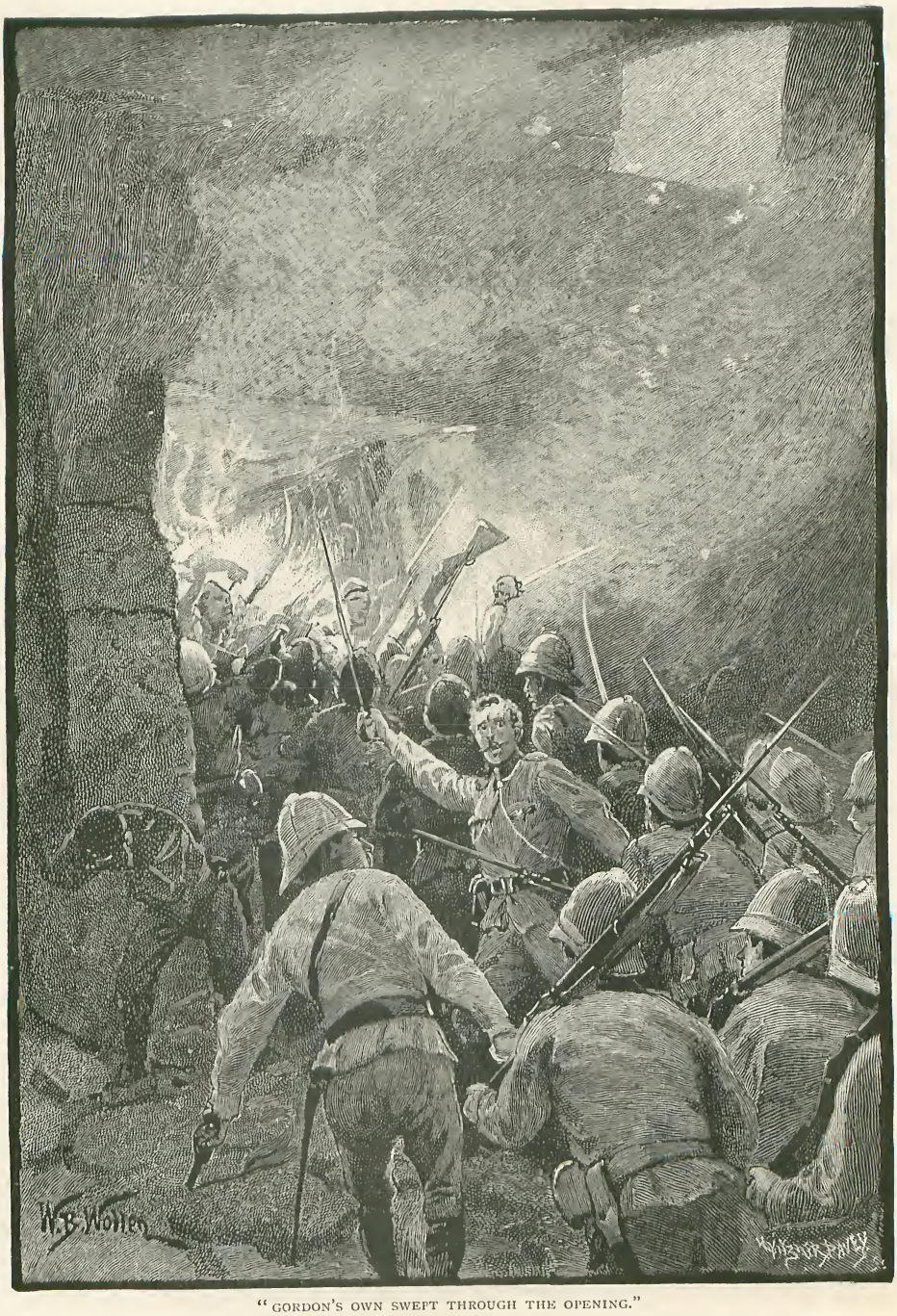
"Time's up," said the colonel, replacing his watch. "And you've proved yourselves men." He had meditated saying that the chance for withdrawing had passed, and that the sergeants were to shoot any man who tried to run away, and that the officers were to shoot any sergeants who did the same; as for the officers, he would keep an eye on them. But he knew that further threats or condemnations were not needful, and he went on: "There never was a simpler and easier bit of work than this. Major Raylton wants twenty volunteers."

The battalion stepped forward like one man, took two paces to the front, and halted. The whole movement was done without a word of command, and the colonel's heart was glad. "Thank God," he said, "for that spontaneous advance. Major Raylton will choose his men. The work is as easy and simple as marching past. All we have to do is to wait for the explosion, then rush the gates once more, and the fort is ours. You hear what the niggers are playing on their tom-toms and howling? It's their song of

'THE BATTALION STEPPED FORWARD LIKE ONE MAN."

"Is there one man among you who wants to fall out—who feels as if he couldn't storm the place again?" asked the colonel. "If so, there's plenty of room at the rear." He uttered the last sentence in tones of withering contempt, and it galled his hearers to the quick. There was a savage shout of "No."

"I give you two minutes to think it over," said the colonel, "and if any man's heart is faint, let him fall out. This isn't the place for his sort."



"GORDON'S OWN SWEPT THROUGH THE OPENING."

victory, and they're thumping and shrieking it because they think they've licked us. We've got to change their music for them, and we'll do it. When we're within a hundred yards of the gates, the bugles and the drums will strike up something like that infernal air; and, lads, we'll beat 'em to their own confounded tune!"

After that not even the colonel could have kept them back. The major and his little band stole off, and marched under a heavy fire to the gates. There was dead silence in

the ranks, as officers and men waited for the flash of the powder and the boom of the explosion.

It came at last. There was another great blaze, and another deep, loud roar as the powder was exploded. The flames died away, but the sound of the explosion went rumbling over the plains and up the hills. It smote upon the ears of the prophetic priest, and he was glad that the spirit had moved him to go up higher.

A shower of small stones and pieces of wood rained upon the ranks of Gordon's Own, but they hurt no man seriously. The voice of the colonel was heard once more, and the battalion dashed forward to the assault. The men went bodily and solidly towards the fire which the explosion had made. When a hundred yards from the fort, the buglers and the drummers obeyed the command which had been given to them, and with one great shout Gordon's Own swept towards the gates. There was not much music in the tune; but that was all the better for the bandsmen, for their state of mind and body was such as to make fine music impossible. They could thump the drums, however, and make the bugles blare, and this was the only sort of tune that could be made audible above the shouts of the fighters, the rattle of the hillmen's jezails, and the clank of steel. When the gates were reached, drums and bugles were thrown aside, and with cold steel only Gordon's Own swept through the opening into the fort.

Many a man went down before the fort was won, but Gordon's Own got in at last, and the banner of the Prophet was hauled down to make way for the hoisting of the Queen's Colour. The old torn sheet of silk went slowly up, and the chief of Gordon's Own was satisfied.

The colonel was a man of method, and when he had got his prize he wished to know the cost.

"What's the roll-call like?" he asked.

"It's dwindled sadly," answered the adjutant. "There's many a man lying under the walls of the fort who'll hear the 'Last Post' no more."

"They'll do something more than that," said the colonel, with a glow of enthusiasm; "they'll hear the 'Réveillé.'"

"That's true, sir," said the adjutant, gravely. "I'd overlooked that for the moment. As for the roll-call: Major Raylton, Captain Hawkes, and Lieutenant Waite are among the killed."

The colonel sighed. "God rest their souls—they were all good soldiers," he said.

"Six N.C.O.'s and seventy rank and file went down, too," proceeded the adjutant; "and, not counting ourselves, there are half-a-dozen officers and a hundred men pretty badly wounded."

The colonel drew himself proudly up. "That's a heavy and a sorry list in one way," he said, "but what will the general say, and what will they say at home when they read of it?"

"They'll be talking of it to-morrow," said the adjutant. "The newspapers will be full of it."

"God grant that those who've gone will know about it, too," said the colonel. "Fall in the burial parties, and let both officers and men be laid to rest on the little hillock there. People shall know it henceforth as the Hill of Gordon's Own."

Pastimes at Sea.

By Framley Steelcroft.

WE all know the veteran traveller; some of us have been bored by him. He knows everything about every ship, and he calls the captain "Jack," "Tom," or "Jimmy," as the case may be. He is far more at home on board a liner than one of the company's own directors would be; and he usually considers that he owes a duty to his fellow-passengers—poor, miserable, helpless creatures. This duty is to amuse and entertain all on board; and without doubt the companies owe him a big debt of gratitude.

Now, I am about to consider the sports and pastimes that are organized on board the superb steamers of the Union Line, which have transformed the voyage to the South African ports into a delightful pleasure cruise. Very little of this kind of thing is attempted on the "ocean greyhounds" that race to New York, simply because the voyage is not long enough.

In the first photo. we see the national game in full swing, thousands of miles from land. The pitch is covered with cocoa-nut matting by the quarter-masters, and nets are stretched at the side so as to prevent the ball from going overboard, where the only fielders are sharks, and things of that kind. Of course, the stumps are not driven into the deck; they fit into a specially-made, weighted block of wood. It doesn't require much physical exertion to score a boundary hit; and when the great liner lurches, the traditional uncertainty of the game is made abundantly manifest—only in a way that even "W. G." never dreamt of, notwithstanding his vast experience. Perhaps the over-vigilant wicket-keeper will get a stray crack on the head from the bat; or he may receive the ball (of twisted rope) in his eye, owing to the unavoidably erratic bowling. During the progress of a ladies' match on the *Scot*, recently, the batswoman crashed backwards on to the wicket-keeper, a mild, elderly person, who thought she had secured a sporting sinecure. No wonder the poor old lady, on landing at Madeira next morning, fervently exclaimed, "Thank Heaven, I'm on *terra cotta!*"

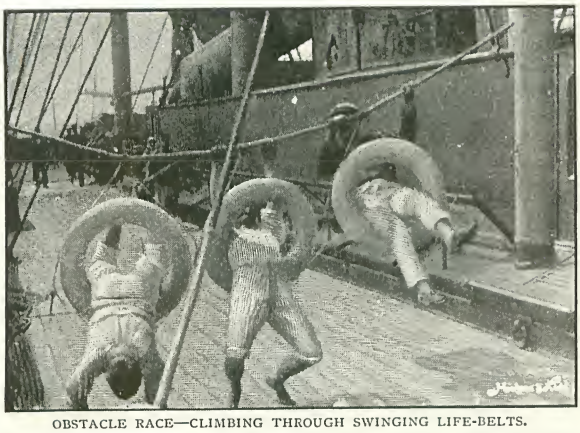
For the most part, however, cricket on a Union liner is a quiet pastime which serves to kill time while the great twin screws, far away astern, are carving out the destination of the ship. The following matches are usually announced on the posters in the saloon: "Passengers *v.* Officers"; "Married *v.* Single"; "Ladies *v.* Gentlemen."

It has become a truism that a great ocean liner is a little world in itself, its human freight consisting, perhaps, of a thousand souls—literally, all sorts and conditions of men. Hence it is that when the energetic entertainment committee of a Union liner sets to work, a programme of amazing excellence is almost invariably drawn up.

Let us now consider the athletic sports that are got up on those Cape cracks, *Norman* and *Scot*. First place must certainly be given to the obstacle race, by reason of the vast amount of fun it affords. The very appliances are marvels of ingenuity. In the accompanying photo. we see the competitors scrambling through some life-belts, which, hung as they are, require a lot of getting through, particularly when the great ship is in a heavy sea-way. Observe the different ways in which these "obstacles" are negotiated.

Here is another toughish obstacle—a high net, which has to be surmounted somehow;

CRICKET MATCH—LADIES V. GENTLEMEN.



OBSTACLE RACE—CLIMBING THROUGH SWINGING LIFE-BELTS.

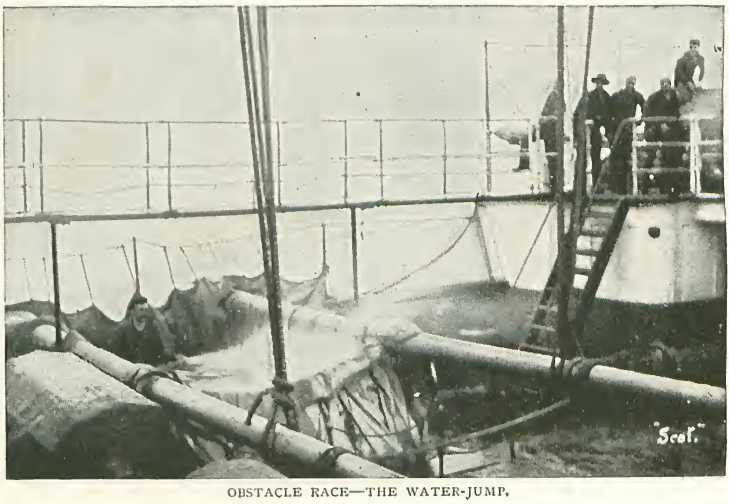
this is perhaps the most difficult of all, but it is obvious that obstacle racers have to be men of mettle. This particular photo. was taken on board a Castle liner. As the race wouldn't be complete without a water-jump, one is prepared in a highly ingenious fashion, as may be seen in the illustration. A sail, or tarpaulin, is very loosely stretched between two spars, and buckets of water poured into it until it is capable of giving the unwary competitor an unpleasant ducking. On the left you will notice that an approach to this obstacle has also been rigged up, but even this approach is of the nature of a switchback, only more so—very much more so.

You would think that the three hardworking obstacle racers were trying to dive through the ship. They are not; they are merely trying to struggle through some sails that have been strapped down to the deck. Oh! it's great fun, especially for the spectators, who cheer vociferously in order to spur on the barefoot heroes. You see, the inner side of each sail has been carefully and plentifully floured, so that the competitors emerge half-choked and in a highly interesting condition.

OBSTACLE RACE—SCALING THE NET.

It's wonderful how the great ones of this earth unbend on board ship. Irving will recite, Melba and the De Reszkes will sing. Selous gave his first lecture on the Union liner *Spartan*. Rhodes and Jameson have often opened the ball on the spacious deck of a Union liner; millionaires may be seen panting in the tug-of-war (perhaps it reminds them of the mad struggle for concessions and gold); and dusky monarchs, from Cetewayo (who handed the captain of the *Arab* a testimonial in phonetic Kaffir) and Lo Ben right down to pious King Khama, have patiently posed in the tableaux and charades.

There is no more mirth-provoking pastime on the high seas than that of cock-fighting, which is seen in progress in the next reproduction. A twelve-foot ring is



OBSTACLE RACE—THE WATER-JUMP.

OBSTACLE RACE—CRAWLING THROUGH FLOURED SAILS STRAPPED TO THE DECK.

chalked, or whitewashed, on the deck, and in this the squatting combatants take their places. The "birds" fight with their bare feet only, their hands clasping a broom-stick, which passes under the knees, and must not be relinquished on any account under pain of disqualification. In the photograph it will be noticed that one "cock" has been fairly knocked out of the ring by his opponent.

Equally funny to witness is "slinging the monkey," which is next shown on the deck of the *Scot*. The legs of the "monkey"—usually a careful, methodical man—are first of all slung up by means of ropes and pulleys. Then the victim is given a piece of chalk (notice it in his hand), and with this he is expected to lean forward and write dictated love-letters on the ship's deck. Or he may be called upon to show his skill as an artist. At the same time, you can't expect fine *technique* and firmness of outline, considering the circumstances; for one thing, the draughtsman hasn't a free hand. The knowing "monkey" will probably wait until the ship has lurched one way, then he will attempt a little lightning sketching before she has time to right herself. Occasionally it is not the chalk, but the artist's nose which scrapes the deck; and at such times a man is apt to forget himself, though he can't forget his injury. In the photograph shown the Lord Bishop of Natal is seen watching the uncertain movements of the slung "monkey"; the right reverend gentleman is wearing a cap, and he carries a book under his left arm. Thus, in this case, it would have been peculiarly unseemly had the sorely-tried monkey given vent to his feelings in "swear words."

But it would never do to let the teeming hundreds grow moody and sentimental. Just notice in the photo. the uproarious merriment prevailing among the occupants of the lower deck. One of the traditions of the Cape steamers is that, immediately after "crossing the line," Neptune himself comes on board, with grizzled beard and aggressive trident, to christen the unsophisticated

A COCKFIGHT.

SLINGING THE MONKEY.

passengers. Accordingly, sails are prepared and filled with water for the accommodation of the water-god's victims. Some of these object to being thrown into the bath, but the majority take the thing in good part. At all events, the whole affair affords opportunity for a lot of boisterous "larking." And woe to the cantankerous on board ship, particularly the third-class cantankerous. But talking of crossing the Equator reminds me that hoaxing the untravelled must be included in "pastimes at sea." For example, a telescope is always prepared with a bit of thread across the object-glass, and through it many trustful passengers behold for the first time the mysterious "line."

The next photo. was taken immediately after the hearing of a fiercely-contested *cause célèbre* on the Union liner *Spartan*. The judge sacrificed his moustache to his temporary calling; and his wig, as well as the wigs of the eminent "silks" around him, was made from cotton waste, supplied by the ship's engineers. There is a fine touch of legal pomposity about the young man with the brief; but the amateur barristers behind wear their gowns more or less like Roman senators.

The case fought out between these legal luminaries was one of breach of promise; notice the defendant sitting at his lordship's feet, and wearing a pensive air, as one who has parted with substantial damages. The

SPORT ON THE THIRD-CLASS DECK—NEPTUNE DUCKING THE UNTRAVELLED ON CROSSING THE LINE.

JUDGE, COUNSEL, AND DEFENDANT, IN MOCK BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.

speeches were very funny; so was the cross-examination of the plaintiff, a lively little actress (one of the Gaiety Company), on her way to the Johannesburg Empire.

The court was kept in roars of laughter. At last defendant's counsel declared he should withdraw from the case. A number of motives actuated him in this step—*inter-alia*, the third engineer required his wig to clean the machinery.

Theatricals, tableaux, and variety entertainments are much in vogue during the voyage to the Cape. I must remark here, however, that nothing much is attempted in the way of sports and pastimes until after the vessel has left Madeira. By this time the victims of *mal de mer* are on deck once more, and there is a clear fortnight or so before Table Mountain comes in sight. Passengers are sometimes notified of a forthcoming entertainment by means of a long procession of announcement-bearing sandwich-men, who amble along the deck with the shame-faced air that characterizes the "real article" in the Strand.

An amusing tableau is reproduced here. It shows Don Quixote, represented by a very well-known officer, tilting at an animated windmill, while a podgy Sancho Panza is imploring him to desist.

Look at the tug-of-war — Passengers *v.* Crew. Of course, everybody can't be an athlete, and if a man would rather watch the flying-fish than the sports, he is left alone with Nature; but Nature can be monotonous at sea. Moreover, there is something for all tastes. Now and then some daring spirit will actually start a newspaper, and it may surprise you to know that these erratic prints occasionally get very distinguished contributors. The work of Mr. Henry Lucy and Mr. Phil May has appeared in the "Tantallon Chronicle," published on board the *Tantallon Castle;* and Mr. Stuart Cumberland edited the "Weekly Athenian" during the voyage of the Union ss. *Athenian* to South Africa. Of course, the facetious

TABLEAU FROM "DON QUIXOTE."

editors announce that their journal has "the largest circulation"—on board the ship. So steady are these magnificent vessels, by the way, that passengers by the Union Line have actually clamoured for a billiard table; it hasn't come to that yet, however. At the same time, a very funny bicycle race has been attempted on the *Norman*—five or six laps to the mile. This will not surprise anyone who has strolled along the great promenade deck of that vessel.

TUG OF WAR—PASSENGERS V. CREW.

WHEEL-BARROW RACE.

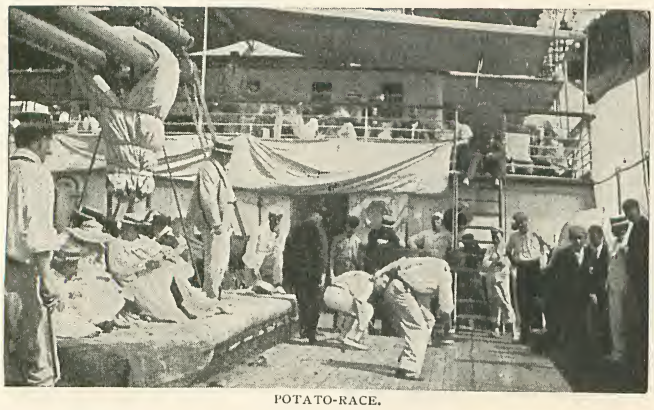
The keen interest taken in the various events is manifest in the above photo., which shows an exciting wheel-barrow race; of course, the rolling of the ship adds very considerably to the gaiety of these sports, and at times the tape-holders are so overcome with merriment, as to be unmindful of their duty.

The finish of the sack-race on board the *Scot* is next shown; the Bishop of Natal is holding the tape on the right-hand side of the photo. This race causes uproarious mirth, and the winner is, in all cases, a most sturdy fellow.

The potato-race is, as the street toy-sellers say, "a novelty and likewise a cur'osity." A long row of equi-distant potatoes is placed for each starter, and at the end of each row is one of the ship's buckets. The moment the signal is given the competitors dash off, stooping to pick up the potatoes as they run. The one who first places all the potatoes in the bucket wins the prize. It is great fun, and causes wild hilarity. You will see one fellow plunging here and there picking up the potatoes with feverish energy, and at length hurling his armful of slippery tubers into the bucket—only, however, to be disqualified by the umpire for overlooking two or three "little 'uns" in his headlong flight.

There is always a peculiar uncertainty about sports that take place on the high seas—particularly in the

FINISH OF THE SACK-RACE.



POTATO-RACE.

case of the ladies' egg-and-spoon race, which is shown in the next photo. The fair starters are placed in a row, and each is provided with an egg, which is to be carried in a spoon held at arm's length. The lady who reaches the winning-post first, with her egg intact, is declared the winner. Needless to say this race is not necessarily to the swift; rather is it to the adroit and strategic. It is very funny to watch the competitors. One will hold the spoon low down, so that if the egg *does* fall out, it won't get broken; another will make a frantic dash, trusting to luck and the ship's steadiness; while a third will perhaps deposit the egg in some gentleman's lap, greatly to his disgust.

Another mirth-provoking contest between the lady passengers is the needle-threading race. The competitors first of all race to a certain part of the deck, where a number of needles of uniform size and some lengths of thread are held in waiting; then they thread the needles as fast as they can and hurry back to place them in the pin-cushion at the winning-post. Patience, above all things, is requisite here.

NEEDLE-THREADING RACE.

LADIES' EGG-AND-SPOON RACE.

Fancy dress balls are amazingly popular on board the South African liners, the costumes and properties being fashioned with much ingenuity. The group shown on the next page includes many members of a touring theatrical company.

The next photo. reproduced depicts a baby show on board the *Norman;* the winner of the first prize occupies the place of honour in the centre.

No form of diversion is more popular on these enormous "ocean greyhounds" than the

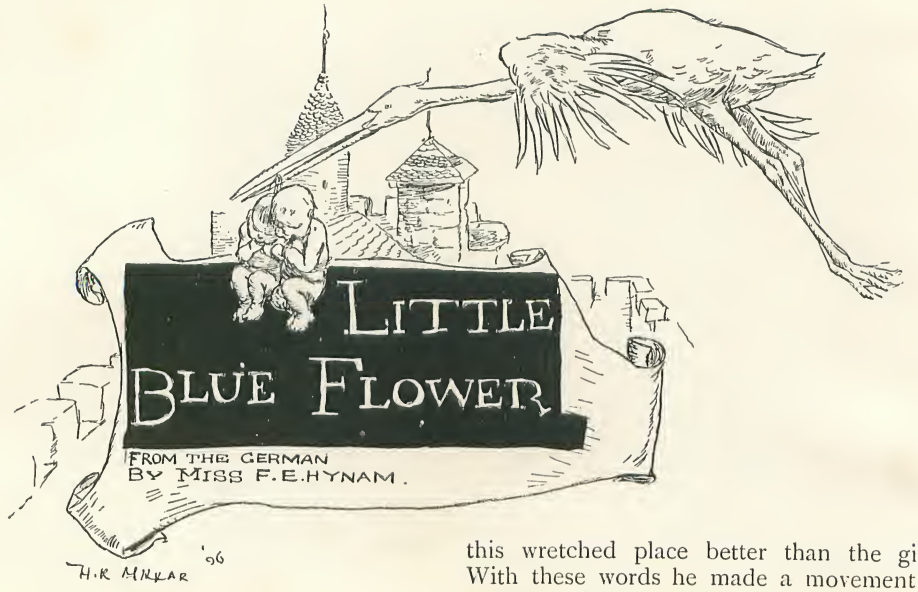
FANCY DRESS BALL.

sweepstake on the daily run. Every morning the passengers nominate an auctioneer—usually the wittiest fellow on board—and this functionary prepares a lot of tickets bearing numbers which are supposed to represent the distance (in knots) travelled by the vessel during the preceding twenty-four hours. These numbers are drawn for, and then follows the daily auction shown in the photograph. The lucky buyer of the "c'rect card" reaps a rich harvest at noon when the captain gives the exact figures; 10 per cent. of his or her winnings, however, is given to either the National Lifeboat Institution or the Union Company's Widows' and Orphans' Fund. The spacious deck of the *Norman* is the scene of the illustration. Mr. "Barney" Barnato and many other prominent South African folk have done duty as auctioneer. Thus, what with a vast and superbly appointed ship, having the

BABY SHOW.

SWEEP AUCTION.

cuisine of a fashionable club; a captain who knows his highway like a waggoner *en route* for Covent Garden; and exuberant fellow-passengers, who are as much at home as though they were on Epsom Downs, who shall say that life is dull on board a modern ocean liner?



A STORK swept high over the Bohemian forest. It was a most important duty that had brought him from his own marshes into this mountainous region, where far and wide no croak of frog could be heard. In his beak he carried two little children, a boy and a girl, both intended for the knight who dwelt in the gloomy fortress below. Smaller and smaller grew the circles made by the stork in his flight. Lower and lower he sank towards the earth, until at length he rested on the highest chimney of the castle.

But before letting the children slip down the narrow black hole he paused and looked carefully around. While in the air, this old castle, with its round turrets glittering in the rising sun, had appeared to him a most stately edifice. But now, when quite close, the stork discovered many things that did not please him. The walls were sadly out of repair, there were holes in the roof, whilst the courtyard was overgrown with weeds.

"I do not like this," said the stork, looking thoughtfully down his long, red beak. "This place seems to have a very bad landlord. A knight who cannot keep his castle in proper repair certainly does not deserve two children. I will take one away with me.

"Which should he have now, the boy or the girl?" thought the stork. He looked once more thoughtfully down his long beak, and on the two children smiling happily in their dreams. "I think I will give him the boy," he said at length. "He will push his way in this wretched place better than the girl." With these words he made a movement to throw the little boy down the chimney.

This, however, was not so easy as the stork had thought. In their sleep the little ones had embraced each other, and would not leave go. "I have never had two such obstinate little creatures in my beak before," exclaimed the stork, angrily. Then he began to shake them, at first gently, then harder, and at last so roughly that the children half awoke from their dreams, and looked at each other with blinking eyes. After this the boy would not leave go his companion, and no wonder, for the little girl had shown him a pair of blue eyes of such wondrous beauty, that there were not many like them in the world. But the stork, now thoroughly angry, gave the poor little fellow a kick that sent him head first down the castle chimney.

"Now, what shall I do with the other little thing?" said the stork, thoughtfully, scratching the back of his ear. "Ah! I have it," he cried—the little girl had kept on blinking her eyes, and the stork had also seen their beautiful blue—"I have it," he repeated. "Such eyes can only belong to Norway."

High overhead soared the stork. Powerfully his wings clove the air as he sailed away towards the north.

In the midst of the blue Baltic Sea a little wooded island lay sparkling like a green jewel. Here dwelt Bjorn, a grim old sea-king of Norwegian blood. Every year he and his men ploughed the sea with their swift ships, and very rich was the spoil he brought home to his strong castle that stood in the centre of the island, defended by wall and moat.

To this castle the stork bore the little maiden on his strong wings.

Bjorn and his men were sitting in the spacious hall quaffing from golden cups the sweet wine they had brought back in their ships from the sunny land of Greece. Very wild was their joy when the little maiden came down the chimney, and throughout the whole night their boisterous songs could be heard far across the wide sea.

And the little, sparkling waves sang in reply a rushing, murmuring song, to celebrate the arrival of the young child. "To our sea-king a little daughter has been born," they sang. "A beauteous little maiden, with eyes blue as the sea, locks fair as the sea foam, and lips rosy as the morning red when it gilds the crests of the waves." Even the stupid fishes rejoiced, but as they could not sing they leapt into the air, high up out of the waves, and their scales glittered in the moonlight like gold and silver.

"WHEN THE MAGICIAN SAW SWANHILD HE WAS MUCH DELIGHTED."

Many days and many nights Bjorn and his crew drank of the pearly wine. Then he could rest at home no longer, so ordered his ships and sailed away, leaving the child, to whom he had given the name of Swanhild, in charge of a faithful nurse.

On this voyage Bjorn encountered more storms and enemies than he had ever done before. Often, whilst on the tossing billows, he thought with longing of the little one at home. Yet many long years passed ere he could at length return home laden with rich spoil.

As he set foot on the little island he was greeted by a beautiful maiden, with deep blue eyes, rosy lips, and the fair hair of Norway. Full of joy, Bjorn clasped his lovely child to his heart. Then he sat with his men in the castle hall, feasting and quaffing the costly Grecian wine.

Swanhild had never before seen such noisy feasts. Often, on moonlight nights, she would leave the castle and wander alone on the sea-shore.

But one evening as she thus wandered, clad in her white garments, and with her fair head bent towards the waves, she was seen by a wicked magician, who had flown thither through the air on a black goat. He came from the cliffs of Norway, where he had been sent to seize the soul of a poor Laplander who had stolen his neighbour's reindeer, and he was now travelling to Blocksberg to take this soul to his master, a powerful evil spirit.

When the magician saw Swanhild he was much delighted. He had never before beheld anyone so lovely. But, alas, while he was lost in contemplation of her beauty the soul of the little Laplander escaped, and flew away. He let it go. Seeking a secluded spot, he at once summoned a number of crabs and water-beetles, which he placed in three shining mussel-shells. One touch of his staff changed these shells filled with crabs and water-beetles into magnificent vessels full of well-armed men. His black goat became a skald, and played the harp. Then

transforming himself into a handsome young Viking, he ordered the sails to be hoisted, and rounding a wooded promontory, sailed into the bay where Bjorn's vessel lay.

Loudly the sentries on Bjorn's ship blew their horns. Louder yet rang out the answering blast from the castle. Wildly Bjorn and his men broke through the forest. Furious was their war-cry, shrilly clanged their weapons.

The strange Viking stepped forward boldly, and extending his hand to Bjorn in token of friendship, besought hospitality for himself and his men.

Bjorn let himself be persuaded. He led the strangers into his splendid halls, and drank and feasted with them many days and many nights. Then the strange hero ordered rich presents to be brought from his ships: garments studded with gold, gold ornaments, and shining swords. This completely deceived Bjorn and his followers, and when the stranger asked for Swanhild in marriage the Viking readily gave his consent. That Swanhild turned pale no one heeded. Nor did they heed that she wept nightly in the solitude of her chamber.

The marriage day at length arrived. But when everything was ready, and Swanhild, in glittering array, was being led towards the stranger, she, with a quick movement, turned her back on him and fled to her chamber.

Loudly raged the father, his eyes glowing with fury. But wilder still rolled the eyes of the stranger. He broke into a laugh, and cried, with mocking voice, "You shall all pay for this."

One look from those fierce eyes, and his men became a crowd of crabs and water-beetles. The skald threw away his harp, and stood there a black goat with fiery eyes. The stranger shook off his armour, and was a horrible old man.

Bjorn grew pale with terror, his followers began to tremble and shake. Another look from the magician: they all shrank together, and a crawling mass of frogs covered the floor. Bjorn was the largest of them all. Then opening door and gate, the magician drove them out into the marshy moat—here they dived.

The magician then locked the door and threw the key into the moat. At her chamber windows Swanhild sat weeping. He looked up at her furiously, but she was so good and pure, his glance had no power over her. He shook his fist threateningly.

"A CRAWLING MASS OF FROGS COVERED THE FLOOR."

"Now sit there all alone," he cried, "since you will not marry me. You cannot escape, and no one can deliver you, for my goat keeps guard."

He flew away whistling. The black goat walked round and round the moat, his eyes gleaming like living coals. The frogs croaked in the evening light, and above, in her chamber, Swanhild wept solitary and forsaken.

In the meantime, the boy left by the stork at the gloomy castle in the Bohemian forest had become a valiant knight, who knew well how to use his sword. Yet so strange a knight as he had never before sat in Walnut-

tree Castle. This was the name of his ancestral home.

Since his father's death Wulf had lived quite alone in the ruined castle, for none of the servants would stay after the old knight died. But this did not trouble Wulf. He did not care to hunt the wild boar through the thicket, or kill the frightened stag. His chief pleasure was to stretch himself on the thick, soft moss, and gaze through the green branches of the forest trees at the blue heavens that smiled here and there in little flocks through the thick foliage. He also loved to seek for forest flowers—the blue were his favourites. Whence this preference he knew not, but he dreamt he had once looked into Swanhild's blue eyes. Or, when tired of these things, he would stand at one of the castle windows, gazing thoughtfully out into the blue distance. "Far away yonder," so ran his thoughts at these times, "where the blue heaven bends down to touch the earth, should I not find happiness there? Were it not better to journey abroad in search of happiness than to remain alone in this solitary castle, through whose walls the wind whistles, whilst owls and bats are now the only occupants of its once stately halls?"

But though longing to go out into the world, Wulf remained in the ruined castle, in obedience to an old command of one of his ancestors.

In the middle of the castle court there grew in the cleft of a rock a gigantic walnut tree. From it the castle had received its name. The nut from which this tree had sprung had been planted in olden times by one of Wulf's ancestors, who at the same time had carved these words on the rock:—

Where flourishes this tree, there shall my house remain.
While it stands, forsake it not to search abroad for fame;
But should the ancient glory from these halls e'er disappear,
Life from this tree shall make it shine once more quite bright and clear.

Their splendour had long since disappeared, and how the tree could restore it Wulf could not imagine; still, he remained obedient to the command.

One evening a mighty storm arose. Black clouds obscured the sky. The lightning flashed; the thunder rolled. The storm raged through the forest. The mouldering stones of the old castle slipped from their places, and the wind whistled through the gaps, and raged through the old rooms and passages. Then a flash of lightning! a clap of thunder! The castle was in ruins! Wulf escaped into the open air; before him lay the walnut tree, shivered by the lightning.

He immediately saddled his horse. What need to remain here longer? Hastily snatching a few ripe nuts that lay among the shattered branches, he concealed them in his doublet as a remembrance, and then rode away through the gloomy forest.

Far and wide, Wulf wandered over the green earth beneath the blue heavens, encountering many enemies. But in spite of all he kept courageously on his way.

One day his path led through a thick forest of beech trees. He looked around thoughtfully as his horse scattered the fallen leaves at every step. Suddenly he looked up. What was it that shimmered so blue through the trees? Wulf urged his horse forward, but beneath a giant beech at the edge of the forest he halted; the endless sea lay before him.

"Here is blue heaven above and beneath, surely I shall find happiness here?" thought Wulf, as he swung himself to earth. Without a thought he left his horse, and hastened to the shore. On the soft waves a small bark was rocking. Wulf sprang in and loosed the chain. Lightly the waves bore the boat out into the blue distance.

For a long time Wulf lay contentedly in the bottom of the boat. He felt as though he were a little child folded into his mother's arms, safe from all want and danger. And he thought the waves wished to tell him something, but he could not understand their language. Yet he saw that they bore his bark ever more swiftly forward, and he rejoiced at the increasing speed.

There was a grating sound under the keel: Wulf had reached land at last. Before him lay a wooded island. Above the tops of the trees rose the turrets of a stately castle. He hastened forward and arrived at the castle moat. An unearthly stillness reigned over all around. Nothing moved save a swarm of frogs. These swam round and round in the moat, or sat on the leaves of the water-lilies, and croaked in what seemed to Wulf most sorrowful tones. But the largest amongst them behaved in a most extraordinary manner. He was for ever trying to climb up the castle wall, but if after much trouble he managed to get up a little way, he always fell back again. Then he would seat himself on a water-lily, look upwards, and wipe his eyes as though he were weeping.

Wulf also looked up.

"Happiness at last!" he exclaimed. "The

blue eyes!" But he got no further. A violent push from an angry goat sent him flying into the middle of the moat.

Wulf felt himself sinking fast. His feet got entangled among the twisted roots of the water-lilies. With great difficulty he managed to keep his head above the water.

"And here I must die," said he, in anguish.

Then from out his doublet sounded soft little voices :—

The blessing of Urahn to you is near.
Do not despair, for help is present here.

And behold! all around him now began a wonderful rustling and moving. He groped about with his hands, and felt that tender little roots had forced their way through his doublet and were taking root in the slime. And all around him he saw little green walnut-tree leaves rising out of the water. Twigs followed the leaves, and these again became branches. Wulf felt he was being forced upwards; soon he was safely out of the water. Looking up, he saw Swanhild's blue eyes. He stretched out his arms towards her and she smiled.

Higher and higher Wulf was borne. Five strong walnut trees grew beneath him, and bore him up on their branches. Now he could reach up and touch Swanhild's hands. Now he sat by her at the window, and gazed into her blue eyes.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Swanhild," she replied.

"It is a very beautiful name," said Wulf. "But for my sake you must now be called Little Blue Flower. When I was quite a child I saw your eyes in my dreams. They appeared to me like little blue flowers, and every day I searched for these flowers in the forest, but they were never sufficiently beautiful. Now you shall be my Little Blue Flower." And then he gave her a kiss.

But now a fresh movement began in the moat below. The stout frog was able to scramble up the crooked, rough stems of the walnut tree, better than up the smooth castle wall. Boldly he climbed, and the whole army of frogs followed him. At length he reached the top. Swanhild gently laid her hand on his head, and instead of the frog old Bjorn sat on one of the branches of the walnut tree, and embraced and kissed both his daughter and Wulf. Then the other frogs came, and Swanhild laid her hand on them all. Soon all Bjorn's followers were sitting in crowds on the branches, dangling their legs for joy. Full of anger, the black goat ran round and round the castle moat, rolling his great fiery eyes.

"SOON ALL BJORN'S FOLLOWERS WERE SITTING ON THE BRANCHES."

Just as the last frog was changed, a mighty rushing noise was heard. The magician flew raging through the air. With his magic staff he struck the poor goat a fierce blow, and then rode back on him to Blocksberg. Here it went very badly with him, because he came without the soul of the little Laplander, and he was severely punished.

Bjorn, with Wulf and all his men, joyfully entered the castle through Swanhild's window. A few days later Swanhild's marriage with Wulf was celebrated with great splendour, and they lived together in peace and happiness to the end of their days.

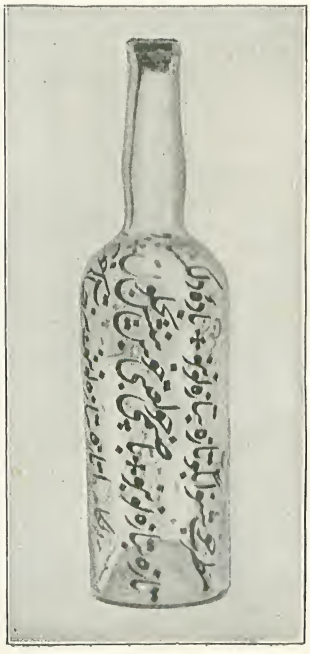
Curiosities.

ENTRANCE TO AN ARMENIAN CHURCH.

Here is a very interesting photograph, showing the entrance to an Armenian Church, situated in the Bitlis district. You will observe that the door is half-way up the wall, instead of being on the ground level. The Vali of Bitlis—a decent fellow, for a Turk — was once asked what was the reason for this architectural peculiarity. His reply was significant. "If the entrance were on the ground level, the Kurds would come in force and drive their cattle into the building. The Kurdish chiefs think there's no stable like an Armenian church." When the devout congregation have successfully negotiated the ladder, it is drawn up, and then the service proceeds without fear of rude interruption. All things considered, it must be a trifle wearying to attend service in one of these churches. There are no seats, and the congregation are detained from five to seven hours.

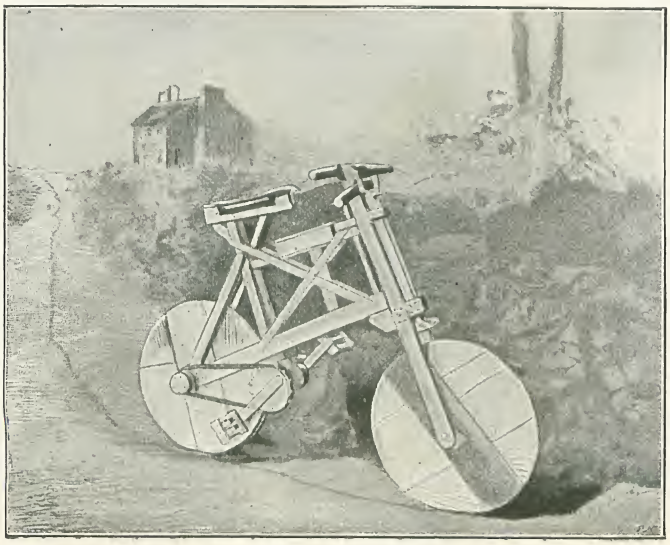
A WONDERFUL BOTTLE.

This is an ordinary white glass wine bottle, of European manufacture, brought from Monghyr (Ur of the Chaldees). It is without a flaw, and on the inside an Ode of Hafiz (a celebrated Persian poet of the fourteenth century) has been beautifully inscribed by a Mohammedan, whose method of executing it no one has ever been able to discover.



A BICYCLE MADE ENTIRELY OF WOOD.

A monument of patience and perseverance. It was a French peasant who constructed this cycle, using only wood for every single part. The very nails employed to fasten together the parts are of hard wood; and although Coventry might ridicule the machine, it is interesting to learn that its ingenious maker frequently rides it to the market-town some miles away.



A CHINAMAN'S HAND,
SHOWING THE LONG FINGER-NAILS.

It must be unpleasant to have finger-nails like these. As weapons, they are available for cutting, thrusting, or whipping. They are also a mark of high rank among the Amanese, for, plainly, folks decorated in this way toil not, neither do they spin. Thus the dandy in some parts of the Chinese Empire is not infrequently seen with finger-nails a foot or more in length.

GOLD AND SILVER SHEATHS, OR CASES, FOR THE LONG FINGER-NAILS.

We are not told whether the individual blessed with an abundant supply of nail insures his ornaments; at the same time he is careful to provide these dreadful-looking talons with sheaths or cases, such as those shown here. Scoffing Britons have offered a dollar a-piece for these extraordinary "features"—without the cases—but the Chinese have loftily scorned such offers; nor would they part with what one horrified traveller calls "these loathsome excrescences" for twenty times their weight in silver.

THE CONVERT SHERBANU, WHO ESCAPED FROM A ZENANA AT AMRITSIR.

The story of this mild-looking woman is one of the most romantic in the missionary annals. About three years ago she was shut up in a zenana, or Indian harem, at Amritsir, where she had been all her life. For many days Sherbanu had watched from her lattice window the movements of one of the ladies of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission; and at last, overcome with curiosity, she beckoned the Englishwoman to her veranda. Like all inmates of the zenana, Sherbanu was appallingly ignorant; she didn't even know what a flower was when one was shown to her, having never been out of the house from the day of her birth. After the first visit, the missionary came frequently to Sherbanu, with the result that the latter began to neglect the religion of her people. And her people noticed it, testing her

in various ways so as to confirm their suspicions. Seeing that she was a hopeless case—from their point of view—they determined to make away with her, her own brother cheerfully volunteering for this service. Milk permeated with powdered glass was offered to the poor creature, but her life was miraculously saved by a pet cat, who first partook of the fluid, and died in agony. A few nights after this, Sherbanu donned male attire and walked boldly out into the city—for the first time in her life. The heroic but helpless woman then followed three men—though she hadn't the least notion where they were going. They were bound for the railway station and took tickets for Bombay; so did Sherbanu. Outside Bombay station one of the Z. B. and M. M. ladies was distributing tracts, and, of course, she noticed the odd-looking fugitive, who in due time entered the Converts' Home in Bombay. Sherbanu was baptized a Christian in March, 1893, and is at this moment employed as a Bible-woman by the above-mentioned missionary society.

POTATO COCKATOO.

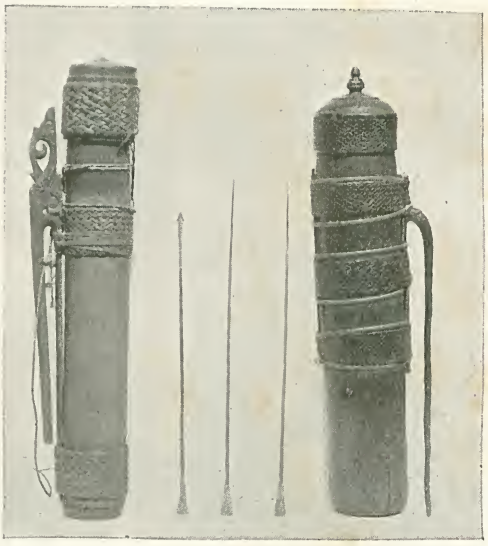
We often hear of sermons in stones, but pictures in potatoes are much rarer. Here we see a curious freak of Nature—a potato shaped like a cockatoo's head. It was sent to these offices by Miss Constance Williams, of Banbury, and photographed by our own artist. Many similar vegetables are brought forward, but in most cases their peculiarities are "assisted" by their owners. This, however, is an untouched specimen.

GRAVE OF A CONGO CHIEF.

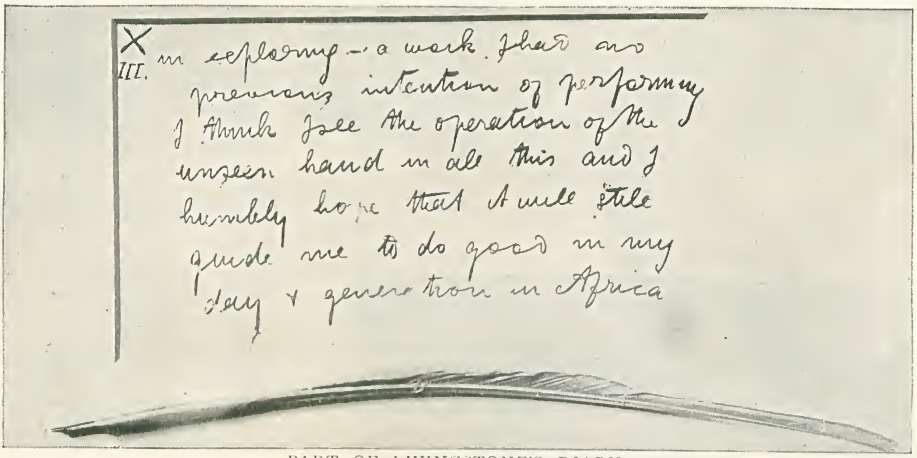
The native tribes of the Congo are encouraged to ruin body and soul with the gin of commerce; and that the poisonous fluid has obtained an astonishing hold over them will be evident from this photo. of a chief's grave. You will observe that it is neatly fringed with gin-bottles, stuck neck downwards into the earth.

DYAK DARTS AND QUIVERS.

Readers of Dr. Conan Doyle's fascinating book, "The Sign of Four," will recall with interest these deadly little things. "Now, do consider the data," says Holmes to Watson. "Diminutive footmarks, toes never fettered by boots, naked feet, stone-headed wooden mace, great agility, *small poisoned darts*. What do you make of all this? . . . . These



little darts, too, could only be shot in one way. They are from a blow-pipe." And then you remember the hideous dwarf. "Even as we looked he plucked out from under his covering a short, round piece of wood, like a school-ruler, and clapped it to his lips. . . . . There, sure enough, just behind where we had been standing, stuck one of those murderous darts, which we knew so well. . . . . I confess that it turned me sick to think of the horrible death which had passed so close to us that night."

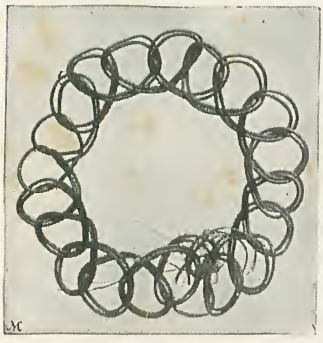

X
III.
m exploring — a work. that are
previous intention of performing
I think I see the operation of the
unseen hand in all this and I
humbly hope that A will still
guide me to do good in my
day & generation in Africa

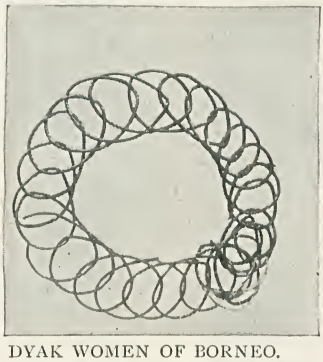
PART OF LIVINGSTONE'S DIARY.

This is a photograph of a peculiarly interesting scrap of Livingstone's Diary together with his pen, now in the possession of Dr. Grattan Guinness of Harley House, Bow. The great missionary had been indirectly accused of unworthy motives in his sublime labours, and he is replying to his traducers. The words were written shortly before his death—were, indeed, practically his last words.

THE SMALLEST BANK-NOTE IN THE WORLD.

If you heard that a person had handed his cabman a bank-note for fifty réis, you would conclude that he must either be a millionaire or a madman. And yet the total value of the note is just twopence. This is the actual size. Protective printing is resorted to on the back and face, and as many precautions are taken as though the wretched little thing were a real crisp English "fiver."





CRINOLINES WORN BY THE DYAK WOMEN OF BORNEO.

Nothing is so universal as fashion. These two curious-looking objects are worn round the waist in the same way as the farthingale in the Elizabethan period, and they answer much the same purpose with the Dyak ladies of the present day. They are made of thin, intertwined rattan of a dark-brown colour.

SAVAGES' WEIGHTS.

These grotesque little things are weights made of brass and bronze, and used by the Ashantees for weighing out gold-dust. They were taken during Lord Wolseley's campaign.

A CHINESE LADY'S FOOT.

The small picture represents an exact model of a Chinese lady's foot, 4in. long. Below are the shoes, which are of red silk, embroidered with flowers and edged with green; there is a blue lappet at the back. The foot is deformed in childhood by the toes being tightly bound down under the sole,

this deformity being considered superlatively beautiful. Of course, Chinese ladies cannot walk much.

THE OLDEST PICKAXE IN THE WORLD.

This prehistoric pickaxe is made from the antlers of red deer, and was found in a cave in Norfolk. The implement lay just as the workman left it at the close of his day's toil, perhaps 3,000 years ago; and finger prints were noticeable at the broken end on the right. The gallery had evidently fallen in overnight, rendering it impossible to recover the tool.

"THEY SPRANG FROM THE GABLE AND STRUCK BLINDLY AGAINST THE WIRES."

(See page 249.*)*

AFTER MANY DAYS.

By W. Buckley.

THE evening was beginning to fall, but still the window-panes of the little attic, *sixième*, occupied by Mr. Philip Weston, Professor of Greek, Latin, and English, were still reflecting the primrose tints of the western sky, where the light of the departed day was lingering.

Mr. Weston was meditating a departure also, and the road he had elected to travel lay through the muzzle of the cheap, clumsily-made Belgian revolver he was carefully examining by those fading rays. It really did not matter two straws to anyone whether he took this course or waited for the slower death of starvation which had been staring him in the face many a day past, and he remembered with a sigh of content that no living creature would utter a word of regret when all was over—his heart was as bare as his garret.

Some inexplicable feeling now made him lay down the weapon and cross to the window, whence he could see the crowded streets below, where the gas-lamps were beginning to twinkle, and whose murmur rose in a sharper diapason, the strenuous time of toil having been succeeded by the evening hours of wandering, loose-lipped enjoyment. After a pause, the man looking upon it all nodded his head, kissing his hand with a sardonic laugh to the tiny groups in isometric perspective beneath, and then, rousing himself, closed the window, but stood listening a moment, for a faint chord of music vibrated upward from the great room on the ground-floor, where cardinals had once been received, and where now a *café chantant* was established.

Mr. Weston listened a few minutes until the uncertain violins, catching suddenly at the proper note, broke into a jigging quick-step, when, shrugging his shoulders, he raised the revolver, and instinctively covering his eyes with one hand, put the muzzle to his mouth.

At that instant, an approaching footstep, which his attention to the music prevented him from hearing before, sounded on the creaking boards outside, and was followed by a light tap on the door panels. A second later the door itself was pushed open.

Mr. Weston put down his pistol hurriedly. He had forgotten to turn the key in the lock. He was, however, too far beyond the influence of ordinary emotions now to feel irritated by the interruption; but had he felt so, the sweet face confronting his might have disarmed him.

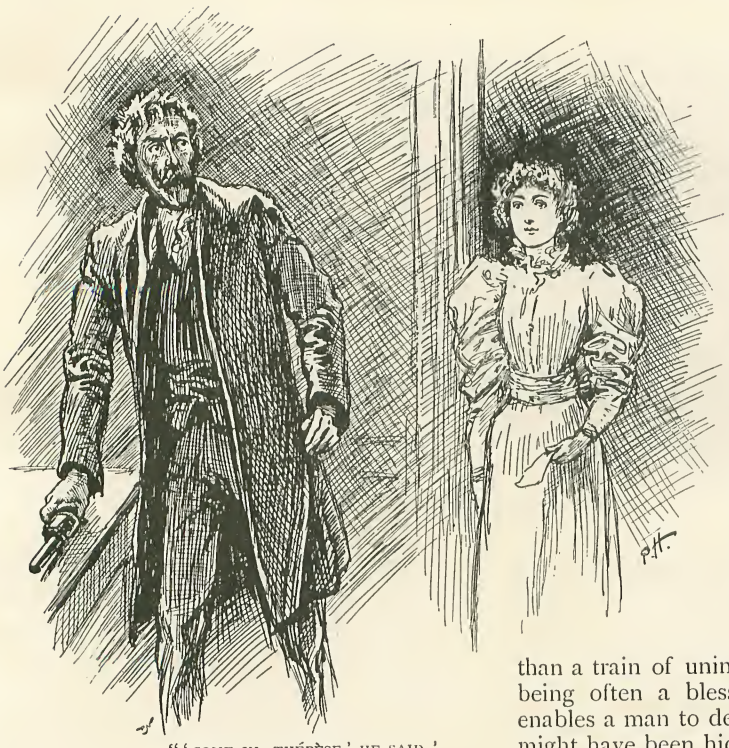
It was a young girl's, a girl of perhaps fifteen, and as she stood there in a pretty attitude of deprecation, the great, luminous eyes he had casually noticed once or twice before seemed to look at him through and through, so that he dropped his own.

"Come in, Thérèse," he said, according to his wont, kindly. "Well, what do you want now?"

"The dictionary, monsieur, if you please."

Mr. Weston made a pretence of looking round the desolate room. Alas, he knew only too well how this useful aid to knowledge had gone the way of poor men's books.

"I must have left it at the Lycée," he



"'COME IN, THÉRÈSE,' HE SAID.'

muttered, alluding to an imaginary abode of learning where he was popularly supposed to give lessons; "but if it is a difficult word, perhaps I can spell it for you."

"Monsieur, it is not a word, but a phrase I met in a book"—the child paused and reddened slightly—"I have been reading this afternoon."

"Oh, indeed. You are an indefatigable student, Thérèse. Well, and what is the phrase?"

"It is Latin, I think. See, I have copied it out," she replied, handing a scrap of paper to Weston.

Mechanically adjusting his pince-nez, for eyes which failed him too soon, the man read:—

"Breve enim tempus ætatis satis est ad bene honesteque vivendum."

It was his turn to flush a little now. There was a time when he had thought the span of brittle life too short for all the noble things he fain would do. He explained the meaning of the words, many memories crowding upon him.

"Where did you read this?" he asked, a new interest in his voice.

"In a book called 'The Crown of Life.'"

"An English book?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Ah, that accounts for your English. You speak it very well."

"Oh, but I *am* English. The book is one my dear mother had. She kept it carefully, and I began to read it only the other day."

Philip Weston turned his back to the light. He remembered the book distinctly. It had been one of those phenomenal successes of a season which invariably herald either a brilliant series of triumphs or a dreary succession of failures; for a sudden, unlooked-for victory at the outset of a literary career is even more trying to staying power than a train of uninterrupted rebuffs—defeat being often a blessing in disguise, since it enables a man to detect the very faults which might have been hidden from his eyes by the dazzling brilliancy of an initiatory success. Philip Weston, however, had not followed up his first essay, and "The Crown of Life" remained in the literary world one of the few fortunate hits which the author had not equalled or stultified by a second attempt.

In justice it must be admitted that circumstances had far more to do with this than either Weston's sagacity or timorousness. Just after the publication of "The Crown of Life," while the anonymous book was being praised all over London, and speculation was rife as to its author's identity, he quietly married a young lady who had already established a moderate reputation at one of the lesser theatres. The marriage was not a happy one, and before long the young wife's inexperience provoked an estrangement that grew and widened with the passing days.

For a time, indeed, husband and wife went their different ways, endeavouring to forget the yoke binding their unwilling necks, until at length a sudden violent quarrel culminated in a separation, Philip Weston having used words few women forgive. The wife immediately left her husband's roof, taking with her their only child, though leaving him to infer the worst. The man, his first wild anger past, accepted the situation dully, broke

up his home, ceased his literary work, and went abroad, having lost all his illusions and ambitions at one blow; for he was not of the resolute stuff which strides on to success even upon the desolation of a heart and the ruins of a home. He thought of those things now.

"Do you know who wrote it?" he asked, coldly.

"Oh, yes, monsieur, my father."

Philip Weston sat down, and, taking the revolver, began to polish the butt where the nickel had partially worn off.

Again the preparatory scrape of the violins vibrated upward through the worm-eaten floors, a young man's laugh mingling with it. He was a sergeant of infantry, and a *viveur* who had lately frequented the place. Thérèse reached out her little hand for the paper, saying:—

"Pardon, monsieur; they are commencing. I must go."

"Stay a moment. Where is your mother?"

"Ah! do not ask." The violet eyes filled imploringly. "She is dead."

"Dead! How long?"

"Two months now. She died a few days before you came here. She was very clever, and used to play at private theatrical entertainments and recite and teach music, but her health broke down quite suddenly. Something, she said, snapped in her heart, and then she lost all her pupils, and we came to live in this place."

The literary imagination filled the gap. There were girls' voices laughing through the jigging of the violins now; the sergeant was telling a story.

"And you sing here?" the man asked, drily.

"Yes, monsieur. Sometimes it is pleasant, but not always. But the people are rather kind."

Philip Weston smiled bitterly.

"Did your mother ever speak of your father?" he asked, his voice sinking to a whisper.

"Yes, often. She said he was a great writer—that he had written the book I spoke of. But there had been a misunderstanding—he was unjust—she said she would explain when I got older."

"Poor soul, poor soul!"

"You speak as if you knew her. Oh! did you? My dear, dear mother!"

The man nodded. He could not trust his voice.

A bell tinkled, jerked violently from below.

"Ah! I must go now."

"Stop! What was your mother's name?"

"Thérèse, like mine. I am called after her."

"But, the other name?"

"She used a stage one always. The people engaged her by it for their entertainments."

"Ah, but her husband's?"

"She never mentioned it. She told me my father said she had no right to bear it, and that now she never would do so until he sought her and unsaid his words. She meant to explain everything, but death came all in one night, and she had no time."

"Have you never seen your father? No photograph?"

The girl shook her head.

"Mother often described him to me," she replied: "a young man, tall, with light hair, who walked like a soldier."

The bowed man before her smiled. The description would not aid the most lynx-eyed detective now. He regarded the child wistfully. The bell tinkled once more; she moved restlessly. Stepping to the door, he put his back to it.

"She was my wife," he cried, brokenly; "you are my daughter. Oh, my God, how fine Thy mills grind!"

Thérèse gazed at him, scarce comprehending, her eyes almost blinded by unshed tears, her hands locked convulsively.

The music below swelled into a fuller sound and then was lost in a crash, followed by a deafening thunder-clap. Thérèse turned pale. Presently the whole room was permeated with a strange, gaseous smell. Weston opened the door. A confused murmur wavered up from the *café chantant*. High above it a woman's startled voice shrieked "Fire!"

There had been an explosion of gas, and the old house was even now burning like tinder, the scenery below having caught fire almost immediately. Stepping forward, Weston took the girl's arm in his and attempted to descend the rickety stairs, but at the first landing they were compelled to halt, a volume of stifling smoke rolling upward in a dense, opaque column, and cutting them off from the people below, whose confused shouts babbled dully through its clinging pall, so that ere long they were glad to retrace their steps and regain the garret.

Dashing to the window, Weston flung it open, and, seizing the child, lifted her to catch a breath of the evening air, the smoke pouring out in dense masses with the draught.

"THEY ATTEMPTED TO DESCEND THE RICKETY STAIRS."

Below, the roof sloped sharply towards the street, the edge cutting violently against the dim, twinkling Place, that seemed very far off now.

To the right stretched some few square feet of slates, and then came a gap, the slanting line of the gable-end showing clear against the sky. The house was a corner one, and Weston's attic the nearest to the street on which it abutted.

On the left, however, the other gable-end rose high above a second roof, which was also uptilted at a perilous angle, and on this side lay whatever slender chance of escape presented itself to the gasping prisoners. Between them and the point indicated projected the dormer windows of two other attics belonging to the burning house, and opening upon a common passage with that occupied by Weston. If the room farthest off could be gained, they might thence reach the fantastic corbel-steps of the gable-end, and, perhaps, be rescued when the people in the street saw them, though the hope was frail, the house being the highest as well as the oldest in that quarter.

Presently a hand touched his, timidly. The child had slipped her quivering fingers into his. It gave the man courage.

"I'll save you yet, little daughter," he cried, pushing on; "you were sent to me in a dark hour. It cannot be that I must lose you now!"

The girl sank down by the open window and began to pray, her hands clasped upon her eyes. The man began to pace the creaking floor, reeling in his gait, for the smoke had almost stupefied him. Soon a crash shook the building. One of the lower floors had fallen in.

Mingled with the report, however, rose a faint cheer, but not from the street directly beneath, showing that the fire brigade were on the spot, and were even then possibly engaged on the front of the house. Thérèse sprang to her feet, the love of life in her terrified eyes.

"Oh, father," she cried, imploringly, "can you not save me? Is there no escape?"

Philip Weston wrung his hands.

"Why not go out on the roof?" continued the girl.

"On one side there is a street, and on the other a fall of several feet on to another roof which slopes even more than this. I noticed the pitch a day or two ago. Even if we got so far, it would be impossible to descend."

"But they might see us from the street and get ladders!"

"Yes, if they were quick enough, and knew our danger, as they would if we were in the front attics; but to reach them we should go down to the landing, and that is out of the question now."

The girl burst into tears. Weston looked round the room desperately. He had no intelligent idea of doing anything, but the child's sobs tortured him. The miserable pallet on which he had slept, as he thought his last sleep, occupied one corner, and in the other stood a rough deal box that had contained the clothes and books—long since disposed of—which he had brought with him to the place. Half smiling at the futility of his action, he approached the bed and began to tear the sheets and blankets into strips, knotting them together afterwards in order to make a line, as he had read of men doing in similar circumstances, though he guessed the wretched material would never bear his daughter's light weight, much

less his own. When he had completed the rope, he threw one end over a nail fastened high in the wall, and bore downward steadily. As he expected, the improvised rope broke. Muttering a curse, he tossed the fragments from him.

"No, my daughter," he said, with unconscious cruelty, "we are trapped like rats, and must die, it seems, just when we had found one another."

"But I am afraid to die," panted the girl, her young blood thrilled with hope and fear. "It is awful! Listen to the flames! Let us get out on the roof. It is not so very far away. We shall at least be in the open air. I cannot die shut up here."

Philip Weston thought one instant of the revolver and its single cartridge still lying on the table, but his soul recoiled from the suggestion. The cry of the girl, however, touched the numbed and palsied energies of the man, rousing him to sudden action. A fresh thought struck him.

Rushing to the window, he looked upward to the roof-ridge. It was perhaps ten or fifteen feet away, but could be easily reached by a short ladder. This he had not, but an expedient was fast shaping itself in his mind. Stepping back to the bedstead, now stripped of its squalid furniture, he wrenched out the iron girder which had held the framework together, and exerting all his strength, bent the curved metal until it had taken a hook-like shape. Next he drew from behind the box a pile of rough Manila rope, which had been used to secure the contents, and, bringing it to the window, rapidly examined the coarsely-plaited fibres.

Satisfied with his inspection, he rapidly bound one end to the girder and formed a running noose at the other, the girl watching him, her hands clasped, and the certain, expectant faith of childhood in her eyes. Then, bidding her wrap round her loins the rug that did duty for a coverlet, he hastened to the window and, leaning as far out as he dared, whirled the improvised grapnel upwards to the roof-ridge. Twice he essayed and failed, but the third time it stuck fast between the loosened tiles, so that he found with joy he might trust to its hold.

Now directing the girl to pass the looped end round her waist, he left the window, and by slow degrees climbed up along the slanting slates until he was astride on the crest-tiles. Then steadying his voice gallantly, he called Thérèse to follow. The child, who was already half out of the casement, strove to do so, but her senses were fast deserting her, and she was almost incapable of obeying him.

It was a terrible moment. He heard the crash of another floor, and the intermittent weltering plash of the water from the firemen's hose upon the cracking walls, as it sent miniature torrents along the melting gutters, its hiss sounding in his ears like the menacing voice of the victorious fire whose flaming tongues were already running swiftly up the splitting wood-work of an attic window in the front. Praying the knot would hold, he wound the rope round his wrist, and at length drew her, by a herculean effort, clear of the casement, sword-like blades of wavy flame darting out the next instant, flickering to and fro in the languid breeze, as if seeking for their prey that had just escaped them.

Thérèse was almost unconscious now, and he was obliged to keep her under the lee of the crest-tiles, so that the cool, fresh evening air might revive her. Otherwise, the rolling clouds of hot smoke, lazily curling over from the front of the burning house, would have probably stifled the breath still trembling on her lips.

Thérèse drew a shuddering sob, and looked up.

"Where am I?" she cried, pushing her hair from her startled eyes.

"Here, safe, with your father," answered Weston, "but we must not stay long," and he pointed to the blazing attics. "There is no chance of being seen from the front. Our only hope is to get on the gable-end. Are you strong enough to begin?"

"Yes, father."

"Very well. See, I fasten the rope round my waist—so. You cannot slip now. Climb up and sit on the crest-tiles as if you were on horseback. Good!"

Agile as a squirrel, the girl was soon seated behind her father on the broad, saddle-shaped tiles.

"Now," continued Weston, speaking over his shoulder, "do not look down towards the street on any account, but watch me, and move a second or two after me each time I move, and do not forget to keep the rope taut between us. Ready? Come, then!"

Still astride, Weston lifted himself slightly on his hands and pushed forward a little distance, the girl shifting her position also, and thus began their perilous advance. The progress was slow, and more than once they were obliged to pause, panting in the terrible depths of the pitchy smoke-clouds which blotted the light from their reddened eyes,

and hung close about them like some huge, formless monster slowly strangling its victim's life out with the deadly clasp of impalpable coils. At length they did reach the gable-end, where a high chimney-stack beetled heat, accompanied by a clattering crash, and looking over their shoulders involuntarily, the fugitives saw their own roof was on fire at last, the ravening flames ripping the splitting slates from the crackling rafters as they came.

"AT LENGTH THEY REACHED THE GABLE-END."

over the neighbouring roofs. But here a new obstacle confronted them, appalling the girl, stupefying the man, as they clung, horror-stricken, to the old-world corbel-steps. The next house, an oil shop, which was considerably lower, had caught fire also.

This place, indeed, had formerly been part of the house where Weston lodged, forming in seventeenth century days a wing of the great hôtel when it belonged to a noble French family, and being now merely partitioned off for business purposes, with wooden party-walls, had fallen an easy prey to the fire. Even as they looked, sinister forks of flame peered up between the slates on the roof itself, which was fast melting away before their resistless advance, while whirling volumes of smoke, black above, red-shot below, swept upward in endless vertiginous eddies.

"If we had stayed where we were," muttered Weston, "it would have been over now."

Behind came a scorching blast of furnace-

"Oh, God, is this the end?" moaned the girl, wringing her hands. "Must we be burned alive—oh, father—alive?"

Weston did not reply. He looked down into the awful glare below rather than meet the glance of those appealing eyes. Just then the smoke clouds reeled apart, and he saw a maze of telegraph wires threading their way through the rolling vapour. They were numerous, and closely set in three or four tiers upon the cross-staves, the pole itself being fastened firmly to the side of the gable where he and his daughter crouched, the situation offering a favourable *point d'appui*. Following their direction on one side, Weston observed that they ran clear over the street directly beneath, to a second roof, which, he could make out dimly, was flat. There again another support had been fixed. With the sight came a desperate thought, a thought which was put into words a moment later by his child. Noting his look, Thérèse had thrust her head under his arm and had caught sight of the wires.

"Thank God!" she gasped. "Oh, father, we are safe, after all! See, we need only leap down on those wires and tread our way across the street. How lucky it is narrow!"

"Are you mad, girl? Those things would snap under our bodies."

"No, no. That is a mistake people often make. Every one of these is strong and quite capable of bearing a good, heavy weight. There was a girl at the *café chantant*, a most respectable girl, father, and she used to walk on wires quite as thin as any you see here. She told me all about it. But we, of course, need not do that. There are so many, we can get some under our feet and others under our hands, and cross thus more easily than you could imagine."

Weston was not convinced, but the desire of life was fierce upon him now. The wires were just beneath, several feet away. A downward leap would certainly reach them. Then, a daring man might work his way along their length—if they held, or if their resilience did not send his body spinning into the air before he could secure a grip upon them. At the worst, it was simply anticipating by a few moments the death which was speeding rapidly towards them beneath the hot slates that were blistering their shifting hands.

"You shall take your chance, little one," he cried, suddenly; "but let us get down by those steps, and be as near to the wires as possible when we take the leap."

Without another word they cautiously descended, until they were close to the spot whence a quaintly carved gargoyle still grinned from that dizzy eminence as it had grinned upon the men and manners of many a vanished generation. In the immediate vicinity of this point the roof of the house below was untouched as yet by the fire, and the fugitives had a few moments' breathing space. Weston took a knife from his pocket and opened it stealthily; but the girl was too quick for him.

"No, father, don't cut the rope!" she cried; "the wires are quite strong enough to hold us both. And if I slipped, who would save me?"

Weston reflected a moment, and then nodded assent; the hooked iron which he had used as a grapnel still hung by his side, for he expected it might be needed again. Quickly severing this, he attached it as firmly as he could to that portion of the line nearest the girl's waist. Should they be successful, it would prove a useful stay amid the wires, and afford some slight support in case of a chance slip. These preparations completed, he bade her draw the rug tightly round her knees to save them from the first impact, and then told her to give the word when they should leap. Silent, they hung together one breathless instant, peering down into the flame-shot smoke, and then, warned by a thunderous crash, they sprang from the gable.

A second later they struck blindly against the wires, and there clung gasping, amid the creaking strands, which quivered and leaped with horrible, oscillating jerks as if the things were sentient, and were struggling to hurl them far over into the street. Above them whirled an awful arch of smoke, from whose lurid coils dropped a glowing mist of fiery sparks, blistering their faces, their hands, and singeing their hair in patches to the very crown. Beneath they heard the roaring of the fire.

Weston opened his eyes, having involuntarily closed them when he alighted. He found himself almost upright, lying against the wires which arrested his fall. So thickly were they strung, that he succeeded in clutching a couple in each hand, and although he experienced a swaying, sickening sensation of being suspended in mid-air by perilously insecure supports, yet he knew for the moment he was safe.

"Father, father, are you there?" cried a childish voice a little above him in the gloom.

He groped upward, and succeeded in lifting himself somewhat.

"Yes, dearest," he replied; "have you a good hold?"

"Yes, I am all right. I have the wires under my feet. Try and get them under yours, too."

Weston lifted himself higher cautiously, and slowly moving his feet to right and left, at length rested the soles upon one of the vibrating wires. Then he carefully shifted his place until one of his outstretched hands touched the girl's elbow. She was still a little above him—consequently, the same set did not support them both. Still acting with extreme caution, he drew the rope binding them together towards him, and hooked the grapnel amid the wires, but so that it could move freely as they advanced.

"Now, father," cried Thérèse, almost gaily, "I shall go forward a few inches. Then do you follow, and thus we shall cross safely."

It was not a time for words, the deadly smoke yet enfolding them. Immediately they began their dangerous passage the grating of

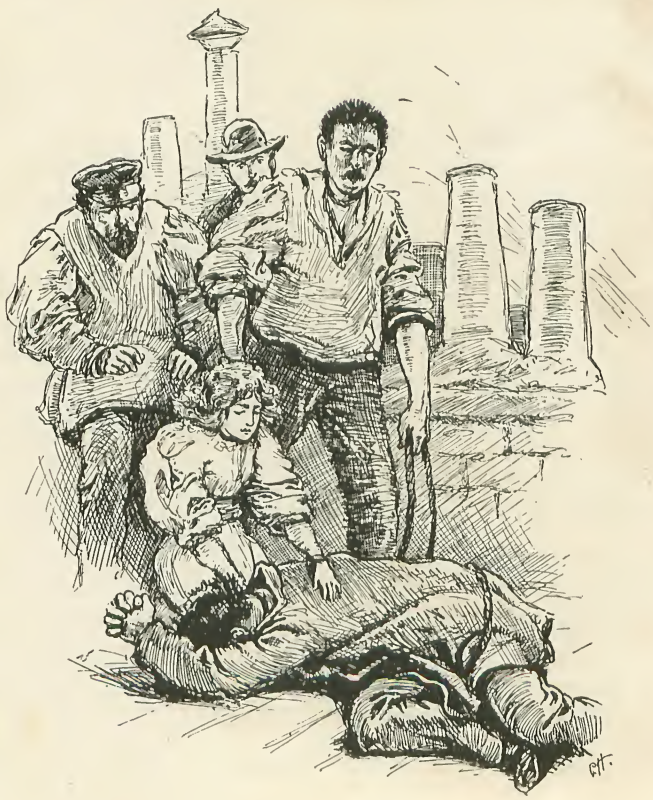
the iron hook apprised Weston of the girl's successive movements. Bit by bit they crept along the swaying wires, and soon the dull, confused murmuring which pierced the opaque mist beneath showed them they were clear of the house-eaves, and were winning their way across the street. The evening breeze was beginning to freshen, and as the smoke thinned away for a moment or two, a hoarse roar from the multitude below told that the crowd had caught sight of them, and then, as they were seen more plainly, a ringing shout of encouragement rent the veering smoke-wreaths.

Soon they were half-way across, going at a wider interval, lest their combined weight should prove too much just here. As it was, the wire beneath Weston's feet suddenly snapped with a tang that made him shiver, and for an instant he hung by one arm, but the hook did its work well, and the girl, divining instantly what had occurred, clung tenaciously to her grip until her father, by a desperate effort, righted himself.

At length they had emerged from the smoke, and could discern plainly the scorched shrubs on the roof they were nearing, while an inspiriting cheer from the street nerved them anew. On they crept, the girl leading the way, panting with the effort through her tightly-clenched teeth, her arms aching horribly, one little foot, from which the worn shoe had been rent, torn and bleeding. The wires were taking an upward slant now, and slight as it was, it tried their weary frames to the utmost. But still they struggled on, gaining inch after inch; seeing men, too, on the house leads opposite holding out an improvised netting strung across poles, lest their strength should fail them at the very last. By this time the street from end to end was one universal roar of encouragement, every window alive with eager, upward-gazing faces. At length they were quite close to the projecting cornice.

"Courage, father," cried Thérèse. "I am clear of the street; only a few steps farther."

Her words were lost in a ringing, snapping jar, and the wires sagged suddenly beneath them, the pole at the other side having been burnt from its fastenings. Weston uttered a cry of dismay, but the girl at the instant let herself drop upon the roof and, grasping the rope in both hands, bore backward with all her might to counteract the downward trend of the jangling wires. After one mad moment of blind scrambling, a dozen willing hands pulled Weston to safety—giddy, staggering forward, falling almost at the feet of his child.



He did not rise at once, but remained thus for a little space apparently exhausted by the terrible ordeal through which he had passed. But in reality he was praying for strength to use worthily the new life that had been given him in the new hope dawning upon his soul.

XLIX. — PRINCE RANJITSINHJI.

WHEN the time arrives for cricket history to be written, the name of Prince Ranjitsinhji, the young Indian player, will be inscribed upon the roll of fame. Several things will conduce to such an event occurring. In the first place, the Prince has rapidly played himself into the hearts and favour of the British public. At the present time it would be difficult to discover a more popular player throughout the length and breadth of the Empire. The roar of welcome that goes up from the throats of the assembled thousands as "K. S." steps upon the field is equal even to the outburst of enthusiasm that greets the champion, the immortal "W. G." It may be explained that "K. S." stands for "Kumar Shri," meaning "Prince."

Another thing is that, although known to first-class county cricket for barely two seasons, Prince Ranjitsinhji, after having been most unaccountably passed over by the executive sitting at Lord's in the first of the test matches against Australia this year, attained the summit of a cricketer's ambition by being requested to play for the mother country, at Manchester, when the second of the international fixtures was decided.

PRINCE RANJITSINHJI.
From a Photo. by R. H. Lord, Cambridge.

His performance upon that occasion is now a matter of history, but I must be pardoned for referring to it. After the failures of such men as Mr. W. G. Grace, Mr. A. E. Stoddart, and others, with the bat, an easy victory for the Colonials appeared within measurable distance. But the Prince came to the rescue of his side. He treated the Antipodean bowlers with indifference. Jones sent down his express deliveries; Giffen, the wily, sent up full tosses for catches; Trott tempted him to hit, but every ball was met and dispatched, clean and hard, far out of the reach of the fieldsmen.

At the end of the second day's play, Prince Ranjitsinhji was not out, and it appeared as though he might even then retrieve the fortunes of his side. Unfortunately, however, he was unable to secure a partner who could stay with him, and when the last of the English wickets fell, he was not out for a grand contribution of 154, made at a time when even the bravest heart might have been pardoned had it quailed at the stupendous task before it.

Reverting now to county cricket, the Prince qualified for Sussex last season. The batting of the county had, previous to his inclusion in the eleven, fallen considerably from its former high estate, although there were still men remaining who, upon a good wicket, might generally be relied upon to make runs. The inclusion of the young Indian, however, strengthened the side considerably, although the fact that he was qualified to play took most people by surprise. Doubts were also expressed concerning the wisdom of the inclusion of the young Cantab, but he soon set these at rest by a remarkable performance effected upon his first appearance for the county. Playing against the M.C.C. at Lord's, he scored 77 not out in the first innings and 150 in his second.

After this brilliant display of batting against some of the best bowlers of the day, the Prince continued in a scoring vein. He rapidly accustomed himself to his new surroundings, and secured runs against all classes of bowling. His strokes were, perhaps, not quite those usually seen upon the field, and there were those writers who referred to "patents" of his own invention. One stroke, upon the leg side, was an especial feature of his play, and bowlers, time after time, saw their best balls neatly turned aside from the wicket, and dispatched to the boundary. Still, these strokes brought runs, and early in the present season the Sussex player deposed Gunn, Abel, and "W. G.," heading the list of the first-class batting averages.

Bearing these facts in mind, I buttonholed the Prince upon the cricket field a few weeks

back, just as he had returned to the pavilion after another of his clean-hit and stylishly-compiled contributions.

With a hearty grasp of the hand and a pleasant smile, I found him an interesting subject. Of medium height, and apparently not powerfully built, he yet carries a considerable amount of muscle, lying beneath the skin as tense and as powerful as steel.

"Can you give me a few particulars of your cricket experiences?" I queried.

"Certainly," was his reply, as he led the way to a seat. "I suppose you want something about my early life?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was born in India on September 10, 1872, at Sarodar, in the province of Kathiaward. I was always very fond of athletics, and, I should say, commenced playing cricket when I was about ten or eleven years of age. Of course, you must understand that it was a—well—a very 'illiterate' sort of game I played then; while I was at school, of course. We students, however, had an advantage in attending a school presided over by Mr. Chester Macnaghten, an old Cambridge University man. He, of course, was very keen upon the summer game; had brought bats, wickets, and other things to his school, and gave his students many useful hints."

THE LATE MR. CHESTER MACNAGHTEN.
(Who first taught the Prince cricket.)
From a Photo. by Johnston & Hoffmann, Calcutta.

"And I suppose a school eleven was formed?" I queried.

"Yes," was Prince Ranjitsinhji's reply. "We had a school eleven, and played two other large schools every year. What sort of team did we have? Very fair indeed. The fielding was very good, although it naturally varied at different times. An eleven is never at the same pitch of excellence in the field for two matches in succession. The batting and bowling were also very fair, although I think the fielding was the best.

"How did we proceed at practice? We had batting and bowling at the nets, and we also formed a couple of rival elevens in the school itself. You see, it was like this: we had a north side and a south side. Some of the students boarded in one, and the remainder in the other. We formed an eleven at each, and played matches between ourselves. Near the college we had a cricket ground with a very pretty pavilion, presented to the college by the late Maharajah of Bhownuggur. In front of this we used to practise regularly in native costume. The name of the school? The Rajkumar College, Rajkote. I spent eight years at it. Of course, there were only a limited number of students, about forty, the sons of princes and chiefs, at school with me, but the rivalry when we played the High School at Rajkote and the Girassia School at Wudwan was very keen indeed. Other matches? Yes, we generally played several during the season, with the other elevens near, of course."

"But had you no coaches?" was my natural question. "How were the principles of cricket taught?"

"Oh," was the Prince's laughing answer, "we had no coaches in the regular acceptation of the term as understood in England. We had to learn the game ourselves, with Mr. Macnaghten's hints of course. That was how matters stood while I was at school."

"And when you came to England?"

"I was about sixteen when I first arrived in this country. No, I did not proceed to Cambridge at once. I remained in London for about six months under the care of a private tutor, preparing for my exams. During that time I played a great deal of lawn tennis, a game I am very fond of, and a little cricket with a private club.

"When I went to Cambridge, however, I was very keen upon the game, and practised assiduously. Naturally, I found a great difference in the Indian and English styles, and I had, if I may say so, to 'unlearn' the former before I could do much with the latter.

"I found English cricket very different from what I had been accustomed to,

From a] RAJKUMAR COLLEGE, WHERE PRINCE RANJITSINHJI STUDIED FOR EIGHT YEARS. *[Photograph.*

although I had the advantage of being coached by some of the Surrey professionals, such as Sharpe, Richardson, Lockwood, Watts, and others. They come down to Cambridge every year, I may explain, to coach the undergraduates.

"Did I not find the new game hard to learn? Yes, I did, for it was almost two years before I was capable of doing much with it. I should say that I was not able to play it properly until 1891. Of course, I did not go into the University eleven until 1893. That was, in fact, my first and last year, as I came down at the end of the season."

These remarks brought the conversation round to the subject of University cricket generally.

"Cricket at both Oxford and Cambridge," Prince Ranjitsinhji explained, "is generally very good. County cricketers, I am aware, do not invariably look upon the play as first-class; yet when we are pitted against them we generally give them a good game—often as not beat them. Judged by that test I think, myself, a more serious view should be taken of the play. The batting of a University team, however, is invariably better than the bowling, although we have brought out some very good men. Why such is the case, however, may be readily explained. A man takes his place at the nets with the bat, and as he finds he can get a professional to bowl to him, he does not worry himself about the matter.

"The fielding of a University team is also invariably good, although I am afraid there has been a tendency of late years to overlook, in a measure, this department of the game. The reason for this, perhaps, is that there is too much practice at the nets, and, as a result, there is no opportunity of fielding the ball.

"What about a player securing his Blue? Of course, the first trial means everything to a man. If he should not come off, there is

From a] CRICKET PAVILION, RAJKUMAR COLLEGE, WHERE PRINCE RANJITSINHJI LEARNED CRICKET. *[Photograph.*

GROUP OF STUDENTS AT RAJKUMAR COLLEGE, PRINCE RANJITSINHJI (AGED 14) IN WHITE.
From a Photograph.

not much chance for his being included in the team, for that year at least. Yes, he is afforded another chance in the trial matches, but he is generally so anxious then that he is unable to do himself full justice. A player 'funks' it, if I may so express myself. Then the captain remarks: 'What use would it be to play that man? He's too nervous.' The result is he has to wait for another year.

"No, I cannot say there is much to choose between Oxford and Cambridge as regards the play generally. The batting, however, is very different, although, personally, I prefer that shown by the Light Blues. It appears to me to possess more taking style. Why is that? Well, I really cannot say, unless it is in consequence of there being less coaching at Oxford than at Cambridge.

"There are better bowlers produced at Oxford. Why is that? I suppose the ground at Fenner's is better adapted, and is easier than the Parks at Cambridge. The bowlers meet with greater success at practice, and consequently do not lose heart, and persevere. That is the only explanation I can give of the matter.

"County cricket? Oh, I think that is very good indeed, as a rule; although there is a proviso to be added. That is, that I consider it is beginning to be looked upon in a too serious manner, and is being made too much of a business character.

"The counties? On their season's all-round form, I think that Surrey is the best team. Here, also, I might add — upon a good wicket. Yorkshire, on the other hand, are the best team upon a bad wicket. Another thing is, that I consider if Richardson were taken out of the Surrey team, they would drop back considerably. Richardson is a grand bowler, and in his absence the county eleven would suffer an almost irretrievable loss. Of course, the same may be said of others beyond Surrey. For instance, if you were to take Mold out of the Lancashire team, the result would be the same. No, I do not think Yorkshire would be affected in the same manner if any one particular bowler were withdrawn. They have a first-class reserve to fall back upon, and are in fact a fine, all-round batting, bowling, and fielding side."

Australian cricket was then touched upon by the Prince.

"The Antipodean eleven playing in England are a very good side," he remarked. "They are very good all round, but their

PRINCE RANJITSINHJI IN NATIVE COSTUME, 1888.
From a Photo. by William Whiteley.

batting, as a whole, is superior to their bowling. Still, they have been very successful in their engagements, haven't they? Yes, I should say they are a better team than any other I have seen with one exception, in the bowling of the 1888 eleven. At that time C. T. B. Turner and Ferris were at their best."

"Let me see, I think G. H. S. Trott coached you a little when you first came to England?" I remarked.

"No," was the smiling reply, "there's not an atom of truth in that report. Yes, I see it has been stated as a fact in certain quarters, but you may deny it *in toto*. What really happened was this: When I came across from India, I visited the Oval in company with my tutor. The match then being played was Surrey *v.* the Australians. We were invited into the pavilion, and Mr. Alcock very kindly introduced several members of the Colonial eleven to me. Percy McDonnell, C. T. B. Turner, and G. H. S. Trott were amongst the number. They chatted to me upon cricket matters for a few moments, but I received no hints whatever. How the idea first gained ground I am unable to say; but it is utter nonsense to imagine for a moment that I was then assisted in any way by Trott."

So a very pretty romance woven round the appearance of the young Prince against his former mentor at Manchester was exploded in a moment. No doubt a chance remark first started the story, and other details were supplied as it went the round.

PRINCE RANJITSINHJI AS UNDERGRADUATE, CAMBRIDGE.
From a Photo. by Stearn, Cambridge.

Then, as a recollection of the incident at the University match crossed my mind, I questioned the Prince upon the subject; whether he thought the tactics of the Cambridge captain were justified under the conditions governing the play, and so on.

"No," he opined, "I cannot say that I think it was necessary to pursue such a course. They did not require to prevent the follow on, and, I think, would have done better had they allowed the Oxonians to continue batting. It was, however, simply an error of judgment, for no doubt the Cambridge captain was of opinion that the wicket would crumble as play went on, and the side having the fourth innings would be at a disadvantage.

"Instead of that, however, I believe the wicket improved, and was better on the third day than the second. So you see their only excuse for sending down wides and no balls was gone. No, I cannot say I think a larger number of runs to render a 'follow on'

PRINCE RANJITSINHJI'S COLLEGE-ROOM, CAMBRIDGE.
From a Photo. by R. H. Lord, Cambridge.

"DRIVING."
From a Photo. specially taken for "The Strand Magazine."

necessary is required. The present number (120) I think is quite sufficient for all practical purposes, and I would not recommend its increase to 150, 180, or 200.

"Public school cricket? Yes, I think it pretty fair when taken upon the average. Of course, I only know of Dulwich, Harrow, and Uppingham. Harrow is, undoubtedly, the superior school out of the three I have named. Why? Because they are well coached there, and many of the masters are very fine players. Take Mr. A. C. MacLaren for instance. He is a master at Harrow, and no doubt his example and style exercise a good effect upon the boys.

"What style of batting should I recommend? I should advise any young player to follow up the style, under capable coaching, that comes to him naturally. I cannot say I am an advocate for stone-walling, but every player finds it necessary to exhibit a certain degree of caution at times. There is no reason why a batsman, however, should try to score at the expense of getting out, and simply to earn the applause of a certain section of the public.

"The showy player may be cheered by those who simply visit a match for the express purpose of witnessing rapid scoring, and who do not care or know anything about the more delicate side of the game. I certainly do not believe in 'playing for the gallery,' neither do I believe in making the game unnecessarily slow. A player should endeavour to strike the happy medium.

"The method of the county championship? I think it was a right and generous recognition of merit when the new counties were included in the running, and it has made the struggle keener. Oh, yes, I have heard that several advocate some of the older counties being dropped, but I do not favour such a suggestion.

"Sussex, for instance, has a very dangerous side. For one thing, we never know when we are beaten, and we have this season accomplished some very fine performances—some that other counties would find difficult to surpass. In the Whit-week we were set over 200 when we followed on against Gloucester and Hampshire. Yet, at the finish, we were only robbed of victory by the call of time.

"Again, when we met Oxford University we had over 380 runs to get, and only about three hours and three-quarters to do it in. Still, we were within 18 of the required

"CUTTING."
From a Photo. specially taken for "The Strand Magazine."

number when stumps were drawn. Unfortunately, we have been afflicted this year by an epidemic of bad fielding, easy catches being missed time after time. I am unable to say why this has been the case; a team cannot maintain one standard of excellence in each of their engagements; but when you find the best men offenders in this respect, you can put it down to sheer bad luck for the side."

From county cricket we then passed to play generally, in India.

"There was not much good cricket there while I was at home," said the Prince. "It has, however, greatly advanced of late, judging by the statements of Lord Hawke and Lord Harris. The Parsees have improved considerably in particular. Naturally, the visits of English elevens have given in the past, and will give in the future, a great impetus to the game. But there is a great disadvantage which the native players have to contend against—that is the absence of professional bowlers or coaches. J. T. Hearne, I believe, is the only player who visits India at the present time, although I think a Surrey man went out a few years back to coach the Parsees.

"LEG HITTING."
From a Photo. specially taken for "The Strand Magazine."

"Why are there no professionals there? One reason is that the whole of the grounds there are more or less public. Then there is a little coaching obtainable from any amateur player of English nationality near, although I am afraid that is not worth much in the majority of instances.

"Another matter that retards cricket in India is that it is impossible to play much during the rainy season, and not at all during the height of the summer. During the season I first mentioned it is impossible to know when heavy rain may fall, and although we, as schoolboys, played at any time, adults do not take the same view of the situation.

"Cricket is played, as a rule, during the winter. It is just comfortable then, something like a warm English spring day. It is, however, chilly in the morning up till about ten o'clock, when the sun commences to make itself felt, then hot up to six o'clock. At night it is really quite frosty. So you may judge from that that cricket in India has to be played under considerable disadvantages."

A recollection of seeing the Prince in football costume while at Cambridge next provoked a question from me upon the subject.

"Yes," he replied, "I played football at Cambridge until I hurt my knee, then I thought it time to give it up. Association at first, and Rugby afterwards, as I cared for it much more than the dribbling game; my knee gave way, however, at Association.

"Which do I consider the best game? Rugby, certainly. It is possible to get up your interest in even a bad game under that code; but under the other, the play must be very good indeed to repay watching it.

"Another thing is, I consider Rugby far safer from a player's point of view. You may get a scratch or a bruise, but in Association, if you are kicked or thrown, the injury is of a far more lasting character.

"Do I go in for athletics? Not much now, but I am very fond of shooting. Cycling? Yes, I cycle a little, and I have two American bicycles in the pavilion now. I am very fond of tennis and racquets. In fact, at one time I played the former very much better than I did cricket. Yes" (in reply to an incredulous smile on my part), "I assure you it is a fact."

"And I believe you bowl a little?" I remarked, as I rose to leave the Prince.

"Yes, I can bowl a little. In fact, I was

THE PRINCE WITH HIS BICYCLE.
From a Photo. specially taken for "The Strand Magazine."

very successful when I first commenced playing for Sussex. Now, however, Mr. Murdoch does not care to put me on, as he is afraid I should spoil my batting. Mr. Stoddart, of Middlesex, is not put on to bowl, I believe from the same cause, so we sympathize with each other for the harsh treatment of our respective captains. My style? I should describe it as being a slow medium, with a break from the off."

Then, as a final question, I asked the Prince if he could tell me how he had been so successful at such an early period of his career.

"Luck," was his laughing response. "I commence my practice very early. I am shooting through the winter, and so keep myself fit, and in April I am at the nets. But luck is everything with a cricketer. If he has that—and a little skill—he has little to fear."

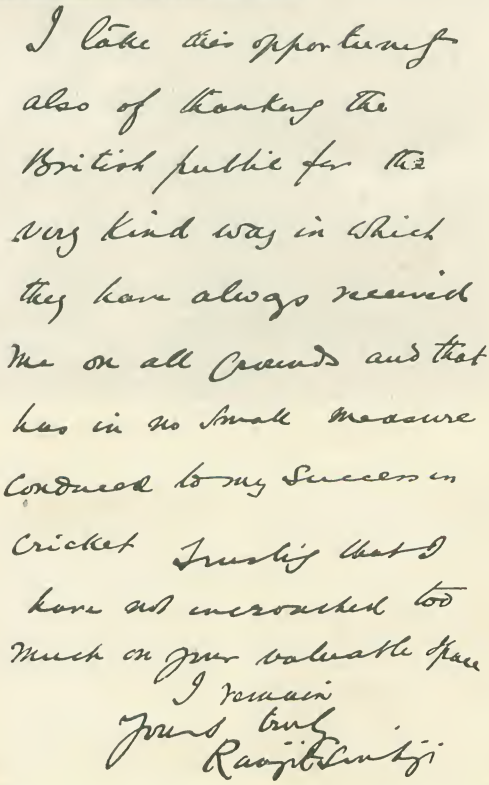
The following interesting letter from Prince Ranjitsinhji will bring this interview to an appropriate conclusion :—

August 1st, 1896.

To the Editor of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—I think it only right to inform you that my late principal and friend, Mr. Chester Macnaghten, was the first and chief agent in making me fond of English outdoor sports—cricket and racquet principally. I have always been grateful to him for it, and I take this the first opportunity of correcting statements in several papers of my having commenced playing these games in England in 1888. I was much pained to hear of his untimely death some months ago, or else I should have been able to get much interesting information about the Rajkumar College and my early school-days. I take this opportunity also of thanking the British public for the very kind way in which they have always received me on all grounds, and that has in no small measure conduced to my success in cricket. Trusting that I have not encroached too much on your valuable space, I remain, yours truly,

RANJITSINHJI.



REDUCED FACSIMILE OF PART OF PRINCE RANJITSINHJI'S LETTER.

W.

The Adventures of a Man of Science.

By L. T. Meade and Clifford Halifax, M.D.

We have taken down these stories from time to time as our friend, Paul Gilchrist, has related them to us. He is a man whose life study has been science in its most interesting forms—he is also a keen observer of human nature and a noted traveller. He has an unbounded sympathy for his kind, and it has been his lot to be consulted on many occasions by all sorts and conditions of men.

III.—LADY TREGENNA.

A FEW years ago a total eclipse of the sun was expected to be visible in Ceylon and Southern India. Having never seen the great world of light under these interesting conditions, I arranged to join a party of solar spectroscopists, who were about to start for India. We arrived at our destination in good time, and had the satisfaction of witnessing a total eclipse of nearly six minutes' duration. The phenomenon of the corona, or ring of light, was especially striking, as also were the irregular, red-coloured protuberances round the direct body of the moon.

We made our observations in the hill country, and immediately afterwards started for the coast. The man who took the lead in all our investigations bore the name of Sir John Tregenna. He was without doubt the most enthusiastic of the party. He was tall, dark, and wiry in appearance, a noted astronomer, and the envy of his fellow-travellers, owing to the fact that he possessed one of the finest telescopes in his part of the country. But, keen specialist that he was, outside his own science he seemed to take little or no interest in anything. His history, as far as I could make it out, was commonplace. He was a man of good family, being, indeed, a baronet of long descent. He owned a large property on the sea coast in Cornwall bearing the name of Tregenna Manor. Sir John had been married for several years, but had no children. This fact might possibly account for the gloom which sat at longer or shorter intervals on his fine face, for it was an open secret that the splendid property of Tregenna Manor was strictly entailed, and would go to a distant branch of the family if Sir John died without issue.

On a certain intensely hot night, as he and I were standing together on the veranda just outside one of the big hotels at Madras, he wiped the moisture from his brow, turned round, saw that we were alone, and, crossing his arms, looked full at me.

"You are a bit of a doctor, are you not, Gilchrist?" he said.

"I have studied medicine and surgery," I answered.

"So I have just been informed. Well, the fact is—I am anxious about my wife."

"Lady Tregenna?—I hope she is well," I answered.

"I hope so, too," he replied, with a grim smile; "but"—he paused, then brought out the following words with a burst which revealed irrepressible agitation—"when I left England there was a hope that she might present me with an heir to the property. We have been married for over ten years. It was imperative that I should accompany this expedition, or I should not have left her at such a critical time. I expected news before now. It was arranged that my doctor was to cable to me here"—he broke off abruptly.

"The silence makes me uneasy," he said, after a pause. "I am glad that I am soon returning home."

He had scarcely said the words before a servant appeared, bearing two cablegrams on a salver. One was addressed to Sir John Tregenna, the other to myself. I noticed that he changed colour as he took his from the salver. Out of consideration for him I left the veranda and entered the heated room where we had just dined. I opened my own cablegram. It was somewhat long, containing a good deal of valuable information in cipher. It was from a doctor friend in town with whom I largely corresponded, and whose discoveries as regarded medicine coincided very closely with some I had made myself. The final news in the cablegram startled and distressed me:—

"Your fellow-traveller, Sir John Tregenna, is disappointed of his hope of an heir. Lady Tregenna gave birth to a boy this morning, who only lived one hour."

I made an ejaculation under my breath. Sir John's eager face, the look in his eyes when he spoke of an heir to his property, flashed painfully now before my mental vision. The blow he was about to receive was a cruel one.

I had just thrust the cablegram into my pocket when a grip of almost iron intensity on my arm caused me to turn abruptly. Sir John had entered the room, his hair was standing up wildly over his head, his eyes looked as if they would burst their sockets. Doubtless his own communication had acquainted him with the disaster. I was about to make use of some ordinary words

Copyright, 1896, by L. T. Meade.

of commiseration when I was startled by the following sentences from the Baronet's lips.

"Gilchrist," he gasped, "I can scarcely contain myself, the relief is so immense. I am the father of a fine boy. The property is saved."

"I AM THE FATHER OF A FINE BOY."

He dragged me out on to the veranda, and stood there mopping himself and breathing hard.

"This is a relief," he muttered, at intervals.

I did not dare to tell him the news I had just received. His excitement was so great that to dash it to the ground now might almost kill him.

"You do not realize what this means to me," he said, presently, slipping his hand through my arm and pacing up and down. "If I have an enemy in the world, it is the man who was to have succeeded me at the Manor. His name is Dayrell Tregenna. How that wretch has hankered and longed for my death; but, ha! ha! the little fellow will put matters right now. Dayrell won't dare show his nose within twenty miles of the Manor from this day out. He, and his cursed brood with him, can go to the Antipodes for all I care. The child makes all right. So Lady Tregenna is a mother at last. Well, I am a happy man to-night."

He would scarcely allow me to speak. Like most very reserved people, when he gave voice to his emotions he said far more than he intended. It was late when we both retired to rest.

"I shall take passage home to-morrow," were his last words to me; "I cannot rest until I see the kid. To think that I have a lad of my own after these long years of waiting, and that Dayrell is ousted. The thought of Dayrell gives the highest flavour to my joy. Wish me luck, Gilchrist."

"I certainly do," I answered.

"And prosperity to the boy and a long life, eh?"

"Yes," I replied, again. But the thought of the news which lay in my own breast pocket caused the words to stick in my throat.

"You look stunned, man," said Sir John. "It is plain to be seen that you are not married, or you would not express yourself so lamely."

"I am neither married, nor have I lands to leave to my descendants," I replied; "but I heartily wish you luck, Sir John."

"When you come to England you must visit me at the Manor and see the child for yourself," were his last words. "Now, don't forget; I know your address in town, and will write to you. To tell you the truth, Gilchrist, you are the only man of our party in whom I feel a particle of interest. You shall come to the Manor and be introduced to the boy."

There was not a word about Lady Tregenna. I went wondering to my bedroom.

The next day Sir John sailed for England, and soon afterwards, one by one, the little band of scientific men who had gathered together to witness the eclipse departed on their several ways.

It so happened that I did not leave India for several months, and during that time was concerned to learn that my special friend, Dr. Collett, the man who had sent me the cipher, had died suddenly. His death had taken place on the very day on which the cipher was forwarded to me by cablegram. We had been old chums for years, and had been associated in more than one investigation of interest. I mourned his loss considerably, and when I did return to England the following summer, thought with sadness of the empty place which he could no longer fill, and of the active, kindly, and busy brain now for ever at rest.

Amongst the pile of letters which waited for me in my flat in Bloomsbury, I saw one in the somewhat eccentric handwriting of Sir John Tregenna. I opened it.

"Poor fellow," I reflected; "he must have discovered his loss by this time. God help him! I never saw anyone in such a state of undue excitement as he was in during that last evening we spent together at Madras."

"Dear Gilchrist," the letter ran—"I am given to understand that you will be back in the Metropolis some time in June. I hope as soon as ever you do arrive, and have read the contents of this, you will pack up your portmanteau and come straight down to Tregenna Manor. I want to show you the boy. He is as fine a lad as the heart of father could desire. Dayrell is still in the country, and sometimes visits at the Manor, but with my fine young heir to look at, I no longer mind him. In short, I breathe freely.

"Yours, JOHN TREGENNA."

After reading this letter I felt a curious desire to glance once again at the cablegram which Collett had sent me, and which, amongst other items of intelligence, had informed me that Lady Tregenna had given birth to a boy, who had died after an hour of life. I had been careful not to destroy this cablegram. I took it now from the box where it lay, and read it over carefully once more. There was no doubt whatever of the meaning of the words. Had Collett been alive, I would certainly have gone to his house in Harley Street to talk the matter over with him; but as it was now impossible to get a solution from that quarter, I could only wait for the mystery to unravel itself. After thinking a moment I decided to accept Sir John's invitation, and wrote an acceptance that very day. Shortly afterwards I packed my belongings and started for Cornwall.

Sir John himself met me at the station. All his taciturnity and gloom had left him—he was now a talkative and particularly cheerful man.

"Here you are," he cried, stretching out his great hand and wringing mine.

"And how is the boy?" I asked.

"Splendid—grand little chap. Has not had an hour's illness since his birth."

"And Lady Tregenna?"

"As fit as paint—what should ail her? You will see her for yourself in a moment or two. Now then, we will just pull up here—you catch the first glimpse of the house from here. It is the kind of place that a man would like to hand down to his son, eh? Did you speak, Gilchrist?"

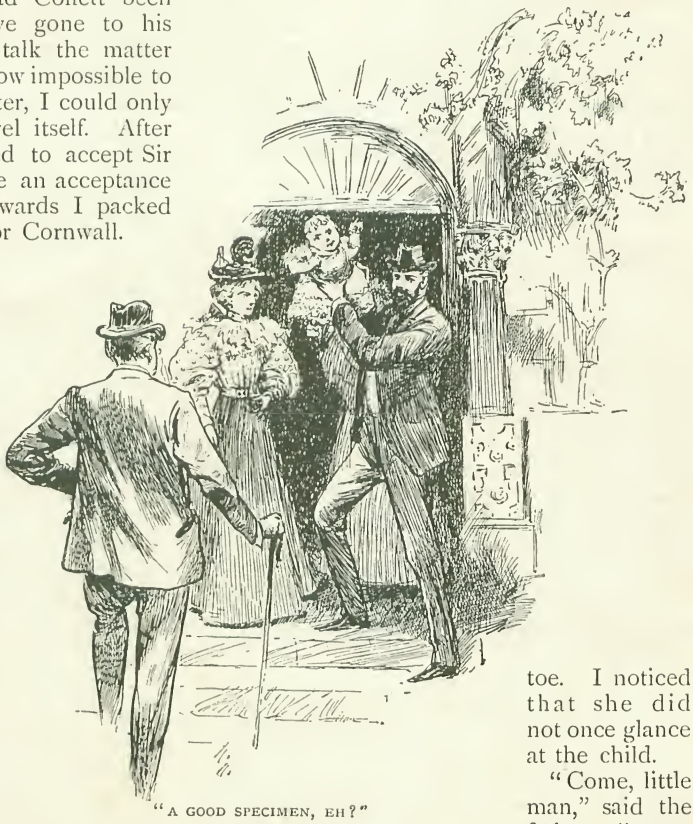
"I did not," I replied. "I see that you have got a very beautiful place, Sir John."

"It has been in the family for generations. Now, come, I will introduce you to the wife and kid in a moment. Bless the boy, he is a fine chap, that he is."

The Baronet whipped up his horses, and a moment or two later we drew up in front of the fine old mansion. Lady Tregenna was standing on the steps—a nurse, dressed from head to foot in white, stood a little behind her, holding a baby in her arms.

"Well, Kate, here we are," called out her husband; "bring the boy down, won't you? This is Gilchrist. Let me introduce you: Lady Tregenna—Mr. Gilchrist. Now, then, wife, bring the boy along. Eh, Gilchrist, what do you think of him, eh?"

While her husband spoke, I noticed that Lady Tregenna slightly blushed. Her complexion was pale, and the blush became her—her eyes grew very bright. She fixed them neither on me nor on the child, but with great intentness on her husband. She seemed to look him all over from top to toe. I noticed that she did not once glance at the child.



"A GOOD SPECIMEN, EH?"

"Come, little man," said the father; "come to your dad. Here he is, Gilchrist, not more than six months old—a good specimen, eh?"

"A very fine boy," I answered, glancing at him hastily.

When I said this Lady Tregenna moved a few paces away. Having done so, she turned slowly.

"Perhaps, John," she said, "Mr. Gilchrist is not so much interested in children as we are; that is natural, is it not? Shall I show you the gardens, Mr. Gilchrist, or would you rather go straight into the house before tea?"

"I will accompany you," I replied. "But you are mistaken," I added, "in supposing that I am not interested in this boy. I happened to be in the same hotel at Madras with your husband when he received the cablegram announcing his birth."

"Aye, that was a red-letter night for me," said the Baronet. He glanced affectionately at his wife as he spoke. The moment he did so her whole face altered: it became suddenly very beautiful; she had deep, very dark violet eyes, and they lit up now as if a torch had illuminated them from within, her lips parted in a slow, happy smile. She raised one of her slender hands to push back the hair from her forehead. I noticed then a curious expression about her face which denoted not only beauty but strength. I saw at a glance that she had in many ways more character than her husband, but she was also a woman who looked as if on occasions she might do something desperate. I felt much interested in her. She again approached her husband's side and put out her hand to touch one of the boy's.

For the first time I surveyed the infant critically. He was a well-grown boy, with somewhat large features, but I could not detect the slightest likeness to either parent. The mother was very fair, but the father had a swarthy skin, with dark eyes, aquiline features, and black hair. The baby neither possessed the beauty of the mother nor the distinction of the father. He was an ordinary-looking child, hundreds like him to be found all over the length and breadth of England.

"You are doubtless thinking," said Lady Tregenna, who seemed to be reading my thoughts, "that the boy is not like either his father or me?"

"I cannot see a likeness," I replied.

"Bless him," said the Baronet, "he is only six months old; you can never tell how children will turn out at that tender age. Now, for my part, I have often thought that he had a look of you, madam"—he nodded, smiling, at his wife as he spoke—"about the lips for instance. He has an uncommonly pretty mouth, bless the little lad."

"He is not really like me, John," she answered, "nor is he like you."

"Well, well," said Sir John, impatiently, "he is a fine boy, and quite after my own heart. But, here, I must really take up no more of Gilchrist's time drivelling over the infant. Nurse, take him, will you? See you give him plenty of air; it is a splendid day, and the more he is out in the sunshine the better."

The nurse, a grave, middle-aged woman, with a dark face and thin, compressed lips, came slowly forward, took the boy in her arms, and vanished with him round a corner of the house.

"We are going to have tea on the lawn," said Lady Tregenna, turning to me. "May I show you the way?"

"All right, wife, you look after him," said Tregenna. "I must go to the stables, but will join you presently."

Lady Tregenna conducted me under a thick arch of roses on to a small lawn, where she seated herself by a little tea-table. She motioned me to a seat near her.

"It is strange," she said, after a long pause, "that you should have been with my husband when he received the message that he was the father of a boy."

"There is something else stranger," I continued, impelled, I can scarcely tell by what, to force my information upon her. "I also received a cablegram the same night from my very old friend, Dr. Collett."

"Collett?" she said. "Dr. Collett of London?"

"Yes, of Harley Street. Did you know him?"

"He happened to attend me when my boy was born."

She did not change colour in any way, but I noticed that she toyed with her teaspoon, and dropped three lumps of sugar into the cup of tea which she was about to drink.

"My cablegram was a curious one," I continued; "it was in cipher, of course. It gave me false information with regard to you. Collett told me that your baby died shortly after its birth."

"My baby died—little John died?" said the mother, half rising from her seat, and then sitting down again. She stared full at me. There was no added flush on her cheeks, nor did her large, violet eyes look more than slightly startled.

"What a strange mistake to make," she said, with a light laugh.

"It was."

"Absolutely without foundation," she continued. "But, then, Dr. Collett died on the

day of my baby's birth. He may not have quite known what he was telegraphing to you about."

"I had scarcely read his words," I continued, "before your husband appeared, in a great state of excitement, to inform me that all was well and that you were the mother of a fine boy. Undoubtedly, the boy is a fine little chap. I congratulate you heartily."

"MY CABLEGRAM WAS A CURIOUS ONE."

At that moment Sir John's voice was heard in the distance. Lady Tregenna stood up eagerly. She had taken my news almost too calmly, but now there was unmistakable agitation in her voice, look, and manner.

"Not a word to him," she said, in a whisper. "I would not let him know for the world, he would think it unlucky. You will promise?"

"As I did not tell your husband at the time, I should have no possible reason for repeating the news now," I said. "His affection for the child is quite touching."

"He has the best of reasons for loving him," she answered. She left me, walking slowly across the grass.

That evening Tregenna took me into his study, and we spent a short time examining the valuable photographs he had taken in India of the sun's eclipse. Just before we parted for the night he stood up, looked me full in the face, and spoke.

"So you think the boy a fine little chap, eh?" he said.

"Undoubtedly," I replied, with a smile.

"And Lady Tregenna—she seems pleased to be the mother of the little fellow, eh?—that strikes you, eh?"

"*You* are wrapped up in him," I said, evasively, for I had noticed from the first that Lady Tregenna scarcely ever mentioned the child, and as far as I could tell appeared to take no special interest in him.

Tregenna's face became crimson.

"I see you observe what I have noticed myself," he exclaimed. "The fact is, there is no accounting for women. I thought she would have been wild about the lad; but, as a matter of fact, never did a woman take a child more calmly. Not that she neglects him—far from that. She sees that he is well looked after, and has him brought to her once or twice daily; but she never pets him—it is a fact, Gilchrist, that I have never seen her once kiss him of her own accord. Bless me, Gilchrist, I don't understand women. It is not even as if Lady Tregenna were a cold, phlegmatic sort of woman; she is all passion, fire, enthusiasm; but where that child is concerned——" he put up his handkerchief to wipe the drops from his forehead as he spoke; his eyes were full of a queer apprehension.

"People have different ways of showing their affection," I replied.

He took no notice of my speech.

"I sometimes think I bore her by the delight which the fact of possessing that child gives me," he continued; "but, there, I am keeping you up, and you must be desperately tired."

He conducted me to my room, bade me good-night, and left me. I went to the window and flung it wide open. There was no moon, but innumerable stars studded the dark blue of the heavens. I extinguished the lights in the chamber, put my head out of the window, and looked around me. A

fresh breeze blew upon my face, and my sleepiness vanished instantly. I felt a sudden longing to steal downstairs and go out for a long ramble. No sooner did the notion come to me than I acted upon it. The house was already shut up, but I managed to make my way to a side door, which I unbarred and let myself out.

I wandered down the broad central avenue, intending to branch off in the direction of the sea. I was walking on the grass, and not making the slightest noise, when voices startled me. They seemed to be quite close. I stepped back into a deep shadow. The first words I heard were in Lady Tregenna's high-bred tones.

"I cannot go on with this much longer, Dayrell," she cried. "I cannot possibly give you what you require, for I have not got it. You have drained all my resources. Here, if you will have it, take this ring, it is of great value. If he misses it from my finger I can but tell him another lie."

I saw her give something to a man who stood near, then she turned abruptly and walked back to the house, stumbling and half falling as she walked. As soon as she had left him, the man took a pipe from his pocket and a box of matches. He calmly lit the pipe, and then by the light of another match examined the ring which she had just given him. I could see the diamonds flash for a moment in the light caused by the match, then there was complete darkness. He slipped the ring into his breast-pocket and turned to leave the grounds.

I waited quietly until he had gone some distance, and then made up my mind to follow him. He reached a stile which he mounted and which led direct into the high road. Still keeping my distance, I did likewise. He walked in the direction of the village, which was within a stone's throw of the sea. Presently, in the extreme quiet of the night, he stopped still, as if he were listening. The belated moon arose at that moment, and turning abruptly, the man saw me following him. He stopped and waited for me to come up.

"You are out late," he said, as I passed.

I made a brief rejoinder, as, although I wanted to get a glimpse of him, I had no desire to enter into conversation. He seemed to guess my intention, for he stepped immediately into the middle of the path.

"By Jove!" he cried, "I know who you are. Your name is Gilchrist—you are a special chum of the governor's; you came to the Manor to-day."

I glanced at him: his features were dark and aquiline — in that particular not unlike Sir John Tregenna's, but they were much bloated, as if by constant dissipation. I could imagine that the fellow drank like a fish. His clothes were seedy and vulgar in style—his lips thin and cruel, his eyes too closely set together.

"Good old boy, Sir John," he said, after a pause; "if you don't wish to make the most confounded mischief, you will keep this interview dark as far as your host is concerned."

"I COULD SEE THE DIAMONDS FLASH."

I was silent. The man continued to fix me with his evil eyes.

"I speak for Lady Tregenna's sake," he said again, after a very significant pause. "She will find herself in a nice scrape if anything happens to make me turn up rough. I don't think I need add any more. Good-night to you."

He vanished down a side-path, and I slowly returned to the Manor. Nothing happened of any importance during the remainder of

my visit, nor did I see Dayrell Tregenna again. I returned to London after a week's visit, and being much occupied, had little time to devote to the mysterious subject of Lady Tregenna and the heir. A year passed away, when one day I received a letter from her. It was worded as follows :—

"Dear Mr. Gilchrist, I am most anxious to see you. Sir John is in Scotland at present, but I have several friends staying in the house, and if you can make it possible to come to the Manor for a couple of nights, I can promise that you will not have a lonely time. Come if you possibly can.

"Yours sincerely, KATE TREGENNA."

In reply to this letter I sent off a telegram.

"Expect me to-morrow," I wired.

The next day at an early hour I started for Cornwall, and arrived at the Manor in the evening.

Lady Tregenna was in the garden, a very small child was toddling by her side; he was clinging on to one of her fingers, and looking up now and then into her face. The moment she saw me she placed him sitting on the grass and came forward quickly.

"It is good of you to come," she said. As she spoke she made an effort to smile. I could scarcely refrain from uttering an exclamation, so shocked was I at the change in her appearance. There were heavy shadows under her eyes, the eyes were now much too big for the face, the face was worn to emaciation. When I touched the hand which she offered me it burned as though its owner was consumed by inward fever.

"It is good of you to come," she repeated; "if my husband were here he would thank you."

"I am pleased to be of the slightest service to you," I replied. "Is that the little fellow? How much he has grown!"

"He is a very strong boy," she answered—she turned her head somewhat wearily in the direction of the lad, and then looked away again.

"HOW MUCH HE HAS GROWN!"

The child came toddling towards her, stretching out both his arms. She did not offer to lift him up, but again extended one of her fingers, which he clasped.

At this moment the same nurse whom I had seen a year ago came into view. Her face also had undergone a remarkable change for the worse. It was always a hard face, dark, with compressed lips, but now it was much lined and looked too old for her evident years—she glanced uneasily first at her mistress, then at me, and finally at the boy. When she looked at the boy I saw a peculiar expression pass like a flash over her features. She bent down, caught the child in her arms, kissed him with a passion which I had never seen the mother evince, and carried him away.

"He really is a very fine little chap," I said. "His father must be proud of him."

"Sir John is wrapped up in him, Mr. Gilchrist," replied Lady Tregenna; "but, come, I have plenty to say to you on that head in a moment or two. First let me offer you a cup of tea."

"Thank you," I answered.

She led me on to the same small lawn

where we had tea together a year back. As she poured out tea, I noticed once again her hollow laugh, her aspect, which was that of a woman stricken with deadly illness.

"Forgive me," I said, suddenly, "you are very unwell?"

"I am—sometimes I think I am dying," she answered. She pressed her hand to her

heart. "The burden is too heavy," she continued, "I must share it with someone—you have come in answer to my summons; I mean to confide in you. Will you follow me now to my morning-room; we shall be safe from interruption there?"

She rose as she spoke, and walked across the lawn. I followed. We entered a beautifully decorated little room off one of the big drawing-rooms. She seated herself in a low chair, and asked me to find a place near.

"Rest assured," I said, as I did so, "that my services are at your disposal."

"Before I take you into my full confidence," said Lady Tregenna, "I have a request to make."

"Ask anything," I answered.

"I want you to promise that you will not divulge what I am about to tell you until I give you permission."

I thought for a moment, then I said, slowly: "I will respect your secret."

"Thank you." She raised her eyes and looked full at me. "You know a part of my trouble," she continued, "you shall now hear the whole."

"I know a part of your trouble?" I said. "I don't quite understand."

"You will in a moment. Do you remember the cablegram which your friend, Dr. Collett, sent you to Madras?"

"Of course," I replied, gravely.

"Mr. Gilchrist, it was true."

"True?" I answered, springing to my feet.

"Yes, quite true. Now, sit down and let me tell you everything quietly. I must tell my story in my own way, and I must begin at the beginning."

I sat down as Lady Tregenna had requested. She clasped her hands in her lap; two bright spots appeared on either cheek. She looked even more ill than she had done a moment ago.

"We were married ten years," she began, in a low, monotonous voice. "We came to the conclusion that we should never have a child. Sir John became more and more discontented. He had hours when a strange excitement seized him, more particularly when he was tortured by the presence of the cousin, whom he so cordially detests, Dayrell Tregenna. My husband loathed him for his want of tact, and his constant reference to the time when the place should be his.

"At last, over two years ago, I found, to my inexpressible joy, that I was about to become a mother. My husband's raptures were beyond words. He meant to stay with me, but the expedition during which you first made his acquaintance had been already arranged—he was the principal member of the party, and found it impossible to resign his post. He had to leave me, to his own inexpressible anxiety. When he went away he was a happy man and I was a happy woman—buoyed up by the sweetest hope. Afterwards——"

"Tell me everything," I said, gently.

She pressed her hand to her forehead and continued:—

"The child was born in London. I was very ill at its birth, and for some time afterwards was unconscious. When I came to my senses all was quiet in the sick room. The nurse whom I had engaged was standing by the bed-side—she held a beautifully-dressed baby in her arms. I remembered then what had happened and raised my head. A rush of joy ran through my heart.

"'Show me the child,' I said. 'Is it a boy?'

"'Yes, madam, it is a boy,' she replied; she bent down as she spoke and showed me the little fellow—then at a sign from me she laid it by my side. I kissed it, and was happy as mother could be.

"'Has Sir John been cabled to yet?' I asked.

"She replied to this that Mr. Dayrell was in the house, and only waited for my authority to send a cablegram immediately.

"'Tell him to do so without an instant's delay,' I answered.

"There was something in her manner which made me wonder even then. It was grave, anxious: she looked as if a load had been suddenly put upon her; but I was so delighted, so full of bliss at having a living child of my own, that I had no more thoughts to spare for her. I spent the greater part of that night with the child in my arms. I made a quick recovery, but was astonished to see that Dr. Collett no longer attended me. Another very excellent physician came to see me, however, and I did not suspect the truth.

"When the boy was about a fortnight old, and I was up again on the sofa, the nurse came to me one day and confessed what had really happened. A few moments after the birth of my baby Dr. Collett had become seriously unwell—he had been obliged to hurry away, leaving the case with the nurse. When he left the house the baby had shown signs of weakness and want of proper circulation—he thought its life might be saved,

however, and intended to return again within half an hour. As a matter of fact, ten minutes after Dr. Collett left the house the child died. The nurse sent a hasty message to the doctor telling him that the child was dead. Two hours after doing so she was startled by getting a message herself from the great physician's house to say that he had died suddenly, and that another doctor must take up the case.

"Dayrell, who had spent the entire day in the house, was pacing up and down in the drawing-room when she ran in to tell him what had occurred.

"'This will kill Sir John Tregenna,' he said.

"'And Lady Tregenna, for that matter,' replied the woman; 'they built so much on the child.'

"THE CHILD OF ANOTHER WOMAN LAY ON MY KNEE."

"He looked at her for a long time, she said then, and did not speak. Then he came up to her side and began to whisper a plan which he said had suddenly darted through his mind.

"'You are not well off?' he began.

"She owned that she was not; also, that she had a child of her own, a lame child, who depended altogether on her exertions to support it.

"'You shall stay on here, at a high salary, as the child's nurse,' he said.

"'The child's nurse, Mr. Dayrell? You forget that the child is dead,' she answered.

"He held up his hand to stop her.

"'And I will give you five hundred pounds in addition if you help me,' he continued.

"He then proposed to her to conceal the fact of the child's death from me for the present, but to cable to Sir John that he was the father of a fine boy, and to substitute a living child in the dead baby's place. He knew, he said, where he could easily find a baby. The fact of Dr. Collett's death would make the certificate of birth wonderfully simple. He would undertake that the dead child should be disposed of without remark.

"This scheme was carried into effect by the pair; and when I was made acquainted with the fact, I had been lavishing my affection on the baby of a strange woman for over a fortnight. What my feelings were when this revelation was made to me I cannot attempt to describe. I was speechless. The child of another woman lay on my knee. It was with difficulty that I could even bring myself to look at it. As I paused and considered, my heart beating hard, my emotions almost suffocating me, the nurse's eyes fixed with the keenest anxiety on my face, there came a knock at the door and Dayrell entered.

"'I know everything,' he said. 'Now, Lady Tregenna, you won't be a fool; you want an heir — your husband wants an heir. If he believes you to be the mother of his child, he will love you as he has never loved you yet. The heir lies on your lap'—he pointed to the baby as he spoke—'and,' he added, in a significant manner, '*my silence can be bought.*'

"I was too weak to resist him and the nurse; in short, I yielded to the nefarious scheme. From that hour my misery began. Dayrell has blackmailed me to a frightful extent. I have sold all my jewels to satisfy his demands. I have parted with the large allowance which Sir John gives me. I have further asked my husband for large sums of money; he is a wealthy man, and up to the present suspects nothing. I have even gone to the length of borrowing largely (at this moment I am heavily in debt), and all to quiet that monster who feeds himself upon my wretchedness. The nurse and the man know the truth. They promise secrecy only so long as I can supply their inordinate desire for money. The woman gets a hundred a year, in addition to heavy bribes. I have paid Dayrell thousands of pounds since the birth of the child. As to Sir John, he suspects nothing. He is wrapped up in the child, and of late it is with difficulty I can get him to return to his old interests in

scientific pursuits. I never saw anything like his passion for the baby. He can scarcely talk of anything else. Several times a day he visits him in his nursery, he takes him about the grounds on his shoulders—the child and the man are inseparable. I believe if he knew the truth now, that his reason would fail him. Insanity, at rare intervals, has been known in his family, and he is very excitable. Dayrell's presence at such a moment might lead to terrible results.

"On the day my husband went rather unexpectedly to Scotland, that wretch came to me and demanded two thousand pounds. He said he required the money for a special emergency, and if I did not give it to him, would write a letter to Sir John telling him the whole story, and would abscond himself. I could only raise that sum by selling the family diamonds, which my husband would immediately miss. Mr. Gilchrist, was there ever a woman in such a terrible position as I am in?"

"You must on no account give that man any more money," I said, after a pause. "I confess I cannot see, at this moment, how to save you without communicating the truth to Sir John, but I should like to think over matters. This blackmailing must be stopped at any cost. On the face of it, it seems to me a queer thing that Dayrell Tregenna should wish to substitute a living child for your dead one, when he himself is the next heir to the property."

"Yes, but he and my husband are very much the same age, and my husband's is in reality a better life than his. Then he is penniless, or nearly so—he has married beneath him and has a large family. At intervals he has dreadful bouts of drinking—in fact, he is a bad fellow all round."

"You think, then, that he concocted the scheme for the sole purpose of making money?"

"I am certain of it. But his last demand is the most outrageous he has yet made. The fact is this, I can stand the strain no longer; I am getting seriously ill—my resources are at an end. And yet I am certain that if my husband discovers the truth he will turn me out of his house! Oh, my wretched life! I often long to commit suicide in order to end everything."

"You must have patience, and allow me if possible to act for you now," I said. "It has been my privilege to get people out of scrapes nearly as bad as yours before now. I am glad you have had courage to tell me the exact truth—I will think things over carefully, and will have a talk with you to-morrow."

That night, to my astonishment and disgust, Dayrell Tregenna was one of the guests at dinner. He showed in his most objectionable form, put on airs as though he was master of the establishment, and I could see disgusted more than one of the guests. Lady Tregenna never noticed him by word or deed. The whole party retired early to bed, and I spent an anxious and wakeful night.

The next morning I rose at an early hour, but when I went downstairs I was still completely in the dark as to how to act. As I entered the stately old hall I was much astonished to see standing on the threshold, looking exactly as if he had never left home, the well-known figure of Sir John Tregenna. He heard my step, for he turned eagerly.

"Gilchrist, of all people!" he cried. "Well, how are you? I am right glad to see you. Yes, I have returned unexpectedly; the wife does not know yet that I am in the house, but I have just sent a message to the nurse to bring the boy down. By the way, what do you think of my heir now, eh?"

"He has made fine progress," I answered; "he walks all alone—he seems a well-grown little chap."

At that moment the nurse appeared at the end of a long corridor, the boy toddling by her side. The moment the child saw his supposed father he uttered a shriek of delight and ran forward. The Baronet forgot all about me and hurried to meet him. He came back again after a moment, his own face crimson, his eyes shining, the boy elevated on his shoulder. It was just then that I noticed something; something which I had completely failed to observe when I had seen the baby a year ago. The child now bore an unmistakable and very striking likeness to the Tregennas—the eyes were in expression, although not in colour, the exact counterpart of the eager eyes of the man who was looking up at him with such pride and delight—the mouth also bore a likeness to Lady Tregenna—but the boy's eyes and smile, and the sturdy way he held his head on his broad shoulders, were an exact *replica* of Sir John.

The moment I made this discovery there flashed through my mind a possible solution of the mystery. Sir John was so absorbed in talking to the boy, in kissing him, and examining his sturdy limbs, that he did not notice anything I did or said. I went quickly in the direction where the nurse was standing.

"I am anxious to have a word with you," I said.

She looked at me—a queer expression came into her dark eyes; her mouth closed firmly.

"I should like to speak to you now," I continued.

"Certainly, sir," she answered, in a submissive voice.

"Alone," I continued.

"Yes, sir," she said, again. She turned slowly, walked down the corridor, and opened a side door which led into a shrubbery.

"No one will disturb us here, sir," she said. "Will you please say what you have come to say quickly, as I am anxious to go to attend on my mistress."

"I want to ask you a straight question," I said. "I had an interview with Lady Tregenna yesterday, in which she told me what she believes to be the true history of the child. What is your name, nurse?"

"Mrs. Hodgkins, sir."

"Well, Mrs. Hodgkins," I continued, "I have my own private reasons for believing that Lady Tregenna's version is not the correct one."

"Good heavens, Mr. Gilchrist, what can you mean?"

The woman had great control over herself, but in spite of all her efforts her face turned a queer colour.

"The whole story is very strange and inexplicable," I continued. "Under ordinary circumstances, it would be my duty to tell it to Sir John Tregenna, and to ask him to bring a detective down from London to find out full particulars. For instance, before believing the version which you and Mr. Tregenna palmed off upon Lady Tregenna, there are some questions to be answered. Where was the real baby to whom Lady Tregenna gave birth buried? Where did you find the child who has been adopted in its place? Speak at once, and tell me the truth."

"Now, what is all this about?" said another voice in our ears.

"HE CAME BACK WITH THE BOY ELEVATED ON HIS SHOULDER."

I turned quickly, and to my annoyance saw Dayrell standing before me. He looked more bloated and more disreputable than ever.

"I thought, Gilchrist, you were up to mischief, by the expression on your face last night," he said, "so, all things considered, I resolved to get up early and have a chat with you before breakfast. I find you in conversation with Mrs. Hodgkins. What does it mean?"

"I am talking with Mrs. Hodgkins over a private matter, and I should be glad if you would leave us," I answered.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," he replied. He placed his feet far apart and crossed his arms.

"You can remain or not, as you please," I continued. "After all, what I have got to say may interest you as well as this woman. Sir John Tregenna has just returned, and is at present with his supposed heir."

The man's face assumed an ugly look.

"Sir John back so soon?" he said. "I did not think he was expected for another week."

"He is here—I have just spoken to him."

"And what do you mean by making use of the expression 'his supposed heir'?" continued Dayrell.

"Because, Mr. Tregenna, Lady Tregenna has told me everything from her point of view. Now listen, both of you. It is my firm conviction that she has been deceived. If I do not get at the truth at once I shall——"

Dayrell interrupted me with a laugh.

"So you are trying that little game on," he said; "very clever of you, no doubt, but you won't get anything out of me, try as you may."

"I will tell you all you desire to know, sir," said the nurse, suddenly.

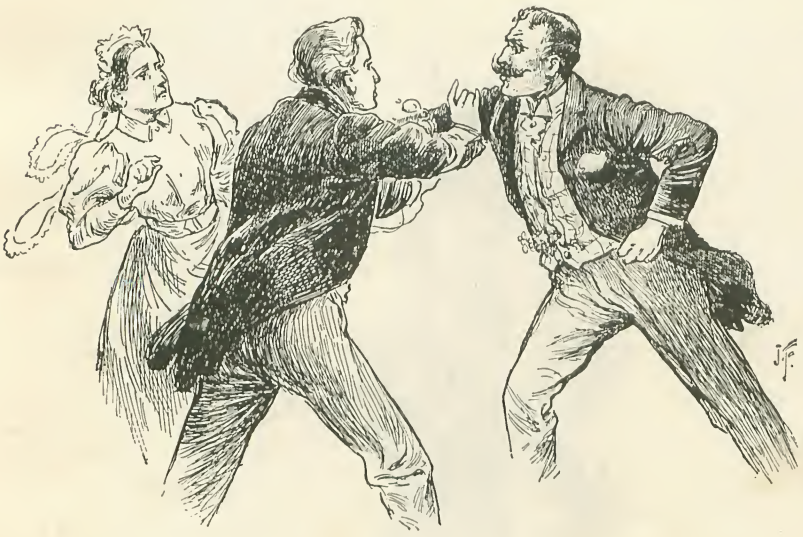
At these unexpected words Dayrell's countenance changed. He turned and faced her. He gave the woman a look under which she quailed for a moment, but presently she drew herself up and spoke with defiance.

"I am not going to be afraid of you, Mr.

Dayrell," she said. "The fact is, I cannot bear this thing any longer. Yes, sir," she continued, turning to me, "it was all his doing. I am glad you have spoken to me, sir. I am glad to be able to relieve my conscience. I see the thing is killing Lady Tregenna, and the misery I have endured since the child's birth no words can tell. Sir, I will tell you everything now."

Dayrell made a step forward as if he meant to strike her.

"Stand back," I said, getting between him and the nurse. "Now speak, and quickly," I continued.



"STAND BACK!"

"Well, Mr. Gilchrist, it was in this way. I am a widow with one child, and have had hard work to earn my livelihood. When I came to nurse Lady Tregenna, I happened to meet Mr. Dayrell once or twice before the birth of the child. He spoke to me, and expressed his disgust at the possibility of an heir being born. The child came into the world, and fine baby that he was, for a short time there were doubts entertained of his life. Dr. Collett, as you know, had to leave the house shortly after the birth, owing to the illness which so unexpectedly carried him off. Almost immediately after his departure Mr. Dayrell came to me and asked how the child was. I told him he was in a bad case, but I thought he would revive—I then hurried back to attend to him. In an hour after the birth the child was breathing freely, and all danger had passed. I saw that he would live and do well. I was engaged attending him and his mother, when there came another knock at the door—I opened it, and that villain stood without. He called me into the passage, and there offered me the temptation to which I yielded. He would pay me five hundred pounds down if I would act on his suggestion, and send a message to Dr. Collett that the child had died. I believe his first idea was to send the living child away and substitute a dead baby in his place, which he was confident he could procure. I was frightened and miserable. I wanted the money badly, and before I knew what I was doing, consented to his horrible suggestion. I sent a message to the doctor to say that the child was dead. Almost immediately afterwards a telegram came from his house to inform me that Dr. Collett had died suddenly himself, and that another physician would be sent in to attend on Lady Tregenna. It was immediately after hearing this piece of news that Mr. Dayrell completed his diabolical scheme. He saw that there was now no necessity to fetch another baby. Dr. Collett's death had simplified matters. When Lady Tregenna was sufficiently strong, she was to be told that the real baby had died and that another had been substituted in its place.

"'As I can no longer inherit the property,' said Mr. Dayrell, 'the only other thing left to me to do is to make money. I will make thousands out of that unlucky child. Her ladyship will believe that he is not her own, and I shall blackmail her to any extent.'

"And he did so, sir, he did. He paid me, of course. He arranged also that Lady Tregenna was to give me one hundred pounds a year while I remained as nurse to the child—but, oh! no money was worth the misery I endured. I saw my beautiful mistress fading before my eyes. She tried hard, but she could not love the child whom she did not believe to be her own. At last I

began to fear for her reason. Oh, things are as black as black can be, and now that wretch has had the audacity to ask her to give him two thousand pounds within a week. Oh, what is to be done?"

When she had finished speaking, the woman put up her handkerchief to her eyes and sobbed. I turned suddenly to address Dayrell, but he had disappeared.

"Are you going to tell my mistress the truth, sir?" said the nurse, when she had recovered a little composure. "If you expose me I shall be sent to prison; but, of course, I cannot expect you to be silent—I don't even know that I wish it."

"Lady Tregenna must, of course, know the truth," I answered, "but the question is whether Sir John is to be informed or not. My own feeling is that it would be cruelty ever to tell this horrible plot to Sir John. We must remember that he has never doubted for a moment that the child is his own. Your confession will give immense relief to Lady Tregenna—and I think Dayrell for his own sake will consent to leave the country. If he does not do so, of course Sir John must be told. Now come with me at once to Lady Tregenna."

Early as it was, Lady Tregenna was up and in her morning-room. I tapped at the door and was admitted at once, the nurse following me. The lady looked in some astonishment at us both.

"Nurse," she said, "I have just been told that Sir John has returned, but I have not yet seen him. Why, what is the matter?" she added. "Is anything wrong with the"—she spoke with evident antipathy—"with the child?"

"No, madam, he is perfectly well—he is with his father."

The words had scarcely left her lips before a hurried sound was audible in the passage without, and the next moment Sir John burst into the room carrying the baby in his arms.

"Oh, God!" he cried. "Oh, merciful God!" He panted heavily as he spoke, his eyes looked wild; he was by nature a red-faced man, but he was now white as death.

"I have had the most awful shock," he continued. "Kate, what do you think has happened? I returned early this morning, and was only waiting for you to wake to come and see you—of course, I had the little fellow with me. I was standing on the terrace in front of the house when I suddenly missed the child. I went to search for him, and by good luck or, rather, the intervention of Providence went into the engine-house. The dynamo machine was working, and, oh, God in Heaven! what awful sight do you think my eyes rested upon? There was that wretch Dayrell Tregenna—he had the little chap in his arms—and what do you think he had done? *Removed the cover from the terminals!* The child was stretching out his hand to touch them. One touch would have killed him. With a cry, I sprang forward, and caught the boy in my arms just in time. I scarcely know what I am saying, this shock has unmanned me."

The great, hearty man sank down into the nearest chair. He panted for breath—the child gazed at him in astonishment, then cuddled up into his arms, and raising one chubby hand stroked his cheek.

"Dad," he said, in his baby voice.

The strong likeness to his race came out once again in his manly little face.

Lady Tregenna, who had been seated on the sofa, now rose slowly, her hands were clasped tightly behind her; she crept across the room looking like a woman who was stunned.

"John," she said, "what have you done with—with Dayrell?"

"Ordered him never to show his face in this house again unless he wishes to be arrested on a charge of attempted murder," roared the Baronet. "To think that he should have led that little fellow straight up to his death, and the look on his face—it was fiendish, there is no other word for it."

Lady Tregenna leant against the wall. She panted, and her eyes began to dilate with untold horror. I felt that in another moment she might lose consciousness.

"Look here, Tregenna," I exclaimed, "you may be truly thankful the boy has escaped, but he has escaped, remember, and is perfectly well. Now, I am something of a doctor, and I must ask you to take the child away. Look at your wife—see how agitated she is."

"Why, Kate, old woman, has this been too much for you?" said Tregenna. He rose hastily, strode up to her, put his arms round her and kissed her.

"I never thought you cared enough," he continued. "The fact is, you have puzzled me now and then; but I see—of course, of course, it is all right—bless you, old woman, bless you."

Lady Tregenna did not say a word. She did not even return her husband's embrace.

"Leave her a little," I said, "I am going

to prescribe something which will give her relief, the shock has been very considerable."

"Would you like to keep the boy, Kate?" said the Baronet.

"No, take him, John," she answered, in a voice which could not rise above a whisper.

He left the room, with the lad mounted on his shoulder. The hearty laugh of the baby was heard as the two went down the long corridor together.

"How can I confess the truth to him?" gasped Lady Tregenna, when the door had closed behind the pair. "When he knows the truth it will kill him—it will kill him or drive him mad."

"WHEN HE KNOWS THE TRUTH IT WILL KILL HIM."

"He knows the truth already," I answered, in a quiet voice.

"He knows the truth?" she repeated.

"Yes. Now try and listen quietly, Lady Tregenna. You were the victim of a terrible hoax. That child is your own child. He never died—he never was changed—he is the child to whom you gave birth. Nurse, tell your story in half-a-dozen words."

The woman did so.

Lady Tregenna listened at first with incredulity, her face like death. Then gradually but slowly hope began to chase away despair from her features, and a burst of tears came to her relief.

"My God, I thank Thee!" she cried, suddenly. "Oh, I can love the child now."

She went on her knees and covered her face with her shaking hands.

We finally agreed that it was unnecessary for Sir John Tregenna ever to know the awful trick which had been played upon his wife. Dayrell, after his fiendish attempt to lure the heir to his destruction, left the country at once and for ever. As to the nurse, she received a month's wages in lieu of notice, but the prickings of her own conscience were the only other punishment accorded to her.

"Animal" Furniture.

By William G. Fitzgerald.

WE have all seen hunting trophies —for the most part mournful-looking heads—mounted in monotonous fashion and set up as ornaments in country houses; but he was really a "dreffle smart man" who first thought of adapting these trophies to every-day use—turning them, in fact, into articles of furniture.

Fancy lounging into the entrance-hall of a country mansion after a long ramble, and throwing your hat on the horn of a rhinoceros, which identical horn was once half buried in the writhing body of your host! And in saying this, I have a certain country seat in my mind. I also recall a titled lady who occasionally wears a necklace of gold-mounted bear's claws, which correspond exactly with a number of frightful-looking scars on her noble husband's back. Then, again, in the beautiful home of one of our greatest big game hunters there may be seen at this moment a superb tiger set up as a dumb—very dumb—waiter. That same tiger, however, wasn't always so obliging, and he once nearly tore to pieces the very man he now stiffly supplies with a glass of grog and a cigar.

But look at this photo., and you will instantly realize what I am trying to convey. This obsequious-looking bear was shot in Russia by no less a personage than the Prince of Wales; and for years it has "waited" meekly in the smoking-room at Marlborough House. The setting-up of this bear was intrusted to Mr. George F. Butt, F.Z.S., the eminent naturalist, of Wigmore Street, who has a perfect genius for transforming big game trophies into articles of furniture and general utility. From Mr. Butt I learn that this particular branch of taxidermy is about thirty years old, its origin dating from the time when ladies adopted the hideous fashion of wearing as hats *whole* grouse and pheasants. In the "Sixties," when this craze was at its height, the naturalists couldn't supply the birds fast enough—at four guineas each. "More grouse were worn than were eaten," remarked Mr. Butt, gravely; "and not merely the wings, mark you, but the whole bird from head to tail."

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S BEAR MOUNTED AS A DUMB WAITER.

After these modish abominations came tiger and bear claw jewellery, the notion of which was imported from India; then followed various articles made from whole animals and parts of animals. One of the earliest designs was a horse's hoof—that of a favourite charger—made into a silver-mounted ink-stand. Chairs were also made which were supported by the four legs of a rhinoceros or zebra, or a favourite horse.

But without doubt the most original "animal" chair I ever beheld was that

CHAIR MADE FROM A BABY GIRAFFE.

which belongs to that mighty Nimrod, Mr. J. Gardiner Muir, of "Hillcrest," Market Harborough. This chair, as may be seen in the accompanying reproduction, is made from a baby giraffe, which, with its mother, was shot by Mr. Gardiner Muir, near the Kiboko River, in British East Africa. The design is by Rowland Ward, of Piccadilly. In the photograph will be noticed a little dog on the seat of the chair; this is the hunter's little Scotch terrier, "Punch."

It is quite astonishing to learn how many defunct animals are called upon to throw light upon things. I refer, of course, to animals converted into lamps. Some years ago a certain lady's pet monkey died, and, although her grief was great, she resolved to have her dead darling turned into something useful as well as ornamental. In life that monkey had been phenomenally active — tweaking the noses of dignified people who least expected it; and the sorrowing mistress couldn't bear to think of the poor little thing as a mere stuffed specimen grinning idiotically beneath a glass case. Therefore was that pet monkey — which is seen in the next illustration — set up as a candle-holder, grasping in its little fists the polished brass sconces, and with quite an eager, officious air.

PET MONKEY HOLDING CANDELABRA.

PET MONKEYS MOUNTED ON A FLOOR LAMP.

This set another fashion, and before long a West-end firm (Messrs. Williams and Bach, of New Bond Street) was doing a roaring trade in animal and bird lamps. The designs of many of these are remarkably ingenious. Here is another monkey lamp, in the design of which two active little fellows are supposed to be frolicking together, the topmost monkey bearing the oil-well after the manner of Atlas, with his tail coiled around the cross-bar, while his playfellow is scrambling

THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S FAVOURITE PARROT AS A FRUIT AND FLOWER STAND.

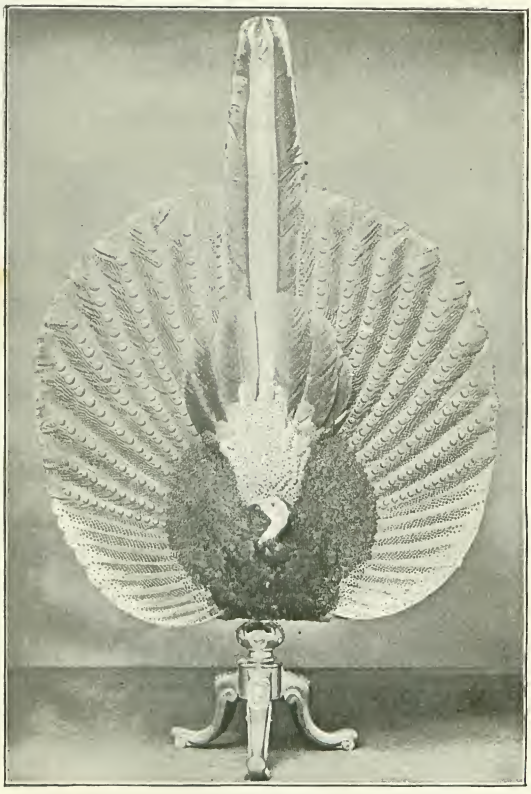
up the pillar as though anxious to share the burden and the fun.

For some reason, innumerable monkeys were sold to light up billiard-rooms, the little animals swinging from a hoop with one hand and carrying the lamp in the other. After a time people other than those who had dead pet monkeys wanted to possess these unique lamps, so that defunct simians from the Zoo had to be eagerly bought up, and Mr. Jamrach, the famous wild beast importer, was vexed with orders for *dead* monkeys. Later on less uncommon pets—parrots and cockatoos—were utilized in a similar manner, and at length this latter form of the craze reached preposterous dimensions. Will it be believed that the Bond Street house (I have it on the authority of the manager) had actually to keep a stock of *live* parrots and cockatoos, so that aristocratic customers could select one for a swinging lamp? After selection, the doomed bird was sent along to the taxidermist, killed immediately, and then mounted in the style chosen. The parrots swung in brass hoops with outspread wings, and carried the lamps on their back; whilst cockatoos were "chained" to a perch. Oh! Fashion! what cruelties are perpetrated in thy name!

Of course the idea of turning into useful articles pets that have died from natural causes or old age is at once ingenious and praiseworthy. Here, for example, is a fruit and flower stand made by Mr. Geo. F. Butt for the Princess of Wales; it is now at Sandringham. The centre is a movable screen composed of a favourite parrot belonging to Her Royal Highness.

Next is shown a beautiful fire-screen, also made by Mr. Butt for the Countess of Mayo. It is composed of a giant argus pheasant, which was shot by the late Earl at Singapore, only a short time before his own assassination.

The emu and swan lamps, photos. of which are reproduced on the next page, were made to the order of a wealthy Australian gentleman. The effect of the former in a drawing-room is curiously striking, but the latter is designed for a table lamp. The swan—a magnificent coal-black bird—rests upon a large mirror, so as to give the impression that the stately creature is floating on some placid lake.



GIANT ARGUS PHEASANT, MOUNTED AS A FIRE-SCREEN.

AN EMU LAMP.

The moment the door is opened at Baroness Eckhardstein's beautiful house in Grosvenor Square, this gigantic and truly formidable bear is seen flooding the hall with a soft red light. This bear is one of the very largest ever seen in this country. It was shot during one of its fishing excursions in Alaska, and set up by Rowland Ward, who presented it to the Baroness on the occasion of her marriage. The electric light can be switched on from behind. I must acknowledge here, with gratitude, the courtesy of the Baroness Eckhardstein, who permitted us to photograph this amiable monster.

Very quaint and ingenious is the letter-clip next shown. It is made from the beak of an albatross, and is a relic with a history. A year or two ago a certain foolhardy individual set out (as many have done) to cross the Atlantic in a craft, little larger than an open boat. The adventurous voyager did eventually make New York Harbour, but he was in a pitiable state of exhaustion. It transpired that before he had been many days at sea, he was attacked by an enormous albatross, which bird, one would think, was aware of the dangerous nature of the whole

BLACK SWAN TABLE LAMP (MIRROR REPRESENTS WATER).

BARONESS ECKHARDSTEIN'S GIGANTIC BEAR HOLDING ELECTRIC LIGHT.

ALBATROSS BEAK AS LETTER-CLIP.

undertaking, and so commenced an unprovoked onslaught. The bird was shot, however, and its head ultimately brought to Mr. Butt to make up the beak as we see it here. Doubtless that mariner is still reminded of his lonely fight in mid-ocean every time he files a letter.

This "tiger chair" is a capital example of "animal" furniture. The seat is covered with the beautifully-marked skin, and the head and paws are so arranged as to give the impression that the terrible animal is about to spring. Observe the ingenious way in which the tail is disposed, as though the tiger were coiled right round the chair. This chair

SIR ROBERT HARVEY'S HORN HAT-STAND (DESIGNED BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER).

MAN-EATING TIGER, MOUNTED ON AN ARM-CHAIR.

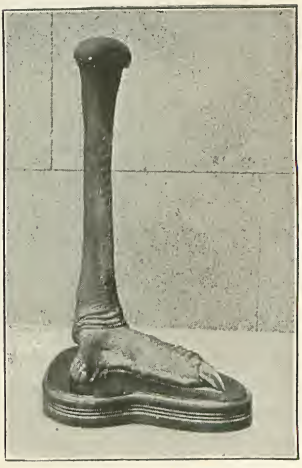
was made by Mr. Butt for a gentleman in the Indian Civil Service, and it is particularly interesting from the fact that the tiger was a dreaded man-eater, which had devastated and appalled several villages in Travancore. The day it was shot, this brute came into a village in search of a dainty meal, and succeeded in carrying off a little white girl, ten years of age. This child was afterwards rescued, but she was so shockingly lacerated that she died the same night in the house of a missionary doctor.

The next photograph reproduced here depicts a novel hat-stand, which adorns the entrance-hall at Langley Park, Slough, the beautiful seat of Sir Robert Harvey, Bart. It consists entirely of horns selected from stags shot in Invermark Forest, Forfarshire, by the present baronet and his father, during a ten years' tenancy. The design is copied from one originally designed by Sir Edwin Landseer. Mention of this great

LANDSEER'S TROPHIES—SIR EDWIN'S "OTTER" CHAIR IN THE CENTRE.

artist brings us to another item of "animal" furniture—Landseer's "otter" chair, which is seen in the next illustration. Surrounding the chair are some heads — those of a favourite dog, a Scotch stag, a wild Chillingham bull, and an American bison—the three last shot by the painter himself. Landseer always admired otter skins, so a friend one day presented him with several very fine ones. These were subsequently spread on the chair by Mr. Butt, the head of the largest otter hanging down over the back in accordance with Landseer's own design.

In the house of a big game hunter you will come across all sorts of trophies, doing duty in various capacities. Here we see the leg

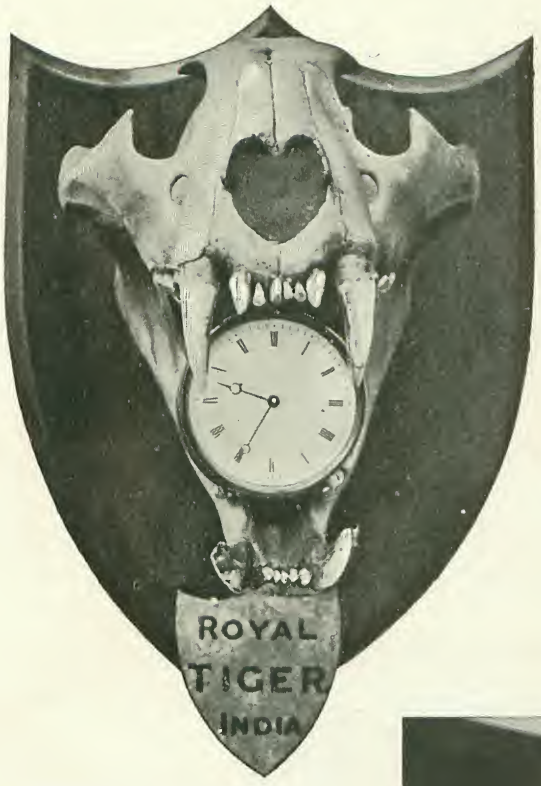


OSTRICH LEG AS A DOOR-STOP.

of an ostrich mounted as a door-stop. Stranger still, we next behold the foot of a big elephant fashioned into a liqueur stand, so that it may be placed on the table in the midst of a group in reminiscent mood, Nimrods who may, perchance, be fighting their battles over again. This is one of Mr. Rowland Ward's registered designs. The foot is that of an Indian elephant—a magnificent beast — shot by the then Duke of Edinburgh, during a well-known tour.

ELEPHANT'S FOOT AS LIQUEUR STAND.

Very large elephant feet, by the way, are coveted trophies, and are, moreover, interesting indications of the height of their late possessor, twice the circumference of the forefoot giving the height of the elephant at the shoulder.



RECORD TIGER SKULL, HOLDING CLOCK, IN HALL OF COUNTRY HOUSE.

Strictly speaking, though, this rule applies more particularly to the Indian species.

Not the least interesting among the items of "animal" furniture that have come under my notice was a certain letter-box in a country house. The top part consisted of the skull of a once-notorious leopard, which had decimated great herds of cattle in its day, and required a vast deal of killing. Record skulls of lions, tigers, and leopards are very frequently seen mounted as useful objects in the country houses of wealthy hunters. Here, for instance, is a hall-clock firmly grasped between the jaws of a tiger which killed at least five unlucky Hindu gun-bearers, whose cowardice cost them their lives.

To merely catalogue the various items of "animal" furniture I have seen would fill whole pages of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. I have been shown ugly-looking "knobkerries," fashioned by natives from the horns of the rhinoceros. There are scooped-out pheasants as pie-covers; the eggs of emus and ostriches as basins and jugs; hares' heads as matchboxes; flying opossums holding card-trays; coiling snakes as umbrella-stands; capercailzie claws as candlesticks; wild asses' ears as tobacco-pouches; hippopotamus skulls as arm-chairs; foxes' heads as tooth-pick stands; elk and wapiti legs supporting tables; panthers hugging satin-lined waste-paper baskets; flamingoes holding electric lights in their beaks; swans' necks as ink-bottles; crocodiles (with very expansive smiles) as dumb waiters; and elephants as "cosy corners."

The elephant here shown is not exactly a "cosy corner," but he forms quite a unique hall-porter's chair; at the same time, it would be somewhat invidious to speak of the thing as an "elephantine hall-porter's chair"—even though in some cases the description might be peculiarly appropriate. This accommodating animal is a young Ceylon elephant, modelled by Rowland Ward in

SMALL ELEPHANT MADE INTO A HALL-PORTER'S CHAIR.

TABLE ORNAMENT, MADE FROM TUSKS OF INDIAN WILD BOARS.

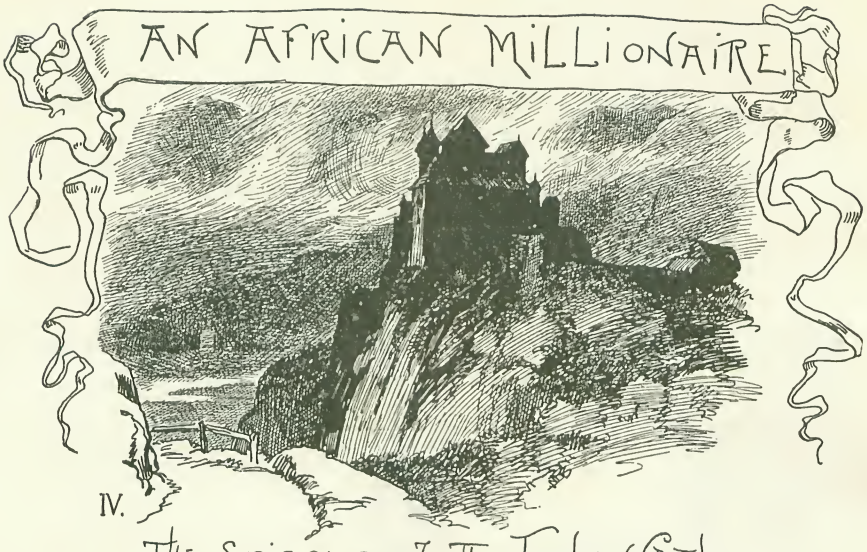
a perfectly natural position, but adapted for the use of the hall porter. The hall porter asleep in this singular chair, by the way, should make an interesting picture.

The next photo. that has been reproduced here shows an extremely interesting and even beautiful table ornament, made from the tusks of Indian wild boars by Mr. Butt, of Wigmore Street. It cost £55, and the mountings are of silver. In this case, the tusks were forwarded by the adjutant of a crack regiment stationed in the North-West Provinces. The officers of that regiment had indulged extensively in the noble pastime of pig-sticking, and had carefully preserved the boars' tusks with the view of having them fashioned into some useful and handsome ornament which might adorn the mess-table, and serve (almost literally) as a peg on which to hang many an exciting story.

The last piece of "animal" furniture depicted in this article is a capital specimen of Mr. Butt's artistic work—a bear set up as a dumb waiter, carrying in one hand, or rather paw, an electric lamp with frosted globe, and in the other a tray with a couple of boxes of cigars and some paper pipe-lights in a liqueur glass. Notice the excited appearance of the bear, who seems to be perpetually roaring at somebody, and doing his duty only under very forcible protest.

"HI! HI! COME AND TRY A GOOD CIGAR"

AN AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE.



IV.

THE EPISODE OF THE TYROLEAN CASTLE.

By Grant Allen.

WE went to Meran. The place was practically decided for us by Amelia's French maid, who really acts on such occasions as our guide and courier.

She is *such* a clever girl, is Amelia's French maid. Whenever we are going anywhere, Amelia generally asks (and accepts) her advice as to choice of hotels and furnished villas. Césarine has been all over the Continent in her time; and, being Alsatian by birth, she, of course, speaks German as well as she speaks French, while her long residence with Amelia has made her at last almost equally at home in our native English. She is a treasure, that girl; so neat and dexterous, and not above dabbling in anything on earth she may be asked to turn her hand to. She walks the world with a needle-case in one hand and an etna in the other. She can cook an omelette on occasion, or drive a Norwegian cariole; she can sew, and knit, and make dresses, and cure a cold, and do anything else on earth you ask her. Her salads are the most savoury I ever tasted; while as for her coffee (which she prepares for us in the train on long journeys), there isn't a *chef de cuisine* at a West-end club to be named in the same day with her.

So, when Amelia said, in her imperious way, "Césarine, we want to go to the Tyrol—now—at—once—in mid-October; where do you advise us to put up?"—Césarine answered, like a shot, "The Erzherzog Johann, of course, at Meran, for the autumn, madame."

"Is he . . . . an archduke?" Amelia asked, a little staggered at such apparent familiarity with Imperial personages.

"*Ma foi!* no, madame. He is an hotel—as you would say in England, the 'Victoria,' or the 'Prince of Wales's'—the most comfortable hotel in all South Tyrol; and at this time of year, naturally, you must go beyond the Alps; it begins already to be cold at Innsbruck."

So to Meran we went; and a prettier or more picturesque place, I confess, I have seldom set eyes on. A rushing torrent; high hills and mountain peaks; terraced vineyard slopes; old walls and towers; quaint, arcaded streets; a craggy waterfall; a promenade after the fashion of a German Spa; and when you lift your eyes from the ground, jagged summits of Dolomites: it was a combination such as I had never before beheld; a Rhine town plumped down among green Alpine heights, and threaded by the cool colonnades of Italy.

I approved Césarine's choice; and I was particularly glad she had pronounced for an hotel, where all is plain sailing, instead of advising a furnished villa, the arrangements for which would naturally have fallen in large part upon the shoulders of the wretched secretary. As in any case I have to do three hours' work a day, I feel that such additions to my normal burden may well be spared me. I tipped Césarine half a sovereign, in fact, for her judicious choice. Césarine glanced at it on her palm in her mysterious, curious, half-smiling way, and pocketed it at once with a "Merci, monsieur!" that had a touch of

"MERCI, MONSIEUR!"

contempt in it. I always fancy Césarine has large ideas of her own on the subject of tipping, and thinks very small beer of the modest sums a mere secretary can alone afford to bestow upon her.

The great peculiarity of Meran is the number of schlosses (I believe my plural is strictly irregular, but very convenient to English ears) which you can see in every direction from its outskirts. A statistical eye, it is supposed, can count no fewer than forty of these picturesque, ramshackled old castles from a point on the Küchelberg. For myself, I hate statistics (except as an element in financial prospectuses), and I really don't know how many ruinous piles Isabel and Amelia counted under Césarine's guidance; but I remember that most of them were quaint and beautiful, and that their variety of architecture seemed positively bewildering. One would be square, with funny little turrets stuck out at each angle; while another would rejoice in a big round keep, and, spread on either side, long, ivy-clad walls and delightful bastions. Charles was immensely taken with them. He loves the picturesque, and has a poet hidden in that financial soul of his. (Very effectually hidden, though, I am ready to grant you.) From the moment he came, he felt at once he would love to possess a castle of his own among these romantic mountains. "Seldon!" he exclaimed, contemptuously. "They call Seldon a castle! But you and I know very well, Sey, it was built in 1860, with sham antique stones, for Macpherson of Seldon, at market rates, by Cubitt and Co., worshipful contractors of London. Macpherson charged me for that sham antiquity a preposterous price, at which one ought to procure a real ancestral mansion. Now, *these* castles are real. They are hoary with antiquity. Schloss Tyrol is Romanesque — tenth or eleventh century." (He had been reading it up in "Baedeker.") "That's the sort of place for *me!* —tenth or eleventh century. I could live here, remote from stocks and shares, for ever; and in these sequestered glens, recollect, Sey, my boy, there are no Colonel Clays, and no arch Madame Picardets!"

As a matter of fact, he could have lived there six weeks; and then tired for Park Lane, Monte Carlo, Brighton.

As for Amelia, strange to say, she was equally taken with this new fad of Charles's. As a rule, she hates everywhere on earth save London, except during the time when no respectable person can be seen in town, and when modest blinds shade the scandalized face of Mayfair and Belgravia. She bores herself to death even at Seldon Castle, Ross-shire, and yawns all day long in Paris or Vienna. She is a confirmed Cockney. Yet, for some occult reason, my amiable sister-in-law fell in love with South Tyrol. She wanted to vegetate in that lush vegetation. The grapes were being picked; pumpkins hung over the walls; Virginia creeper draped the quaint grey schlosses with crimson cloaks; and everything was as beautiful as a dream of Burne-Jones's. (I know I am quite right in men-

tioning Burne-Jones, especially in connection with Romanesque architecture, because I heard him highly praised on that very ground by our friend and enemy, Dr. Edward Polperro.) So perhaps it was excusable that Amelia should fall in love with it all, under the circumstances; besides, she is largely influenced by what Césarine says, and Césarine declares there is no climate in Europe like Meran in winter. I do not agree with her. The sun sets behind the hills at three in the afternoon, and a nasty, warm wind blows moist over the snow in January and February.

However, Amelia set Césarine to inquire of the people at the hotel about the market price of tumble-down ruins, and the number of such eligible family mausoleums just then for sale in the immediate neighbourhood. Césarine returned with a full, true, and particular list, adorned with flowers of rhetoric which would have delighted the soul of good old John Robins. They were all picturesque, all Romanesque, all richly ivy-clad, all commodious, all historical, and all the property of high, well-born Grafs and very honourable Freiherrs. Most of them had been the scene of celebrated tournaments; several of them had witnessed the gorgeous marriages of Holy Roman Emperors; and every one of them was provided with some choice and selected first-class murders. Ghosts could be arranged for or not, as desired; and armorial bearings could be thrown in with the moat for a moderate extra remuneration.

The two we liked best of all these tempting piles were Schloss Planta and Schloss Lebenstein. We drove past both, and even I myself, I confess, was distinctly taken with them. (Besides, when a big purchase like this is on the stocks, a poor beggar of a secretary has always a chance of exerting his influence and earning for himself some modest commission.) Schloss Planta was the most striking externally, I should say, with its Rhine-like towers, and its great, gnarled ivy-stems, that looked as if they antedated the House of Hapsburg; but Lebenstein was said to be better preserved within, and more fitted in every way for modern occupation. Its staircase has been photographed by 7,000 amateurs.

"CÉSARINE RETURNED WITH A FULL, TRUE, AND PARTICULAR LIST."

We got tickets to view. The invaluable Césarine procured them for us. Armed with these, we drove off one fine afternoon, meaning to go to Planta, by Césarine's recommendation. Half-way there, however, we changed our minds, as it was such a lovely day, and went on up the long, slow hill to Lebenstein. I must say the drive through the grounds was simply charming. The castle stands perched (say rather poised, like St. Michael the archangel in Italian pictures) on a solitary stack or crag of rock, looking down on every side upon its own rich vineyards. Chestnuts line the glens: the valley of the Etsch spreads below like a picture.

The vineyards alone make a splendid estate, by the way; they produce a delicious red wine, which is exported to Bordeaux, and there bottled and sold as a vintage claret under the name of Château Monnivet.

Charles revelled in the idea of growing his own wines.

"Here we could sit," he cried to Amelia, "in the most literal sense, under our own vine and fig-tree. Delicious retirement! For my part, I'm sick and tired of the hubbub of Threadneedle Street."

We knocked at the door—for there was really no bell, but a ponderous, old-fashioned, wrought-iron knocker. So deliciously mediæval! The late Graf Von Lebenstein had recently died, we knew; and his son, the present Count, a young man of means, having inherited from his mother's family a still more ancient and splendid schloss in the Salzburg district, desired to sell this outlying estate in order to afford himself a yacht, after the manner that is now becoming increasingly fashionable with the noblemen and gentlemen in Germany and Austria.

The door was opened for us by a high, well-born menial, attired in a very ancient and honourable livery. Nice, antique hall; suits of ancestral armour, trophies of Tyrolese hunters, coats of arms of ancient counts—the very thing to take Amelia's aristocratic and romantic fancy. The whole to be sold exactly as it stood; ancestors to be included at a valuation.

We went through the reception-rooms. They were lofty, charming, and with glorious views, all the more glorious for being framed by those graceful Romanesque windows, with their slender pillars and quaint, round-topped arches. Sir Charles had made his mind up. "I must and will have it!" he cried. "This is the place for me. Seldon! Pah, Seldon is a modern abomination."

Could we see the high, well-born Count? The liveried servant (somewhat haughtily) would inquire of his Serenity. Sir Charles sent up his card, and also Lady Vandrift's. These foreigners know title spells money in England.

He was right in his surmise. Two minutes later the Count entered, with our cards in his hands. A good-looking young man, with the characteristic Tyrolese long black moustache, dressed in a gentlemanly variant on the costume of the country. His air was a jäger's; the usual blackcock's plume stuck jauntily in the side of the conical hat (which he held in his hand), after the universal Austrian fashion.

He waved us to seats. We sat down. He spoke to us in French; his English, he remarked, with a pleasant smile, being a *négligeable* quantity. We might speak it, he went on; he could understand pretty well; but he preferred to answer, if we would allow him, in French or German.

"French," Charles replied, and the negotiation continued thenceforth in that language. It is the only one, save English and his ancestral Dutch, with which my brother-in-law possesses even a nodding acquaintance.

We praised the beautiful scene. The Count's face lighted up with patriotic pride. Yes; it was beautiful, beautiful, his own green Tyrol. He was proud of it and attached to it. But he could endure to sell this place, the home of his fathers, because he had a finer in the Salzkammergut, and a *pied-à-terre* near Innsbruck. For Tyrol lacked just one joy—the sea. He was a passionate yachtsman. For that, he had resolved to sell this estate; after all, three country houses, a ship, and a mansion in Vienna, are more than one man can comfortably inhabit.

"Exactly," Charles answered. "If I can come to terms with you about this charming estate, I shall sell my own castle in the Scotch Highlands." And he tried to look like a proud Scotch chief who harangues his clansmen.

Then they got to business. The Count was a delightful man to do business with. His manners were perfect. While we were talking to him, a surly person, a steward or bailiff, or something of the sort, came into the room unexpectedly and addressed him in German, which none of us understand. We were impressed by the singular urbanity and benignity of the nobleman's demeanour towards this sullen dependent. He evidently explained to the fellow what sort of people we were, and remonstrated with him in a very gentle way for interrupting us. The steward understood, and clearly regretted his insolent air; for after a few sentences, he went out, and as he did so he bowed and made protestations of polite regard in his own language. The Count turned to us and smiled. "Our people," he said, "are like your own Scotch peasants — kind-hearted, picturesque, free, musical, poetic, but wanting, *hélas*, in polish to strangers." He was certainly an exception, if he described them aright; for he made us feel at home from the moment we entered.

He named his price in frank terms. His lawyers at Meran held the needful documents, and would arrange the negotiations in detail with us. It was a stiff sum, I must say: an extremely stiff sum; but no doubt he was charging us a fancy price for a fancy castle. "He will come down in time," Charles said.

"The sum first named in all these transactions is invariably a feeler. They know I'm a millionaire; and people always imagine millionaires are positively made of money."

I may add that people always imagine it must be easier to squeeze money out of millionaires than out of other people—which is the reverse of the truth, or how could they ever have amassed their millions? Instead of oozing gold, as a tree oozes gum, they mop it up, like blotting-paper, and seldom give it out again.

We drove back from this first interview none the less very well satisfied. The price was too high; but preliminaries were arranged, and for the rest, the Count desired us to discuss all details with his lawyers in the chief street, Unter den Lauben. We inquired about these lawyers, and found they were most respectable and respected men; they had done the family business on either side for seven generations.

They showed us plans and title-deeds. Everything quite *en règle*. Till we came to the price, there was no hitch of any sort.

As to price, however, the lawyers were obdurate. They stuck out for the Count's first sum to the uttermost florin. It was a very big estimate. We talked and shilly-shallied till Sir Charles grew angry. He lost his temper at last.

"They know I'm a millionaire, Sey," he said, "and they're playing the old game of trying to diddle me. But I won't be diddled. Except Colonel Clay, no man has ever yet succeeded in bleeding me. And shall I let myself be bled as if I were a chamois among these innocent mountains? Perish the thought!" Then he reflected a little in silence. "Sey," he mused on, at last, "the question is, *are* they innocent? Do you know, I begin to believe there is no such thing left as pristine innocence anywhere. This Tyrolese Count knows the value of a pound as distinctly as if he hung out in Capel Court or Kimberley."

Things dragged on in this way, inconclusively, for a week or two. *We* bid down; the lawyers stuck to it. Sir Charles grew half sick of the whole silly business. For my own part, I felt sure if the high, well-born Count didn't quicken his pace, my respected relative would shortly have had enough of the Tyrol altogether, and be proof against the most lovely of crag-crowning castles. But the Count didn't see it. He came to call on us at our hotel—a rare honour for a stranger with these haughty and exclusive Tyrolese nobles—and even entered unannounced in the most friendly manner. But when it came to £ s. d., he was absolute adamant. Not one kreutzer would he abate from his original proposal.

"AS TO PRICE, THE LAWYERS WERE OBDURATE."

"You misunderstand," he said, with pride.

"We Tyrolese gentlemen are not shopkeepers or merchants. We do not higgle. If we say a thing we stick to it. Were you an Austrian, I should feel insulted by your ill-advised attempt to beat down my price. But as you belong to a great commercial nation——" he broke off with a snort and shrugged his shoulders compassionately.

We saw him several times driving in and out of the Schloss, and every time he waved his hand at us gracefully. But when we tried to bargain, it was always the same thing: he retired behind the shelter of his Tyrolese nobility. We might take it or leave it. 'Twas still Schloss Lebenstein.

The lawyers were as bad. We tried all we knew, and got no forrarder.

At last, Charles gave up the attempt in disgust. He was tiring, as I expected. "It's the prettiest place I ever saw in my life," he said; "but, hang it all, Sey, I *won't* be imposed upon."

So he made up his mind, it being now December, to return to London. We met the Count next day, and stopped his carriage, and told him so. Charles thought this would have the immediate effect of bringing the man to reason. But he only lifted his hat, with the blackcock's feather, and smiled a bland smile. "The Archduke Karl is inquiring about it," he answered, and drove on without parley.

Charles used some strong words, which I will not transcribe (I am a family man), and returned to England.

For the next two months, we heard little from Amelia save her regret that the Count wouldn't sell us Schloss Lebenstein. Its pinnacles had fairly pierced her heart. Strange to say, she was absolutely infatuated about the castle. She rather wanted the place while she was there, and thought she could get it; now she thought she couldn't, her soul (if she has one) was wildly set upon it. Moreover, Césarine further inflamed her desire by gently hinting a fact which she had picked up at the courier's *table d'hôte* at the hotel—that the Count had been far from anxious to sell his ancestral and historical estate to a South African diamond king. He thought the honour of the family demanded at least that he should secure a wealthy buyer of good ancient lineage.

One morning in February, however, Amelia returned from the Row, all smiles and tremors. (She had been ordered horse-exercise to correct the increasing excessiveness of her figure.)

"Who do you think I saw riding in the Park?" she inquired. "Why, the Count of Lebenstein."

"No!" Charles exclaimed, incredulous.

"Yes," Amelia answered.

"Must be mistaken," Charles cried.

But Amelia stuck to it. More than that, she sent out emissaries to inquire diligently from the London lawyers, whose name had been mentioned to us by the ancestral firm in Unter den Lauben as their English agents, as to the whereabouts of our friend; and her emissaries learned in effect that the Count was in town and stopping at Morley's.

"I see through it," Charles exclaimed. "He finds he's made a mistake; and now, he's come over here to reopen negotiations."

I was all for waiting prudently till the Count made the first move. "Don't let him see your eagerness," I said. But Amelia's ardour could not now be restrained. She insisted that Charles should call on the Graf as a mere return of his politeness in the Tyrol.

He was as charming as ever. He talked to us with delight about the quaintness of London. He would be ravished to dine next evening with Sir Charles. He desired his respectful salutations meanwhile to Miladi Vandrift and Madame Ventvorth.

He dined with us, almost *en famille*. Amelia's cook did wonders. In the billiard-room, about midnight, Charles reopened the subject. The Count was really touched. It pleased him that still, amid the distractions of the City of five million souls, we should remember with affection his beloved Lebenstein.

"Come to my lawyers," he said, "to-morrow, and I will talk it all over with you."

We went—a most respectable firm in Southampton Row; old family solicitors. They had done business for years for the late Count, who had inherited from his grandmother estates in Ireland; and they were glad to be honoured with the confidence of his successor. Glad, too, to make the acquaintance of a prince of finance like Sir Charles Vandrift. Anxious (rubbing their hands) to arrange matters satisfactorily all round for everybody. (Two capital families with which to be mixed up, you see.)

Sir Charles named a price, and referred them to his solicitors. The Count named a higher, but still a little come-down, and left the matter to be settled between the lawyers. He was a soldier and a gentleman, he said, with a Tyrolese toss of his high-born head; he would abandon details to men of business.

As I was really anxious to oblige Amelia,

I met the Count accidentally next day on the steps of Morley's. (Accidentally, that is to say, so far as he was concerned, though I had been hanging about in Trafalgar Square for half an hour to see him.) I explained in guarded terms that I had a great deal of influence in my way with Sir Charles; and that a word from me—— I broke off. He stared at me blankly.

"Commission?" he inquired, at last, with a queer little smile.

"Well, not exactly commission," I answered, wincing. "Still, a friendly word, you know. One good turn deserves another."

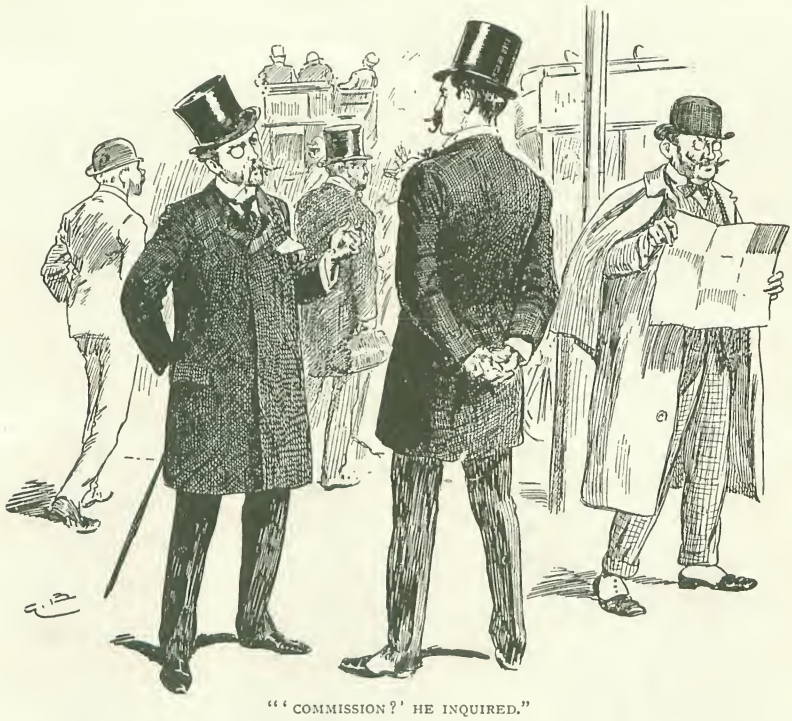
whatever sum above his bid to-day you induce him to offer—eh?—*c'est convenu?*"

"Ten per cent. is more usual," I murmured.

He was the Austrian hussar again. "Five, monsieur—or nothing!"

I bowed and withdrew. "Well, five then," I answered, "just to oblige your Serenity."

A secretary, after all, can do a great deal. When it came to the scratch, I had but little difficulty in persuading Sir Charles, with Amelia's aid, backed up on either side by Isabel and Césarine, to accede to the Count's more reasonable proposal. The Southampton Row people had possession of



"'COMMISSION?' HE INQUIRED."

He looked at me from head to foot with a curious scrutiny. For one moment I feared the Tyrolese nobleman in him was going to raise its foot and take active measures. But the next, I saw that Sir Charles was right after all, and that pristine innocence has removed from this planet to other quarters.

He named his lowest price. "M. Ventvorth," he said, "I am a Tyrolese *seigneur;* I do not dabble, myself, in commissions and percentages. But if your influence with Sir Charles—we understand each other, do we not?—as between gentlemen—a little friendly present—no money, of course—but the equivalent of, say, 5 per cent. in jewellery, on

certain facts as to the value of the wines in the Bordeaux market, which clinched the matter. In a week or two all was settled; Charles and I met the Count by appointment in Southampton Row, and saw him sign, seal, and deliver the title-deeds of Schloss Lebenstein. My brother-in-law paid the purchase-money into the Count's own hands, by cheque, crossed on a first-class London firm where the Count kept an account to his high, well-born order. Then he went away with the proud knowledge that he was owner of Schloss Lebenstein. And what to me was more important still, I received next morning by post a cheque for the 5 per

cent., unfortunately drawn, by some misapprehension, to my order on the self-same bankers, and with the Count's signature. He explained in the accompanying note that the matter being now quite satisfactorily concluded, he saw no reason of delicacy why the amount he had promised should not be paid to me forthwith direct in money.

I cashed the cheque at once; and said nothing about the affair, not even to Isabel. My experience is that women are not to be trusted with intricate matters of commission and brokerage.

Though it was now late in March, and the House was sitting, Charles insisted that we must all run over at once to take possession of our magnificent Tyrolese castle. Amelia was almost equally burning with eagerness. She gave herself the airs of a Countess already. We took the Orient Express as far as Munich; then the Brenner to Meran, and put up for the night at the Erzherzog Johann. Though we had telegraphed our arrival, and expected some fuss, there was no demonstration. Next morning, we drove out in state to the Schloss, to enter into enjoyment of our vines and fig-trees.

We were met at the door by the surly steward. "I shall dismiss that man," Charles muttered, as Lord of Lebenstein. "He's too sour-looking for my taste. Never saw such a brute. Not a smile of welcome!"

He mounted the steps. The surly man stepped forward and murmured a few morose words in German. Charles brushed him aside and strode on. Then there followed a curious scene of mutual misunderstanding. The surly man called lustily for his servants to eject us. It was some time before we began to catch at the truth. The surly man was the *real* Graf von Lebenstein.

And the Count with the moustache? It dawned upon us now. Colonel Clay again! More audacious than ever!

Bit by bit it all came out. He had ridden behind us the first day we viewed the place, and, giving himself out to the servants as one of our party, had joined us in the reception-room. We asked the real Count why he had spoken to the intruder. The Count explained in French that the man with the moustache had introduced my brother-in-law as the great South African millionaire, while he described himself as our courier and interpreter. As such, he had had frequent interviews with the real Graf and his lawyers in Meran, and had driven almost daily across to the castle. The owner of the estate had named one price from the first, and had stuck to it manfully. He stuck to it still; and if Sir Charles chose to buy Schloss Lebenstein over again, he was welcome to have it. How the London lawyers had been duped the Count had not really the slightest idea. He regretted the

"WE WERE MET AT THE DOOR BY THE SURLY STEWARD."

incident, and (coldly) wished us a very good morning.

There was nothing for it but to return as best we might to the Erzherzog Johann, crestfallen, and telegraph particulars to the police in London.

Charles and I ran across post-haste to England to track down the villain. At Southampton Row we found the legal firm by no means penitent; on the contrary, they were indignant at the way we had deceived them. An impostor had written to them on Lebenstein paper from Meran to say that he was coming to London to negotiate the sale of the Schloss and surrounding property with the famous millionaire, Sir Charles Vandrift; and Sir Charles had demonstratively recognised him at sight as the real Count von Lebenstein. The firm had never seen the present Graf at all, and had swallowed the impostor whole, so to speak, on the strength of Sir Charles's obvious recognition. He had brought over as documents some most excellent forgeries—facsimiles of the originals—which, as our courier and interpreter, he had every opportunity of examining and inspecting at the Meran lawyers'. It was a deeply-laid plot, and it had succeeded to a marvel. Yet, all of it depended upon the one small fact that we had accepted the man with the long moustache in the hall of the Schloss as the Count von Lebenstein on his own representation.

He held our cards in his hands when he came in: and the servant had *not* given them to him, but to the genuine Count. That was the one unsolved mystery in the whole adventure.

By the evening's post, two letters arrived for us at Sir Charles's house: one for myself, and one for my employer. Sir Charles's ran thus:—

"High, Well-born Incompetence,—

"I only just pulled through! A very small slip nearly lost me everything. I believed you were going to Schloss Planta that day, not to Schloss Lebenstein. You changed your mind *en route*. That might have spoiled all. Happily I perceived it, rode up by the short cut, and arrived somewhat hurriedly and hotly at the gate before you. Then I introduced myself. I had one more bad moment when the rival claimant to my name and title intruded into the room. But fortune favours the brave: your utter ignorance of German saved me. The rest was pap. It went by itself almost.

"Allow me, now, as some small return for your various welcome cheques, to offer you a useful and valuable present—a German dictionary, grammar, and phrase-book!

"I kiss your hand.

"No longer

"Von Lebenstein."

The other note was to me. It was as follows:—

"Dear, good Mr. Ventvorth,—

"Ha, ha, ha; just a *W* misplaced sufficed to take you in, then! And I risked the *TH*, though anybody with a head on his shoulders would surely have known our *TH* is by far more difficult than our *W* for foreigners! However, all's well that ends well; and now I've got you. The Lord has delivered you into my hands, dear friend—on your own initiative. I hold my cheque, endorsed by you, and cashed at my banker's, as a hostage, so to speak, for your future good behaviour. If ever you recognise me, and betray me to that solemn old ass, your employer, remember, I expose it, and you with it to him. So now we understand each other. I had not thought of this little dodge; it was you who suggested it. However, I jumped at it. Was it not well worth my while paying you that slight commission in return for a guarantee of your future silence? Your mouth is now closed. And cheap too at the price.

"Yours, dear Comrade, in the great confraternity of rogues,

"Cuthbert Clay, Colonel."

Charles laid his note down, and grizzled. "What's yours, Sey?" he asked.

"From a lady," I answered.

He gazed at me suspiciously. "Oh, I thought it was the same hand," he said. His eye looked through me.

"No," I answered. "Mrs. Mortimer's." But I confess, I trembled.

He paused a moment. "You made all inquiries at this fellow's bank?" he went on, after a deep sigh.

"Oh, yes," I put in quickly. (I had taken good care about that, you may be sure, lest he should spot the commission.) "They say the self-styled Count von Lebenstein was introduced to them by the Southampton Row folks, and drew, as usual, on the Lebenstein account: so they were quite unsuspicious. A rascal who goes about the world on that scale, you know, and arrives with such credentials as theirs and yours, naturally imposes on anybody. The bank didn't even require to have him formally identified.

The firm was enough. He came to pay money in, not to draw it out. And he withdrew his balance just two days later, saying he was in a hurry to get back to Vienna."

Would he ask for items? I confess I felt it was an awkward moment. Charles, however, was too full of regrets to bother about the account. He leaned back in his easy chair, stuck his hands in his pockets, held his legs straight out on the fender before him, and looked the very picture of hopeless despondency.

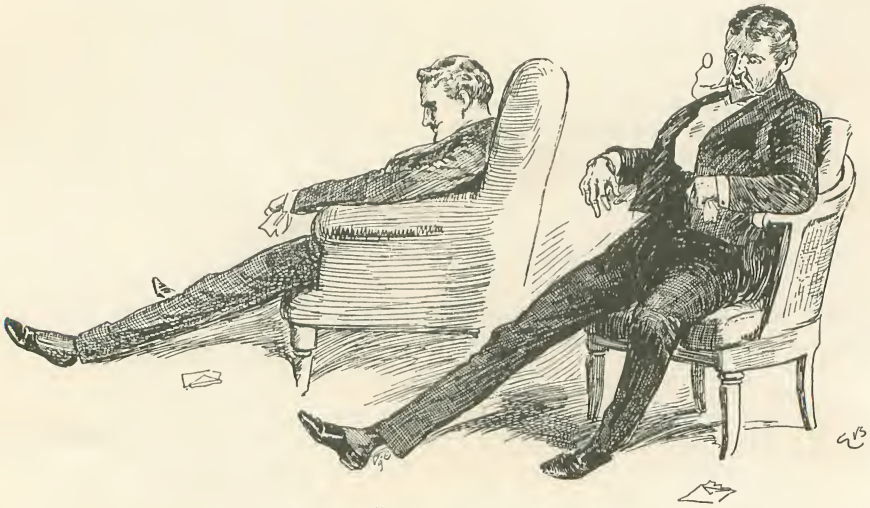
"Sey," he began, after a minute or two, poking the fire, reflectively, "what a genius that man has! 'Pon my soul, I admire him. I sometimes wish——" He broke off and hesitated.

"Yes, Charles?" I answered.

"I sometimes wish . . . . we had got him on the Board of the Cloetedorp Golcondas. Mag--nificent combinations he would make in the City!"

I rose from my seat and stared solemnly at my misguided brother-in-law.

"Charles," I said, "you are beside yourself. Too much Colonel Clay has told upon your clear and splendid intellect. There are certain remarks which, however true they may be, no self-respecting financier should permit himself to make, even in the privacy of his own room, to his most intimate friend and trusted adviser."



"TWO LETTERS."

Charles fairly broke down. "You are right, Sey," he sobbed out. "Quite right. Forgive this outburst. At moments of emotion, the truth will sometimes out, in spite of everything."

I respected his feebleness. I did not even make it a fitting occasion to ask for a trifling increase of salary.

Some Old Newspapers.

From Charles I. to Queen Victoria.

By F. G. Kitton.

AN ancient, time-stained news-sheet possesses a peculiar fascination for the thoughtful, intelligent reader. Undoubtedly, much greater interest is afforded by the perusal of contemporary records of historical incidents, and thereby discovering the impressions made upon the public mind at the date of their occurrence, than is yielded by less vivid descriptions of them by modern writers. Apart from this, we are conscious of the fact that the identical print we so reverently handle was the means of spreading information respecting current events among our ancestors centuries ago.

It seems strange, in these days of journalistic enterprise, that our forefathers ever managed to exist without their daily or weekly newspaper, for it was not until the time of the Stuarts that those printed sheets were instituted. Prior to that, news was conveyed orally, or by manuscript "intelligencers," it being then the custom of prominent country families to employ retired military officers, clergymen, etc., for the express purpose of writing up the news. When James I. began to reign, this became so regular a craft that news-writers set up offices and kept "emissaries," or reporters, to bring them information concerning current events, which was afterwards examined and edited.

In the British Museum may be found a copy of a newspaper called *The English Mercurie*, dated 1588, which purports to be the earliest ever issued from the press in this country; experts, however, declare it to have been concocted by the second Lord Hardwicke, who flourished at a very much later period.

The Weekley Newes is believed to be the *first* printed English newspaper, the initial number of which was published in 1622; that is to say, when Ben Jonson was poet-laureate, Milton a mere lad of fourteen, and when Shakespeare had but lately "joined the majority."

The final number of *The Weekley Newes* appeared on January 9, 1640. It was succeeded by a host of *Mercuries*, which were started for special objects, to advocate certain views, and sometimes to circulate "the likeliest lies that could be invented to serve the cause espoused"; all these came to an untimely end, each being laid down when its mission was accomplished. Among these 17th century newspapers we find *Mercurius Politicus*, *Mercurius Rusticus*, *Mercurius Avicus*, *Mercurius Brittanicus*, *Mercurius Aulicus*, *Mercurius Aquaticus*, *Mercurius Domesticus*, *Mercurius Anglicanus*, etc. During the Civil War nearly 30,000 journals, pamphlets, and papers (the majority having strange and striking titles) were published in this manner, and we read that in the heat of hostilities each army carried its printing-press.

The only two official papers sanctioned by Cromwell were *Mercurius Politicus* and *The Intelligencer*, all other similar papers being rigorously suppressed. For many years after the Restoration there existed but one authorized newspaper—*The London Gazette**; the law restricted anyone from publishing political news without the consent of the Crown, and those who took "French leave" were put in the pillory.

A newspaper of 200 years ago seldom consisted of more than two small pages (or leaflet) of text, and in this limited space was comprised British and foreign intelligence covering a period of several days, while a considerable portion of the second page was devoted to advertisements. It was not until Queen Anne ascended the throne that Londoners enjoyed the luxury of a daily newspaper. We will now dip into some of these ancestral news-sheets, with a view to

*First called *The Oxford Gazette*, owing to the earlier numbers being issued at Oxford. The origin of the word "Gazette" is traced to an obsolete Italian coin called gazzetta, which represented the sum paid to public officials in Venice, who read the news to those desirous of hearing the latest intelligence—a custom dating from 1563.

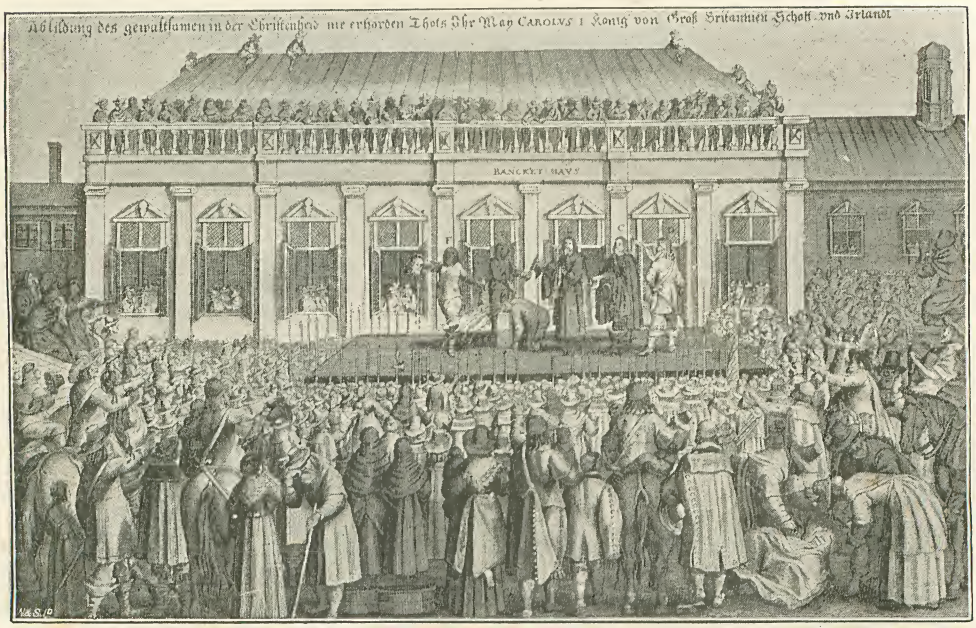
discovering the earliest published records of certain remarkable occurrences which have made their mark in English history, and will reproduce at the same time, wherever possible, a contemporary illustration of the event.

The second Civil War, 1648, resulted (as we know) in the trial and execution of Charles I., the King being condemned to death as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and enemy of his country. In *The Moderate Intelligencer : Impartially Communicating Martiall Affairs to the Kingdom of England*, dated "from Thursday, January 4, to Thursday, January 11, 1649," we obtain an interesting glimpse of His Majesty and his environment during his incarceration, as given in the following facsimile :—

His Majeſty feeds heartily, ſeeming to live rather by faith then ſenſe; he deports himſelf like a Stateſman, ſuting his diſcourſe to his company at table: hee talks of meat, drink, great houſes, and good hoſpitality.

Gentlemen, beſides Commanders, are about him: one common ſouldier ſtands at the firſt entrance with a drawn ſword, who uſually ſweares all the bigger ſort of oaths: if any man attempts to come in without leave, wo unto him; yet Letters have got to the Kings bed, but the authors are apprehended; as this Meſſenger was coming, one of th army told his Majeſty in plain terms, that he would be tried for his life, and deſired him to prepare. to which he replyed, by what Law: it was anſwered, as for the Law he was not ſo verſt in, but the thing would be done, at which the King was very ſad, and ſo continued.

DESCRIPTION OF CHARLES I. IN PRISON.
From "The Moderate Intelligencer," January 9, 1649.



From a] THE EXECUTION OF CHARLES I. *[Contemporary Broadside.*

The grim tragedy took place on January 30th, 1649, outside one of the windows of the Banqueting House at Whitehall, the streets and roofs being thronged with excited spectators. His head fell at the first blow, and as the executioner lifted it to the sight of all, a groan of pity and horror burst from the silent crowd.

On September 3rd, 1658, died that famous personage in England's history, Oliver Cromwell. Three days previously there happened a violent storm, which tore roofs from houses, and levelled huge trees in every forest, this natural disturbance seeming "a fitting prelude to the passing away of his mighty spirit." In one of Cromwell's own newspapers, *Mercurius Politicus*, dated "from Thursday

Septemb. 2 to Thursday Septemb. 9, 1658," we find the closing scene thus recorded :—

Whitehal, Sept. 3.

His moſt Serene and Renowned Highneſs *Oliver* Lord Protector, being after a ſickneſs of about fourteen days (which appeared an Ague in the beginning) reduced to a very low condition of Body, began early this morning to draw near the gate of death; and it pleaſed God about three a clock afternoon, to put a period to his life.

THE DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL.
From the "Mercurius Politicus," Septemb. 3, 1658.

The writer of this editorial paragraph proceeds to eulogize the merits of "that most excellent Prince," and points out that "it was evident that the main design was to make his own interest one and the same with theirs, that it might be subserving to the great interest of Jesus Christ."

We further read (in the same journal) that Cromwell—

> Being gone, to the unspeakable grief of all good men, the Privy Council immediately assembled, and being satisfied that the Lord Protector was dead; and upon sure and certain knowledge, that his late Highness did in his life-time, according to the *Humble Petition and Advice*, declare and appoint the most Noble and Illustrious Lord the Lord *Richard*, Eldest Son of his said Highness, to succeed him, it was resolved at the Council, *Nemine Contradicente*, That his late Highness hath declared and appointed the said most noble and illustrious Lord to succeed him in the Government, *Lord Protector*, etc.

This announcement was received with public acclamation, and on September 4th, amidst great rejoicings, and with much pomp and ceremony, the fact was "proclaimed aloud" by Norroy King of Arms.

Then followed a formal administration of the oath to Lord Richard, September 9th being observed by his Highness and the Council as "a day of Fasting and Humiliation, in sense of the hand of God for taking away the late Lord Protector, and to seek for a blessing on his Highness the now Lord Protector, and his Government." The body of Oliver Cromwell was removed privately from Whitehall to Somerset House on the night of September 20th, 1658, "where it rests for some daies more private but afterwards will be exposed in State to publick View."

In the 17th century, London was subjected to two terrible visitations—the Plague and the Great Fire. The newspapers of the period are crowded with realistic descriptions of the

OLIVER CROMWELL LYING IN STATE AT SOMERSET HOUSE.
From a Contemporary Print.

dreadful scourge, so soon to be succeeded by the conflagration which destroyed a large portion of the Metropolis. Among the advertisements in *The Newes, published for Satisfaction and Information of the People*, 1665, there are several having reference to wonderful antidotes. "That excellent Powder known by the name of the Lady Kent's Powder" is described as "a most soveraign remedy against all pestilential Fevers"; another quack production called "The Soveraign internal *Balsam*, of Tho. See, Physician," is boldly declared to be "an effectuall *Preservative* against the *Plague*, and any other contagious disease, and all infectious air." One of the earliest published intimations of the prevalence of the Plague appeared in *The Intelligencer* of June 26th, and reads thus:—

THE GREAT PLAGUE.
From a Contemporary Broadside.

London, June 24.

Since it hath pleaſed God to ſuffer this City to be viſited with the *Plague*, it has been the buſineſs of ſeveral people to report the mortality to be much greater, and the ſickneſs to be much more general then God be thanked it is; whereas *within the walls* of *London* there dyed but 10 of the *Plague* the laſt week; There were but 19 *Pariſhes* of 130 *Infected*; and very near *two thirds* of the whole number dyed out of *One* of the ſaid Pariſhes; and according to the diſcon. ſe of the City, we hope that in the nex Bill there may be ſome abatement.

THE GREAT PLAGUE.
From "The Intelligencer," June 26, 1665.

Quack prescriptions notwithstanding, the disease spread with awful rapidity. So alarmed were the inhabitants of the infected city that the roads out of London were choked up by those endeavouring to escape from the contagion. As the number of deaths increased, special precautions were taken by the Civic magnates to check the progress of the Plague.

For the more effectuall security of the Countries which shall continue an Entercourse with this City, his Lordship [the Lord Mayor] is taking a course that *A strict inspection shall be had within the City and Liberties of all Goods that shall be henceforth brought to the Country Carriers and Waggoners, that nothing be either delivered or received from any infected place or Person.*

The following significant paragraph was published in *The Newes*, August 2nd, 1665:—

The City of *London* being left somewhat thin of people by reason of the present Visitation, the *Royall Exchange* is shut up for a while, according to the practice of former times once in so many years, in order to Reparations.

On September 2nd, the Lord Mayor issued a proclamation, commanding the people to "furnish themselves with sufficient Quantities of Firing, to wit, of Sea coal, or any other combustible matter, to maintain and continue fire burning constantly for three whole days, and three whole nights," for it was believed this would prove effectual in stamping out the infection. It was further ordered that "Upon Tuesday the fifth of September, at eight of the clock at night, the fires are to be

kindled in all Streets, Courts, Lanes, and Alleys of the City and Suburbs thereof." This was accordingly done, but heavy rains fell and extinguished the fires. The people were forbidden to assemble in large companies, such as at fairs; but in spite of such regulations the dreadful Plague held full sway, and in six months 100,000 Londoners had died thereof, while as many as 7,000 a week succumbed during the worst period. The sick were cut off from all communication with the living, and at night the death-carts went their rounds, attended by men with veiled faces and holding cloths to their mouths, who rang doleful bells, and solemnly cried, "Bring out your dead!" This truly terrible experience, the horrors of which were enhanced by scenes of robbery and bloodshed, madness and drunken dissipation, is vigorously portrayed by Harrison Ainsworth in "Old St. Paul's."

The Plague abated in the late autumn, and London was just recovering from the dread infliction when the City underwent another terrifying ordeal. In less than twelve months from the time when the fearful epidemic had ceased its ravages, London was all but consumed by the Great Fire, no fewer than 1,300 houses and ninety churches being destroyed, while the loss of merchandise and other property proved incalculable. The first announcement of the conflagration was published in *The London Gazette*, dated "from Thursday August 30, to Monday Septemb. 3, 1666," and reads thus:—

> *London, Sept.* 2. About two a clock this morning a ſudden and lamentable Fire brake out in this City, beginning not far from *Thames-Street*, near *London*-Bridge, which continues ſtill with great violence, and hath already burnt down to the ground many houſes thereabouts; which ſad accident affected His Majeſty with that tenderneſs, and compaſſion, that he was pleaſed to go himſelf in Perſon with his Royal Highneſs, to give order that all poſſible means ſhould be uſed for quenching the fire, or ſtopping its further ſpreading. In which care, the Right Honorable the Earl of *Craven* was ſent by His Majeſty, to be more particularly aſſiſting to the Lord Major and Magiſtrates; and ſeveral Companies of His Guards ſent into the City, to be helpful by what ways they could in ſo great a calamity.

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.
From "The London Gazette," September 2, 1666.

In the succeeding number of *The London Gazette* we learn that "the ordinary course of this Paper having been interrupted by a sad and lamentable accident of Fire lately hapned in the City of *London:* it had been thought fit for satisfying the minds of so many of His Majesties good Subjects, who must needs be concerned for the Issue of so great an accident to give this short but true Accompt of it." Two columns of graphic description follow, whence we gather that the conflagration broke out "at one of the

From a] THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON. *[Contemporary Print.*

clock in the Morning . . . in *Pudding-lane* neer *New Fish-street*,* which falling out at that hour of the night, and in a quarter of the Town so close built with wooden pitched houses, spread itself so far before day, and with such destraction to the inhabitants and Neighbours, that care was not taken for the timely preventing the further diffusion of it, by pulling down houses, as ought to have been: so that this lamentable Fire in a short time became too big to be mastred by any Engines or working neer it."

A violent easterly wind fomented the flames, and the fire continued to burn, "raging in a bright flame all Monday and Tuesday, notwithstanding His Majesties own, and His Royal Highness's indefatigable and personal pains to apply all possible remedies to prevent it, calling upon and helping the people with their Guards, and a great number of Nobility and Gentry unweariedly assisting therein, for which they were requited with a thousand blessings from the poor, distressed people." On Thursday the fire was extinguished, but burst out again owing to "the falling of some sparks (as is supposed) upon a Pile of Wooden buildings; but his Royal Highness, who watched there that whole night in Person, by the great labours and diligence used, and especially by applying Powder to blow up the Houses about it, before day most happily mastered it."

We will now come down to the present century. On November 2nd, 1805, there appeared in *The Morning Post* an editorial paragraph stating that it was reported, on the authority of letters said to have been received from Lisbon, that Lord Nelson had succeeded in destroying a great part of the combined fleet in the harbour of Cadiz; and the writer adds: "Though, from the enterprising character of the noble Admiral, we cannot consider this rumour as improbable, we cannot at present attach any credit to it, from the circumstance of no advice whatever upon the subject having been received at the Admiralty." That famous naval engagement between English and French ships, known as the Battle of Trafalgar, was fought and won on the 21st of October, so it seems strange, in these days of rapid transmission of news, that a fortnight elapsed before authoritative intelligence reached this country. On November 6th, "*The London Gazette* Extraordinary" officially informed the public of the result of the battle, and this was reprinted in *The Morning Post* the following day. The despatches were received at the Admiralty Office, at one o'clock on the morning of the 6th, from Vice-Admiral Collingwood, Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's ships and vessels off Cadiz. In that important communication he announced:—

Euryalus, off Cape Trafalgar, Oct. 22, 1805.

SIR,—The ever to be lamented death of Vice Admiral Lord Viscount NELSON, who, in the late conflict with the enemy, fell in the hour of victory,

THE DEATH OF NELSON.
From "The Morning Post," November 7, 1805.

Lord Collingwood continues:—

Such a battle could not be fought without sustaining a great loss of men. I have not only to lament, in common with the British Navy, and the British Nation, in the fall of the Commander in Chief, the loss of a Hero, whose name will be immortal, and his memory ever dear to his country; but my heart is rent with the most poignant grief for the death of a friend, to whom, by many years intimacy, and a perfect knowledge of the virtues of his mind, which inspired ideas superior to the common race of men, I was bound by the strongest ties of affection; a grief to which even the glorious occasion in which he fell, does not bring the consolation which perhaps it ought; his Lordship received a musket-ball in his left breast, about the middle of the action, and sent an officer to me immediately with his last farewell; and soon after expired.

COLLINGWOOD'S DESCRIPTION OF THE DEATH OF NELSON.
From "The Morning Post," November 7, 1805.

The following extract from "A Private Letter from an Officer of the *Euryalus*," dated October 26th, and published in the same impression of *The Morning Post*, possesses peculiar interest, owing to the fact that it contains what is undoubtedly the earliest reference to Nelson's famous signal:—

I did not leave the *Victory* till the shot were flying thick over her; and the last signal Lord NELSON made, was such as cannot and never will be forgot—it was by telegraph—"That England expected every man would do his duty."

LORD NELSON'S SIGNAL.
From "The Morning Post," November 7, 1805.

*The exact spot is indicated by the site upon which the Monument now stands.

From the Painting by] THE DEATH OF NELSON. *[A. W. Devis.*

During the early part of January, 1806, great preparations were made in London for the State funeral of "Britain's Darling Son." In *The Daily Advertiser*, *Oracle*, *and True Briton*, of the 3rd of that month, we read that "Lord Nelson's coffin was yesterday shewn to the Public at Mr. France's* shop, in Pall Mall"; it is described as being "transcendently beautiful and splendid," and containing 10,000 nails, highly gilt. Public excitement was intense, and the bustle that prevailed in all the streets through which the procession was to pass "exceeds all belief; glaziers cleansing windows, carpenters and upholsterers fitting seats and benches, and every window exhibiting bills for seats to let," first floors commanding a hundred guineas. After lying in State at Greenwich Hospital, the body was conveyed by water to Whitehall, where, on disembarking, Captain Hardy (Nelson's first Captain, who was with him when he died) suddenly burst into a flood of tears. The funeral took place on January 9th, and

THE "VICTORY" TOWED INTO GIBRALTAR AFTER THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.
From the Painting by W. C. Stanfield.

*Mr. France was "Upholder to the King."

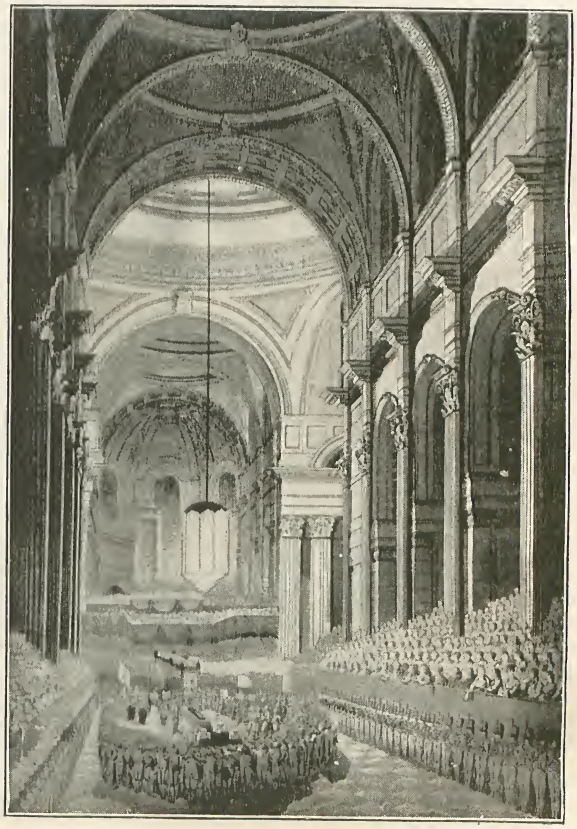
THE BURIAL OF NELSON—THE PROCESSION BY WATER.
From a Print, after C. A. Pugin, 1806.

annals of Great Britain. On the 18th June, 1815, was fought the great battle with Napoleon and the French, the result of which was the abdication of Bonaparte and his exile to St. Helena. The welcome news arrived in London on June 21st, and was received with a transport which, in these days, it is difficult to realize. The dark cloud of dread which the Bugbear of Europe had drawn over the country was lifted in an instant, as the fear of invasion was dispelled. On the succeeding

The Daily Advertiser of the following day contains a full account of the last obsequies, together with a plan of St. Paul's Cathedral. After describing the principal features of the imposing scene, the writer thus concludes:—

If the Procession was impressive, the Ceremony in the Church was still more so. There the physical agents that produced the effect were different. The splendour displayed in broad day, and under a fine atmosphere, was over. The Dome of St. Paul's and the interior of a church hung with black, was assisted in producing awe by all that Religion and Music could effect. It was a most interesting moment when the Remains of the Hero—that Hero whose eagle eye followed the enemy like lightning across the Atlantic, and who hurled his thunder on the foe—was for once and for all to be deposited amongst his kindred dust. It was then impossible to resist the impression; and had the mind been disposed to resistance, it would have been in vain. All eyes were turned to one point—to the remains of a Hero who had thrice changed the destinies of Europe, and set bounds to the Enemy of the Liberties of Mankind—to a man and a warrior who had always done his duty to England. At this last sad ceremony every one felt that he wept no common loss. It was the loss of Nelson—and in lamenting it, every Englishman felt he was doing honour to himself; and holding out to future warriors an inducement to follow the example of that admirable man.

Nearly ten years later another glorious event stirred the hearts of British patriots, viz., the Duke of Wellington's victory at Waterloo—a victory which adds lustre to the military



THE BURIAL OF NELSON—CEREMONY IN ST. PAUL'S.
From a Print, after McQuin, 1806.

day the following authoritative statement appeared in *The Morning Chronicle* :—

TOTAL DEFEAT of BONAPARTE.

We stop the press to announce the most brilliant and complete Victory ever obtained by the Duke of WELLINGTON, and which will for ever exalt the Glory of the British Name —Last night, at a quarter past eleven o'clock, the Hon. Major PERCY, son of the Earl of BEVERLEY, arrived at the Office of Earl BATHURST, with dispatches from the Duke of WELLINGTON, containing the account of the actions which have taken place from the 15th to the 19th, concluding with the grand Battle of Sunday last, in which the French were completely routed, with the loss of Two Hundred and Ten Pieces of Cannon, and other Trophies ! ! !

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.
From "The Morning Chronicle," June 22, 1815.

After giving details of the engagement, the account thus concludes :—

This glorious event will be announced this morning by a Message to the Lord Mayor and by the discharge of the Park and Tower guns. It is the grandest and most important Victory ever obtained.

The same journal of June 26th, 1815, printed this interesting paragraph anent the "Iron Duke" :—

The Duke of Wellington, in a letter to Lady Mornington, his Mother, pays a high compliment to Bonaparte. He says that he did his duty—that he fought the battle with infinite skill, perseverance, and bravery — "and this," adds the Noble Duke, "I do not state from any personal motive of claiming merit to myself—for the victory is to be ascribed to the superior physical force and invincible constancy of British Soldiers."

Arriving, now, at a period within the memory of many living persons, I must make brief mention of two or three historical events which some of my readers will, doubtless, readily recall to mind. The first to which I refer—and the peculiar importance of which was, perhaps, not fully realized at the time of its occurrence — is the birth of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. The original announcement of that strikingly interesting incident is simply and unostentatiously recorded in *The Times* of May 25th, 1819, thus :—

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of KENT was safely delivered yesterday morning, at Kensington-palace, of a Princess, at a quarter past four o'clock.

The following Privy Counsellors were present on the occasion :—

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, his Grace the Duke of Wellington, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Marquis of Lansdown, Earl Bathurst, Mr. Canning, Bishop of London, Mr. Vansittart.

THE BIRTH OF QUEEN VICTORIA.
From "The Times," May 25, 1819.

King William IV. was succeeded by his niece, the Princess Victoria, who was duly crowned Queen on June 28th, 1838. Turning

From the Painting by] THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO. *[A. Sauerweid.*

to *The Times* of the 29th, we read this description of "The Putting on of the Crown":—

> The Queen still sitting in King Edward's chair, the Archbishop, assisted by the same archbishops and bishops as before, left the altar; the Dean of Westminster brought the Crown, and the Archbishop taking it of him, reverently placed it upon the Queen's head.
>
> Immediately Her Majesty was crowned the peers and peeresses put on their coronets, bishops their caps, and kings-of-arms their crowns.
>
> "Soon as the Royal brow received the crown,
> "And Majesty put all her glories on,
> "Straight on a thousand coronets we gaze
> "Straight all around was one imperial blaze."
>
> The effect was magnificent in the extreme.
>
> The shouts which followed this part of the ceremony were really tumultuous, and all but made "the vaulted roof rebound."
>
> A signal being given the instant the Crown was placed on the Queen's head, the great guns at the Tower fired a Royal salute, which gave an additional but somewhat startling solemnity to the occasion.

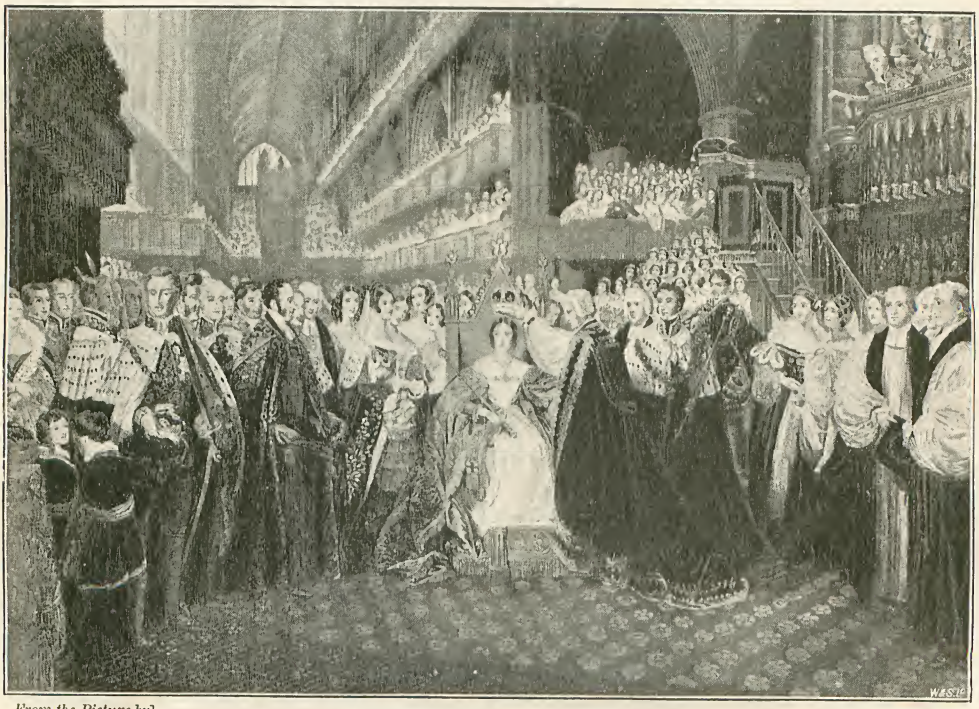
THE CORONATION OF THE QUEEN.
From "The Times," June 29, 1838.

"The acclamation ceasing, the Archbishop said: 'Be strong and of a good courage; observe the commandments of God, and walk in his holy ways; fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life; that in this world you may be crowned with success and honour, and when you have finished your course receive a crown of righteousness, which God, the righteous judge, shall give you in that day. Amen.'

"The Anthem followed.

"'The Queen shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord; exceeding glad shall she be of thy salvation. Thou hast presented her with the blessings of goodness, and hast set a crown of pure gold upon her head. Hallelujah. Amen.'"

And thus was accomplished the impressive ceremony of crowning "Victoria Alexandrina," Queen of these realms.



From the Picture by] THE CORONATION OF THE QUEEN. *[F. Randel, 1838.*

Rodney Stone.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER XVI.

CRAWLEY DOWNS.

ALL through that weary night my uncle and I, with Belcher, Berkeley Craven, and a dozen of the Corinthians, searched the country-side for some trace of our missing man, but save for that ill-boding splash upon the road not the slightest clue could be obtained as to what had befallen him. No one had seen or heard anything of him, and the single cry in the night of which the ostler told us was the only indication of the tragedy which had taken place. In small parties we scoured the country as far as East Grinstead and Bletchingley, and the sun had been long over the horizon before we found ourselves back at Crawley once more with heavy hearts and tired feet. My uncle, who had driven to Reigate in the hope of gaining some intelligence, did not return until past seven o'clock, and a glance at his face gave us the same black news which he gathered from our own.

We held a council round our dismal breakfast-table, to which Mr. Berkeley Craven was invited as a man of sound wisdom and large experience in matters of sport. Belcher was half frenzied by this sudden ending of all the pains which he had taken in the training, and could only rave out threats at Berks and his companions, with terrible menaces as to what he would do when he met them. My uncle sat grave and thoughtful, eating nothing and drumming his fingers upon the table, while my heart was heavy within me, and I could have sunk my face into my hands and burst into tears as I thought how powerless I was to aid my friend. Mr. Craven, a fresh-faced, alert man of the world, was the only one of us who seemed to preserve both his wits and his appetite.

"Let me see! The fight was to be at ten, was it not?" he asked.

"It was to be."

"I daresay it will be, too. Never say die, Tregellis! Your man has still three hours in which to come back."

My uncle shook his head.

"The villains have done their work too well for that, I fear," said he.

"Well, now, let us reason it out," said Berkeley Craven. "A woman comes and she coaxes this young man out of his room. Do you know any young woman who had an influence over him?"

My uncle looked at me.

"No," said I. "I know of none."

"Well, we know that she came," said Berkeley Craven. "There can be no question as to that. She brought some piteous tale, no doubt, such as a gallant young man could hardly refuse to listen to. He fell into the trap, and allowed himself to be decoyed to the place where these rascals were waiting for him. We may take all that as proved, I should fancy, Tregellis."

"I see no better explanation," said my uncle.

"Well, then, it is obviously not the interest of these men to kill him. Warr heard them say as much. They could not make sure, perhaps, of doing so tough a young fellow an injury which would certainly prevent him from fighting. Even with a broken arm he might pull the fight off, as men have done before. There was too much money on for them to run any risks. They gave him a tap on the head, therefore, to prevent his making too much resistance, and they then drove him off to some farmhouse or stable, where they will hold him a prisoner until the time for the fight is over. I warrant that you see him before to-night as well as ever he was."

This theory sounded so reasonable that it seemed to lift a little of the weight from my heart, but I could see that from my uncle's point of view it was a poor consolation.

"I dare say you are right, Craven," said he.

"I am sure that I am."

"But it won't help us to win the fight."

"That's the point, sir," cried Belcher. "By the Lord, I wish they'd let me take his place, even with my left arm strapped behind me."

"I should advise you in any case to go to the ring-side," said Craven. "You should hold on until the last moment in the hope of your man turning up."

"I shall certainly do so. And I shall protest against paying the wagers under such circumstances."

Craven shrugged his shoulders.

"You remember the conditions of the match," said he. "I fear it is pay or play. No doubt the point might be submitted to the referees, but I cannot doubt that they would have to give it against you."

We had sunk into a melancholy silence,

Copyright, 1896, by A. Conan Doyle, in the United States of America.

when suddenly Belcher sprang up from the table.

"Hullo! Listen to that!"

"What is it?" we cried, all three.

"The betting! Listen again!"

Out of the babel of voices and roaring of wheels outside the window a single sentence struck sharply upon our ears.

"Even money, Jim," cried several voices.

"It was long odds on Wilson when last I heard."

"Yes; but there came a man who laid freely the other way, and he started others taking the odds, until now you can get even money."

"Who started it?"

"LISTEN TO THAT!"

"Even money upon Sir Charles's nominee!"

"Even money!" cried my uncle. "It was seven to one against me yesterday. What is the meaning of this?"

"Even money either way," bawled the voice again.

"There's somebody knows something," said Belcher, "and there's nobody has a better right to know what it is than we. Come on, sir, and we'll get to the bottom of it."

The village street was packed with people, for they had been sleeping twelve and fifteen in a room, whilst hundreds of gentlemen had spent the night in their carriages. So thick was the throng that it was no easy matter to get out of the door of the "George." A drunken man, snoring horribly in his breathing, was curled up in the passage absolutely oblivious to the stream of people who flowed round and occasionally over him.

"What's the betting, boys?" asked Belcher, from the steps.

"Why, that's he! The man that lies drunk in the passage. He's been pouring it down like water ever since he drove in at six o'clock."

Belcher stooped down and turned over the man's inert head so as to show his features.

"He's a stranger to me, sir."

"And to me," added my uncle.

"But not to me," I cried. "It's John Cumming, the landlord of the inn at Friar's Oak. I've known him ever since I was a boy, and I can't be mistaken."

"Well, what the deuce can *he* know about it?" said Craven.

"Nothing at all, in all probability," answered my uncle. "He is backing young Jim because he knows him and because he has more brandy than sense. His drunken confidence set others to do the same, and so the odds came down."

"He was as sober as a judge when he drove in here this morning," said the landlord. "He began backing Sir Charles's

nominee from the moment he arrived. Some of the other boys took the office from him, and they very soon brought the odds down amongst them."

"I wish he had not brought himself down as well," said my uncle. "I beg that you will bring me a little lavender water, landlord, for the smell of this crowd is appalling. I suppose you could not get any sense from this drunken fellow, nephew, or find out what it is he knows."

It was in vain that I rocked him by the shoulder and shouted his name in his ear. Nothing could break in upon that serene intoxication.

"IT WAS IN VAIN THAT I ROCKED HIM."

"Well, it's a unique situation as far as my experience goes," said Berkeley Craven. "Here we are within a couple of hours of the fight, and yet you don't know whether you have a man to represent you. I hope you don't stand to lose very much, Tregellis?"

My uncle shrugged his shoulders carelessly, and took a pinch of his snuff with that inimitable sweeping gesture which no man has ever ventured to imitate.

"Pretty well, my boy!" said he. "But it is time that we thought of going up to the Downs. This night journey has left me just a little *effleuré*, and I should like half an hour of privacy to arrange my toilet. If this is my last kick, it shall at least be with a well-brushed boot."

I have heard a traveller from the wilds of America say that he looked upon the Red Indian and the English gentleman as closely akin, citing the passion for sport, the aloofness, and the suppression of the emotions in each. I thought of his words as I watched my uncle that morning, for I believe that no victim tied to the stake could have had a worse outlook before him. It was not merely that his own fortunes were largely at stake, but it was the dreadful position in which he would stand before this immense concourse of people, many of whom had put their money upon his judgment, if he should find himself at the last moment with an impotent excuse instead of a champion to put before them. What a situation for a man who prided himself upon his *aplomb*, and upon bringing all that he undertook to the very highest standard of success! I, who knew him well, could tell from his wan cheeks and his restless fingers that he was at his wits' ends what to do; but no stranger who observed his jaunty bearing, the flecking of his laced handkerchief, the handling of his quizzing glass, or the shooting of his ruffles, would ever have thought that this butterfly creature could have had a care upon earth.

It was close upon nine o'clock when we were ready to start for the Downs, and by that time my uncle's curricle was almost the only vehicle left in the village street. The night before they had lain with their wheels interlocking and their shafts under each other's bodies, as thick as they could fit, from the old church to the Crawley Elm, spanning the road five-deep for a good half-mile in length. Now the grey village street lay before us almost deserted, save by a few women and children. Men, horses, carriages—all were gone. My uncle drew on his driving gloves and arranged his costume with punctilious neatness; but I observed that he glanced up and down the road with a haggard and yet expectant eye before he took his seat. I sat behind with Belcher,

while the Hon. Berkeley Craven took the place beside him.

The road from Crawley curves gently upwards to the upland heather-clad plateau which extends for many miles in every direction. Strings of pedestrians, most of them so weary and dust-covered that it was evident that they had walked the thirty miles from London during the night, were plodding along by the sides of the road or trailing over the long, mottled slopes of the moorland. A horseman, fantastically dressed in green and splendidly mounted, was waiting at the cross-roads, and as he spurred towards us I recognised the dark, handsome face and bold, black eyes of Mendoza.

"I am waiting here to give the office, Sir Charles," said he. "It's down the Grinstead road, half a mile to the left."

"Very good," said my uncle, reining his mares round into the cross-road.

"You haven't got your man there," remarked Mendoza, with something of suspicion in his manner.

"What the deuce is that to you?" cried Belcher, furiously.

"It's a good deal to all of us, for there are some funny rumours about."

"You keep them to yourself, then, or you may wish you had never heard them."

"All right, Jim! Your breakfast don't seem to have agreed with you this morning."

"Have the others arrived?" asked my uncle, carelessly.

"Not yet, Sir Charles. But Tom Oliver is there with the ropes and stakes. Jackson drove by just now, and most of the ring-keepers are up."

"We have still an hour," remarked my uncle, as he drove on. "It is possible that the others may be late, since they have to come from Reigate."

"You take it like a man, Tregellis," said Craven.

"We must keep a bold face and brazen it out until the last moment."

"Of course, sir," cried Belcher. "I'll never believe the betting would rise like that if somebody didn't know something. We'll hold on by our teeth and nails, sir, and see what comes of it."

We could hear a sound like the waves upon the beach, long before we came in sight of that mighty multitude, and then at last, on a sudden dip of the road, we saw it lying before us, a whirlpool of humanity with an open vortex in the centre. All round, the thousands of carriages and horses were dotted over the moor, and the slopes were gay with tents and booths. A spot had been chosen for the ring where a great basin had been hollowed out in the ground, so that all round that natural amphitheatre a crowd of thirty thousand people could see very well what was going on in the centre. As we drove up a buzz of greeting came from the people upon the fringe which was nearest to us, spreading and spreading, until the whole multitude had joined in the acclamation. Then an instant later a second shout broke forth, beginning from the other side of the arena, and the faces which had been turned towards us whisked round, so that in a twinkling the whole foreground changed from white to dark.

"It's they. They are in time," said my uncle and Craven together.

Standing up on our curricle, we could see the cavalcade approaching over the Downs. In front came a huge yellow barouche, in which sat Sir Lothian Hume, Crab Wilson, and Captain Barclay, his trainer. The postillions were flying canary-yellow ribands from their caps, those being the colours under which Wilson was to fight. Behind the carriage there rode a hundred or more noblemen and gentlemen of the west country, and then a line of gigs, tilburies, and carriages wound away down the Grinstead road as far as our eyes could follow it. The big barouche came lumbering over the sward in our direction until Sir Lothian Hume caught sight of us, when he shouted to his postillions to pull up.

"Good morning, Sir Charles," said he, springing out of the carriage. "I thought I knew your scarlet curricle. We have an excellent morning for the battle."

My uncle bowed coldly, and made no answer.

"I suppose that since we are all here we may begin at once," said Sir Lothian, taking no notice of the other's manner.

"We begin at ten o'clock. Not an instant before."

"Very good, if you prefer it. By the way, Sir Charles, where is your man?"

"I would ask *you* that question, Sir Lothian," answered my uncle. "Where is my man?"

A look of astonishment passed over Sir Lothian's features, which, if it were not real, was most admirably affected.

"What do you mean by asking me such a question?"

"Because I wish to know."

"But how can I tell, and what business is it of mine?"

"I have reason to believe that you have made it your business."

"If you would kindly put the matter a little more clearly, there would be some possibility of my understanding you."

They were both very white and cold, formal and unimpassioned in their bearing, but exchanging glances which crossed like rapier blades. I thought of Sir Lothian's murderous repute as a duellist, and I trembled for my uncle.

"Now, sir, if you imagine that you have a grievance against me, you will oblige me vastly by putting it into words."

"I will," said my uncle. "There has been a conspiracy to maim or kidnap my man, and I have every reason to believe that you are privy to it."

An ugly sneer came over Sir Lothian's saturnine face.

"I see," said he. "Your man has not come on quite as well as you had expected in his training, and you are hard put to it to invent an excuse. Still, I should have thought that you might have found a more probable one, and one which would entail less serious consequences."

"Sir," answered my uncle, "you are a liar, but how great a liar you are nobody knows save yourself."

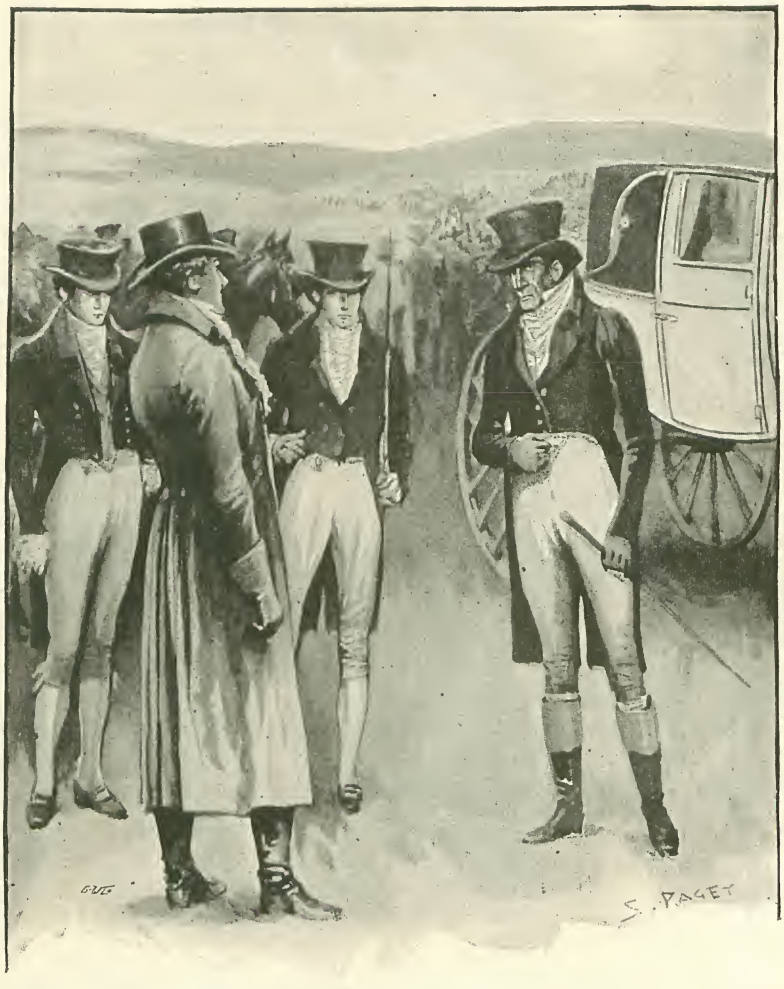
Sir Lothian's hollow cheeks grew white with passion, and I saw for an instant in his deep-set eyes such a glare as comes from the frenzied hound, rearing and ramping at the end of its chain. Then, with an effort, he became the same cold, hard, self-contained man as ever.

"It does not become our position to quarrel like two yokels at a fair," said he; "we shall go further into the matter afterwards."

"I promise you that we shall," answered my uncle, grimly.

"Meanwhile, I hold you to the terms of your wager. Unless you produce your nominee within five-and-twenty minutes, I claim the match."

"Eight-and-twenty minutes," said my uncle, looking at his watch. "You may claim it then, but not an instant before."



"SIR LOTHIAN'S HOLLOW CHEEKS GREW WHITE WITH PASSION."

He was admirable at that moment, for his manner was that of a man with all sorts of hidden resources, so that I could hardly

make myself realize as I looked at him that our position was really as desperate as I knew it to be. In the meantime Berkeley Craven, who had been exchanging a few words with Sir Lothian Hume, came back to our side.

"I have been asked to be sole referee in this matter," said he. "Does that meet with your wishes, Sir Charles?"

"I shall be vastly obliged to you, Craven, if you will undertake the duties."

"And Jackson has been suggested as time-keeper."

"I could not wish a better one."

"Very good. That is settled."

In the meantime the last of the carriages had come up, and the horses had all been picketed upon the moor. The stragglers who had dotted the grass had closed in until the huge crowd was one unit with a single mighty voice, which was already beginning to bellow its impatience. Looking round, there was hardly a moving object upon the whole vast expanse of green and purple down. A belated gig was coming at full gallop down the road which led from the south, and a few pedestrians were still trailing up from Crawley, but nowhere was there a sign of the missing man.

"The betting keeps up for all that," said Belcher. "I've been to the ring-side, and it is still even."

"There's a place for you at the outer ropes, Sir Charles," said Craven.

"There is no sign of my man yet. I won't come in until he arrives."

"It is my duty to tell you that only ten minutes are left."

"I make it five," cried Sir Lothian Hume.

"That is a question which lies with the referee," said Craven, firmly. "My watch makes it ten minutes, and ten it must be."

"Here's Crab Wilson!" cried Belcher, and at the same moment a shout like a thunderclap burst from the crowd. The west-countryman had emerged from his dressing tent, followed by Dutch Sam and Tom Owen, who were acting as his seconds. He was nude to the waist, with a pair of white calico drawers, white silk stockings, and running shoes.

Round his middle was a canary-yellow sash, and dainty little ribands of the same colour fluttered from the sides of his knees. He carried a high white hat in his hand, and running down the lane which had been kept open through the crowd to allow persons to reach the ring, he threw the hat high into the air so that it fell within the staked inclosure. Then with a double spring he cleared the outer and inner line of rope, and stood with his arms folded in the centre.

I do not wonder that the people cheered. Even Belcher could not help joining in the general shout of applause. He was certainly a splendidly built young athlete, and one could not have wished to look upon a finer sight as his white skin, sleek and luminous as a panther's, gleamed in the light of the morning sun, with a beautiful liquid rippling of muscles at every movement. His arms were long and slingy, his shoulders loose and yet powerful, with the downward slant which is a surer index of power than squareness can be.

He clasped his hands behind his head, threw them aloft, and swung them backwards, and at every movement some fresh expanse of his smooth, white skin became knobbed and gnarled with muscle, whilst a yell of admiration and delight from the crowd greeted each fresh exhibition. Then, folding his arms once more, he stood like a beautiful statue waiting for his antagonist.

Sir Lothian Hume had been looking impatiently at his watch, and now he shut it with a triumphant snap.

"Time's up!" he cried. "The match is forfeit."

"Time is not up," said Craven.

"I have still five minutes." My uncle looked round with despairing eyes.

"Only three, Tregellis!"

A deep, angry murmur was rising from the crowd. "It's a cross! It's a cross! It's a fake!" was the cry.

"Two minutes, Tregellis!"

"Where's your man, Sir Charles? Where's the man that we have backed?" Flushed faces began to crane over each other, and angry eyes glared up at us.

"One more minute, Tregellis! I am very sorry, but it will be my duty to declare it forfeit against you."

There was a sudden swirl in the crowd, a rush, a shout, and high up in the air there spun an old black hat, floating over the heads of the ring-siders and flickering down within the ropes.

"Saved, by the Lord!" screamed Belcher.

"I rather fancy," said my uncle, calmly, "that this must be my man."

"Too late!" cried Sir Lothian.

"No," answered the referee. "It was still twenty seconds to the hour. The fight will now proceed."

"THERE SPUN AN OLD BLACK HAT."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE RING-SIDE.

Out of the whole of that vast multitude I was one of the very few who had observed whence it was that this black hat, skimming so opportunely over the ropes, had come. I have already remarked that when we looked around us there had been a single gig travelling very rapidly upon the southern road. My uncle's eyes had rested upon it, but his attention had been drawn away by the discussion between Sir Lothian Hume and the referee, upon the question of time. For my own part I had been so struck by the furious manner in which these belated travellers were approaching, that I had continued to watch them with all sorts of vague hopes within me, which I did not dare to put into words for fear of adding to my uncle's disappointments. I had just made out that the gig contained a man and a woman, when suddenly I saw it swerve off the road, and come with a galloping horse and bounding wheels right across the moor, crashing through the gorse bushes, and sinking down to the hubs in the heather and bracken. As the driver pulled up his foam-spattered horse, he threw the reins to his companion, sprang from his seat, butted furiously into the crowd, and then an instant afterwards up went the hat which told of his challenge and defiance.

"There is no hurry now, I presume, Craven," said my uncle, as coolly as if this sudden effect had been carefully devised by him.

"Now that your man has his hat in the ring you can take as much time as you like, Sir Charles."

"Your friend has certainly cut it rather fine, nephew."

"It is not Jim, sir," I whispered. "It is someone else."

My uncle's eyebrows betrayed his astonishment.

"Someone else!" he ejaculated.

"And a good man, too!" roared Belcher, slapping his thigh with a crack like a pistol shot. "Why, blow my dickey if it ain't old Jack Harrison himself!"

Looking down at the crowd we had seen the head and shoulders of a powerful and strenuous man moving slowly forward, and leaving behind him a long, V-shaped ripple upon its surface like the wake of a swimming dog. Now, as he pushed his way through the looser fringe the head was raised, and there was the grinning, hardy face of the smith looking up at us. He had left his hat in the ring, and was enveloped in an overcoat with

a blue bird's-eye handkerchief tied round his neck. As he emerged from the throng he let his great-coat fly loose, and showed that he was dressed in his full fighting kit—black drawers, chocolate stockings, and white shoes.

"I'm right sorry to be so late, Sir Charles," he cried. "I'd have been sooner, but it took me a little time to make it all straight with the missus. I couldn't convince her all at once, an' so I brought her with me, and we argued it out on the way." Looking at the gig, I saw that it was indeed Mrs. Harrison who was seated in it. Sir Charles beckoned him up to the wheel of the curricle.

"What in the world brings you here, Harrison?" he whispered. "I am as glad to see you as ever I was to see a man in my life, but I confess that I did not expect you."

"Well, sir, you heard I was coming," said the smith.

"Indeed, I did not."

"Didn't you get a message, Sir Charles, from a man named Cumming, landlord of the Friar's Oak Inn? Mister Rodney there would know him."

"We saw him dead drunk at the 'George.'"

"There, now, if I wasn't afraid of it!" cried Harrison, angrily. "He's always like that when he's excited, and I never saw a man more off his head than he was when he heard I was going to take this job over. He brought a bag of sovereigns up with him to back me with."

"That's how the betting got turned," said my uncle. "He found others to follow his lead, it appears."

"I was so afraid that he might get upon the drink that I made him promise to go straight to you, sir, the very instant he should arrive. He had a note to deliver."

"I understand that he reached the 'George' at six, whilst I did not return from Reigate until after seven, by which time I have no doubt that he had drunk his message to me out of his head. But where is your nephew Jim, and how did you come to know that you would be needed?"

"It is not his fault, I promise you, that you should be left in the lurch. As to me, I had my orders to take his place from the only man upon earth whose word I have never disobeyed."

"Yes, Sir Charles," said Mrs. Harrison, who had left the gig and approached us. "You can make the most of it this time, for never again shall you have my Jack—not if you were to go on your knees for him."

"She's not a patron of sport, and that's a fact," said the smith.

"Sport!" she cried, with shrill contempt and anger. "Tell me when all is over."

She hurried away, and I saw her afterwards seated amongst the bracken, her back turned towards the multitude, and her hands over her ears, cowering and wincing in an agony of apprehension.

Whilst this hurried scene had been taking place, the crowd had become more and more tumultuous, partly from their impatience at the delay, and partly from their exuberant spirits at the unexpected chance of seeing so celebrated a fighting-man as Harrison. His identity had already been noised abroad, and many an elderly connoisseur plucked his long net-purse out of his fob, in order to put a few guineas upon the man who would represent the school of the past against the present. The younger men were still in favour of the west-countryman, and small odds were to be had either way in proportion to the number of the supporters of each in the different parts of the crowd.

In the meantime Sir Lothian Hume had come bustling up to the Honourable Berkeley Craven, who was still standing near our curricle.

"I beg to lodge a formal protest against these proceedings," said he.

"On what grounds, sir?"

"Because the man produced is not the original nominee of Sir Charles Tregellis."

"I never named one, as you are well aware," said my uncle.

"The betting has all been upon the understanding that young Jim Harrison was my man's opponent. Now, at the last moment, he is withdrawn and another and more formidable man put into his place."

"Sir Charles Tregellis is quite within his rights," said Craven, firmly. "He undertook to produce a man who should be within the age limits stipulated, and I understand that Harrison fulfils all the conditions. You are over five-and-thirty, Harrison?"

"Forty-one next month, master."

"Very good. I direct that the fight proceed."

But alas, there was one authority which was higher even than that of the referee, and we were destined to an experience which was the prelude, and sometimes the conclusion also, of many an old-time fight. Across the moor there had ridden a black-coated gentleman, with buff-topped hunting-boots and a couple of grooms behind him, the little knot of horsemen showing up clearly upon the curv-

ing swells and then dipping down into the alternate hollows. Some of the more observant of the crowd had glanced suspiciously at this advancing figure, but the majority had not observed him at all until he reined up his horse upon a knoll which overlooked the amphitheatre, and in a stentorian voice announced that he represented the *Custos rotulorum* of His Majesty's county of Surrey, that he proclaimed this assembly to be gathered together for an illegal purpose, and that he was commissioned to disperse it by force, if necessary.

Never before had I understood that deep-seated fear and wholesome respect which many centuries of bludgeoning at the hands of the law had beaten into the fierce and turbulent natives of these islands. Here was a man with two attendants upon one side, and on the other thirty thousand very angry and disappointed people, many of them fighters by profession, and some from the roughest and most dangerous classes in the country. And yet it was the single man who appealed confidently to force, whilst the huge multitude swayed and murmured like a mutinous, fierce-willed creature brought face to face with a power against which it knew that there was neither argument nor resistance. My uncle, however, with Berkeley Craven, Sir John Lade, and a dozen other lords and gentlemen, hurried across to the interrupter of the sport.

"I presume that you have a warrant, sir?" said Craven.

"Yes, sir, I have a warrant."

"Then I have a legal right to inspect it."

The magistrate handed him a blue paper which the little knot of gentlemen clustered their heads over, for they were mostly magistrates themselves, and were keenly alive to any possible flaw in the wording. At last Craven shrugged his shoulders and handed it back.

"This seems to be correct, sir," said he.

"It is entirely correct," answered the magistrate, affably. "To prevent waste of your valuable time, gentlemen, I may say, once for all, that it is my unalterable determination that no fight shall, under any circumstances, be brought off in the county over which I have control, and I am prepared to follow you all day in order to prevent it."

To my inexperience this appeared to bring the whole matter to a conclusion, but I had underrated the foresight of those who arrange these affairs, and also the advantages which made Crawley Down so favourite a rendezvous. There was a hurried consultation between the principals, the backers, the referee, and the time-keeper.

"It's seven miles to Hampshire border and about six to Sussex," said Jackson. The famous master of the ring was clad in honour of the occasion in a most resplendent scarlet coat worked in gold at the button-holes, a white stock, a looped hat with a broad black band, buff knee-breeches, white silk stockings, and paste buckles—a costume

"THE MAGISTRATE HANDED HIM A BLUE PAPER."

which did justice to his magnificent figure, and especially to those famous "balustrade" calves which had helped him to be the finest runner and jumper as well as the most formidable pugilist in England. His hard, high-boned face, large, piercing eyes, and immense physique made him a fitting leader for that rough and tumultuous body who had named him as their commander-in-chief.

"If I might venture to offer you a word of advice," said the affable official, "it would be to make for the Hampshire line, for Sir James Ford on the Sussex border has as great an objection to such assemblies as I have, whilst Mr. Merridew, of Long Hall, who is the Hampshire magistrate, has fewer scruples upon the point."

"Sir," said my uncle, raising his hat in his most impressive manner, "I am infinitely obliged to you. With the referee's permission, there is nothing for it but to shift the stakes."

In an instant a scene of the wildest animation had set in. Tom Owen and his assistant, Fogo, with the help of the ring-keepers, plucked up the stakes and ropes and carried them off across country. Crab Wilson was enveloped in great-coats, and borne away in the barouche, whilst Champion Harrison took Mr. Craven's place in our curricle. Then, off the huge crowd started, horsemen, vehicles, and pedestrians, rolling slowly over the broad face of the moorland. The carriages rocked and pitched like boats in a seaway, as they lumbered along, fifty abreast, scrambling and lurching over everything which came in their way. Sometimes, with a snap and a thud, one axle would come to the ground, whilst a wheel reeled off amidst the tussocks of heather, and roars of delight greeted the owners as they looked ruefully at the ruin. Then as the gorse clumps grew thinner, and the sward more level, those on foot began to run, the riders struck in their spurs, the drivers cracked their whips, and away they all streamed in the maddest, wildest cross-country steeplechase, the yellow barouche and the crimson curricle, which held the two champions, leading the van.

"What do you think of your chances, Harrison?" I heard my uncle ask, as the two mares picked their way over the broken ground.

"It's my last fight, Sir Charles," said the smith. "You heard the missus say that if she let me off this time I was never to ask again. I must try and make it a good one."

"But your training?"

"I'm always in training, sir. I work hard from morning to night, and I drink little else than water. I don't think that Captain Barclay can do much better with all his rules."

"He's rather long in the reach for you."

"I've fought and beaten them that were longer. If it comes to a rally I should hold my own, and I should have the better of him at a throw."

"It's a match of youth against experience. Well, I would not hedge a guinea of my money. But unless he was acting under force, I cannot forgive young Jim for having deserted me."

"He *was* acting under force, Sir Charles."

"You have seen him then?"

"No, master, I have not seen him."

"You know where he is?"

"Well, it is not for me to say one way or the other. I can only tell you that he could not help himself. But here's the beak a-comin' for us again."

The ominous figure galloped up once more alongside of our curricle, but this time his mission was a more amiable one.

"My jurisdiction ends at that ditch, sir," said he. "I should fancy that you could hardly wish a better place for a mill than the sloping field beyond. I am quite sure that no one will interfere with you there."

His anxiety that the fight should be brought off was in such contrast to the zeal with which he had chased us from his county, that my uncle could not help remarking upon it.

"It is not for a magistrate to wink at the breaking of the law, sir," he answered. "But if my colleague of Hampshire has no scruples about its being brought off within his jurisdiction, I should very much like to see the fight," with which he spurred his horse up an adjacent knoll, from which he thought that he might gain the best view of the proceedings.

And now I had a view of all those points of etiquette and curious survivals of custom which are so recent, that we have not yet appreciated that they may some day be as interesting to the social historian as they then were to the sportsman. A dignity was given to the contest by a rigid code of ceremony, just as the clash of mail-clad knights was prefaced and adorned by the calling of the heralds and the showing of blazoned shields. To many in those ancient days, the tourney may have seemed a bloody and brutal ordeal, but we who look at it with ample perspective see that it was a rude but gallant preparation for the conditions of life in an iron age.

"MY JURISDICTION ENDS AT THAT DITCH, SIR."

And so also, when the ring has become as extinct as the lists, we may understand that a broader philosophy would show that all things, which spring up so naturally and spontaneously, have a function to fulfil, and that it is a less evil that two men should, of their own free will, fight until they can fight no more, than that the standard of hardihood and endurance should run the slightest risk of being lowered in a nation which depends so largely upon the individual qualities of her citizens for her defence. Do away with war, if the cursed thing can by any wit of man be avoided, but until you see your way to that, have a care in meddling with those primitive qualities to which at any moment you may have to appeal for your own protection.

Tom Owen and his singular assistant, Fogo, who combined the functions of prize-fighter and of poet, though fortunately for himself he could use his fists better than his pen, soon had the ring arranged according to the rules then in vogue. The white, wooden posts, each with the P.C. of the pugilistic club printed upon it, were so fixed as to leave a square of 24ft. within the roped inclosure. Outside this ring an outer one was pitched, 8ft. separating the two. The inner was for the combatants and for their seconds, while in the outer there were places for the referee, the time-keeper, the backers, and a few select and fortunate individuals of whom, through being in my uncle's company, I was one. Some twenty well-known prize-fighters, including my friend Bill Warr, Black Richmond, Maddox, The Pride of Westminster, Tom Belcher, Paddington Jones, Tough Tom Blake, Symonds the Ruffian, Tyne the Tailor, and others, were stationed in the outer ring as beaters. These fellows all wore the high white hats which were at that time much affected by the fancy, and they were armed with horse-whips, silver-mounted, and each bearing the P.C. monogram. Did anyone, be it East-end rough or West-end patrician, intrude within the outer ropes, this corps of guardians neither argued nor expostulated, but they fell upon the offender and laced him with their whips until he escaped back out of the forbidden ground. Even with so formidable a guard and such fierce measures, the beaters-out who had to check the forward heaves of a maddened, straining crowd were often as exhausted at the end of a fight as the principals themselves. In the meantime

they formed up in a line of sentinels, presenting under their row of white hats every type of fighting face, from the fresh, boyish countenances of Tom Belcher, Jones, and the other younger recruits, to the scarred and mutilated visages of the veteran bruiser.

Whilst the business of the fixing of the stakes and the fastening of the ropes was going forward, I from my place of vantage could hear the talk of the crowd behind me, the front two rows of which were lying upon the grass, the next two kneeling, and the others standing in serried ranks all up the side of the gently sloping hill, so that each line could just see over the shoulders of that which was in front. There were several, and those amongst the most experienced, who took the gloomiest view of Harrison's chances, and it made my heart heavy to overhear them.

"It's the old story over again," said one. "They won't bear in mind that youth will be served. They only learn wisdom when it's knocked into them."

"Aye, aye," responded another. "That's how Jack Slack thrashed Broughton, and I myself saw Hooper, the tinman, beat to pieces by the fighting oilman. They all come to it in time, and now it's Harrison's turn."

"Don't you be so sure about that," cried a third. "I've seen Jack Harrison fight five times, and I never yet saw him have the worse of it. He's a slaughterer, and so I tell you."

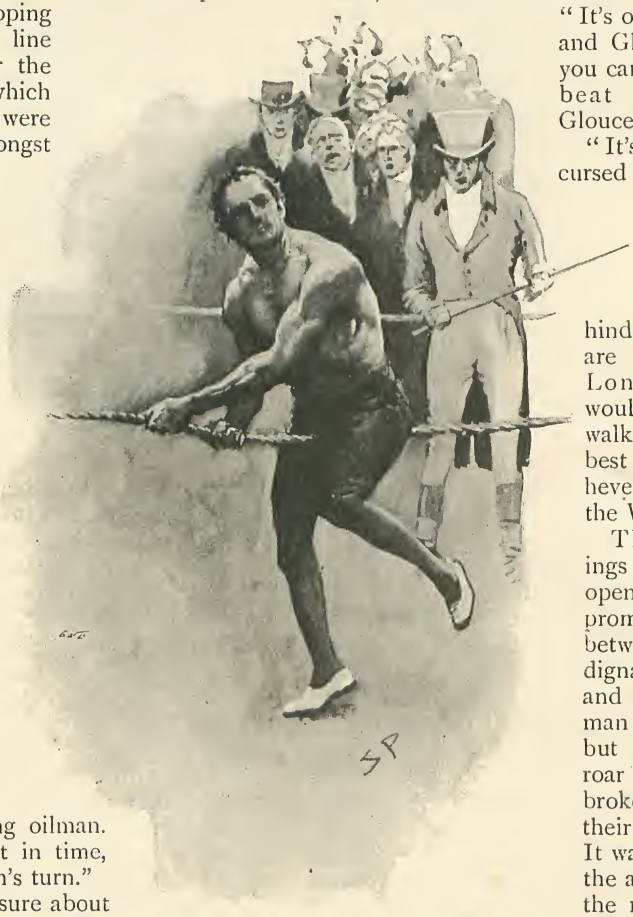
"He was, you mean."

"Well, I don't see no such difference as all that comes to, and I'm putting ten guineas on my opinion."

"Why," said a loud, consequential man from immediately behind me, speaking with a broad western burr, "vrom what I've zeen of this young Gloucester lad, I doan't think Harrison could have stood bevore him for ten rounds when he vas in his prime. I vas coming up in the Bristol coach yesterday, and the guard he told me that he had vifteen thousand pound in hard gold in the boot that had been zent up to back our man."

"They'll be in luck if they see their money again," said another. "Harrison's no lady's-maid fighter, and he's blood to the bone. He'd have a shy at it if his man was as big as Carlton House."

"Tut," answered the west-countryman. "It's only in Bristol and Gloucester that you can get men to beat Bristol and Gloucester."



"HARRISON CLIMBED IN A VERY LEISURELY MANNER OVER THE ROPES."

"It's like your cursed himpudence to say so," said an angry voice from the throng behind him. "There are six men in London that would hengage to walk round the best twelve that hever came from the West."

The proceedings might have opened by an impromptu by-battle between the indignant cockney and the gentleman from Bristol, but a prolonged roar of applause broke in upon their altercation. It was caused by the appearance in the ring of Crab Wilson, followed by Dutch Sam and Mendoza carrying the basin, sponge, brandy-bladder, and other badges of their office. As he entered Wilson pulled the canary-yellow handkerchief from his waist, and going to the corner post he tied it to the top of it, where it remained fluttering in the breeze. He then took a bundle of smaller ribands of the same colour from his seconds, and walking round he

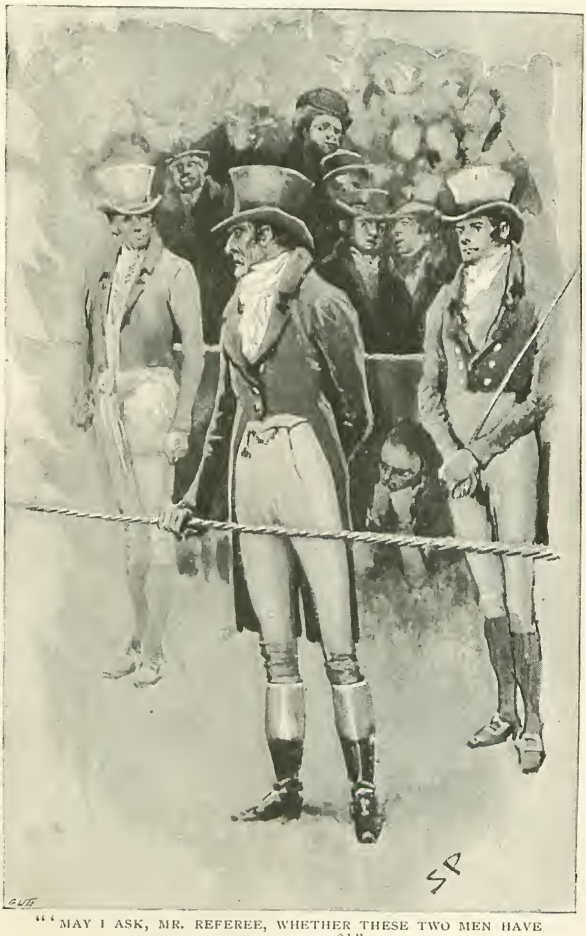
offered them to the noblemen and Corinthians at half a guinea apiece as souvenirs of the fight. His brisk trade was only brought to an end by the appearance of Harrison, who climbed in a very leisurely manner over the ropes, as befitted his more mature years and less elastic joints. The yell which greeted him was even more enthusiastic than that which had heralded Wilson, and there was a louder ring of admiration in it, for the crowd had already had their opportunity of seeing Wilson's physique, whilst Harrison's was a surprise to them.

I had often looked upon the mighty arms and neck of the smith, but I had never before seen him stripped to the waist, or understood the marvellous symmetry of development which had made him in his youth the favourite model of the London sculptors. There was none of that white sleek skin and shimmering play of sinew which made Wilson a beautiful picture, but in its stead there was a rugged grandeur of knotted and tangled muscle, as though the roots of some old tree were writhing from breast to shoulder, and from shoulder to elbow. Even in repose the sun threw shadows from the curves of his skin, but when he exerted himself, every muscle bunched itself up, distinct and hard, breaking his whole trunk into gnarled knots of sinew. His skin, on face and body, was darker and harsher than that of his youthful antagonist, but he looked tougher and harder, an effect which was increased by the sombre colour of his stockings and breeches. He entered the ring, sucking a lemon, with Jim Belcher and Caleb Baldwin, the coster, at his heels. Strolling across to the post, he tied his blue bird's-eye handkerchief over the west-countryman's yellow, and then walked to his opponent with his hand out.

"I hope I see you well, Wilson," said he.

"Pretty tidy, I thank you," answered the other. "We'll speak to each other in a different vashion, I 'spects, afore we part."

"But no ill-feeling," said the smith, and the two fighting-men grinned at each other as they took their own corners.



"'MAY I ASK, MR. REFEREE, WHETHER THESE TWO MEN HAVE BEEN WEIGHED?'"

"May I ask, Mr. Referee, whether these two men have been weighed?" asked Sir Lothian Hume, standing up in the outer ring.

"Their weight has just been taken under my supervision, sir," answered Mr. Craven. "Your man brought the scale down at thirteen-three and Harrison at thirteen-eight."

"He's a fifteen-stoner from the loins upwards," cried Dutch Sam, from his corner. "We'll get some of it off him before we finish."

"You'll get more off him than ever you bargained for," answered Jim Belcher, and the crowd laughed at the rough chaff.

(To be continued.)

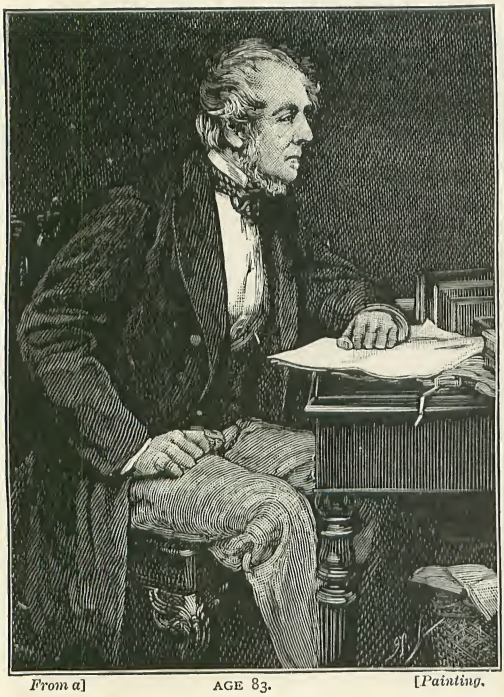
THE RIGHT HON. C. P. VILLIERS, M.P.

BORN 1802.

THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES PELHAM VILLIERS, whose jubilee as a member for Wolverhampton was celebrated years ago, is the Father of the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone's Parliamentary life is, indeed, longer than his, but Mr. Villiers was born in 1802, and is thus seven years older than the Grand

From a] AGE 42. *[Painting.*

Old Man. Mr. Villiers is a strong Unionist; it is, however, as Father of Free Trade rather than as Father of the House of Commons that Mr. Villiers deserves to be best known. He was the third in authority, perhaps, of the great Anti-Corn Law trio, but he was the first Parliamentary advocate of Free Trade. The part which he played in the great controversy is well known, and a collection of his Free Trade speeches was appropriately published in connection with his jubilee. A quarter of a century ago, however, he was a prominent man in Liberal Administrations, having been Judge-Advocate-General 1852–8, and President of the Poor Law Board 1859–66, with a seat in the Cabinet. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge (M.A. 1827, and was called to the Bar, Lincoln's Inn). But it is of his campaigning days and of the great men with whom he worked that Mr. Villiers loves to speak—modestly omitting his own share, however, and speaking of "they" when he might say "we."



From a] AGE 83. *[Painting.*

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Guggenheim & Whitlock.

AGE 8.
From a Photo. by Southwell Brothers, Baker Street.

MR. GEORGE LOHMANN.

BORN, 1865.

WE have no hesitation in saying that no cricketer has attracted more attention in cricket circles during the last few years than Lohmann, and that Surrey is greatly indebted to his excellent performances with the ball for its very high position among the counties. His rapid success was phenomenal. Since he first represented his county, in 1884, his

AGE 18.
From a Photo. by Stilliard & Co., Oxford.

bowling has been the theme of admiration in England, and very good judges in Australia have said that he is one of the best bowlers that have ever visited them. He has the exceptional and enviable power of rising to the occasion, and the better the company the better he performs. He is an excellent batsman. In the field he is good anywhere, his quickness being almost electrical—and the amount of ground he covers, especially at short slip, is something remarkable. In 1892 Mr. Lohmann had to leave for South

AGE 26.
From a Photo. by George Bradshaw, Hastings.

From a Photo. by] AGE 29. *[F. Gow, Cape Town.*

Africa owing to ill-health, but two seasons afterwards, to the intense gratification of all, he returned to this country and again joined his popular team.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Browne and Gradidge, Andover.

MISS JESSIE BOND.

MISS JESSIE BOND, the talented actress and singer, is a native of Liverpool, and made her first public appearance, as a pianist, when only eight years old. While Miss Bond was studying at the Royal Academy of Music, Mr. D'Oyly Carte heard her sing at an Academy concert, and forthwith engaged her to appear as *Hebe* in "Pinafore." In New York and the principal cities of New England she played the same part. She also played in "The Pirates of Penzance," and speedily became a favourite on both sides of the water, and her name will always be associated with Gilbert and Sullivan's most successful operas. Miss Bond is devoted to her profession and has a great liking for character-acting, though she confesses that when she first appeared on the stage her nervousness was so great that she asked that she should not be called upon to undertake a speaking part. In the revival of "The Mikado," Miss Bond has played with all the sprightliness and charm which characterized her first rendering of the part of *Pitti-Sing* at the Savoy.

AGE 2.
From a Daguerreotype.

From a] AGE 7. *[Miniature.*

AGE 17.
From a Photo. by Fradelle & Young

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis.

From a] AGE 30. *[Photograph.*

LI HUNG CHANG.

BORN 1823.

VICEROY LI HUNG, whose recent visit to London has caused more than ordinary interest, is the Grand Old Man of China. In 1860 he co-operated with General (then Colonel) Gordon in suppressing the

From a] AGE 45. *[Photograph.*

Taiping rebellion, being then Governor of the Thiang-Sin Province. The other Thiang province being added to his rule, he was created Viceroy of the united countries in May, 1865. The following year he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary, and in 1867, Viceroy of Hong Kuang, and a Grand Chancellor in 1868. He was the mediator for fixing the indemnity for the murder of Mrs. Mangary, who was killed in 1876 while endeavouring to explore south-western China; and was Prime Minister of China up to the late war with Japan. It may be here explained that *Li* is his family name, whilst *Hung Chang*—meaning "vast ornamentation"—is merely a personal name, or, rather, the official form of his personal name. He uses it when he addresses the Emperor, and the officials use it when speaking to the Emperor of him, otherwise it is improper for colleagues to use it in his presence; it is also printed on his visiting-cards. His literary name,

From a] PRESENT DAY. *[Photograph.*

however, is *Shao-ts'üan*, or "young spice," and this is the one by which he is known to his friends, and by which he is spoken of in the native Press. He is also a *Chung-Tang*, or "central hall," which is the complimentary title of a grand secretary. Li is a man of liberal views, and has on the whole been a fair partisan of British commerce in the Empire of the East.

Launching Big Battleships and Ocean Liners.

By David Pollock, M.I.N.A.

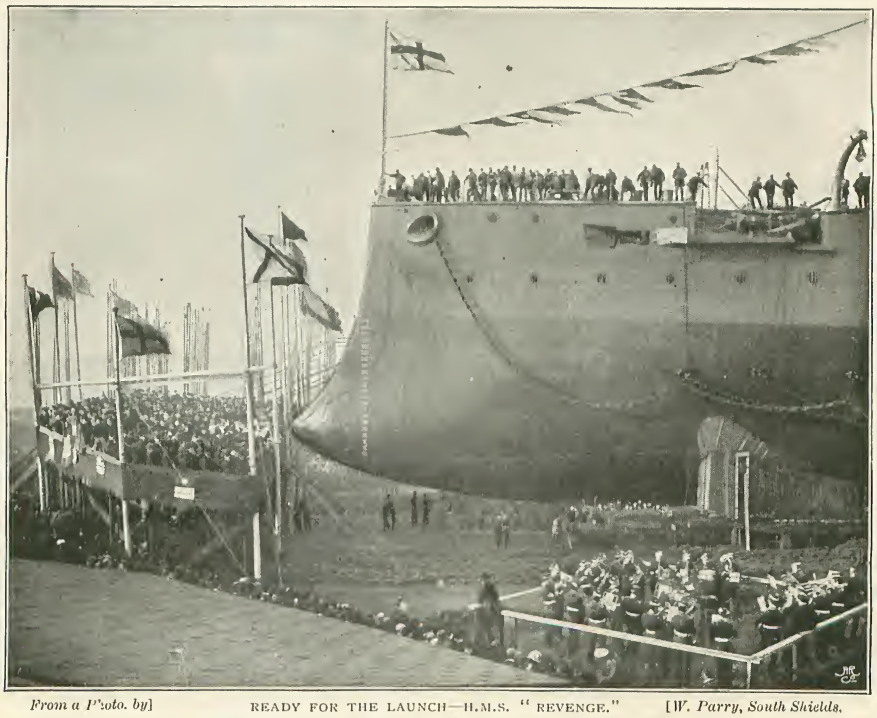
THE picture which Longfellow has drawn of a successful ship launch, while it naturally idealizes the plain facts of the case—even as concerned with the poet's time, when romance and pride of handicraft were stronger influences than they are to-day—nevertheless applies not inaptly to the modern event as it is frequently to be witnessed in one or other of our great centres of shipbuilding.

> And see, she stirs,
> She starts : she moves : she seems to feel
> The thrill of life along her keel ;
> And, spurning with her foot the ground,
> With one exulting, joyous bound,
> She leaps into the ocean's arms.

Even in these latter days, when mechanical science has largely taken the place of handicraft skill, excitement and emotion such as are here suggested are still to be remarked among the vast crowds which invariably gather to view the spectacle of some great ship—swift "ocean greyhound" or ponderous battleship — being bodily transferred from *terra-firma* to the yielding bosom of the deep.

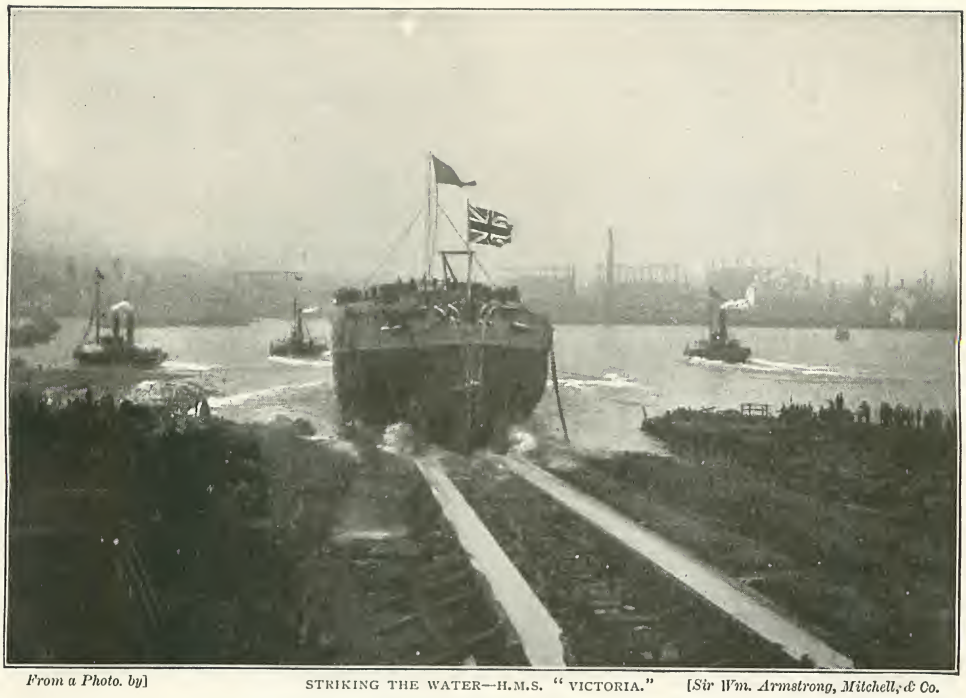
There is a very generally entertained notion that when one gets to understand how certain things, wonderful and almost inexplicable at first sight, are performed, the charm of seeing them vanishes. However warranted this may be by actual facts in other departments of human endeavour, it does not apply in the case of the launching of modern ships, naval or mercantile. Even to those whose daily work it is to build and launch typical modern ships, the spectacle of a huge structure — weighing 8,000 tons in recent battleships — which has been laboriously raised piece by piece, being swiftly consigned to her "native element," loses little of its interest by repetition.

A "launch-day" is still a day of note in a modern shipyard, from which, it may be, a dozen or more large vessels emanate in a



From a Photo. by] READY FOR THE LAUNCH—H.M.S. "REVENGE." *[W. Parry, South Shields.*

(From the works of Messrs. The Palmer Co., Jarrow-on-Tyne.)



From a Photo. by] STRIKING THE WATER—H.M.S. "VICTORIA." *[Sir Wm. Armstrong, Mitchell, & Co.*

year. And the occasion is marked by symptoms of commotion and mild excitement which are foreign, for most part, to the ordinary routine of daily work. A definite and critical stage has been reached in the work of producing a ship; and all sections of artisans seem to regard it as their natural right to be actual eye-witnesses of the crowning act in the productive work in which they have all had a share.

Cessation of labour, therefore, becomes the order of the hour; and not until the vessel is freely afloat, and the newly-born battleship or ocean liner is under the charge of the busy and staunch little steam tugs, is the strain of excitement relaxed and a return made to the ordinary avocations of the shipyard.

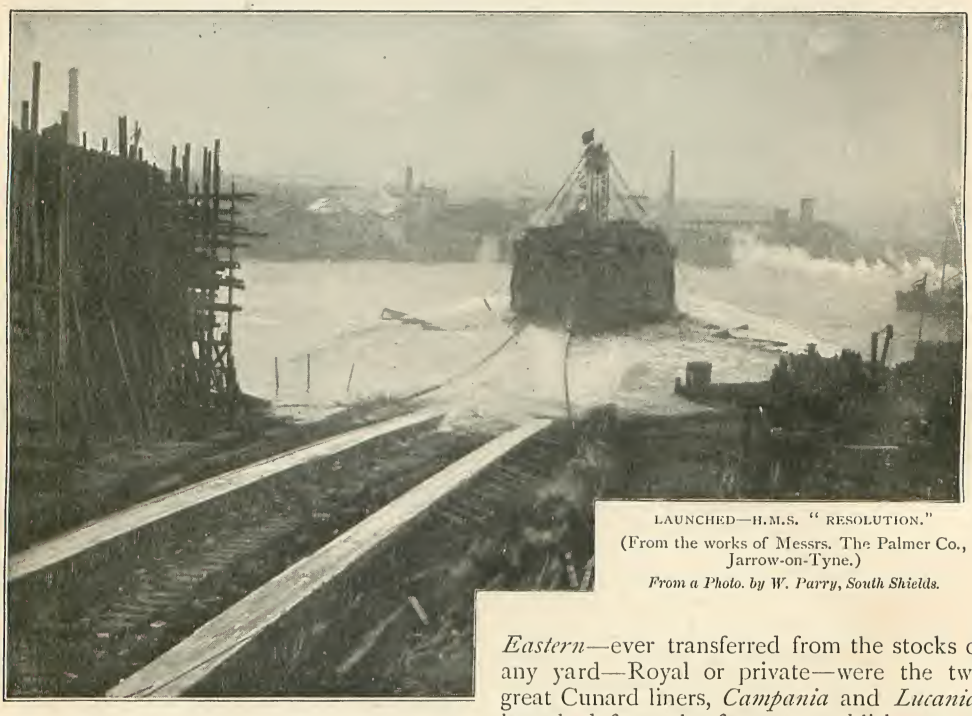
Battleships, and ships of war generally, excite, on the whole, more interest and enthusiasm than large merchant ships or even great ocean liners. This is probably because warships are the nation's property, are intended to fight our battles, maintain our supremacy, and protect our commerce on the seas, and to guard our shores from hostile invasion. For these reasons each and all conceive a more direct and personal interest in ships of the Navy; their building, launching, and future service.

While it is well that this feeling of personal interest, or of individual proprietorship, should exist, perhaps that degree of it—or rather the aggressive form which it assumed—in the case of one British taxpayer, is scarcely to be admired. At all events, it was the cause of a pretty severe snub being administered, when, under proper conditions, it would have deserved and obtained nothing but commendation.

The individual in question, on the occasion of the Channel Squadron visiting the Clyde, rowed out to one of the newest of our great battleships and insisted on seeing through the ship, although he was informed, both by notice-board and by the officer on guard, that this was against orders for the day. "But I insist," declared the man, pompously; "I'm a *part-owner* of the ship," to which came the immediate and crushing rejoinder, accompanied by a small particle whittled by the officer from the bulwark rail of the great vessel, "Here, sir! that's *your* part of the ship; so kindly sheer off!"

Though simple in principle, launching a ship has always been a perilous operation, and the task has grown in arduousness and responsibility as vessels have grown in size and weight of structure. None appreciate the latent power for harm which exists in launching ponderous modern vessels, or admire the skill with which it is controlled, so keenly as those professionally initiated. Referring to the hitch which occurred in

connection with the launch of H.M.S. *Ramillies* in August, 1892, from the famous yard of Messrs. Thomson, Clydebank, Sir W. H. White, chief naval constructor, said that with all respect to his colleagues, the civil engineers responsible for the great Forth Bridge, the naval architects and shipbuilders who undertook to produce floating structures like the *Ramillies* faced a task of even greater difficulty and of a more arduous character. When people saw ships gliding into the water, they were prone to take it as a matter of course, but when such incidents were witnessed as had taken place in connection with the progress



LAUNCHED—H.M.S. "RESOLUTION."
(From the works of Messrs. The Palmer Co., Jarrow-on-Tyne.)
From a Photo. by W. Parry, South Shields.

of the *Ramillies* down the ways (a hitch which was due mainly to the hardening of the grease on the ways), where, when all that human skill and foresight could do had been done, there was still possible risk in lowering a stupendous mass weighing 7,000 tons a depth of 20ft. to 30ft., the difficult nature of the performance was better realized. Ships were built which, to get into the water, was, to say the least, no easy task, and when once they were safely there they had, instead of the solid earth as a foundation, the moving and tumultuous ocean.

By the term "launching," of course, is meant the transfer of ships bodily from the berth or slipway on which they have been built, as distinguished from the "floating-out" of vessels built in a dry-dock. In the latter case the responsibility of the work involved is not nearly so great. The vessel simply rests on the blocks on which she has been constructed until the inflow of the sea into the dock is such as to float her. Most of the heavy battleships produced in the Royal Dockyards are built and floated out in this manner, the recently added battleships, *Magnificent* and *Majestic*, being examples. To this aspect of the subject we will return.

The longest and heaviest ships—with the single and memorable exception of the *Great Eastern*—ever transferred from the stocks of any yard—Royal or private—were the two great Cunard liners, *Campania* and *Lucania*, launched from the famous establishment of Fairfield, on the Clyde, in September, 1892, and February, 1893, respectively. Unlike the case of the *Great Eastern*, the launching of each of these later "leviathans" was an immediate and unqualified success. Their transfer from the stocks was witnessed by enormous concourses of enthusiastic spectators, and never, perhaps, in the whole history of shipbuilding were hearty congratulations on the success of a launch more freely bestowed upon the responsible performers in such an undertaking than were showered upon the head officials at Fairfield.

The *Campania's* and *Lucania's* weight, as each sat on the ways ready to "take the

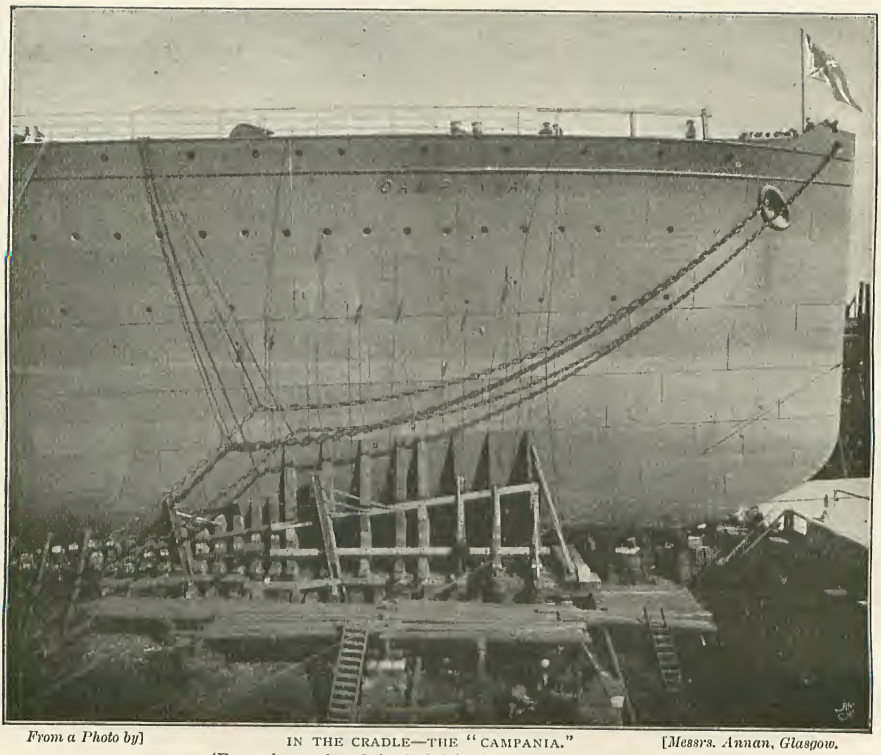
plunge," was approaching 9,000 tons. The launching weights of many of the battleships since turned out from Governmental and private yards have ranged from 6,000 to 7,950 tons. The latter figure represents the weight of H.M.S. *Hannibal*, launched from Pembroke Dockyard in April this year. The *Resolution*, of which a view is given on page 320, as she left the ways of the Palmer Company's yard at Jarrow-on-Tyne, in May, 1892, weighed 7,270 tons. The *Ramillies*, already referred to, and the *Terrible* and *Jupiter*, also launched from the stocks at Clydebank last year, as well as the *Powerful*, produced at Barrow, all weighed something like 7,000 tons each. From these general facts alone it will be easily understood, as claimed by Sir W. H. White, that the launching of large modern ships is a task of no ordinary magnitude, involving labour and skill of a kind which dwarfs into comparative insignificance the building of large structures on *terra-firma*.

The forethought and concern, if not the actual work, connected with the launching of a ship, begin almost with her inception: in other words, with the commission to build her. The prudent shipbuilder, indeed, unlike Defoe's Robinson Crusoe, who couldn't launch his boat after he had built it, predetermines how a given vessel shall be launched, or floated, before he places the blocks upon which her keel is to be laid and her structure raised. Want of precaution and forethought may often tend towards, and actually sometimes result in, hitch and disaster.

The careful and successful shipbuilder first of all has to consider whether the berth or slip upon which the particular ship is to be erected is sufficiently solid and strong. Any subsequent sagging or drooping in the foundation of the building slip, and consequent change in the ship's structure, may occasion trouble at the critical moment of launching. Thus, in private establishments the ground on which heavy ships are to be constructed frequently requires considerable preparation, on account, possibly, of its loose or yielding nature, and piling or some other kindred provision is made to prevent the sinking of the structure which has to be raised over it. In laying the keel or foundation blocks, it is needful to take account of the degree of declivity required for launching, on account of the rise and fall of the tide, and the necessity or otherwise of providing means of checking the ship, as may be determined by the width of water clearly available.

On broad waters such as Milford Haven,

From a Photo. by] A BROADSIDE LAUNCH AT PAISLEY. [*T. N. Armstrong, Shettleston.*



From a Photo by] IN THE CRADLE—THE "CAMPANIA." *[Messrs. Annan, Glasgow.*
(From the works of the Fairfield Co., Govan, Glasgow.)

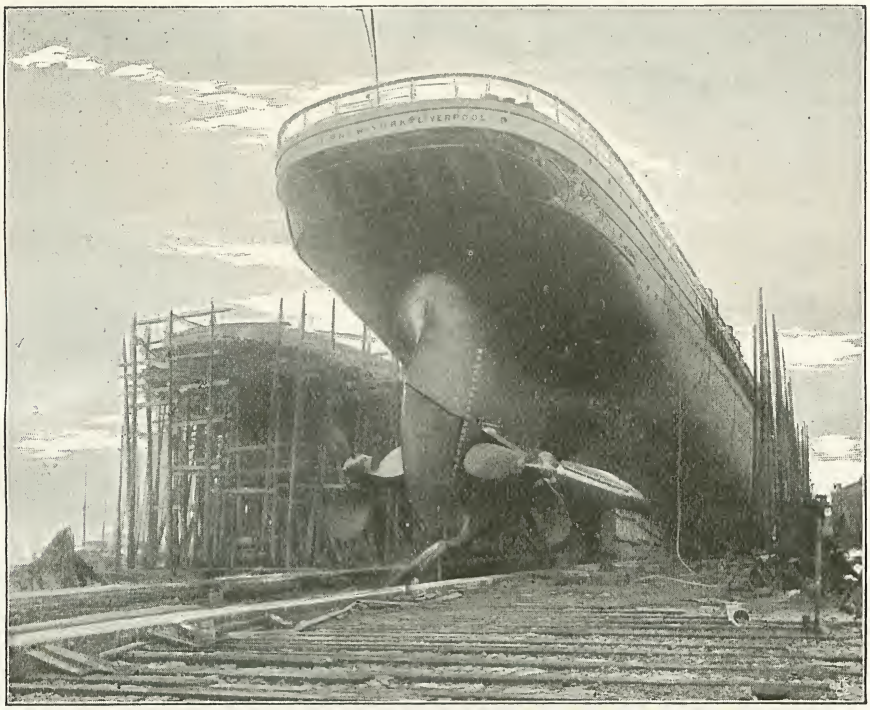
and in lesser degree such as the lower reaches of the Clyde, a vessel can be allowed to glide down the ways with gradually accelerated motion, and without let or hindrance, as the velocity involved does not exceed the distance from the shore at which fluid resistance counteracts it and brings the vessel to rest. On the other hand, in waters so restricted in width as the Clyde in its upper reaches, the Cart at Paisley—see page 321—the upper parts of the Tyne, or the Wear at Sunderland, the conditions are entirely different. The available width for launching is limited, and ships, as a rule, must be pulled up as soon as they are water-borne or completely afloat. At certain points, moreover, in these and other districts, the width of water is so very much restricted that vessels, even of moderate dimensions, must be launched broadside on to the water, even as the *Great Eastern*—though certainly not of moderate dimensions — was committed, ultimately, to the bosom of Father Thames. The means employed to successfully accomplish the launch and floating of vessels in these circumstances impart into the problem of launching additional elements of difficulty and danger, which will be afterwards referred to.

When once the vessel is completed, in so far as the water-tightness of her shell and the coating of it with paint are concerned, the work of preparing the launching gear is begun. This primarily consists in "laying the ways," or rails, so to speak, on which the ship is destined to glide into the water. There are usually two lines of ways, laid parallel to the keel of the vessel, and at equal distances on each side of it; the total distance, usually from a third to a half of the vessel's breadth, varying according to circumstances—such as the width, the form, and the weight of the hull, the nature of the foundation, etc. Each line of ways comprises two main items: the permanent or "standing way," and, on top of this, the "sliding way," both consisting of heavy, solid lengths of timber, usually oak or elm. The standing ways are securely stapled to heavy cross-blocks of timber, somewhat equivalent to the sleepers of ordinary railways, and these, in their turn, are fastened to massive timber balks, running lengthwise, their top surface flush with the ground level. The sliding ways are usually of about the same width and thickness as the standing ways, but along their inner lower edge is a feather, which projects down past the edge of the standing ways, much in the same way as

railway carriage wheels, and with much the same object: to prevent the sliding ways and their superincumbent burden from "leaving the rails" or permanent ways.

Rising from the sliding ways is the assemblage of heavy vertical timbers of pine—termed "poppets" in naval yards—forming the "cradle" in which the vessel's hull is directly supported, and in which, with the sliding ways, the ship is borne down the appointed pathway. The timbers forming the cradle are closely spaced, and have their top ends bevelled to fit closely in upon the shape of the vessel's hull. It is chiefly, of course, at the fore-end and at the aft-end of the vessel where the cradle is required, although throughout her whole length she rests on wedges and packing laid upon the sliding ways. The cradle on each side is secured and kept from falling away from supporting the ship by means of strong cable or other ties passing from side to side underneath the keel.

In some districts, and in the case of heavy vessels, a third line of ways is laid down, directly under the vessel's keel, but this is becoming less and less the practice. The number, and more especially the width, of the ways employed are points regulated by considerations of weight of hull to be launched, character of foundation, declivity of ways, etc.; the main object being to distribute the total weight over an amount of surface at once suited to the needs of stable support and presenting the minimum of surface friction, compatible with a safe speed of travel. In general practice, it is found that for each square foot of surface of ways the superimposed weight should not be more than from two to two and a half tons. Taking the renowned *Campania* and *Lucania* as examples: the two lines of ways employed



"THE CITY OF NEW YORK"—SHOWING TWIN SCREWS AND LAUNCHING CRADLE.
From a Photo. by the Builders, Messrs. J. & G. Thomson, Clydebank.

in their case were each 4ft. in width, and this with the length of sliding ways adopted yielded a weight distribution of somewhere between the two and two and a half tons per square foot just spoken of.

Prior to finally fitting the cradle, a comparatively simple, but very essential, part of the work is gone through. This is the greasing of the ways with tallow or other suitable substance to impart the necessary lubrication to the rubbing surfaces. In the case of the *Campania* this was done about a fortnight before the launch, the layer of unguent being about 3/8in. thick. The

lubricating of the ways, and maintaining the greased surface in proper condition until the fateful moment of the launch, form, perhaps, the most fruitful source of trouble that the shipbuilder has to contend with. Hitches not infrequently occur in this connection which necessitate the raising or "shoring-up" of the vessel from the cradle, removing cradle and sliding ways, coating the ways anew, and then re-fitting the whole before the vessel can be got off. Such hitches are due often to the solidifying of the unguent, through frost, or to its exuding from between the ways from excessive pressure and frictional heat, while not infrequently it is due to the bad quality of the substance employed.

From a Photo. by the Builders] "THE CITY OF NEW YORK"—BOW VIEW. *[Messrs. J. & G. Thomson, Clydebank.*

With the greasing of the launching ways, and the final fitting and securing of the cradle complete, the only other arduous preparatory work remaining is "setting-up" the vessel, or transferring its weight from the original supporting stationary blocks and props on to the movable cradle and ways. This part of the work of the modern shipwright is accomplished quickly, immediately preceding the launch, and consists in driving wedges all along the vessel's length into the joint between the upper surface of the sliding ways and the packing pieces on which the vessel directly rests. In this way the original supporting blocks are relieved sufficiently of pressure to enable them to be drawn out or battered down from under the keel and bilges. This work proceeds smartly and simultaneously all along the line, until when there is nothing of the original support left, save perhaps a few of the blocks under the bow or "fore-foot," the vessel is at last cradle-borne.

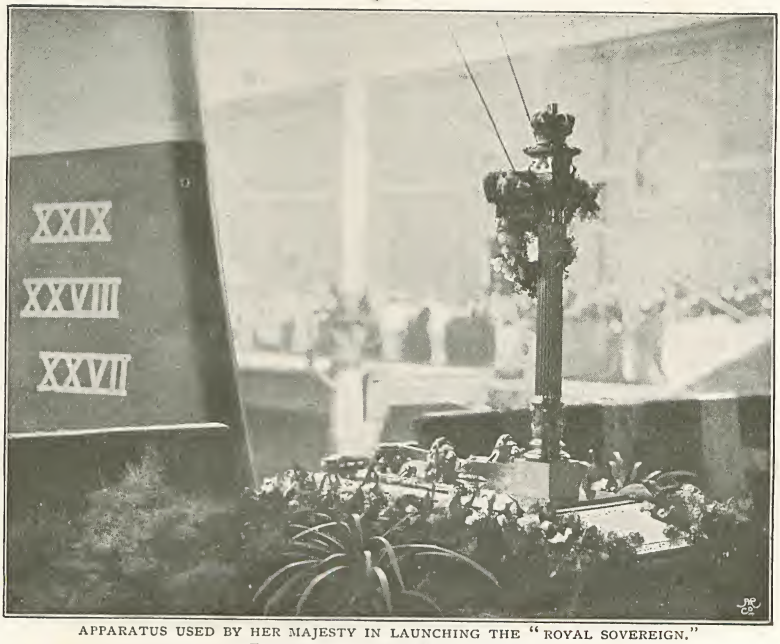
Thus situated, and when the signal "All clear" has been given, the vessel is ready for the "send-off." Here, however, the masterful skill of the shipwright interposes a small but effectual barrier to too precipitate motion. This obstacle, known variously as the "trigger," "dagger," or "dog-shore," is usually a short length of hard-wood interposed—in a sloping direction, and in such a way as to promptly yield to a smart downward blow—between fixed projections on the side of the standing ways and of the sliding ways. "Knocking down the

daggers," or dog-shores, as the crowning act in the process of launching a vessel—or "slipping the leash," so to speak, of the "Atlantic greyhound"—has, from time immemorial, been regarded as an honour to which the youngest shipwright apprentice could lay claim. This only now obtains, however, in yards, or in connection with small ships, where the act is performed by hammer-blows by hand. It is merely a tradition in yards where the larger steamships are built, mechanical and automatic devices being in their case now invariably resorted to. Two, and sometimes three, daggers are employed, suspended above which are heavy weights. Being simultaneously released by mechanical means, these weights instantly fall, and, in doing so, bring down the daggers, thus removing all obstacle to the passage of the ship down the ways. Motion, in most cases, at once sets in through natural gravity, while in others a gentle persuasive push from hydraulic jacks placed against the ends of the sliding ways or the round of the stem is necessary. Once fairly on the move, the sliding ways, cradle, and ship gather impetus and glide down the appointed pathway with accelerated velocity until retarded on entering the water, and finally brought to rest by check-chains or wire-ropes connecting ship and shore. Immediately the duty of supporting the hull of the vessel is assumed by the water, the cradle and ways float away from the vessel's sides in pieces, but are loosely connected by cordage to facilitate recovery.

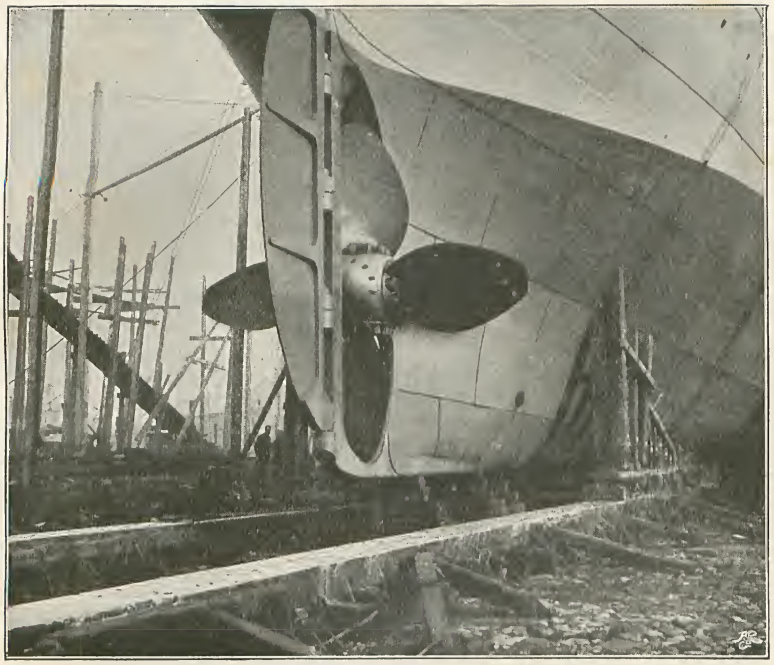
It is, of course, well known to everyone that all British ships, and almost all the ships built in foreign countries, receive, previous to being consigned to their native element, spirituous baptism. In other words, a bottle of wine is broken on their bows and their name pronounced by some fair lady or other. In the case of British warships, and even of many foreign merchant ships, a religious service also forms part of the ceremony engaged in. Modern scientific methods, though now so much enlisted, do not supplant but supplement and enhance the romance and sentiment attaching to such proceedings. Not only the ceremonial naming or "christening" of vessels, but the actual touch which sends them gliding down the ways, is now managed by the fair sex. In the hands of a lady, a mallet and chisel sever the cord supporting or communicating with the weights above the daggers, causing them to fall; or wizard electricity does what little work is thus involved, if only a button be pressed. This latter was the mode of managing matters in the case of the *Royal Sovereign*, named and launched by Her Gracious Majesty the Queen; and of other battleships since.

So perfect, and so magical indeed, is the system sometimes made, that the finger-touch of a baby may launch a battleship. In the case, at least, of the torpedo-boat destroyer *Ardent*, launched from the renowned yard of Messrs. J. L. Thornycroft and Co., Chiswick, the release of the vessel was accomplished by Miss Esther Cornish, granddaughter of the builder, and of the grandly mature age of six months!

In this same connection of launching customs, here and abroad, it is of interest to refer to one of the "pretty ways" long followed, and possibly not yet forgotten, by



APPARATUS USED BY HER MAJESTY IN LAUNCHING THE "ROYAL SOVEREIGN."
From a Photo. by West & Son, Southsea.



THE "HARLECH CASTLE"—SHOWING SINGLE SCREW.
From a Photo. by Maclure & Macdonald, Glasgow.

the Japanese, whose recent great triumph over the sleepy Celestials has seemingly inspired them with a still greater desire for copying our Western ways of doing things. Taking the place of the gaily decorated bottle of wine, hanging from the bow of our vessels, the Japanese have a large pasteboard cage full of strong-winged and mellow-throated birds. The moment the ship is afloat a string is pulled by some hand on board ship, the cage collapses, and out fly the covey of birds, making the air alive with music and the whirr of wings. The circumstance is supposed to be symbolic of the chorus of welcome with which the good ship will be hailed as a thing of life and movement, and of beneficent service on the "mighty ocean."

The means employed to accomplish the checking of vessels, as has already been stated, imparts into the problem of launching additional elements of difficulty and danger. Here again, however, the skill and experience of ship-builders are invariably found equal to the task of safely carrying matters through to a successful issue. The method of checking launches on waters of restricted width, like the Clyde and Tyne and Wear in their upper reaches, follow one generally approved practice, although in individual instances deviations in detail are common. For example, in place of chain-cable some firms prefer to use wire-rope as the agent in "reining-in" the floating steed, and in the case of the launch of the battleship *Jupiter* from Clydebank in November last, two wire-rope checks were employed aside, in addition to the two chain-cables usually employed. The wire-rope, equally strong, is lighter and more easily handled than the cumbersome chain-cable, and it is also felt to be safer, in that it gives better indication of any undue wear taking place, or of any latent defect.

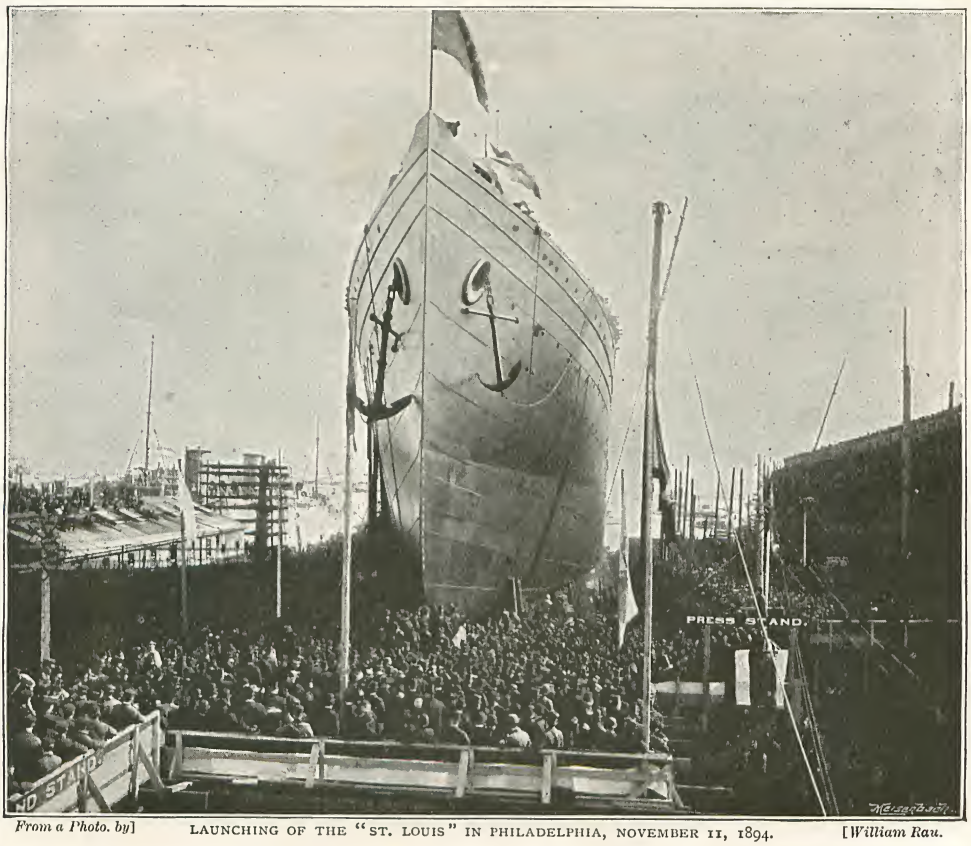
As representative of the practice obtaining on the Clyde and Tyne, the arrangements of check-chains and drags employed in the cases of H.M.S. *Terrible* and H.M.S. *Resolution* may be briefly outlined. The view given of the latter vessel on page 320 helps to make our remarks clearer. To projecting eye-pieces on the upper works of the *Terrible* on each side four check-chains were attached—one at a point well aft of the mid-length of the vessel, another amidships, and the remaining two close to each other near the bow. The shore ends of these chains were piled in heavy masses or folds on the ground alongside the vessel, and so arranged that the several piles would be brought into play gradually as the huge vessel moved off the ways into the water, the whole aggregation of drags amounting roughly to some 500 tons. Almost as soon as the stern of the vessel floated the checking action began, on each side simultaneously, of course, and by the time 600ft. had been traversed, a little more than her own length, the system of check-chains and drags had effectually stopped "way" on the vessel and she was safely brought to rest. In the case of the *Resolution*, launched from the celebrated Palmer yard at Jarrow-on-Tyne, the total launching weight was 7,270 tons, or 270 tons greater than the corresponding weight of

H.M.S. *Terrible*, but her length was only 380ft. as against the *Terrible's* 500ft. The "free run" in her case amounted simply to the width of the river in the line projecting from her launching berth, viz., about 880ft. The *Resolution* was brought up after having travelled 260ft. clear of the end of the ways; the velocity attained while on the ways being 22ft. per second. The means of checking employed in this case consisted of four 2⅛in. chain-cables, and one 6in. steel-wire hawser on each side of the vessel, attached to the hull and disposed in drag-groups in a somewhat similar manner to those connected with the *Terrible*.

As a rule, in connection with all but the heaviest of ships, the check-chains and pendant-drags, which are arranged farthest aft, are first brought into action, but in long and heavy vessels, such as the *Terrible* and the more recently-launched battleship *Jupiter*, built upon and ushered from the same berth, the two check-chains and pendant-drags nearest the bow were first brought into play: the two farther aft being arranged so as to serve mainly as supplementary or "emergency" agents in the work of bringing the stupendous mass to a state of rest in the new and untried medium of support.

In the United States the building and launching of the modern battleship or American liner is a matter of tremendous public interest, possibly because the construction in that country of immense vessels, such as are yearly built upon the Clyde, is a growth of recent years. Indeed, it was not until the decline of the "clipper" ship, owing to the progress made in steam navigation, and the rapid construction of modern ships of war by European Governments, that the United States woke to a realization of its dependence upon English-built steamships for its mercantile relations with Europe, and its defencelessness in case of a naval war.

A speedy change, however, has taken place. The "White Squadron," of which the American people are pardonably proud, and the beautiful twin steamships of the American line—the *St. Louis* and *St. Paul*—are the product of the Cramp Yard, in Philadelphia, and the periodical launchings of the new American Navy have attracted the attention



From a Photo. by] LAUNCHING OF THE "ST. LOUIS" IN PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 11, 1894. *[William Rau.*

of the United States, from Maine to the Golden Gate. Preparations for the great day are widely heralded in the Press, and when the different vessels glide swiftly down the ways, the news is quickly telegraphed to every part of the land.

The launching of the *St. Louis* on November 11th, 1894, illustrated this enormous interest. Nearly forty thousand people were gathered in the Philadelphia Yard to watch Mrs. Cleveland break a bottle of champagne across the graceful bow of the largest steamship ever launched in the United States. The President and his Cabinet had come from Washington to witness the ceremony. The public platform held ten thousand people, and the unfinished decks of the *St. Paul*, which stood near by, were black with the eager crowd. For an hour or more hundreds of workmen were employed driving in the wedges which lift the vessel from her bilge-blocks.

Meantime the band was playing popular airs to distract the attention of the impatient crowd, and when at last the great ship was launched, the babel of whistles, horns, and cheers was almost deafening. It was a great event, and the celebration of it was characteristic of an enthusiastic people.

In view of the popular acclaim and warm official recognition of the success attending the output of naval vessels from the Royal dockyards, it is worth while adding that the many-sidedness of the problem with which private builders, as a rule, have to deal in building and launching heavy vessels from ordinary merchant slip-ways is in striking contrast to the simplicity characterizing the state of things obtaining in Royal dockyards, or where properly constructed building docks, in place of inclined slip-ways, are available. These docks are of substantial masonry, and for this reason the responsibility of providing a stable foundation is obviated; the work of construction is simplified and facilitated, as all heavy weights are simply lowered into place; economy is rendered possible in various ways; and above all, the great risk and expense of launching the vessel down an inclined slip-way are entirely avoided. The vessel simply rests on the blocks on which she has been constructed until the inflow of water into the dock is such as to lift her; when, amidst cheers, as hearty and prolonged as attend the "send-off" of the warship from inclined ways, she is floated out into the world of waters, where duty, and mayhap glory, awaits her.

MR. CLEVELAND AND THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY AT THE LAUNCHING OF THE "ST. LOUIS."
From a Photo. by William Rau.

A Soldier's Romance.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES FOLEY. BY ALYS HALLARD.

EVERY evening after the tiring manœuvres Maurice Tournier, a young lieutenant in the reserves, was only too glad to get back to the house where he had been quartered. As he passed the little church, the door of which was always open at that hour, it seemed to him as though he could feel a breath of cool, refreshing air coming from the dark, sombre aisles; whilst, a little farther on, the tiny bells of the lime-blossoms shook in the warm breeze and mingled their soft, velvety murmur with the other peaceful sounds of Nature.

Every now and then there came from the distant fields a delicious whiff of newly-cut hay, whilst in the meadows, beyond the thick screen of the poplar trees, the trembling leaves of which seemed to be shaking off the evening shadows, there was a sound of running waters, which were passing through the thick grass, causing a soft, white mist to rise from the ground, and then fade away in the soft greyness of the falling twilight. After the sight of the regiment, and the glowing red of the uniform in the blazing heat of the noon-day sun, the young officer revelled in this shade, this tranquillity, and this harmony of soft tints and colouring.

But above and beyond all this, what he looked forward to on his return in the evening was the sight of the pale, proud face of Mlle. Louise, for usually at this hour she would leave the couch of her invalid aunt and the dimly-lighted room with its oppressive odour of medicines, and, leaning on the balustrade at an open window, she would stay there enjoying the pure, fresh night air.

Maurice Tournier could scarcely, perhaps, be called handsome. He was tall, fair, with frank, honest-looking eyes, and a silky moustache. From the first day that he had been quartered in this house his behaviour towards its occupants had been marked by great courtesy and consideration. If he happened to meet either of the two ladies in the hall or on the stairs, he would always stand aside respectfully to allow them to pass; but when the elder lady, won over by his deference, invited him to dine with them, he had always accepted the invitation gladly.

On days when he was free he did not spend his time at the *cafés*, like most of the other officers, but contented himself in the little garden, small as it was. He would take up his position at the far end with his newspapers and cigars, and from there, over the flower-beds filled with carnations and geraniums, he would watch with interest the movements of the two women whom he could see through the open window of the sitting-room. As a rule, the elder lady would be lying on the sofa, while the younger one would be reading aloud.

From the dictatorial tones and sudden caprices of the former, and from the resigned obedience of the latter, the young officer had soon guessed that it was a case of a wealthy aunt and a poor niece. The fact was that the young girl, Louise de Léry, had been left an orphan and totally unprovided for. Mme. Primeau, her great-aunt and the only

"HE WOULD WATCH WITH INTEREST THE MOVEMENTS OF THE TWO WOMEN."

relative she had in the world, had therefore adopted her. Without being of a really unkind disposition, Mme. Primeau, who was a great invalid, had gradually worked on, and profited by, her niece's gratitude, until, at length, the poor girl had become quite a slave. Her aunt would not suffer anyone else to do anything for her; she could not bear to hear other footsteps in the room, or to hear any other voice but that of Louise, and for the last five years she had thus thoughtlessly and quite unconsciously been crushing all the spirit and all the gaiety out of the young girl's life.

Louise de Léry was now twenty-five, and though she had lost the freshness of her girlhood, the young officer thought her very beautiful. Her eyes were of a deep, unchanging blue, she had an aquiline nose, arched lips, and waving, chesnut-coloured hair with just a touch of the gold in it that one sees in autumn leaves.

Lieutenant Tournier, knowing that she was of noble birth, feared at first that she might on that account be very reserved and stand-off in her manner, but he was soon undeceived. She was simplicity itself, but at the same time there was an indescribable elegance about her in spite of her plain dresses; and the melancholy expression in her beautiful eyes added perhaps to her charm. Little by little the elderly lady had been won over by the gay good-humour and never-failing courtesy of the young officer, and so he had seen a great deal of his hostess and her niece during his month's sojourn with them.

He had delighted in Louise's conversation and society, and had soon discovered that this girl, who had lived thus obscurely in the shade, possessed a mind which was only waiting for a touch of sunshine to burst into the most perfect beauty, and there was something romantic in the idea that in this old, grey-looking dwelling, half buried in a little, old-world town, he had thus come across by chance the pale, captive princess of his dreams.

Up to the present the young officer had held aloof somewhat from women's society. He had always been rather poetically inclined, and had an ideal of his own as regarded women, and now all at once he felt that he had found that ideal, and that this was the one woman in the world whom he could ever love, the one woman who would ever be capable of understanding him, and for whose happiness he would be willing to sacrifice all and everything.

Deeply in love as the young lieutenant was, he did not betray his feelings, for he feared the effect that it might have on the young girl's aunt. Then, too, Louise herself, what would she think of him—falling in love in less than three weeks' time?

During the last week of his stay it seemed as though Mme. Primeau had scented danger, for suddenly and apparently without any cause her manner towards the young man had changed. She was always cold and sarcastic when she spoke to him, and she did not invite him to dinner with herself and her niece. The time was getting desperately short—only three days more—and then through his own foolish procrastination he would for ever have lost the opportunity he now had of speaking, and perhaps of winning as his wife the only woman he would ever love.

In the evening, when the two ladies happened to be sitting out in the garden, Lieutenant Fournier on his arrival took his chair and, in spite of the aggressive expression which he read in Mme. Primeau's eyes, planted it near to hers, and began to talk boldly about his departure, about Paris, and then about his own position and means. Then, suddenly, and without any leading up to it, he announced the fact that he was weary of his solitary life, and that he wanted to marry and settle down . . . . Louise, bending over her embroidery, listened to all the young man was saying, just as she might have listened to one of the love-stories, such as her aunt adored, and which she was always having to read aloud.

Accustomed as she was to her monotonous existence, to her poverty and her solitude, it never entered into her head that the young man's romance could have anything to do with her, and so this first confidence of the man who loved her awoke no echo in her slumbering soul. Mme. Primeau, alarmed at the lengths to which the young officer was going, interrupted him shortly, endeavouring to bring him back to the more prosaic side of the question.

"But your position and your income. . . . If what you mention is all you have to depend upon, you surely cannot think of marrying yet awhile. For yourself alone . . . . of course it is enough, but if you had a wife and children, why . . . . it would mean misery . . . . misery. . . . ." And then, without giving him time to argue the point, she rose, and, on the pretext that she was getting chilly, she took Louise's arm, and the two ladies entered the house together.

Lieutenant Tournier did not see the young

"YOU SURELY CANNOT THINK OF MARRYING."

girl the next day, nor even the next. Mme. Primeau, whose heart was affected, had one of her bad attacks. It was no doubt brought on by the agitation into which she had been thrown, for she had not mistaken the young man's meaning, and the bare idea of the possibility of her niece leaving her was more than she could bear, so intensely selfish had she grown and so dependent on Louise. She stayed in bed for the next few days, and the young girl waited on her, hand and foot, taking her meals even in the sick room, little dreaming, in her perfect unconsciousness, that there was in the whole world any single human being who felt any interest in her, and who was longing to see her.

Maurice Tournier was in despair; his departure was now so near, and Louise was invisible. Cost what it might, no matter even if she were angry or indignant, he *would* tell her of his love. The very last day came, and he waited about and watched for her everywhere. He was even on the point of going into one of the rooms in the house in which he had never set foot, when the servant saw him and said :—

"There is no one in there, sir. The mistress is not up to-day again, and Mlle. Louise is with her night and day."

He gave a message to the servant for her mistress, saying that he was leaving and would like to say "Good-bye." Mme. Primeau sent a cold polite message back, regretting that she was too ill to see anyone, and not even mentioning her niece.

Maurice did not give up, though, even after that. The detachment was to leave the town at daybreak, in order to spare the men the long march in the heat of the mid-day sun. The young lieutenant gave out that he would take his things away from the house that night, and sleep at the hotel in order not to disturb the ladies in the early morning. He made a great deal of noise whilst packing, slamming the doors, dragging his trunk and his sword along with a clatter; in fact, letting the invalid know that he was really going off the premises.

Two hours later, when it was just getting dusk, he returned by a narrow street to the other side of the garden, climbed the wall, and then dropped down amongst the rose-bushes. His hope was that, when Mme. Primeau thought that he was out of the way, she would allow her niece to go out into the garden for a breath of air after being imprisoned for two or three days.

The young man waited, his eyes fixed eagerly on the house-door, dreading every instant that the servant would appear and close it for the night. Resolved at last in his desperation to risk everything, and even to enter the house and ask boldly to see Mlle. Louise, he stepped out from amongst the bushes.

Just at this moment the young girl appeared, and he darted back to his hiding-place, fearing that at the sight of a man in the little garden she might rush back to the house, terrified. As soon as she had passed by and was nearly at the end of the path, he came out again and followed her.

When she turned in order to retrace her steps, she saw him, and uttered a cry of

surprise. He advanced to meet her, his cap in his hand, and then, when he was once face to face with her, he told her all, hurriedly, eagerly, mixing everything up together, his torture and his joy, telling her of his hopes, reminding her of their first and their last meeting, and yet fixing her attention in spite of the incoherency of all he said by the passionate look in his eyes, and by the tender inflexion of his voice, in which his whole soul vibrated.

She listened to him in astonishment; her face was paler than ever with emotion, but she could not find a word to say to him—her ideas seemed to be hopelessly scattered. Her hands were clasped together, and she shuddered perceptibly—it was as though invisible wings were hovering round her in the still blue of the summer evening.

"Do not answer me now," he said; "you cannot decide all at once, and I have startled you with my abruptness. Think it over when you are calm, and try to remember all I have told you, for I have not said a word that does not come from my heart. I must go away now at daybreak, but I could come back again. I could come back soon. May I?"

She stepped aside to go away again, just as she had come, quietly, half timidly, without having answered a word, without having let him know what was passing in her mind. He stretched out his hands towards her—his strong, sun-burnt hands—but he did not dare to detain her; much less did he dare clasp her for one moment in his arms.

Just like some vision she retreated slowly, and then faded from his sight in the gathering darkness amidst the trees. As she was going though, he said, hurriedly:—

"I understand . . . . it has been so sudden . . . . you cannot answer me. . . . . Do not try to tell me now, but at daybreak, when our detachment passes in front of the house . . . . . be there . . . . make some sign . . . . smile . . . . or, at any rate, let me see you . . . . *open the window* even . . . . nothing else, but just that . . . . and I shall know that you are not angry with me, that I may come and see you again."

When once the young girl was back in the sick room, she took up her usual place on a low sofa near the bed. The invalid was breathing more regularly, and seemed to be sleeping. Louise did as the young officer had asked her: she began to go over again all he had said to her. She repeated to herself his passionate words of love, and they seemed to ring in her ears over and over again.

Now that she was calmer, and could think it all over deliberately, she felt deeply touched as she remembered all he had said, and presently a feeling of pride came over her; she was proud to have won the love of such a man, and great tears of happiness gathered in her eyes and rolled slowly down her pale cheeks. She could hear again the voice of the young officer pleading eagerly his cause, and then gradually she knew nothing more, neither where she was, nor who else was there. Shuddering again as she had done in the garden, it seemed to her that she had been touched once more by the great invisible wings which were hovering over her.

Suddenly, at daybreak, Louise was awakened by a bugle-blast, bold, clear, victorious, rousing from slumber the silent fields and the whole country round. The

"LOUISE TRIED TO DISENGAGE HERSELF."

young girl started up, and she saw a faint, rosy light penetrating through the closed Venetian blinds.

In the distance she could hear the confused murmur of men's voices.

An invincible desire took possession of her to break away from her monotonous existence, to live, and breathe, and to answer the appeal to her love which had so bewildered her yesterday. She went quickly to the window and stretched her two hands up eagerly to open it, fearing to be too late—when a cry of distress stopped her short.

The sick woman, livid and shivering, was sitting up in bed, and seeing what her niece was just going to do, she cried out in a hoarse, desperate voice :—

"You are opening the window, Louise. . . . . Whatever possesses you? I am cold—oh! so cold. . . . Come here to me. . . . Don't leave me. . . . Oh! what pain I am in. I am terrified. . . . Child! . . . I am dying—I know I am. . . ."

Just at that moment Louise could hear the measured tread of the soldiers, but, nevertheless, she went to her aunt. As soon as she reached the bedside, the sick woman seized her in her arms and kissed her over and over again. But for the first time Louise was impatient, and tried to disengage herself from her aunt's embrace. It was as though she were attracted towards the window by some hitherto unknown force, powerful and almost unearthly.

The sick woman took the girl's hand and placed it on her own heart, which was beating wildly. It was enough. . . . . A deep—an infinite pity overcame the young girl. . . . . She resisted no longer, but quietly and submissively sat down on the bed and, taking the invalid in her arms, she kissed the poor, wrinkled face, and soothingly promised never—never to leave her. The two women remained thus with the blinds still down, whilst with a measured tread of heavy boots on the pavement and a clanging of steel, the soldiers marched on, and on, and on . . . . until, finally, Louise heard nothing more but the beating of her own heart.

In front of the old, grey house, holding his sword loosely, Maurice Tournier had felt a terrible pang as he gazed up at those closed blinds. When the detachment had passed he had stepped short and then, walking back under pretence of inspecting his men, he had gazed and gazed at that window.

When at last the thick screen of poplar trees hid from him, first the house, then the square, and last of all the little church, he clenched his teeth tightly together, for he felt sobs rising in his throat as though they would choke him.

"HE GAZED UP AT THE CLOSED BLINDS."

Suddenly, ashamed of his weakness, hardening himself by a tremendous effort of his will against his grief and emotion, he tried to feel anger instead, and he kept repeating to himself :—

"It is all her pride and vanity!"

And whether he ever returned to the little, old-world town must remain a mystery for the present.

The Modern Mercury.

A Quantitative Account of Post Office Work.

By J. Holt Schooling.*

(Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society, etc.)

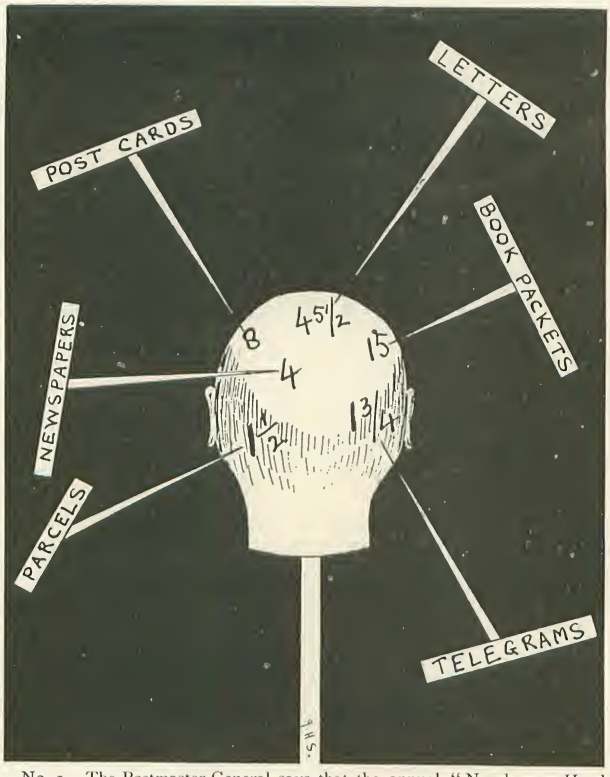
WHEN Mr. Fawcett was Postmaster-General, so closely did he identify himself with all branches of Post Office work, that the popularly accepted idea was that he did everything himself. For example, Mr. F. E. Baines, C.B., late Inspector-General of Mails, tells us, in his "Forty Years at the Post Office," that a vestryman "sitting next to me at Hampstead once remarked: 'My four o'clock letters sometimes do not come till five. I mean to write to Mr. Fawcett about it.'"

Before, and since, the time of Mr. Fawcett's generalship of the Post Office army (1880–1884) there has been a fairly widespread habit of growling at the management when any trivial irregularity occurs in the working of the vast business of the Post Office. Perhaps if we take a bird's-eye view of the *quantity* of work done, we may come to the conclusion that the quality of the work is no less remarkable than its bulk. We will use the official reports, for the Post Office annually supplies us with a summary of its work, that may, with entire justice, be used to show what a gigantic social and commercial machine daily grinds for us at St. Martin's-le-Grand.

At the present time there are nearly 140 thousand persons in the service of the Post Office. This means that one in every 280 of the population of the United Kingdom assists in the all-important work of postal communication—a vital factor of our social life and of our national activity and development. The wages bill is nearly 6½ millions per annum, over £120,000 per week, or, say, £20,000 per day!

For this little wages bill, each member of our population (say, 39 millions), from the youngest to the oldest, has delivered to him, or her, on the average, the assortment of postal items mentioned in diagram No. 1. Here you see the allowance of postal matter which should fall to you as your share of the mighty total of 2,979 millions of letters, etc. (including telegrams), delivered during the year; if you have not received all your share, do as Mr. Baines's vestryman did, and write to the Postmaster-General.

As regards the wages and salaries of the Post Office servants, it may be interesting to say that the various revisions (eight) made from 16th June, 1881, to 17th August, 1894, have entailed an average *yearly* cost to the taxpayer of just on £750,000; evidently Post Office men are adepts in the art of going for a rise, for an advance of nearly £25,000 per week is worth having.



No. 1.—The Postmaster-General says that the annual "Number per Head of Population" of letters, post-cards, book-packets, etc., dealt with by him, is as set out in the above diagram.

The financial result of a year's work at the Post Office is now, in round numbers, 10¾ millions spent on the postal and telegraph services, and 13¾ millions received; leaving a yearly

* Copyright by John Holt Schooling, 1896.

The Number of Letters (only) delivered yearly in the United Kingdom per Head of Population.

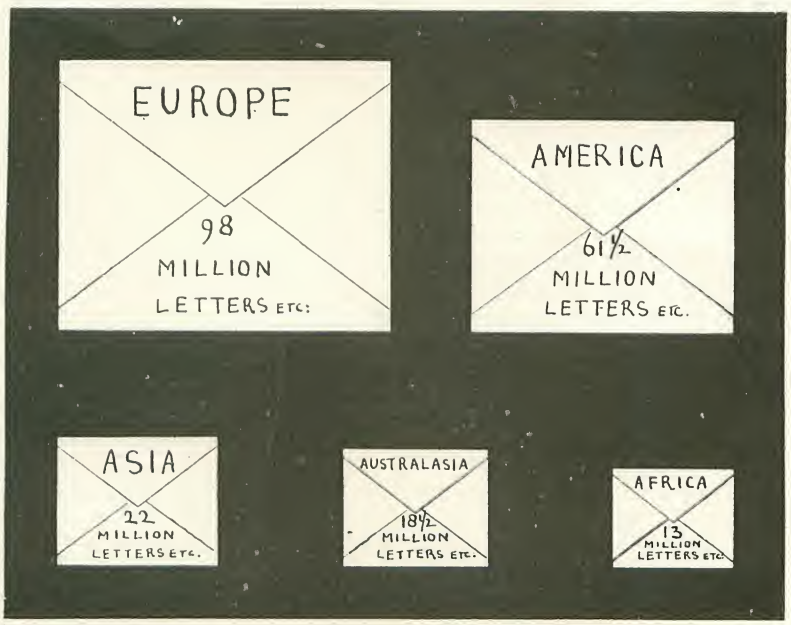
Year	Number	Year	Number
1894-95	46	1869-70	26
1893-94	47	1868-69	26
1892-93	47	1867-68	25
1891-92	46	1866-67	24
1890-91	45	1865-66	24
1889-90	43	1864-65	23
1888-89	42	1863-64	22
1887-88	41	1862-63	21
1886-87	40	1861-62	20
1885-86	39	1860-61	19
1884-85	38	1859-60	18
1883-84	37	1858-59	18
1882-83	36	1857-58	17
1881-82	35	1856-57	17
1880-81	34	1855-56	16
1879-80	33	1854-55	16
1878-79	32	1853-54	15
1877-78	32	1852-53	14
1876-77	31	1851-52	13
1875-76	31	1850-51	13
1874-75	30	1849-50	12
1873-74	29	1848-49	12
1872-73	28	1847-48	11
1871-72	27	1846-47	11
1870-71	27	1845-46	10

No. 2.—The Increase in letter-writing during the last fifty years. [The decrease for 1894–95, as compared with 1893–94, is more apparent than real: the Postmaster-General says it is mainly due to a change in the method of estimating the number of letters delivered.]

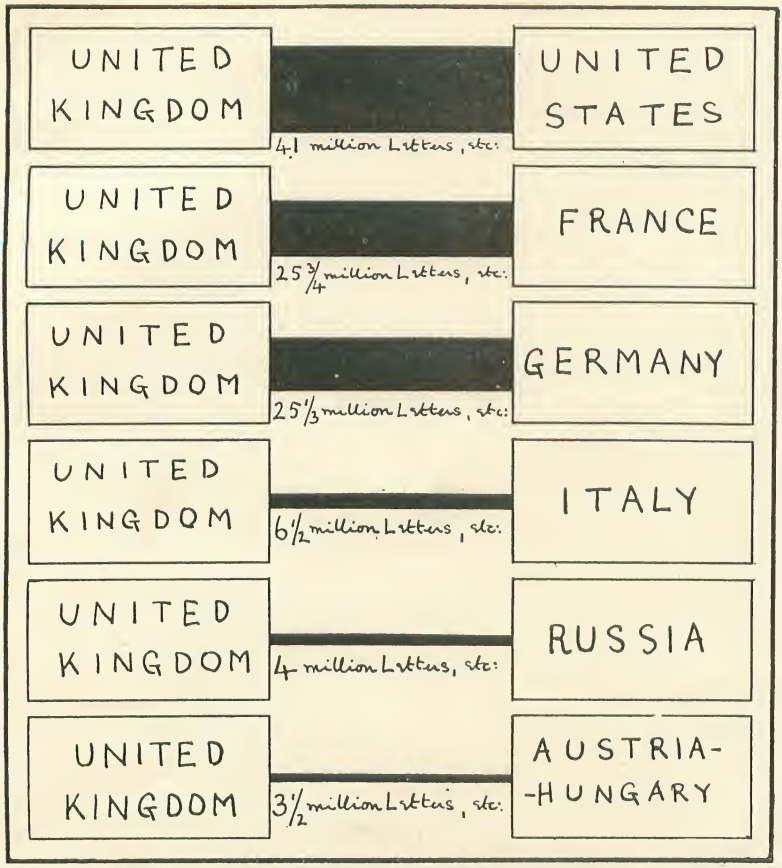
profit of three millions sterling—promptly annexed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Gradual growth does not arrest public attention to the degree that scientific discovery or mechanical development strikes upon the country's sense. But, in No. 2, I show a tabular statement I have made by aid of all the reports of Postmasters-General—since a report has been issued—which, by aid of a little reflection, will show us that not the smallest marvel of Queen Victoria's reign is the growth of letter-writing among her subjects. When we think of all that letters mean to us, their conveyance to and from us of the successes and failures, the tragedies and comedies of life, the thousand chances and accidents brought about by the receipt of a letter and by the intelligence it brings to us—when we think of these, and of the infinite development of social life that exists only by the receipt and despatch of letters—why, then we must realize that a growth from ten to forty-six or forty-seven letters per person during the last fifty years is an achievement of which the Post Office and the public may both be justly proud. This remarkable proof of social and commercial activity has, so far as I know, never before been dug out of the official blue-books, and, without doubt, this growth in letter-writing has been to no slight degree a factor in the vast development of the country's life during the past half-century, both as a cause and as an effect of that development.

We will now look outside of these islands and see what our Post Office is doing for us as regards intercourse with the continents of the world. Diagram No. 3 shows the quantity of our postal correspondence, exclusive of parcels, with Europe, America, Asia, Australasia, and Africa, respectively. [Including parcels ex-



No. 3.—A graphic illustration [drawn to scale] of the yearly Amount of Correspondence to and from the United Kingdom and the other parts of the World; *viz.*: Europe, America, Asia, Australasia, and Africa, respectively. *Total, 213 million letters, post-cards, circulars, book-packets, patterns, and newspapers.*



No. 4.—The comparative "Bond of Union" between the United Kingdom and the United States, and between the United Kingdom and each of the Great Powers of Europe: illustrated by the yearly exchange of letters, post-cards, circulars, book-packets, patterns, and newspapers between the United Kingdom and each of the countries named. *The thickness of the black connecting link is in proportion to the number of letters, etc., exchanged.*

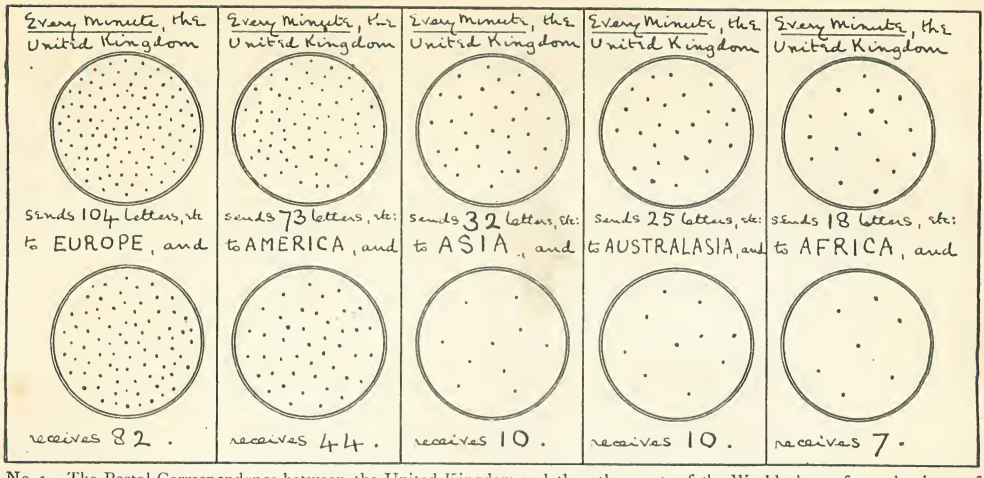
changed, during the last postal year, with foreign countries and with British possessions abroad, we add over a million and a half to the grand total of 213 million letters, etc., set out in diagram No. 3. Aden and Zanzibar are the two extremes of the long Post Office list of places with which are exchanged parcels, worth on the average £1 6s. 1d. each.]

Our correspondence with the five continents works out in the order that most of us would expect to see: Europe, of course, takes the first place, and Africa the last, America being second to Europe.

Even more important, perhaps, than a statement of our correspondence with the five continents is the matter of our exchange of letters, etc., with each of the six great powers of the world, which, with England, make up the seven powers that practically "run the show." Accordingly, in No. 4 I show a diagram which I call the "Bond of Union" (?) between Great Britain and each of the six powers there mentioned. The dead black connection between each pair of labels is the "Bond," and it has been computed and then drawn to the true scale of correspondence with the quantity of letters, etc., exchanged by us with each of the powers.

If letter-writing goes for anything, and perhaps it does, why, then, the strong connection between us and the United States which is seen at the top of No. 4, ought to render the two nations allies for all time. We are also strongly held to France and Germany, and, by a curious coincidence, the bond of union in No. 4 is just a shade thicker between us and France than between us and Germany; a state of things that now exists politically as well as postally. Our intercourse with Italy, Russia, and Austria-Hungary is very small when compared with our exchange of letters with the other three powers which head the list in No. 4.

It occurs to me that when, just now, I showed you the big figures on the face of No. 3, they were too large to convey to your mind a clear idea of what they really mean. So, in No. 5, I show our postal correspondence with the five continents, translated into the much smaller figures which suffice if we consider only *one minute of time*, instead of one year, as in No. 3. Moreover, this No. 5 also tells us how this correspondence of ours is split up into letters sent away per minute, and letters received per minute. The facts, in this form, are rather startling, and so I respectfully commend diagram No. 5 to your


Every minute, the United Kingdom
sends 104 letters, &c. to EUROPE, and receives 82.
Every minute, the United Kingdom
sends 73 letters, &c. to AMERICA, and receives 44.
Every minute, the United Kingdom
sends 32 letters, &c. to ASIA, and receives 10.
Every minute, the United Kingdom
sends 25 letters, &c. to AUSTRALASIA, and receives 10.
Every minute, the United Kingdom
sends 18 letters, &c. to AFRICA, and receives 7.

No. 5.—The Postal Correspondence between the United Kingdom and the other parts of the World, shown for each minute of the day and night throughout the year; letters, etc., sent *from* the United Kingdom being distinguished from letters, etc., sent *to* the United Kingdom.

notice. You will observe that in each of its five sections we send away many more letters, etc., than we receive.

Having briefly glanced at the "outside" work done by the Post Office, we will come back home and notice in No. 6 a very graphic illustration of facts which, in a less striking way, have been otherwise dealt with in No. 2. Here, in No. 6, we have a carefully drawn diagram of the growth during the last fifty years, in the actual number of letters (only) delivered in the United Kingdom; the figures being:—

1846-50	1,559	millions,	or a yearly average of	312	millions
1851-55	1,942	,,	,,	388	,,
1856-60	2,507	,,	,,	501	,,
1861-65	3,084	,,	,,	617	,,
1866-70	3,885	,,	,,	777	,,
1871-75	4,486	,,	,,	897	,,
1876-80	5,310	,,	,,	1,062	,,
1881-85	6,358	,,	,,	1,272	,,
1886-90	7,584	,,	,,	1,517	,,
1891-95	8,847	,,	,,	1,769	,,
	45,562	,,	,,	911	,,

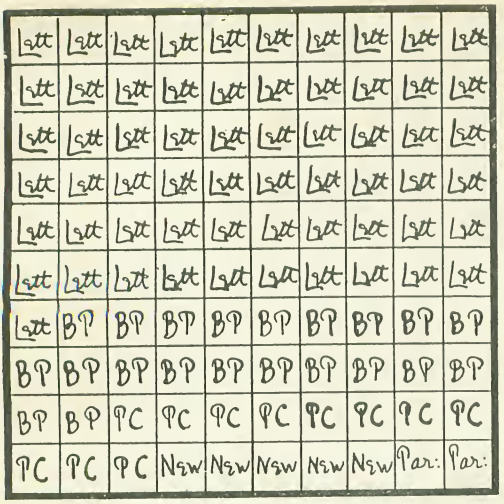
What a stupendous result! More than 45 thousand million letters (only) have been delivered in the United Kingdom during the last fifty years; 911 millions per annum, on the average, or (say) 1,732 per minute of the day and night for fifty years incessantly.

I have said that these results refer to *letters*: as No. 7 shows, letters now form only 61 per cent. of all the postal matter delivered in the United Kingdom, the other items being as set out in No. 7.

It is not easy to convey an idea that can be readily grasped, of the huge masses of correspondence that are now being dealt with by our Post Office; but, in No. 8, I have attempted to do so, by enlisting, for this purpose, the whole population of the world. By means of calculations

These ten columns illustrate the enormous growth in the Number of Letters delivered in the United Kingdom during the last 50 years. For example, the column that relates to the years 1891-1895 is nearly six times as high as the column that relates to the years 1846-1850, and the height of the other eight columns is in true proportion to the Number of Letters delivered in the United Kingdom during each five years named.
J. H. S.
1891 to 1895
1886 to 1890
1881 to 1885
1876 to 1880
1871 to 1875
1866 to 1870
1861 to 1865
1856 to 1860
1851 to 1855
1846 to 1850

No. 6.—Fifty Years' Growth of the number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom. *Letters only.*



No. 7.—Every hundred Postal Items delivered in the United Kingdom is made up of 61 letters, 21 book-packets, circulars and samples, 11 post-cards, 5 newspapers, 2 parcels: *total 100.*

based on two separate estimates made by population-specialists, I have obtained column (2) of the table in No. 8. The column (1) has been taken from the reports of the Postmaster-General, and incidentally I may say that Mr. Arnold Morley states that the decrease for the year 1894–1895 as compared with 1893–1894 is more apparent than real, it being mainly owing to a change in the departmental method.

I call the twenty years' records in No. 8 a "race between the Post Office and the population of the world," because, up to the year 1886–87, there was a race between the growth of the world's population and the growth in the number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom.

Look at a map of the world, and then the full significance of the facts in the last two columns of No. 8 will be clearly defined. Twenty years ago, the activity of a tiny spot in the tiny spot marked London annually delivered 72 letters in the United Kingdom for every 100 persons living on the area of the whole world: a sufficiently remarkable performance, even then. But now, this wonderful Post Office machine delivers in these little islands only, a number of letters that suffices to provide each unit of the world's population with nearly 1¼ letters annually, and this without including any of the other considerable item of postal matter, such as book-packets, post-cards, newspapers, circulars, telegrams, etc.

The item of returned correspondence is of interest to its senders: this is dealt with in No. 9. Nearly 19 million letters, etc., were last year thus treated by the Post Office, the figures being:—

Book-packets, circulars, samples, patterns	10,803,152	or 57 per cent. of the total.
Letters	6,101,950	,, 32 ,, ,, ,,
Post-cards	1,281,595	,, 7 ,, ,, ,,
Newspapers	580,860	,, 3 ,, ,, ,,
Parcels	143,096	,, 1 ,, ,, ,,
Total number of returned items dealt with	18,910,653	,, 100 ,, ,, ,,

YEAR	LETTERS delivered in the UNITED KINGDOM (1) [millions]	POPULATION of the WORLD (2) [millions]	RATIO between columns (1) and (2). LETTERS (1)	RATIO between columns (1) and (2). POPULATION (2)
1894-95	1771	1496	118	100
1893-94	1812	1491	122	100
1892-93	1790	1486	120	100
1891-92	1768	1480	119	100
1890-91	1706	1474	116	100
1889-90	1650	1469	112	100
1888-89	1558	1464	106	100
1887-88	1512	1458	104	100
1886-87	1460	1453	101	100
1885-86	1404	1447	97	100
1884-85	1360	1442	94	100
1883-84	1322	1437	92	100
1882-83	1281	1432	89	100
1881-82	1229	1427	86	100
1880-81	1165	1421	82	100
1879-80	1128	1416	80	100
1878-79	1097	1411	78	100
1877-78	1058	1406	75	100
1876-77	1019	1401	73	100
1875-76	1008	1396	72	100

No. 8.—The Race, for the last twenty years, between the Post Office and the Population of the World: the Post Office won in the year 1886–87, and now has a long lead. [Letters *only* are referred to here, no post-cards, book-packets, etc., being included in column (1) above.]

No. 9.—Every hundred Postal Items dealt with as *returned correspondence* is made up of 57 book-packets, etc., 32 letters, 7 post-cards, 3 newspapers, 1 parcel: *total 100.* [There are one hundred "returned" items to about every 15,400 items delivered by the Post Office: say, one item is dealt with as "returned" to every 150 items that are delivered.]

Taking the 6 million letters returned to the Post Office, these were ultimately dealt with as follows:—

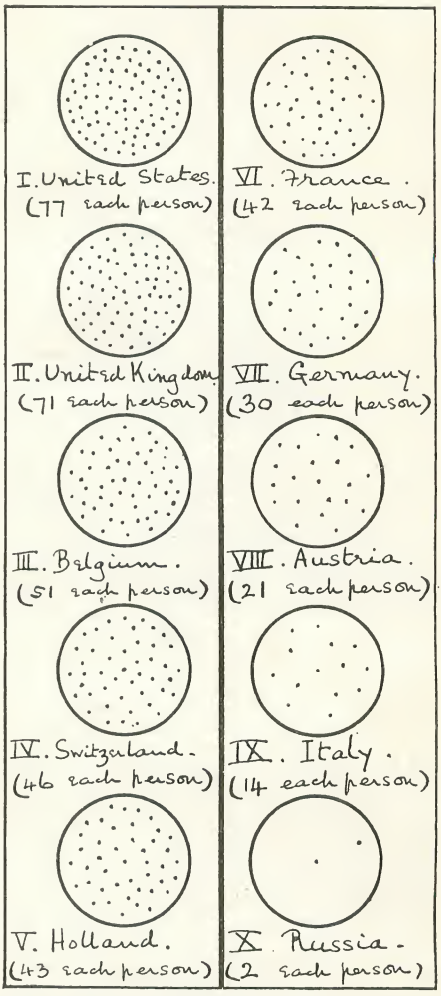
Re-issued to corrected addresses	115,697	or	2	per cent.	of the total.
Returned to the senders	5,267,433	,,	86	,,	,, ,,
Returned unopened to foreign countries	245,756	,,	4	,,	,, ,,
Neither re-issued nor returned	473,064	,,	8	,,	,, ,,
Total	6,101,950	,,	100	,,	,, ,,

If we take the different items of postal correspondence, and consider the sporting chances that each item has of reaching its destination without being dealt with by the Post Office as a returned item, "the odds" are:—

A book-packet, circular, sample, or pattern	56 to 1 "on."
A post-card	243 to 1 "on."
A newspaper	260 to 1 "on."
A letter	289 to 1 "on."
A parcel	398 to 1 "on."

The just stated odds for each item form the sequence that might be expected: Book-packets, circulars, samples, and patterns, being the most often dealt with as returned, and parcels being the safest to reach their destination, of any non-registered postal items sent. The cost of this "returned" work is very heavy: in London alone the cost is over £18,000 a year to return undelivered letters and parcels to the senders.

I will end with some international comparisons of postal activity which are rather striking—the number of letters, etc., delivered per head of population. In No. 10, I show this comparison of international progress for ten States.


I. United States. (77 each person)
II. United Kingdom. (71 each person)
III. Belgium. (51 each person)
IV. Switzerland. (46 each person)
V. Holland. (43 each person)
VI. France. (42 each person)
VII. Germany. (30 each person)
VIII. Austria. (21 each person)
IX. Italy. (14 each person)
X. Russia. (2 each person)

No. 10.—A comparative diagram which shows for each of the principal countries of the world the annual number of letters, post-cards, postal packets, etc., delivered per head of the respective populations of the ten countries named.

The two English-speaking countries are far and away ahead of all the others, and, as letter-writing means activity, and, to some extent, enterprise also, we shall not perhaps overstrain the logic of facts if we accept this result in No. 10 as an index of the great social and commercial activity of these two mighty English-speaking races.

[NOTE.—In my article *The Silver Greyhound*, last April, I omitted to say that I am indebted to the *Quarterly Review* for April, 1892, for the incident mentioned on page 405 of my article—see col. ii., lines 10 to 12 from bottom—and for many other anecdotes, etc., used to supplement those told to me personally by gentlemen visited during the preparation of *The Silver Greyhound*.—J. H. S.]

A Story for Children. By Charles Smith Cheltnam.

THERE was once a King and Queen who, having everything a King and Queen could reasonably desire, might have been as happy as the day was long—if they had only taken the right means for making the best of their good fortune.

The King was a pattern of amiability, and, as to wisdom, could have held his own in comparison with any crowned potentate on earth; but of the Queen not half as much could be said in praise. As a girl, her beauty had been renowned, and had brought to her Princes by the score as wooers; but to their suits she had, as the phrase is, turned a deaf ear, regarding men as creatures made wholly of ill qualities, and marriage with them a debasement of herself in every sense; and it was not until her father threatened to imprison her for the rest of her life in a town built of steel and adamant, that she could be induced to accept a husband.

The amiability of her spouse was often sorely tried by her constant disparagement of men; but, being founded upon exceptional goodness of character, he did not allow it to be overcome, and schooled himself to bear with her fantastic ideas, rewarding himself for his leniency by sometimes laughing in his sleeve at the more preposterous of her pretensions.

A great many years passed without their having any family until, one day, the Queen had a baby girl, and consoled herself by reflecting that that, at least, was better than having a boy, "to grow up into a horrid man," as she expressed herself.

It happened that, at the moment of the little Princess's birth, the fairy Gaieia was passing the palace, and, as she had no particularly pressing business on hand, slipped in, and, after congratulating the Queen on the beauty of her offspring, constituted herself the infant's godmother—as was the fairy custom at that period—at the same time laughingly predicting that she would prove to be "the joy of her parents."

It hardly needs to be recorded that, with her very peculiar views as to what a woman's conduct in life ought to be, the Queen did not permit her daughter to receive instruction of any kind from anybody but herself; the King, consequently, rarely saw his child, and knew nothing of the character which had been made for her by her mother, rather than allowed to come to her and develop itself in the natural order of things.

In this way the Princess Disdainana—so her mother had insisted on naming her—was brought up until she had reached her seventeenth year. If the youthful beauty of her mother had been renowned, that of the Princess was celebrated far and near as being nothing less than marvellous, and a hundred of the richest and handsomest Kings and Princes in the world vied with each other in their endeavours to obtain her hand; but to not one of them would she deign to listen even for a moment, regarding all men as a sort of natural excrescence, whose only fitting place in the world was in companionship with the horses and dogs, or, at most, as ugly and repulsive creatures necessary for the performance of the most unpleasant labours. It was on this account that she had become universally known as "The Princess Who Despised All Men."

This state of things became, at last, a cause of extreme uneasiness to the King. By the time she had arrived at a marriageable age, the fact that he, too, was year by year growing older began to recur to his mind with disquieting persistency; for, having no son to succeed him, he saw that, if his daughter's disinclination to marry were maintained, his dynasty was in danger of coming to an end — and that is a prospect which no King can be expected to contemplate with equanimity.

One day, therefore, when the subject was worrying him very much, he sent for his wife and daughter and explained to them the extreme discomforts of the situation which had been brought about by the obduracy of the Princess.

"My daughter, I am happy to say, knows her duty to herself," replied the Queen, proudly.

The King was about to retort, "But she does not appear to know anything whatever about her duty to her father"; but, as it was a rule of conduct with him never to use that form of contradiction in any discussion he had with his wife, he held his peace.

"Rather than become the wife of an ugly, coarse, bearded man, I would die a hundred deaths!" cried the Princess, vehemently.

As the last syllable left her lips, a gay laugh rippled through the air of the room.

"May I ask what you find to laugh at in what my daughter has said?" demanded the Queen of her husband, indignantly.

"Nothing whatever, my dear—and, consequently, I did not laugh," replied the King, mildly.

"What! Perhaps you will say that it was *I* who uttered that insolent sound?" cried the Queen.

"Now I come to recall the fact, I don't think I ever heard you laugh, my dear; but I am sure the voice that laughed a moment ago was not in the least like yours," said the King.

"It was more like my daughter's, perhaps

"SHE HURRIED THE PRINCESS BACK TO HER OWN APARTMENT."

you will say?" remarked the Queen, sarcastically.

"Not in the least—I should imagine, for I never had the advantage of hearing her laugh any more than yourself," replied the King.

Again the gay sound of a musical voice, laughing lightly, rang through the room.

"Oh! This is too insulting!" cried the Queen. "Come with me, my love—out of such an unendurable atmosphere of coarseness."

And, without deigning to listen to a word of remonstrance from the King, she hurried the Princess back to her own apartment—followed by another silvery peal of laughter.

The King was equally puzzled and vexed by the abrupt termination of what he had hoped would have been a conference resulting in relief to himself from pressing anxieties. Now—knowing his wife's absolute and unyielding temper, and the complete control she exercised over her daughter—he saw no way but one (that of using his extreme parental authority) to bring the Princess to obedience; but that measure he was too kind-hearted to resolve upon applying.

In the utmost perplexity of mind he had paced his study for several minutes, without noticing that he was grasping in his right hand a scroll of parchment. On becoming aware of this fact, he stopped suddenly and gazed on the document with bewildered astonishment. It was absolutely certain that he had never seen it before, that it was not in his hand when the Queen and Princess quitted his presence, and that nobody else had entered the room.

While he was thinking of all this, the gay laugh, which had been heard three times before, rang through the study again, only more gaily than ever—for a moment angering the King, though he was one of the most placable of Sovereigns, and causing him to ferret in every possible hiding-place in his study in search of the daring jester. But not a trace of an intruder was discoverable. When he had perfectly assured himself of this, he unfolded the mysteriously-conveyed parchment.

The opening words of the document caused him to turn pale, and the sight of the signature at the end of it sent a thrill of terror through his frame. It was nothing less than a formal demand for the hand of the Princess Disdainana, on the part of Kloxoxskin the Ninety-ninth—one of the ugliest and most belligerent monarchs in the world—the document being drawn in the form of an ultimatum, calling upon the King to give his daughter to the said Kloxoxskin in marriage, within two hours of the receipt of this demand, or, failing compliance therewith, to surrender his throne to the said Kloxoxskin, who would, at the time specified, come, supported by his invincible army of one million nine hundred and ninety-nine veteran warriors, to receive the said King's answer.

In his moments of worst apprehension, the King had never thought of anything so terrible as this. He called his wife and daughter back to him, and made them clearly understand the crisis that had come to him and them; but though the Queen was inclined to save her share of the throne by submission, the Princess declared that no consideration would induce her to give herself to any man—to such a human monster as Kloxoxskin least of all.

From that resolution her father tried to move her, but she was inflexible against all his arguments and prayers; and when the two hours' grace was spent, the King found himself in the presence of the redoubtable Kloxoxskin the Ninety-ninth, a prisoner in his palace, and wholly at the mercy of his all-powerful conqueror.

Realizing the peril in which she stood, the Queen did her best to persuade her daughter to submit to the inevitable; but the Princess quickly silenced her by giving her back the arguments that had all her life been used in the cultivation of her detestation of all men.

But though she had no misgiving as to her moral strength, the Princess could not but contemplate with alarm the danger of a personal encounter with King Kloxoxskin, so she determined to seek safety in flight, and, as soon as dusk came, contrived to slip unperceived from the palace into a dense forest which grew at no great distance from the walls of her father's capital.

For a long time she pressed farther and farther into the depths of the forest, growing every moment more and more relieved from the apprehension that she might be pursued.

Pausing at length to rest, she noticed that night had thoroughly set in, and that it would be impossible for her to go any farther in the darkness. At the same moment a terrible sound fell upon her ears—the roaring of wild beasts of some kind, coming rapidly nearer and nearer. For an instant her heart stood still, but she was not wanting in courage or resource, and, observing that she was at the foot of a giant oak-tree, she lost not a moment in climbing to the shelter of its spreading boughs.

Choosing the securest position she could

"AT THE MERCY OF HIS ALL-POWERFUL CONQUEROR."

find, her alarm of the moment subsided; but though she was greatly fatigued, the memory of the peril from which she was endeavouring to escape, coupled with anxiety as to the trials which might be awaiting her, all night prevented her from going to sleep; and, when morning dawned, she prepared, tired and hungry, to descend to the ground and continue her undefined journey.

But she found that climbing was a far easier matter than descending from her place of refuge; for she now observed that the tree sent out, on nearly all sides of its gnarled trunk, the remains of huge jagged and lifeless branches, to avoid which would require a skill which she did not possess. She had no choice, however, but to make an attempt to get down, and had nearly succeeded in reaching the ground when, to her consternation, the full skirt of her splendid dress caught upon an enormous splinter, and held her hanging helpless some feet in the air, all her efforts to free herself proving unavailing.

Hours passed by. The sunlight pierced some of the neighbouring tree-tops; but the return of day brought her neither comfort nor the hope of release, and she was giving way to the horrible idea that she would have to endure all the torments of a lingering death, when she heard the voice of a woodman, whistling on his way to his work, and called to him.

The man came towards her out of the underwood.

"Assist me down," said the Princess, in her habitual tone of disdain.

"Not I," replied the woodman. "I recognise you: you are the Princess Who Despises All Men! Ho! ho!—*I'm* a man, remember!"

That said, he went on his way, whistling cheerfully, leaving the Princess to think, for a moment, that her rooted antipathy to men

was amply justified by the brutal conduct of this coarse and ugly wretch.

But the distress of her position became every moment more and more acute, and, seeing that it was hopeless to anticipate the assistance of any chance passer, she made one more effort to free herself, and by exerting all her remaining strength, succeeded in tearing herself from the offensive bough—at the cost of a great rent in her beautiful dress and a fall, which left her for a few minutes lying insensible on the ground at the foot of the tree.

After returning to consciousness, and sitting for a while to recover her presence of mind, she rose and continued her blind way through the forest, always hungry, and many times faint with fatigue—all day long, until once again she found the shades of evening closing about her.

Just before night had actually come, she reached a spot at which a party of charcoal-burners were seated about a cheerful fire in front of their hut, eating their supper of bread and potatoes, roasted in the embers at their feet. The appetizing scent of these well-cooked roots provoked the starving Princess's hunger in an almost unendurable degree.

"Give me one of your potatoes," she said, still unable to modify the disdainful tone of her voice.

"Not we!" replied the head charcoal-burner. "I recognise you: you are the Princess Who Despises All Men! Ho! Ho! *We* are men, remember!"

"THE DISTRESS OF HER POSITION BECAME EVERY MOMENT MORE ACUTE."

More than ever disgusted with men, the Princess wandered all night through the forest, afraid to lie down, lest she might fall asleep and become a prey to some prowling wild beast.

As the dawn of another day was becoming visible, she found herself on the border of a meadow, and saw a young farmer drawing water from a well for some horses which were waiting near him.

"Give me some of that water—I'm thirsty!" she said, imperiously.

"Aha," said the young farmer. "I recognise you: you are the Princess Who Despises All Men! If you want water, dig a well for yourself, as I have had to do."

"Loathsome creatures, one and all!" the Princess said to herself, as she turned away from the spot. "My good mother was right in teaching me to despise them."

She presently reached a more open part of the country, though she was still near the forest through which she had passed, and, towards noon, when she was almost overcome by the sun's heat, she came upon a rising ground, whence she beheld, afar off, a great stretch of water, and, on what seemed its most distant reach, an opalesque haze.

Then there suddenly came to her mind a story she had heard of the existence of an island-kingdom peopled by women who, like herself, held all men in disdain, and would never permit one of them to set foot where they were. And she was overtaken by a burning desire to reach that island, which

she fancied must be hidden in the midst of the opalesque haze on which she was gazing.

So she hurried on and on, sustained wholly by the intensity of her desire, till she came upon the sea-shore—for the great water she had looked upon was the wide ocean.

Alongside his boat, and busy with his nets, she found a fisherman, and at once accosted him.

"Is yonder mist-enveloped island the kingdom of Diaphanosia?" she asked him.

"Yes," he answered.

"Then row me over to it in your boat," she said, eagerly.

"Not I," he replied. "I recognise you: you are the Princess Who Despises All Men, and *I* am a man, you know. If you want a boat, make one for yourself, as I had to do. Over there, in the forest, you will find plenty of wood for your purpose, only you will have to cut it down."

To get out of the sun's burning rays, and to give herself time for reflection, the Princess retired into the forest and sat down at the foot of a hollow tree, by the side of which a rusty axe was lying, as if it had been left there by some woodman and forgotten.

Strange! A merry laugh came out of the thicket near to her; but though she searched with her eyes in every direction she could discover nobody who could have given it utterance.

Strange again! It flashed upon her mind that the mere expression of disdain for men was wanting in force if it were not emphasized by the demonstration of woman's power to do absolutely without them.

Upon the strength of this reasoning, she at once seized the axe, and, after many days of hard work, succeeded in felling the hollow tree and giving to it something of the shape of a boat, in which, by the aid of a roughly-fashioned pair of oars, she rowed herself across to the island-kingdom, where she hoped to find the realization of all her aspirations for a state of existence in which men were wholly ignored.

Not once or twice, but over and over again, she succeeded in reaching the border of the opalesque haze in which the kingdom of Diaphanosia was perpetually veiled; but she was as often beaten back by an irresistible current which set towards the shore from which she had started.

On one of these fruitless voyages her strength utterly left her, and she sank down in the bottom of her boat insensible, the oars dropping from her nerveless hands and drifting away; so that, even if she had immediately returned to consciousness, she would have found herself helplessly at the mercy of the sea.

When she *did* recover from her state of insensibility, it was to discover herself lying upon a mossy bank on the skirt of the forest, a handsome and superbly dressed young man tending her with delicately eager solicitude.

She did not attempt to rise or to speak; she thought she was sleeping and dreaming—the only thing strange in her state of feeling being that the near presence of a man provoked no sense of repugnance or resentment.

"Thank Heaven!" said the young gentleman, in a tone of intense relief, as he saw her open her eyes. "For awhile I have been terribly afraid that my efforts to rescue you had been unavailing."

Still held by the idea that she was dreaming, the Princess only continued to look into his face without replying to his words.

"Rest here for a short time, and sleep if you can, while I watch over you," he continued. "When you have become strong enough to travel, my horse shall carry you to my father's palace, which stands not very far from this spot: once there, my mother will be delighted to tend upon you as if you were her own daughter."

"Take me to your kind mother," she said, rising, the soft tones of her own voice sounding in her ears as if they came from the lips of some other person than herself.

The handsome young Prince—for he was no less—blew a golden whistle suspended to his neck by a jewelled chain, and in a few moments a splendidly caparisoned horse came to him from out the forest.

Upon the back of this noble steed the Prince gallantly lifted his beautiful charge, and taking the bridle on his hand, led him through the forest openings, walking by the Princess's side and relating to her how, while hunting, it had been his blest fortune to see her helpless condition in her boat, and, by swimming out to her, rescue her at the moment when her rude vessel was on the point of sinking with her beneath the waves.

She listened silently to all he said to her, filled with an inexplicable sense of wonder at herself in finding that ever the voice of a man could fall sympathetically on her ears! "I *must* be dreaming!" she said to herself again and again.

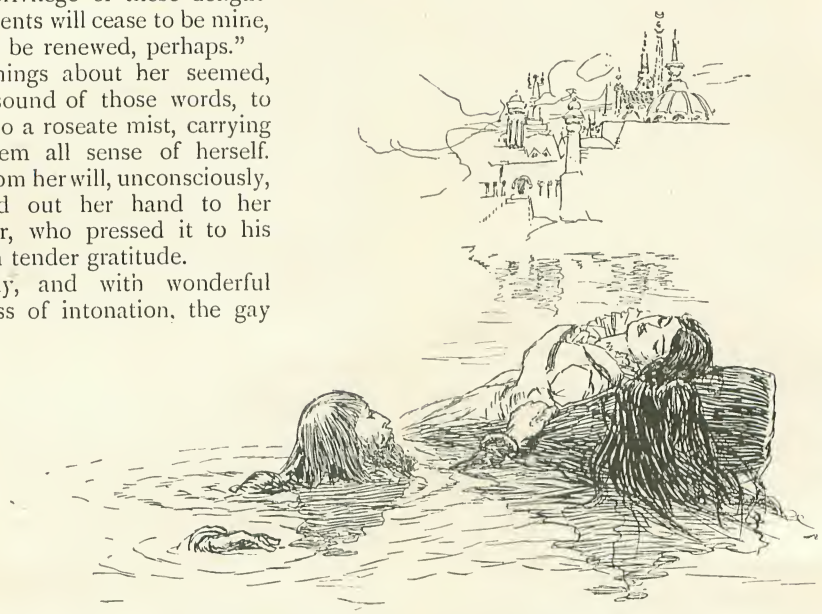
At last, on reaching an eminence, the Prince pointed to a noble pile of buildings on the outskirts of a great city, and said—

something of sadness coming into the tone of his voice :—

"Yonder is my father's palace ; we shall reach it in a very little time—and then the happy privilege of these delightful moments will cease to be mine, never to be renewed, perhaps."

All things about her seemed, at the sound of those words, to melt into a roseate mist, carrying with them all sense of herself. Apart from her will, unconsciously, she held out her hand to her preserver, who pressed it to his lips with tender gratitude.

Clearly, and with wonderful sweetness of intonation, the gay laugh which had greeted her on so many eventful moments of her life once more rang in the Princess's ears.



"HER RUDE VESSEL WAS ON THE POINT OF SINKING."

"Ah ! I recognise it now !" she cried—"the sweet voice of my fairy godmother ! Oh, wise and kind Gaieia, still be my guardian, as you have ever been, and make me in the future all that I have failed to make myself in the past !"

The laugh that answered her entreaty was as gay and sweet as ever, but came from afar ; for, in fact, the good fairy had sped away, having a great deal still to do for her froward godchild, and that without delay : amongst other things, to make King Kloxoxskin immediately evacuate the palace and dominions of the Princess's father, under the idea that he was escaping from a great peril which would certainly have overwhelmed him if he had persisted in forcing the Princess Disdainana to marry him.

More than that—a task much more difficult to accomplish—the merry fairy had to overcome the prejudice of the Queen, whose obstinacy had returned in full force as soon as she was once again able to exercise it on the side of her anti-matrimonial fancies. But, as everybody knows, nothing can permanently withstand the power and strategy of a good fairy ; so it came about—really as a matter of course—that, her daughter having accepted for her husband the charming Prince who had saved her life, the Queen consents to receive him as her son-in-law ; and it is a well-attested matter of history, that nobody ever heard her utter a single word in dissent from her husband's freely-expressed delight at the saving of his dynasty from what had, for awhile, seemed its inevitable extinction.

Modern Pearl Fishing.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY H. PHELPS WHITMARSH.

WITH the name of "pearl diver," many of us will associate much that is romantic. Our minds readily conjure up visions of priceless pearls, naked divers, stone-sinkers, and sharks. Our imagination builds, very naturally, upon the foundation which has been laid for us by tradition; and as the structure arises, as we add story upon story, we find it an interesting, charming edifice. Unfortunately, it needs the cement of truth to hold it together.

There was a time, of course, when the limited demand for pearls and pearl-shell was easily supplied by a few native divers. These toilers of the sea carried on their occupation by very primitive methods.

The islanders of the Malayan Archipelago were "beach-combers," merely walking in the water at low tide, and feeling for the pearl-shells with their feet. The Australian aborigines were taught to drop, feet first, from an open boat and swim to the bottom. Again, in Ceylon, the natives dived with the aid of a stone-sinker, and, until comparatively recently, the latter way was the best known, inasmuch as it effected a saving of time and exertion in going down, and thus gave the divers more time in which to do the actual work of gathering.

To-day the native diver is practically a thing of the past; for, as the demand increased, the shallow waters were rapidly "skinned," and methods that would enable a man to dive at greater depths were sought. This brought about the introduction of the well-known diving dress. It was first tried in Australia, and, when proved a success, was quickly taken up by the pearl-fishing communities of the world.

Pearls are found in most tropical waters. The market, however, is principally supplied from the gulfs of California and Mexico, the northern coast of Australia, Ceylon, and the islands of the Pacific.

Though pearls are found in almost all molluscs, the true pearls of fashion are only produced by the pearl oyster or mother-of-pearl shell. And here let me say that pearl diving means not only fishing for pearls, but also the shells which contain them. The commercial "M.-O.-P." shell is in reality the bread-and-butter of the diver. In size they are about as large as an ordinary dinner-plate, and their weight, when cleaned, averages 2lb. When sold in the London market they bring from £100 to £130 per ton. On the spot they are reckoned roughly at 2s. a pair.

The much-mooted question as to the origin of the pearl and the fantastic imaginings of the poets concerning the same are

MAKING READY.

now solved and settled. It is generally accepted that pearls are formed by the intrusion of some foreign substance between the mouth of the mollusc and its shell. This becoming an irritation, is coated with the same nacreous secretion with which the pearl oyster lines the interior of its home, and in time is completely encysted. As pearl fishers well know that shells infested with living parasites are most likely to yield pearls, it is very probable that to this same parasite we are indebted for the only gem Old Ocean affords.

From Torres Straits, good pearling grounds extend far east and west. Here (and it is representative of nearly all other fisheries) diving is carried on by means of lugger-rigged boats, ranging in size from five to twenty tons. This style of craft has proved to be most suitable, as they are easy to handle and can be shifted quickly. They are built with a certain regard for speed, for the reason that the better the sailing qualities of the boat, the more time the diver has for work below. The boats are fitted with air-pumps, and carry a crew of five Malays and a diver; the latter being also the captain. Many of the boats are owned by the divers themselves, but the majority are the property of companies, each with a fleet of twenty luggers or more, and a schooner to tend them.

There is a scattering of Europeans among the divers — principally English and Germans; but Kanakas, Malays, East Indians, Japanese, and Chinese make up the greater number.

Next to a good diver and apparatus, a reliable "tender" is the most necessary adjunct to a pearling lugger's outfit. He it is who holds the life or signal line, and looks after the general welfare of the diver when below. The "tender" is the second in command. He must keep his weather eye "lifting" for squalls, the movements of other boats, and should be a wide-awake fellow; quick to act in an emergency, and constantly alert.

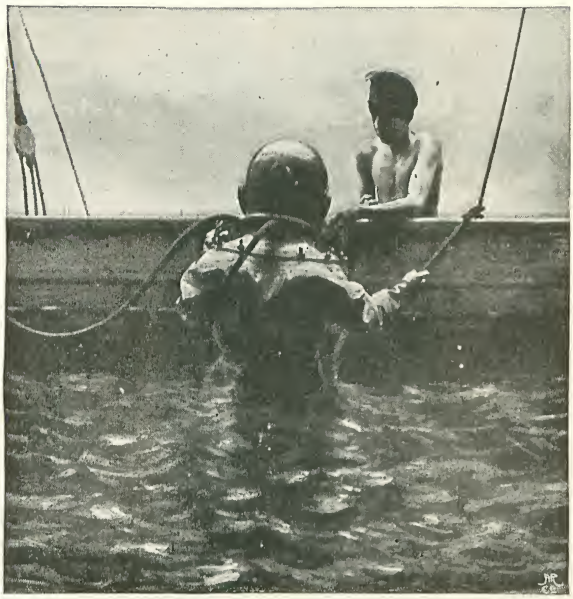
With the exception of the "willy-willy," or cyclone season, which lasts about three months, work continues throughout the year. At spring tides, however, the water becomes too "riled up" to dive with any degree of success, and during that period the boats run into the nearest creek to replenish their supplies of wood and water.

The northern coasts of Australia, being for the most part inhabited only by "black fellows," have few ports, and, as a result, the pearling fleet is often two or three hundred miles from a township. Their wants are supplied by the coastwise steamers, which not only furnish the pearlers with provisions and men, but also act as agents in shipping the accumulations of shells to the London market.

On the pearling-grounds, with the first streaks of dawn, blue wreaths of smoke arise from every boat. The cooks are busy preparing the everlasting fish and rice for the Mohammedan crews. The divers have, perforce, to content themselves with a cup of coffee and a piece of bread, as it is impossible to do good work under water with a full stomach.

READY TO GO OVER THE SIDE.

The diving dress is a waterproof combination of coat, vest, trousers, and stockings all



GOING DOWN.

in one. The only inlets or outlets are the wide collar and the wristlets. Dressed in a double set of heavy flannels (to absorb the perspiration), the diver, with the "tender's" aid, works his way, feet first, into the dress; his hands are soaped, so that they may slip through the tight-fitting rubber wristlets, and then the boots are buckled on. The latter are leaden-soled, and weigh 32lb. Next the corselet or shoulder-piece is added, and screwed tightly to the collar of the dress. Then the life-line and pipe are attached, the 80lb. back and chest weights suspended from the shoulders, the helmet screwed on, and the diver is ready to step over the side.

On the ladder, the order to "pump" away is given, the face-glass is screwed up, there is a great splash, a few bubbles, a rapid paying out of life and pipe lines, and the day's work has begun.

The descent is made by means of a rope called the plumper line, and the mode of working is as follows: a patch of shell having been discovered, the boats beat up to the windward edge and drift over it with a fouled anchor. This means that the anchor is turned upside down, a close hitch taken round the crown with the chain, so that when dropped it does not catch on the bottom, but drags over it. By this means a boat can be regulated to drift at any rate of speed the diver may desire. If much chain is paid out the boat drifts slowly. As it is hauled in, the friction is lessened and the speed increased. When the diver finds that he is off the "patch" he comes up; the boat tacks to windward again, and drifts across it as before. In this way, it will be seen that a diver travels over a good deal of ground during the course of the day, often covering twenty miles or more before four o'clock, which is "knock off" time. The reason for this is that the pearl oyster, unlike others of its kind, does not grow in clusters or in beds, but is found singly, each one being attached to the bottom by a small cable of its own. Sometimes a diver may be fortunate enough to find a bagful within the radius of his life-line; at other times, the shells will be half a mile apart. As a rule, the diver ascends each time his bag is full, and while the bag is being emptied, gets a breath of fresh air; but if shells are plentiful and the water shallow, he sends it up by the life-line.

Pearl diving is carried on at a depth of 60ft. to 108ft. At the latter depth a diver cannot remain under more than ten minutes on account of the pressure. In 40ft. or 50ft. of water it is possible to remain below two hours without suffering much inconvenience. As to the distance one can see when below, it is governed entirely by the state of the water. If clear, objects can be distinctly seen 40ft. or 50ft.; but if dirty, that is, stirred up by strong tides or rough weather, it is necessary to go on all-fours to find bottom. A good day's work is anything over 200 pairs of shells, although I have known as many as 1,000 to be picked up in that time. Pearls can never be reckoned on as certainties. Finding them is altogether a matter of luck. One diver may open ton after ton of shells without securing anything but a few seed pearls, while another may take a fortune out of a day's gathering.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

The most famous pearl discovered in Australia of late years is that known as the Southern Cross. It consists of a cluster of nine pearls in the shape of a crucifix, and is almost perfect in proportion. This

freak of Nature was picked up at low water on the Lacipede Islands, by a beach-comber named Clark, who, after burying it for some time, on account of superstitious reasons, sold it for a small sum. Although several of the pearls in the cluster are decidedly "off colour," it was last sold for a little over £10,000.

Diving, and particularly pearl diving, is an exceedingly dangerous occupation, and accidents on the pearling grounds are of common occurrence. There are so many things about a diver's work that cannot be foreseen, and, therefore, guarded against, and there is so much uncertainty as to where one is when below, or in what direction one is moving, that it is to be wondered at that accidents are not more frequent.

A diver runs the risk of losing his life by ripping or tearing his dress upon sharp rocks or corals, through which he must often pick his way. Then, again, an accident may happen to the air-pump, in which case he is suffocated; or the air-pipe may become uncoupled or burst, with the same fatal result. A crew of Malays, moreover, is never to be depended upon. They are treacherous to a degree, and constantly giving trouble. But perhaps the greatest danger which besets a diver when below is that of fouling on the bottom, and to explain how easily this may happen, I will relate an experience of my own.

DIVER WITH BAG OF PEARL SHELLS.

PICKING UP A MOTHER-OF-PEARL SHELL.

I had been working all day, and about "knock off" time, having a full bag of shells, I screwed up the escape valve in order to fill the dress with air and make myself lighter, and gave the customary signal to ascend. The life-line tautened, and I was soon lifted from my feet and being drawn toward the lighter water above. The angry frame of mind that usually attends the diver at work gradually passed away as I was raised to the surface, and I was just getting good-tempered at the thought of a mouthful of fresh air, when I felt a sudden jerk under my left arm, and at the same instant my progress was stopped.

Before I realized what was the matter, the air-pipe was torn from the check that held it under my

arm, slipped over it, and pulled my head downward; while the hauling of the "tender" above on the life-line round my waist raised the lower part of my body and left me suspended heels up.

In the first few moments of my surprise and terror I did not stop to consider what had happened. My presence of mind deserted me, and I struggled and screamed like a madman.

After a little while, having kicked myself into a state of exhaustion and common-sense, I reasoned out the cause of my dilemma. As the strain of the air-pipe was downward, and that of the life-line upward, I concluded that the pipe must be fast below, and that the only thing to be done was to go down and clear it. First, I regulated the air in the dress, letting out as much as I could spare, for in my present position all the air went into my legs, and kept them floating straight upwards, and then I tried to make the "boys" understand that I wanted them to lower me.

All my shakes and jerks on the life-line, however, were without avail. By that time all hands, except those pumping, had tailed on, and were doing their level best to pull me in halves. Fortunately, all my gear was in good shape, or they might have accomplished it. Finally, after hanging betwixt the top and the bottom about half an hour, my "tender" had sense enough to signal for another diver, and I was at last released and hauled up, more dead than alive. The cause of this accident was simply that the careless

A SEA-FAN.

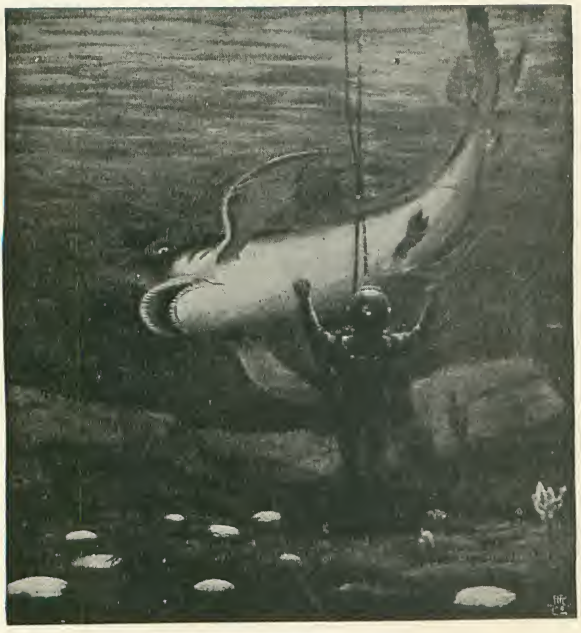
A SPECIMEN OF CORAL.

holder of the pipe, instead of keeping it taut, had allowed it to drag on the bottom until it fouled around the base of a coral cup. Had the tide not been slack at the time, the weight of the boat, which was practically anchored by the air-pipe, would have torn the helmet from my shoulders, and the result would have been different.

The quality that a diver needs more than any other is presence of mind. Without a man possesses this, he should never enter a diving-suit; for if there is any place in the world where one wants a clear head, it is under water.

There is an uncanny feeling about the bottom of the sea, a lonesomeness that causes one to start at the sudden appearance of a dark mass of rock, or the unexpected touch of a sea-finger, and a vague feeling of apprehension that something may come out of the blue of the distance. Far removed from actual communication with other human beings, in a vast, strange world, where every form is so different from earthly conditions that it seems unnatural; living under an abnormally high pressure, which in itself alters the aspect of things, the sense of loneliness, combined with a certain dread, is at times awful.

The timid man on earth may keep up his spirits with a lively whistle, but a diver cannot even do that; as, for some reason, it is not possible to whistle inside a diving dress. He may hum or sing, to be sure, only that takes too much breath, and in the end he settles down to listening to his own quick breathing and the distant thump of the pump above.



A SHARK.

Neither can diving be called a healthy occupation. Deafness, incipient paralysis, and rheumatism are common features; while divers with any inclination towards lung or heart disease live but a few months.

The *bête-noir* of the Australian pearl fisheries, however, are the terrible cyclones that yearly visit the coast. To these is due the loss of more property and the death of more divers than all the other causes combined.

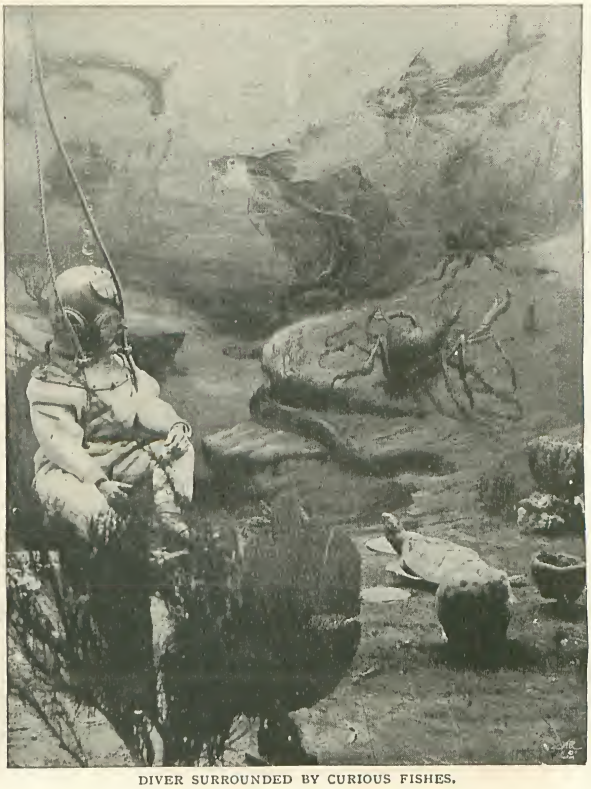
Sharks are not nearly so black as they are painted. Though plentiful, and with a decided liking for native divers, they have never been known to attack a man in a dress.

In spite of this fact, one cannot help feeling frightened when one comes face to face with this tiger of the sea; particularly when, through the magnification of the water and the face-glass, the fish is almost doubled in size. One's first thought upon seeing a shark is to be pulled up or to take to your heels; but, as fish have sufficient human nature about them to want a thing as soon as they see it being taken away, it is safer to stand perfectly still. In fear that my bare hands might attract the man-eating propensity that sharks are supposed to have, I invariably tucked them carefully under my breast weight, and when the fish had disappeared, gave the signal to ascend, kicking violently all the way up.

If a diver remains quiet, he is quickly surrounded by an admiring crowd of fish, opening their eyes and mouths like curious countrymen. The smaller ones have assurance enough to nibble at his fingers; but let him throw up his arms, and with a flourish of tails they vanish.

As the pearling fleet is dependent to a certain extent upon fish for food, the diver never misses an opportunity to bag anything edible. Crayfish are easily caught, and make quite an agreeable addition to the ordinary diet. Turtles, too, are plentiful, and being fresh meat are valued more than fish.

The memory of my first tussle with one of these animals is impressed very vividly on my mind. I had been told to approach the creature quietly from behind, grasp the edges of the shell,



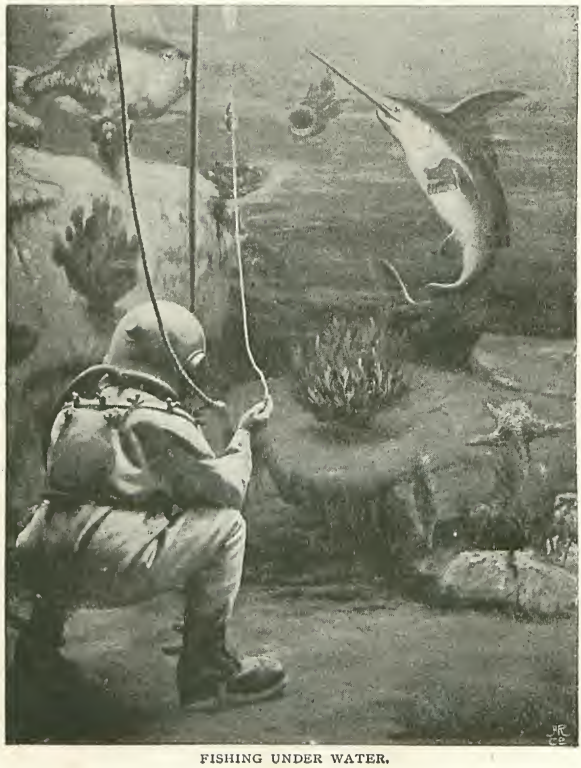
DIVER SURROUNDED BY CURIOUS FISHES.

TACKLING A TURTLE.

lift it quickly to my chest, and give the signal to be pulled up. By so doing, I was given to understand that the turtle's head, being pointed upward, could not move in any other direction; and that, therefore, the journey to the surface would be a short one, as the turtle's flippers would be powerful enough to take me up without any other aid.

Accordingly, when I saw my first turtle, feeding quietly on a patch of sea-grass some distance ahead, I made a circuitous path and crept cautiously up behind it. By the size of the barnacles on its back I knew it was an old one, and it looked tremendous; but I put that down to the face-glass. When I was within a few yards of the game, whether it was the bubbles from my escape valve or the heavy tread of my 32-pounders that scared it, is a question; but suddenly up shot the turtle's head. I ducked immediately behind a sponge-growth, and crouched there with beating heart, fearing that my opportunity was gone. In a few moments he resumed eating, and without waiting for further developments, I made a run and a jump and landed fairly on the turtle's back. In stretching out my hands to get under the shell I must have fumbled. Before I had a chance to raise the monster I felt my feet being dragged over the bottom, and a moment later I awoke to the fact that my intended capture had captured me, and was swimming away with me at astonishing speed.

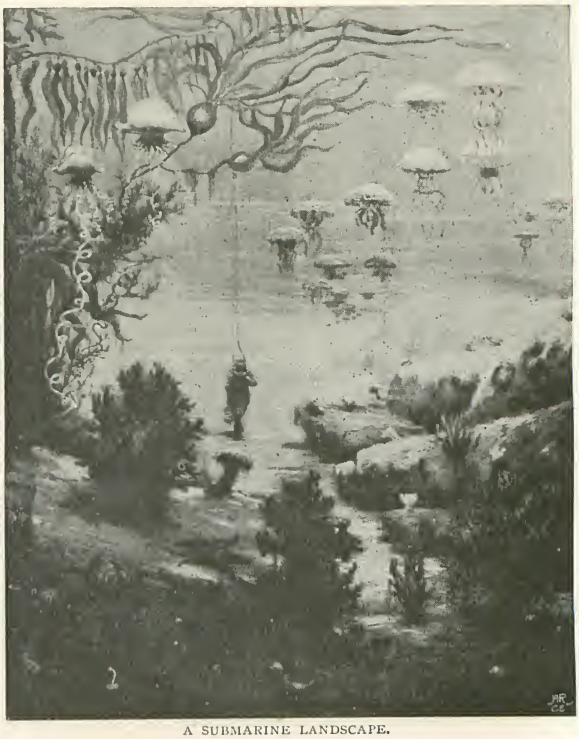
Away we went, the turtle trying to leave me behind and I hanging on with might and main. In vain I tried to point the old fellow's head towards the boat — he would have none of it. Drop, I dare not; for the bottom was out of sight, and I feared I should fall heavily. Signal I could not; my hands were very much engaged. While in this state of uncertainty we came to the end of our tether—the limit of the life-line. Then there was a sudden jerk, and we parted company. The turtle continued on his way and I fell headlong down. Luckily I struck



FISHING UNDER WATER.

on a large sponge-growth, and thus broke my fall; but I was a good deal shaken up, and was hauled up looking very seedy and feeling sure that it would be a long time before I tackled another turtle.

Fishing on the bottom is carried on to quite an extent. Leaving one end of the line in charge of a "boy" on deck, the diver descends with hook and bait and conceals himself among the rocks or sea-growths. Instead of dropping his hook, after the usual method of fishermen, he floats it a few feet above his head, by means of a piece of wood brought down for the purpose. If a shark or other objectionable fish heaves in sight, he hauls down his colours in double-quick time; but if it be a rock cod, a schnapper, or any of the large edible fish which abound in those waters, he tightens up his escape-valve for a minute, lest a bubble frighten the fish, and hangs on to the line with both hands. As soon as the fish has the hook fairly in its mouth, a sharp pull hooks it, and at a signal to the "boy" above, the big fellow goes struggling to the surface.



A SUBMARINE LANDSCAPE.

Octopi are seldom met with in Australian waters, though there is always the possibility of such a thing, and occasionally one hears of an encounter. The deaths of many native divers, who go down and never appear again, are attributed to the tridacna, a gigantic mollusc of the clam order; which closes with a vice-like grip upon anything that passes its lips.

ATTACKED BY AN OCTOPUS.

Another fish that is unpleasant to meet is that known as the stone-fish. It is small, being only a few inches in length, but its bite is poisonous. Apparently, it makes its home under the pearl shell, for it is only when picking up a shell that a diver is bitten. After a bite from this spiteful little member of the finny tribe, it is wise to remain under water as long as possible. The pressure, causing much bleeding at the bitten part, expels the poison.

Black and yellow sea-snakes are constant companions of the diver, though quite harmless; also stingarees, blow-fish, mullet, and a hundred other varieties known among divers by names descriptive of some peculiarity the fish possesses, but which to the reader mean nothing. A few of them are known to science by names that mean less.

One of the most ludicrous and yet annoying things that happen to a diver is the discovery that a fly or

other insect has been screwed up inside the dress. It is bad enough for his nose to itch, and be unable to scratch it, or for him to find something in his eye and be without means of taking it out; but when a fly that has been concealed in some part of the dress begins to crawl deliberately over his face, and play hide-and-seek up his nostrils, it is simply maddening. It is useless to butt the face-glass or wildly knock your head against the inside of the helmet, or to make hideous faces, for all this only tends to make the insect more lively, and hurries it, in its excitement, into your ear or elsewhere. The only thing to be done in such a case is to shut eyes and mouth as closely as can be, and give the signal to ascend.

A SEA-GROWTH.

As the surface of the earth changes under different climatic conditions, so the bed of the ocean varies according to the latitude and depth of water. The extreme depths of the sea, from all we can learn, are almost destitute of vegetable life, but the medium and shallow parts abound in flora.

Tropical waters, like tropical lands, are the home of luxuriant vegetation, most rich in colouring; and we find not only the birds and flowers remarkable because of their brilliant colours, but also the fish.

On our northern shores divers find little of interest or beauty. Stretches of mud or sand, with an occasional bunch of sea-grass bending in the direction of the tide, as the long grass in the fields will bend and show the direction of the wind, are the usual sight. In the warmer waters of northern Australia, however, the bottom presents a very different view.

From the scorching rays of the southern sun above, the diver drops through a few fathoms of crystal water, into a vast cool conservatory of tropical sea-plants. Shelling ground is usually of coral structure and overgrown with coral cups and growths from minute size to four and five feet in diameter. Sponges (uncommercial varieties), as high as a man's head, sponge cups, graceful coral-lines, anemones and sea flowers, of new and beautiful forms, and tinted with all the hues of the rainbow, wave gently to and fro; while, like butterflies, flitting and chasing one another in and out among them all, are hundreds of tiny fishes, so gay with colours that the historical coat of Joseph would have paled beside them.

A TYPICAL VIEW OF THE SEA DEPTHS.

Here flowers and ferns, sea-fans and shells, sponges and corals of curious structure and brightest hues lay undisturbed by surface storms, and make a perfect fairyland. Now it is a field of waving flowers, tall and graceful, and many-

coloured; now a cavern, its rocky entrance screened with scarlet creepers; now a clump of orchid-shaped plants with blood-red veins, sheltering a shoal of rainbow-fish beneath their opalescent leaves. At times the diver crosses a patch of whitest sand, spangled with blue star-fish; again he passes through a grove of swaying corallines, or mermaid fans, pink and white. He sees the lustrous orange cowrie hiding within the bowl of a grass-green sponge cup—a living vase—and notes the vivid growths, the purple lichens, the blushing anemone.

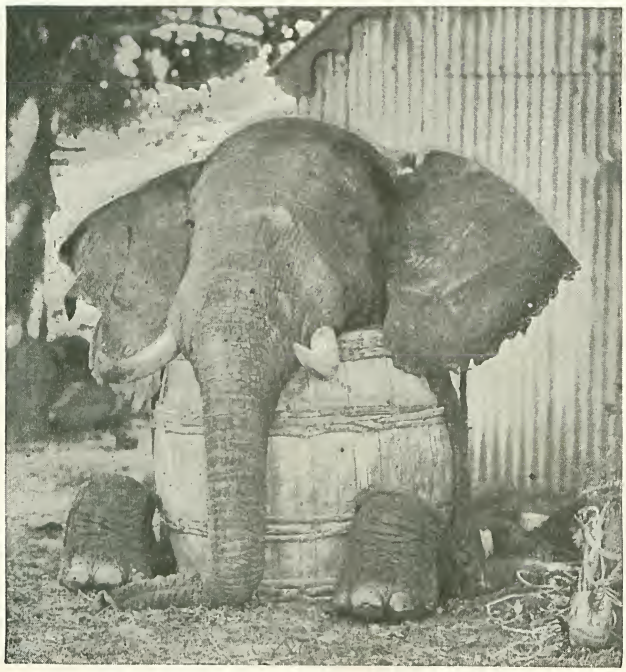
To the beginner a first descent is like a page from the "Arabian Nights." So bright, so beautiful, and so novel withal, that he walks about with curious delight, forgetful of all the means that enable him to intrude upon the fishes' dominion. For there is, indeed, a pleasure, strange and soul-stirring, in exploring old Neptune's halls, and beholding the mysteries of this no man's land; passing by ways untrod since worlds began, beneath a sunless sea.

Truly a wild, exciting life is this of the pearl fisher, who, for the sake of a handful of pearls, must herd with a lawless crew of cosmopolite outcasts, and exile himself from all that makes life worth living. Lucrative it is, no doubt, if the fates are propitious, but the dangers are manifold. For whether it be cooped in a cockle-shell of a craft, braving the treacherous ocean's surface upon a stark and pitiless coast, or incased in submarine armour, probing the secrets of the underworld, in either case he tempts fate.

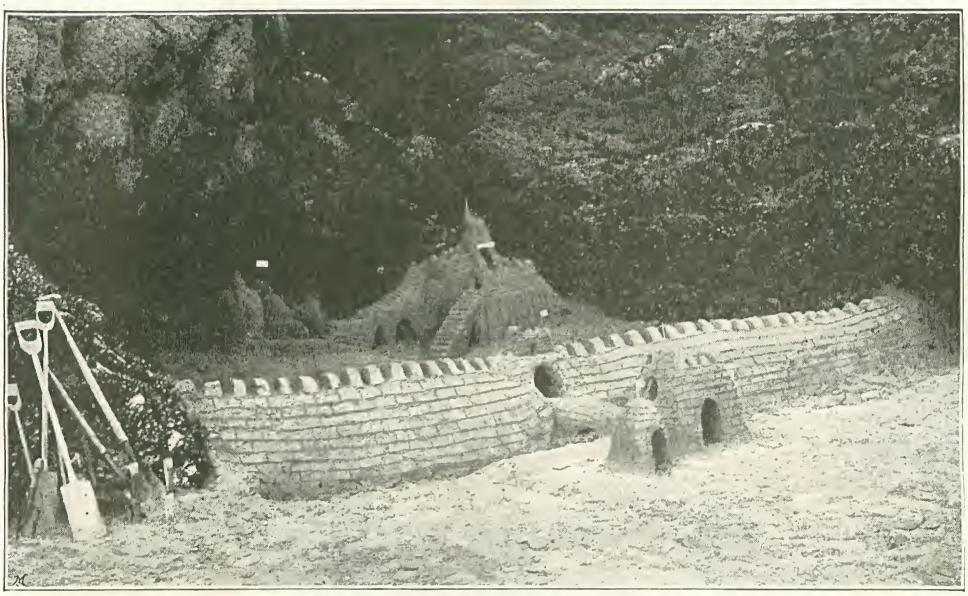
THE AUTHOR—EXAMINING THE SHELLS FOR PEARLS WHEN THE DAY'S WORK IS OVER.

Curiosities.

This extraordinary photo. reminds us that the Duke of Saxe-Coburg — a man of many parts — has, like many other Royal Princes, done a little big-game shooting. One doesn't like to inquire whether the Duke prefers the music of his double ·577 to that of his violin, but beyond question he is proud of these trophies, which consist of the enormous head, skin, and feet of a fine African elephant. The Duke of Edinburgh (as he was when he shot this elephant) gave special instructions that this photo. was to be taken before the trophies were shipped on board a Union liner at the Cape. The immense cask on which the head rests ultimately received the whole, and it contained a special preservative preparation—a kind of pickle, in fact. This photograph was kindly lent us by Mr. Geo. F. Butt, F.Z.S., of Wigmore Street, W. It was to this eminent naturalist and taxidermist that these trophies were consigned.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S ELEPHANT.

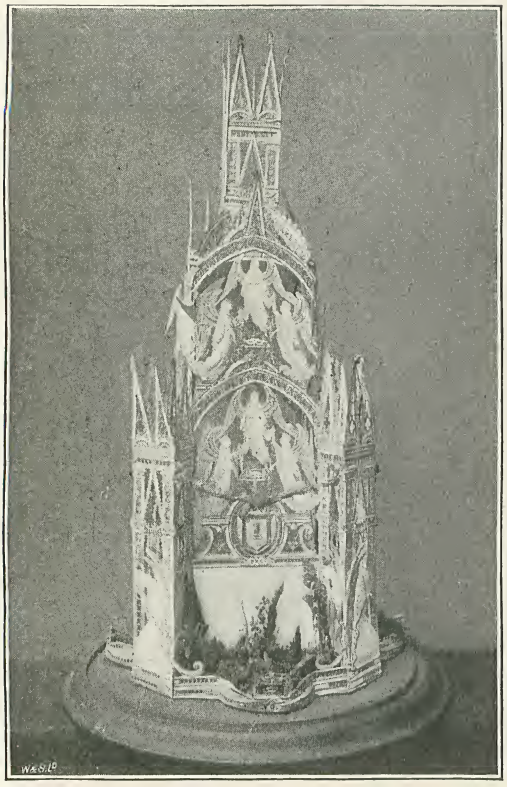


SAND FORT BUILT ON THE BEACH.

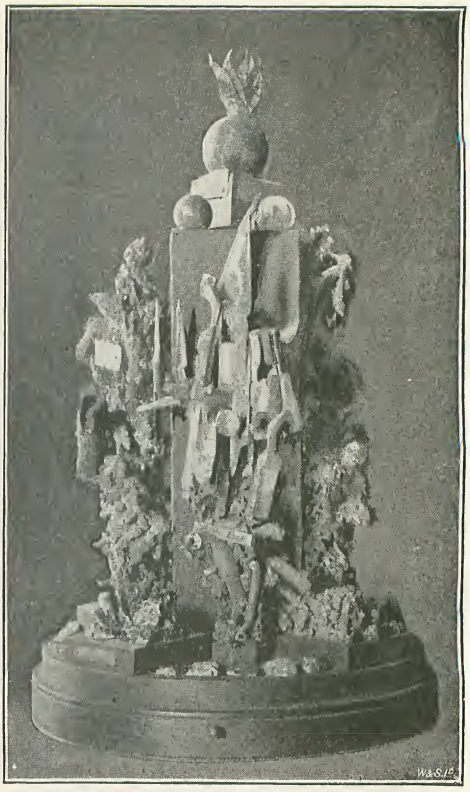
Many an object-lesson might be taught on the beach, as clever governesses have found long ago. The defensive tactician might criticise the elaborate sand castle seen in this picture, but the wonderful fortress is undoubtedly a credit to its designers and its constructors—whose familiar tools, by the way, are seen to the left in the photo. This photo. was sent in by Mrs. T. T. Ross, of Trevean, Penzance, and she tells us the fort was built entirely of wet sand, the site chosen being above high tide at that delightful resort, Newquay, Cornwall. Observe the great entrance gate, the moat, drawbridge, and commanding citadel. No wonder Mrs. Ross says the fort created some excitement in its all too brief day.

PEACE'S PAPER MODEL OF HIS OWN MONUMENT.

This curious relic is now in Madame Tussaud's. It was bought direct from the murderer's representatives after his execution; and Peace probably constructed

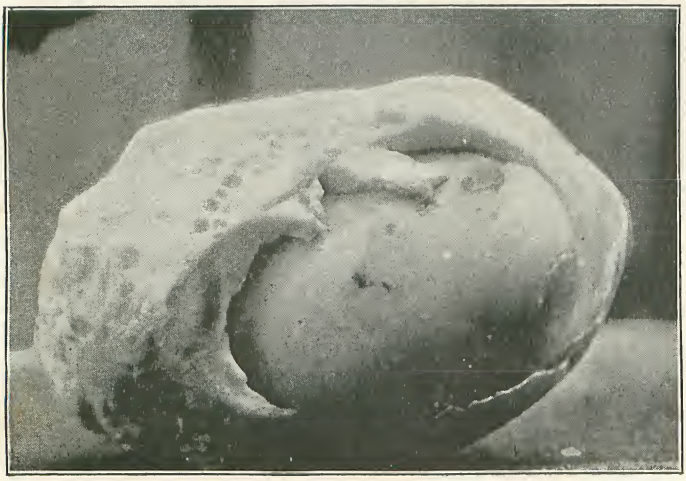


it in his spare time out of old valentines. He certainly meant that the design, carried out in marble, should figure over his own tomb. The graceful angels add a kind of lofty elegance to the model, which, in view of its creator, certainly affords food for reflection and wonder.



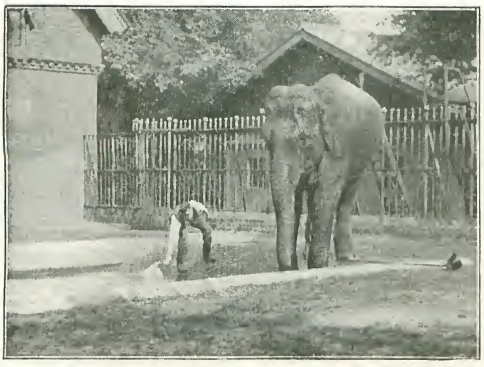
FUSED BAYONETS FROM THE TOWER FIRE OF 1841.

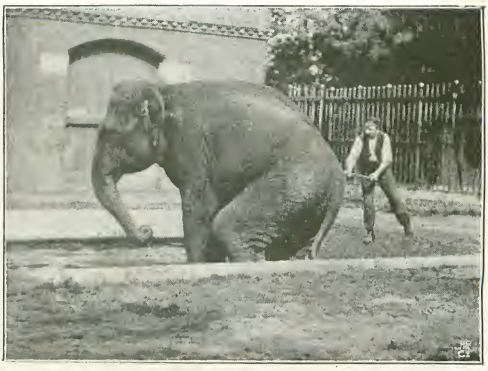
The night of Saturday, October 30th, 1841, was a memorable one in the history of the Tower of London. At ten o'clock the sentinel on duty on the terrace gave the first alarm of fire by letting off his musket. As is usual in big fires, the water supply was inadequate. All London assembled on Tower Hill. The Armoury and Clock Tower next took fire, and by half-past twelve a truly stupendous conflagration was raging. The priceless Regalia was saved, thanks to the amateur burgling of the warders and officers. No end of relics were destroyed, besides 200,000 fire-arms and miscellaneous property worth a million. Relics from the fire—such as the fused bayonets shown above—were cut into pieces and retailed at 6d. and 1s. each.



DUCK'S EGG.

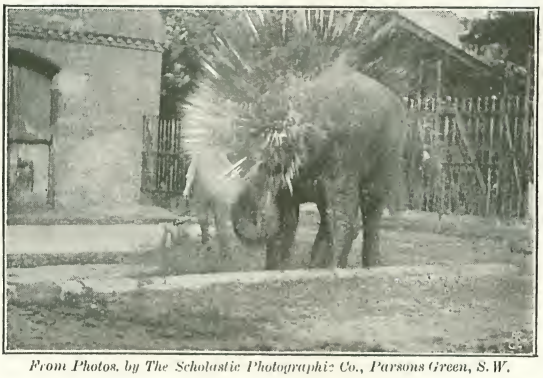
This remarkable egg was laid by a duck—an ordinary duck—at Creech Farm in Hants. Its peculiar nature was not discovered until after it had been cooked and was about to be eaten. The moment the spoon was thrust into the outer shell, it was found that there was another egg inside. Further investigations followed, and the double egg was then photographed, one print being forwarded to this office by Mr. E. C. Harding, of 45, Falmouth Road, Newington, S.E.



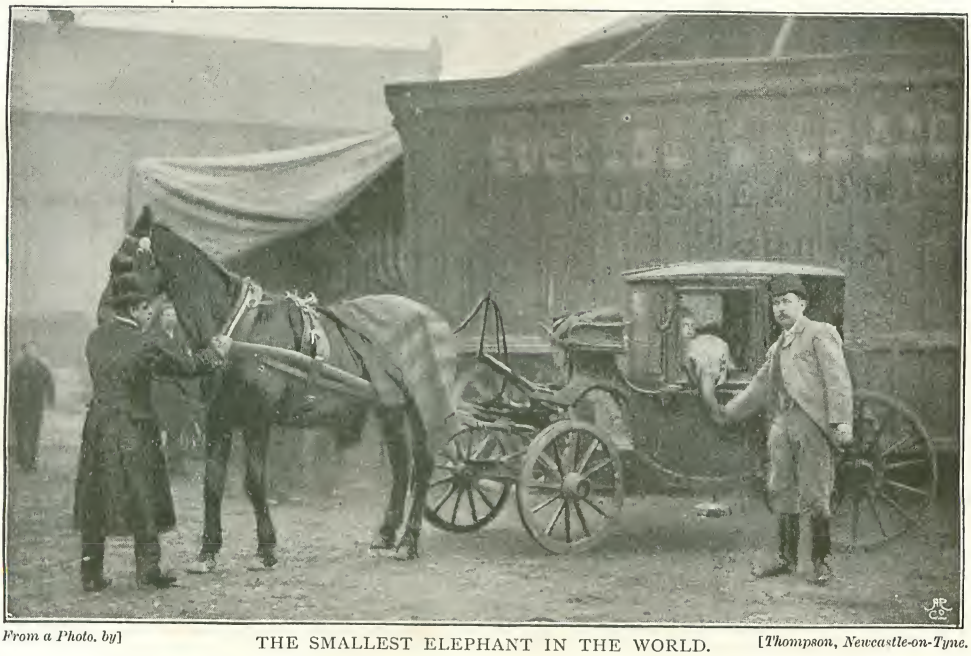


ELEPHANT WASHING.

Here is an interesting little set of photos. taken at the London Zoo. They show how the big elephant takes—or is made to take—his daily bath. No. 1 shows the keeper trying to coax the animal into the water—a difficult matter on a cold day. It will be seen from No. 2 that the monster has reluctantly yielded, and is preparing for a great douche. No. 3 —a capital snap-shot—shows the elephant ejecting with tremendous force a copious stream of water all over his huge body. In warm weather the elephants delight in this kind of thing, the only difficulty then being to get them out of the pond once they are in it. These photos. will remind one of the stories of an elephant's revenge which used to figure in the school reading-books of our youth.



From Photos. by The Scholastic Photographic Co., Parsons Green, S. W.



From a Photo. by] THE SMALLEST ELEPHANT IN THE WORLD. *[Thompson, Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

This is a photograph which really requires no explanation at all; it tells its own funny story. The elephant shown in the cab is the much petted "baby" of Bostock's menagerie. At the same time the little animal is much heavier than you would imagine. Amusingly enough, the first time his keeper was arranging him, in a crazy four-wheeler, for this photograph, the bottom fell out of the vehicle. The horse detected in the subsequent uproar an unmistakable signal to start, and start he did, thereby imperilling the life of the elephantine baby.

PAIR OF SHOES MADE FOR THE BABY KING OF SPAIN.

Alphonso XIII., of Spain, is unique among monarchs, having been born a king. On celebrating his first birthday he—or rather his mother, that able woman the Queen-Regent—had a gorgeous pair of shoes made, which were intended more for ornament

than use. Subsequently 300 duplicate pairs were made and distributed among the poor children of Madrid. Of course, the shoes couldn't have gone far; what were 300 pairs among so many? And couldn't a more useful present have been devised—something more nourishing than shoes? One is reminded of the curious offer of the London barber to "cut the hair of the starving, dying poor for three ha'pence instead of threepence."

MARVELLOUS SPECIMEN OF CHINESE CARVING.

This ball is 2½in. in diameter, and consists of five separate shells, one inside the other, with a ball or core inside of all. The whole was carved out of one solid block of ivory. Each shell, which is very little thicker than that of an egg, is covered with a different perforated pattern of amazing fineness.

PIGEON WHISTLES FROM CHINA.

These toy whistles, which are made of wood or cane, and are extremely light, come from Pekin, and provide the pleasure-loving Chinese with some novel amusement. It is a garbled version of "belling the cat," whereby such songless birds as pigeons are made to give forth sweet music whether they like it or not. The fact is, these whistles (of various notes) are tied to the birds' tails; the flight and the wind do the rest. Mr. J. Edge Partington, the eminent ethnographist, who brought these little toys to England, remarks: "No sound came from the town (Pekin); but from the flocks of pigeons, which kept circling overhead, emanated most plaintive and lovely music." Mr. Partington explains how these birds swarm in the Chinese capital, and he dwells upon the beautiful effect produced as hundreds of pigeons sweep through the air.

"STRIKE UP THE 'MARCH OF GORDON'S OWN.'"

(*See page* 368.)

Boy Sladen of the Band.

By Walter Wood.

BOY SLADEN of the Band lay ill of fever, and the hospital orderly, who had wide experience in these things, had told the colonel that he was "mortal bad." "It's now Tuesday, sir," said the orderly: "it'll be much if he sees the week through."

"He doesn't want for anything, does he?" asked the colonel.

"Not anything in the way o' luxuries or attention, sir," said the orderly, whose eyes were heavy with watching, and whose limbs were sore with working for the boy. "He's mortal bad, or he wouldn't be after puttin' me aside for the sake of a woman."

The colonel looked curiously at the orderly. "And why for the sake of a woman?" he demanded.

"That's the strange part of it, sir," returned the orderly. "Ever since he woke this mornin' he's been askin' for a woman — talkin' of how he's never known the love o' one, an' how he thinks he'd die easier if he could have a young 'un an' a pretty 'un by his side to see him off. If Boy Sladen'll talk like that, sir, he's in a bad way."

"Did he really say that?" asked the colonel.

"The words I've told you are the words he used, sir," said the orderly.

"Then he shall have one," said the colonel, and he strode to the orderly-room, telephoned to the Nurses' Institution, and in the tones that he adopted when ordering goods from the town, he desired the matron to send to the barracks, at once, a young and pretty nurse, for Boy Sladen of the Band.

Within an hour a gentle nurse, wearing a neat black cloak and a dainty bonnet, passed the sentry on the main-guard on her way to hospital. The sentry stared a moment at the apparition, then stood bolt upright, and feeling that so unusual a spectacle called for unusual honour, he shouldered arms.

"A GENTLE NURSE PASSED THE SENTRY."

The colonel, who disliked women, received the girl at the door of the hospital.

"You're the first woman that ever entered this place as a nurse," he said, gruffly, "and I only sent for you because it's the wish of Boy Sladen to have a member of your sex near him. Boy Sladen's in a bad way. He's a favourite of mine. Do your best for him."

"That's what I'm here for," said the nurse, with a delicate flush of resentment at the colonel's rudeness.

The colonel started slightly, for her tones expressed neither fear of nor respect for him, and he was accustomed to inspire both. He pulled the end of his moustache, and looked dubiously at the new-comer. She was taking off her cloak and bonnet, and handing them quietly to the astounded orderly. When the commander left the

room, he carried with him the vision of a little figure of surpassing grace and neatness, and he still pulled his moustache and muttered as he sank into his chair in his quarters.

"What a nasty, cross old thing that man is," said the nurse, in low tones, after a look at Boy Sladen, who had fallen into a heavy slumber.

"THE COLONEL LOOKED DUBIOUSLY AT THE NEW-COMER."

"Ma'am," stammered the orderly, doubting his senses; "I beg your pardon, what did you say?"

"I said that the man who's just gone out is a disagreeable old creature," rejoined the nurse. "Who is he?"

The orderly smiled feebly. It was clear that the girl did not know the difference between a colonel and a co-poral. She called the colonel "man," as if he belonged to the ranks of the regiment. "Who is he?" he repeated, slowly, inflating his lungs so that he might the more effectively make known the overwhelming truth. "He's the colonel! The Head o' the Ridgiment!"

"Then all I can say is," replied the nurse, still in low tones, "that he ought to know how to treat a lady civilly. You may go and tell him what I say if you like."

The orderly forgot Boy Sladen and everything else in that supreme moment. He had heard his chief, his god, set at nought by an intruding female, and he could do nothing but sidle from the room, and wonder vaguely as he walked across the parade.

Nurse Gaughan stepped softly up to the bed in which Boy Sladen lay. He was the only patient in hospital, and the bare, bleak room looked barer and bleaker than ever. The boy was slumbering, and he muttered in his fevered dreams. Nurse Gaughan put her cool hand on his forehead; the heavy eyelids were raised, and Boy Sladen looked with dull astonishment at her face.

"Who are you?" he asked, in a feeble voice.

"I'm Nurse Gaughan," she answered. "But go to sleep again; you mustn't talk. The more you keep quiet, the sooner you'll get well."

Boy Sladen laughed a curious little laugh.

"Get well?" he echoed; "not this journey. The doctor's given me up—I heard him tell Dennis, the orderly, that it was all up with the lad. He thought I was asleep, but I wasn't. Has the colonel sent for you?"

Nurse Gaughan nodded.

"Isn't he good?" asked the boy. "It's all because I said I wanted a woman to be near me. There aren't many colonels would do the same, are there?"

Nurse Gaughan shook her head. Her knowledge of colonels was limited, and she would have acquiesced if the boy had said they were all fiends.

"The colonel doesn't like women," proceeded Boy Sladen. "He's a bachelor," he added, after a short pause, as if that was a sufficient explanation of the chief's dislike.

"He seems to be a very bad-tempered man," observed the nurse, anxious to conciliate her charge.

Boy Sladen raised himself on his elbows, and looked angrily at his companion. "Don't you talk like that of him, or I sha'n't like you," he said.

"Oh, I'm *so* sorry!" exclaimed Nurse Gaughan, shocked at her indiscretion.

"He's the kindest man on earth," asserted

Boy Sladen, sinking back upon his pillows, "and he's looked after me ever since father was cut up by the hillmen away in Afghanistan. He's the bravest soldier and the best scholar. It was by listening to him that I learnt to speak English properly, and not like the quarter-master."

Nurse Gaughan gazed curiously at this very curious boy, and wondered what a quarter-master was. Then she looked at the bed to see if she could smooth it, but the loving hands of Private Dennis had already done the work, and there was no little office left for her to do.

"There, now, you must go to sleep, or I'm sure the colonel will be angry," she said, as she made believe to smooth a pillow.

"Then I'll try," said Boy Sladen, and he closed his eyes.

Nurse Gaughan looked about the room, and for a moment her conscience troubled her concerning her remarks to Dennis. She saw about her simple tributes of his great affection for the boy, and was sorry that the sharpness of her tongue had sent him forth. Some flowers were on the mantel-piece and on a little table near the bed, while on the wall, facing Boy Sladen, was a coloured picture of a gorgeous drummer-boy upon whom a host of phantom-like eyes from a supposed crowd were gazing in stony admiration. This was the work of Private Dennis, and he thought of it all as he leaned against the married quarters and gazed dreamily at the hospital.

The heart of the hospital orderly was heavy within him as he gazed. He had been dethroned, his charge had been taken from him, and the boy was to die while in the hands of strangers. Dennis's flowers were in the hospital, it was Dennis's affection which had prompted the idea of the gorgeous drummer, and Dennis's scanty funds that had bought the print. That the days of the boy were numbered he knew, but he had never told him how ill he was, and had done his best to make him believe that he would soon be well again and fit for duty.

"Boy Sladen'll peg out by Sunday," mused Dennis, "and I shall see no more of him. An' yet he isn't satisfied wi' me, but must ha' one o' these interferin' women in their uniform. The fever must ha' got him bad, or why should he say he can go off better wi' her near him than one of his own comrades, an' such a comrade as I've been?"

Dennis sighed, for a friendship as strong as it was strange had grown up between him and the boy. The darling wish of the lad was to become drum-major, and wield the splendid staff of office; and the great ambition of the private was to qualify for non-commissioned rank. And so they helped each other, Dennis telling all he knew of military duty, and Boy Sladen, whose receptivity was great, and who was wondrously clever as a teacher, instructing Dennis in subjects with which he had to be familiar if he wished to get promotion. Dennis at the outset learned laboriously, and the regimental schoolmaster gave him but little hope of realizing his ambition; but when Boy Sladen took him in hand he brightened greatly, and became a pupil of the greatest promise.

"Him to teach me, an' me to teach him," Dennis mused on; "us to be together, come wet, come fine, an' love each other as we do, an' this strange woman to come between us now. It isn't to be borne. I'll see the colonel and tell him so, an' get her sent away."

Dennis, under the impulse of his thought, began to walk towards the colonel's quarters, but he had not gone many paces before he stopped. "No, it won't do," he muttered; "the colonel of a ridgiment's the colonel, an' what he orders has got to be done, even if it's wrong. He brought *her* here"—he unconsciously inclined his head in the direction of the hospital—"an' here she must stay. But that won't prevent me goin' an' tellin' her I'll stand watch an' watch."

The orderly changed his course and stepped softly into the hospital; so softly that Nurse Gaughan, who was looking at the little patient, did not hear him, and she started when she turned and saw him.

Dennis coughed softly but uneasily by way of opening his mission; then he waited for Nurse Gaughan to say something. But Nurse Gaughan had not quite recovered from her surprise, and she remained mute.

"I've come back," began Dennis, "to see if we couldn't make some arrangement about the boy."

Nurse Gaughan was silent still, and stared helplessly.

"I've watched an' cared for him up to this point," continued Dennis, in a low voice, for in spite of all his trepidation, he did not forget that the first thing needed was to let Boy Sladen rest in peace; "an' I don't quite see that it's right for a stranger to come in an' take all the work out of a man's hands—especially such a man as me, for I'm a sort o' father, mother, an' brother to him. I was by his father's body when the Paythans left him, an' it was a shot from my rifle that brought down the man who knifed him

That's the reason why Boy Sladen took to me even before the colonel; an' that's why, first and foremost, I've a claim to see to the wants an' wishes of the boy."

Nurse Gaughan could not understand; this speech was too great a puzzle for her to unravel, and she still kept silence.

Private Dennis, his word being unchallenged, grew bolder, and he proceeded, but not without a certain amount of wonder. Like the colonel, he was a reserved bachelor; consequently his ideas of women were vague and ill-defined. To his belief no man could talk to a woman and not be interrupted, and yet here he was standing, talking continuously, and not hearing a word put in to harass or distress him.

"That bein' so," continued the orderly, "I think we ought to come to some arrangement."

Nurse Gaughan murmured, "Certainly, if you wish," and Dennis grew bold beyond all precedent. He had won almost without a fight, and he was soldier enough to follow up his first victory without delay.

"You've said we'll go watch an' watch," said Private Dennis, "an' so we will. I'll relieve you at nine o'clock to-night, an' you can be off till six or seven or eight or nine in the mornin'. That'll give you time to pull round again for the day's work. Watchin' in hospital's rather dreary work, unless you're specially interested in your patient—as I am."

"I THINK WE OUGHT TO COME TO SOME ARRANGEMENT."

Dennis slightly emphasized the "I," and looked rather defiantly at the nurse, as if to challenge her to further combat. But Nurse Gaughan was silent. She understood the motive which prompted Dennis to act as he was acting, and felt no qualm of conscience concerning her duty when she said that he could relieve her from nine o'clock till seven.

"All the same," she added, objecting, womanlike, to succumb altogether, "Boy Sladen, as you call him, is in my care now, and we don't usually allow anyone to interfere with our duties. So if you'll come at nine I'll make way for you."

Nurse Gaughan inclined her head towards the doorway, and the orderly, somewhat baffled, after all, turned and silently departed.

The arrangement that had been made answered well, and Boy Sladen, watched incessantly and closely, wanted for nothing. But his stay on earth was limited, and both Nurse Gaughan and Private Dennis knew it. Dennis, however, though his own heart was heavy within him, cheered him whenever he could listen to his talk. "Never mind," he said, more than once; "you're weak an' poorly now, but, by the help of God an' the doctor's med'cine, you'll still live to walk at the head o' the ridgiment."

"If pluck an' want of fear can make me, Dennis, I will," returned Boy Sladen; "and you shall see it come off. I think I shall pull through, after all. Doctors aren't always right."

To Nurse Gaughan he became friendly and confidential as the week wore on, and his greatest pleasure was to draw a picture of himself as the drum-major.

"You know what the drum-major is, nurse?" he asked, one day.

"Yes," replied Nurse Gaughan, readily, forgetting for the moment Boy Sladen's ambition. "He's the man that twirls the stick in front of the soldiers, and clears the

road for them and makes the band keep time. Isn't that what he's for? It's so funny to see him, isn't it?"

"Stick! Clears the road! Makes the band keep time!" repeated Boy Sladen, in indignant amazement. "Stick, indeed! Why, that's the staff, and as for twirling it, you just try if you can do it. As for clearing the road and making the bandsmen keep time: why, what's the bandmaster for? The drum-major gives the pace, and he's the military commander of the band. He's got nothing to do with the tunes. A civilian could manage that."

Boy Sladen's tones as he concluded expressed such intense scorn, and he looked so severely at Nurse Gaughan, that she was once more shocked at her indiscretion, and craftily determined to adopt an altogether different attitude.

"Oh, really," she pleaded, "I didn't mean anything. Of course, the drum-major is an important person. In some ways he's far more important, I've often thought, than the colonel. Everybody looks at him, and yet how few look at the colonel."

"OF COURSE, THE DRUM-MAJOR IS AN IMPORTANT PERSON."

She had not the least idea where the colonel came in; but Boy Sladen was mollified instantly. This was exactly his own way of thinking.

"You're right, nurse," he said; "after all, you do know something about the army, and what you say is quite correct. I've watched the battalion many times, and it's always been the same—every eye's been turned to the drum-major, that hasn't been fixed on the drummer. Where does the colonel come in when the drum-major's about?"

Boy Sladen spoke as if uttering a challenge, and Nurse Gaughan felt it necessary to reply.

"I really don't know," she said, helplessly. "I suppose he's somewhere."

"Somewhere," repeated Boy Sladen, scornfully; "somewhere, that's just it—he's somewhere out of sight. The staff comes first, and then the man that holds it; then the band comes, then the drummer and the boys, and when they've all been looked at there isn't much room for the colonel to come in. If you want real glory on p'rade, you get it in being the drum-major. Everybody sees him—just you watch next time you see the battalion out, and you'll find that while everybody seems to be climbing round the drum-major's legs, there's nobody even so much as thinks of looking at the colonel. *There's* glory for you—*there's* fame, and if I live I'll carry the staff and march on at the head of Ours just as old Bighead does—the men call him Bighead, because they say he's swelled up with his own importance," added Boy Sladen, hastily and explanatorily, fearing that he had cast a reflection on the dignity of the office; "but that isn't right, is it? *I* always call him by his proper title."

"It isn't right at all," agreed Nurse Gaughan, soothingly. At any other time she would have laughed, it seemed so ludicrous to think of this small boy wielding the great staff at the head of stalwart men. But all desire to laugh at his eccentricities faded away when she thought of him lying helpless there, and how distant was the hope of his ever realizing his cherished dream.

"Some day, nurse," continued Boy Sladen,

"for I'm getting stronger now, and I shall soon be able to get out of bed, I shall march at the head of Ours as drum-major. Then when I'm a man you'll see me go past, and you'll say to your husband and children—for it'll be some time yet: 'See, that's Boy Sladen of the Band, that I nursed through a fever.' And I shall know what you say, although I sha'n't be able to look. I'm certain that if you're about I shall know. Sometimes I feel that way—I know somehow that folks are near me, even if I don't see them."

"I'll make a signal, so that you may be sure I see you," said Nurse Gaughan.

"Do," said Boy Sladen; "only you mustn't expect me to acknowledge it. That I couldn't do, you know, on duty—at any rate, not in Ours. They might in a slack-set-up battalion. But I should see you out of the corner of my eye; I shouldn't miss you and pass you by."

"I'm sure you wouldn't," said Nurse Gaughan; "but hadn't you better go to sleep? Do try and rest a little."

"I don't want to go to sleep," said Boy Sladen. "Why, the men'll be parading soon. Even if I went to sleep I should wake up as soon as I heard the band play and the tramp of the feet. I'll go to sleep when they've left barracks. That'll be two hours yet. Won't you try and go to sleep a bit, nurse; you look so tired and worn out? Do try, or I shall feel I'm a nuisance. Poor old Dennis is in bed now, resting, and you ought to be resting, too. You can go to sleep in the chair here—do try, if only for an hour. I'm all right. I shall lie still and look at the ceiling and fancy things that'll happen when I'm Head of the Regiment—for that's what *I* like to call the drum-major."

"Nurses mustn't sleep on duty," said Nurse Gaughan, "but I'll sit in the chair, if that will please you."

"Well, do that, then," said Boy Sladen. "I shall be more satisfied than seeing you standing about here and tiring yourself for nothing. I'm all right, I am really," he added, earnestly, "so don't let that trouble you."

The hospital was very quiet after that. Nurse Gaughan sat in the chair, and Boy Sladen lay perfectly still, staring at the ceiling, his heated brain weaving strange fancies.

Nurse Gaughan, weary with watching, felt a drowsiness steal over her that she could not conquer. She glanced more than once at her charge, but he made no sign of wanting her help, and when she last looked his eyes were closed and he seemed to be asleep. No sound broke the silence, and Nurse Gaughan also closed her eyes and slumbered.

Boy Sladen's sleep was short and troubled. His delirium was returning, and when he woke he started up in bed and looked wildly about. Nurse Gaughan slept on, and Boy Sladen, hearing the shuffling of feet outside, cast the bedclothes silently from him and crept noiselessly to the window. He saw the men falling in, and a mad idea seized him. He glanced at the nurse, who slumbered still, then crept softly past her, and as soon as he was outside ran swiftly towards the battalion. He was in rear of the men, and no one saw him coming.

The drum-major, pompous in demeanour, and rigid in the wealth of gold and scarlet that a generous people gave him, had taken up his post at the head of the band. The staff, with the great silver ornament at the head of it, was gracefully balanced against his tunic, and the drum-major was pulling on his white gloves just a shade more, for the women were watching from the married quarters.

Suddenly the staff was wrenched away, and looking in stupid amazement for the cause, he saw Boy Sladen standing beside him, clad only in his night-dress, bare-headed, and bare-footed.

A wild light was shining in Boy Sladen's eyes. He planted the staff firmly on the ground at arm's length, then twirled it round his head, as he had often seen the drum-major twirl it, and before anyone had time to speak he cried, "Strike up the 'March of Gordon's Own.'" He stepped out gravely, as the drum-major did, and turned the staff rhythmically and in graceful circles in the air.

He was humming the tune as he marched, when Nurse Gaughan, startled and terrified, ran across the parade towards him. She seized the staff, and heedless alike of its magnificence and the stony horror of the drum-major, flung it to the ground, and putting her arms around Boy Sladen, she lifted his little, wasted form and bore it into hospital.

The colonel's quick eye had taken in the scene, and his quick ear had caught Boy Sladen's words. "It's the last favour *he'll* ever need," he muttered, and he repeated the command.

The drums were beaten bravely, the cymbals clashed melodiously, and the reed and brass made martial music as the battalion crunched the gravel of the parade to the "March of Gordon's Own."

An hour later Boy Sladen of the Band was dead. But he was satisfied. He had realized his ambition.

No. L.—SIR HOWARD GRUBB, F.R.S., F.R.A.S., Etc., Etc.

By William G. FitzGerald.

THE poverty of Ireland is such, that superficial observers are apt to wonder whether any good thing can really come out of that distressful country. However this may be, visitors to Dublin are at least certain of finding whole-hearted, joyous hospitality on every hand—and big telescopes on the Rathmines road. For it is here that Sir Howard Grubb has his extensive astronomical works, wherein nearly all the giant telescopes of the Old World have been built.

It is impossible to speak of these things, knowing the facts, without being impressed by the romance and mysticism that surround them—just as certain heavenly bodies are themselves encircled by indefinable halos. How many ecstatic hours does the astronomer spend at the "eye-end," high up on his scaffold-like observing chair, communing with other worlds during the darkest hours of the night? No wonder, then, that the making of colossal "equatorials" should be replete with wondrous incident, and the details of their history almost beyond belief.

At an early age Sir Howard Grubb's father, the late Mr. Thomas Grubb, F.R.S., manifested a decided leaning towards mechanics, and about the year 1840 he became engineer-in-chief to the Bank of Ireland. "Years before this," remarked Sir Howard to me, "he had taken up optics as a hobby, and had actually constructed a small observatory, with a nine-inch reflecting telescope."

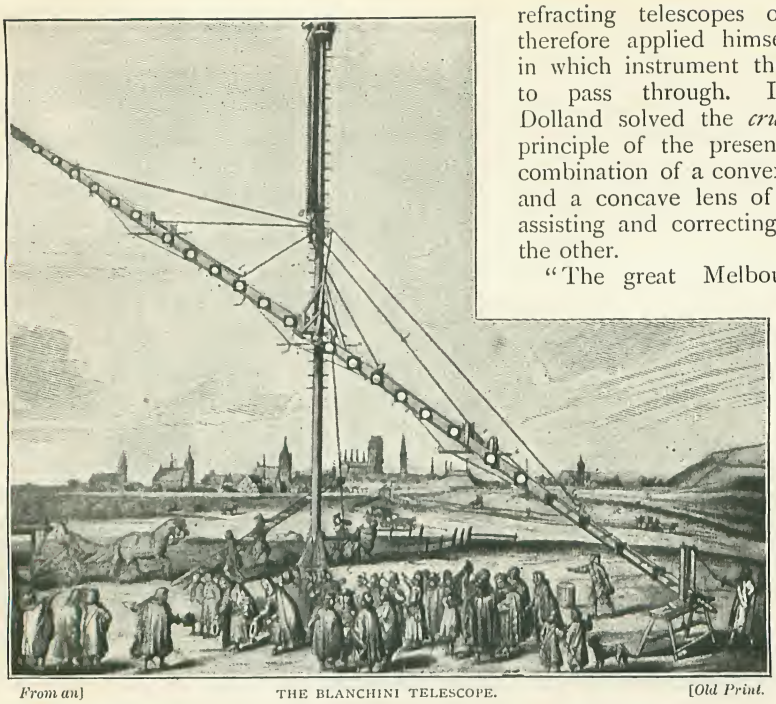
The interesting subject of this interview was born in Leinster Square, Dublin, in 1844, and is, of course, a Trinity man. His father gave him the choice of entering the Royal Engineers or pursuing optical work; he chose the latter.

Now, I must endeavour to avoid dry, technical details, wearisome enough at any time, but peculiarly out of place here. Well, then, it seems there are two distinct kinds of telescopes—refractors and reflectors. In the first of these you look *through* a convex lens at a star, while in the latter you don't look through anything; you merely behold the reflection of the image in a concave mirror. In both telescopes the image of the distant object is viewed through an eye-piece, or magnifying lens. Now, that's plain enough so far, isn't it? Reflectors are far less costly than refractors. An object-glass 18in. in diameter is perhaps worth £1,000; a mirror of the same size costs £100.

SIR HOWARD GRUBB, F.R.S., IN TRINITY COLLEGE ROBES.
From a Photo. by Werner & Son, Dublin.

"The first refractors," said Sir Howard, "those of the seventeenth century, were very imperfect."

They were. No matter what heavenly body was regarded through them, it appeared "all 'ighly coloured." This was owing to the use of a simple lens, which permitted the different rays that make up white light to



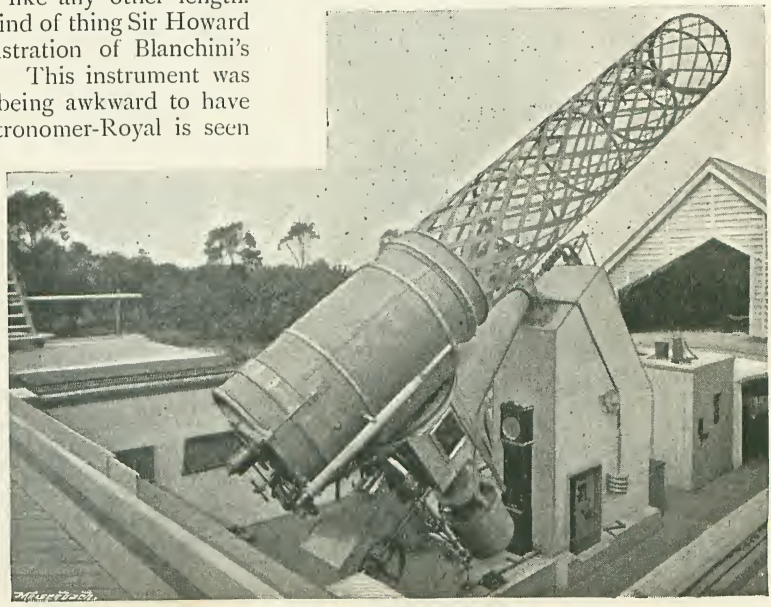
From an] THE BLANCHINI TELESCOPE. *[Old Print.*

have their own way, thereby inducing "chromatic aberration" in the telescope—and mental aberration in the infuriated astronomer.

The only way out of this difficulty was to make the instrument of enormous focal length; which is just like any other length. But you will see the kind of thing Sir Howard means from the illustration of Blanchini's telescope here shown. This instrument was kept in the open air, being awkward to have in a house. The Astronomer-Royal is seen receiving the King, while his assistants manipulate the enormous telescope — which, by the way, was between 200ft. and 300ft. long. The man on top of the pole suggests the bear-pit at the Zoo, but doubtless he had his heart in the work.

Sir Isaac Newton seems to have given up all hope of curing the chromatic aberration that afflicted the refracting telescopes of his day, and he therefore applied himself to the reflector, in which instrument the light has no glass to pass through. In 1758, however, Dolland solved the *crux* by inventing the principle of the present "object-glass"—a combination of a convex lens of crown glass and a concave lens of flint glass, the one assisting and correcting the performance of the other.

"The great Melbourne reflector," Sir Howard said, "may be considered the first big telescope I had to do with; that was in 1866. The order really came through our own Royal Society, who were consulted by the University of Melbourne when the construction of the instrument was resolved upon." This telescope is next shown; it is still considered a very fine reflector, the mirror being 4ft. in diameter, and the total length 35ft. "During its construction," remarked my delightful host, "the works were placed under my own superintendence, my father being pretty fully occupied at the



THE GREAT MELBOURNE REFLECTOR.
From a Photograph.

Bank of Ireland. Moreover, this Melbourne telescope practically brought our optical works into being; for the moment the order was given, my father bought a piece of ground at Rathmines and erected temporary workshops, machinery, and furnaces, suitable for casting the 4ft. speculum mirror. The Melbourne telescope took two years to make, and cost about £4,600.

"First of all," pursued Sir Howard, "we bought two tons of fine copper and one of tin. When this metal was mixed, the two small furnaces were removed, and a very large one built, capable of containing a cast-iron pot weighing one and a half tons and holding two tons of metal.

"The first actual casting took place on the 3rd July, 1866, but for three weeks previously the annealing oven had to be kept fired night and day with a mixture of coke and compressed peat. At last the whole mass of brickwork, and 12 tons of sand on top, were well heated, so we lifted the great pot by its crane and placed it in position on its cast-iron cushion. The furnace was then loosely filled with turf, and lit at the top at 1 p.m.

"Everything went on grandly till evening, and we thought to put the first charge in the pot at three o'clock the following morning. Knowing that next day would be a little trying, I went to bed early, leaving word that I was to be called at 3 a.m. At 12.30 a messenger rushed into the house with the cheerful news that the works were in flames; the almost red-hot chimney had set fire to the roof. I rose quicker than usual, and was presently playing on the blazing timbers with a garden-hose. This was no good, so I just sawed away the beams from around the shaft, and then let the roof flare away. I felt like Nero, rather; only more so, considering the outlook for our big mirror.

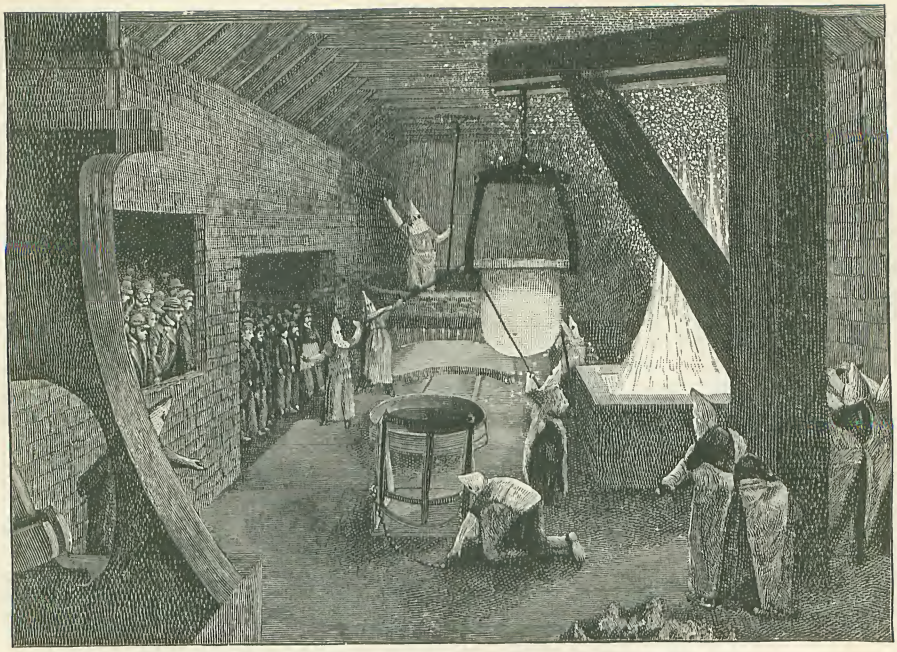
"After this we charged the pot with the first 2cwt. of metal, which behaved well; but at ten o'clock the same morning, trouble began. The chimney's roar decreased, and the furnace became dull, as though tired of the whole business already. No wonder; it was fairly choked with the ashes of that awful peat we used. We had to begin stoking, only it was killing work. You see, we had to get on top of the furnace and the molten metal to do it. We all took spells, and when each man gave up, he dashed out, panting, into the open air. Then the metal began to solidify, and things looked desperate. We expected to be ready to pour at 5 or 6 p.m., and had therefore asked a few scientific friends round to see the operation; so you can imagine how we were placed. The heat had to be got up somehow, so we resolved to make the chimney higher. There were lots of bricks about, and in twenty minutes the shaft had grown 6ft.—no easy job, I can tell you, with a great flame mounting high into the air out of it.

"At this point the men grew listless and exhausted, so my father and I set to work ourselves, with the best results. We mixed coke with the peat and the furnace revived; so did the men. At 11 p.m. all was ready for pouring; but so excited were the men by this time that we had to call them into another room and warn them about the serious and dangerous operation they were about to conduct.

"The bed of hoop was placed in position by the crane, and the ring of loam put round it. The pot stirrups were placed on the crane, and every man was at his place. I leaped on to the annealing oven and ordered the furnace cover to be removed. Great flames instantly leaped from the furnace. The four men at the crane hauled on, and out came the mighty red-hot pot, with its mass of molten metal; the cushion came too—stuck to the bottom. I skimmed the pot myself; but here I want to give you a notion of the awful, withering heat of the place. The room was small. Besides the monstrous red-hot pot and its glowing contents, there were the melting furnace, the open furnace for heating the hoop bed, and, lastly, the fifty tons of red-hot brickwork that formed the annealing oven. I'm a strong man, but the moment I *did* reach the open air I fainted away."

The metal was poured in about six seconds, and the extraordinary spectacle is depicted in the illustration on the next page. Every man wore a large apron and gauntlets of thick felt, with an uncanny-looking calico hood, soaked in alum, drawn completely over his head. This hood was provided with large, glistening talc eyes. These weird figures flitted about in the ghastly light of the intense soda-flame that leaped from the great furnace, and the windows were filled with the eager faces of fascinated spectators.

There was another hitch: the now solid speculum, or mirror, wouldn't come off its bed, in spite of the efforts of six ghostly individuals, who almost pulled the four-ton crab off the ground. It was a glorified—and inverted—version of the young housewife who couldn't manage to open the door of the oven in which her best cake was spoiling. If that metal disc had remained



CASTING THE METAL MIRROR FOR THE MELBOURNE TELESCOPE.
From the Picture by Sir Howard Grubb.

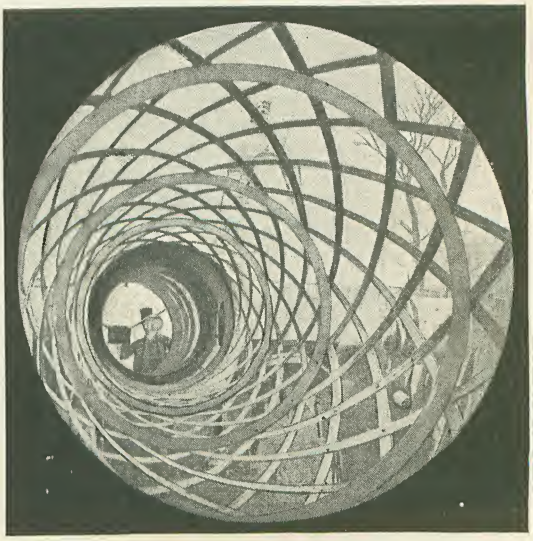
there much longer, with its temperature running down, it would be worse than useless. But why couldn't they get the thing into the oven? Well, some metal had got into interstices and formed solid pins that kept it in the bed. At last somebody jumped upon the taut chain—Blondin-like—and a second or two later the mirror was in the oven.

"At 1 a.m. on the 4th July," said Sir Howard, "I got home, having laboured continuously in that frightful place for twenty-four hours."

And this casting was defective; still, all concerned knew better next time. The men were drilled every day for a fortnight before the second and third castings, which were conducted in perfect silence. A doctor was in attendance, and he had at least one patient—a man who apparently tried to get into the mould before the metal.

I have treated this at some length, mainly because it was Sir Howard's troublous Rubicon, beyond which lay universal fame. In the next curious photograph we are looking down the lattice tube of the great Melbourne reflecting telescope into the famous mirror, whose casting has just been described. Sir Howard himself took this photograph, and his reflection is seen in the 4ft. mirror at the far end.

The highly polished surface of these mirrors, I need hardly say, needs the utmost care; and in this connection Sir Howard tells a funny story. The famous American astronomer, Professor Pickering, of Harvard, was once journeying to Arequipa, or some other astronomical Eldorado, escorted by a company of soldiers, who carried his scientific impedimenta. Having nothing to do one



LOOKING DOWN THE TUBE OF THE MELBOURNE TELESCOPE.
From a Photo. by Sir Howard Grubb.

day in camp, one of these fellows set to and *pipe-clayed* the mirror of the Professor's big reflector, causing that man of science horrible agony of mind, to say nothing of a return journey of hundreds of miles for another instrument.

The next epoch in the history of Sir Howard Grubb's establishment is marked by the introduction of the "New Astronomy," which called for photographic telescopes. It seems that in 1882 Dr. Gill, the Cape astronomer, was expecting a distinguished visitor—the comet of that year—which he made arrangements to photograph, using only an ordinary photographic lens. When he came to examine his plate, however—which is here reproduced—he found, to his amazement, that an enormous number of stars had also impressed themselves on the plate; reminding one of the street views of London, which contain lots of unwelcome idlers who evidently resolve to be "in the picture."

DR. GILL'S PHOTOGRAPH OF THE 1882 COMET, WHICH LED TO A REVOLUTION IN BIG TELESCOPES.
From a Photograph.

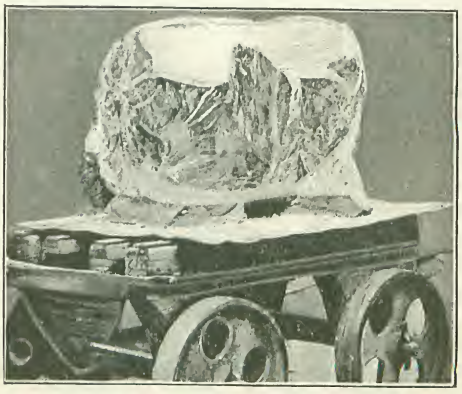
This very photograph led to the international survey of the heavens, undertaken by sixteen of the principal observatories of the world. Each astronomer had his celestial farm, or zone, mapped out for him in degrees; and he was to ignore all heavenly "stock" below a certain magnitude. Notes were to be ultimately compared, charts drawn, and catalogues printed, as though for a sale at Christie's.

An astronomical photographic congress met in Paris in 1887, and its members resolved to have special instruments made. Sir Howard then put in hand seven photographic telescopes, respectively for Cork, Greenwich, Oxford, Cape Town, Mexico, Sydney, and Melbourne. These were of uniform size--double-barrelled arrangements, carrying a 13in. photographic and a 10in. visual telescope. The testing of the seven object-glasses used up thousands of plates at Rathmines, and the work was carried on incessantly night and day for eighteen months.

I can't go into the effect of this photographic arrangement; it simply revolutionized astronomy. Of new minor planets, you are told proudly, thirty-three were discovered in 1893; and several lost planets—poor things!—were re-discovered by our celestial police, and conducted safely into the observatories—or, at any rate, records of them. But let me illustrate this pretty game of hide and seek. Minor planet Sappho, who had maintained a decent position in heavenly society for years, suddenly disappeared. Her description was known to the proper authorities, and the Press took up the case. At last Dr. Isaac Roberts, F.R.S., got a clue, and set a photographic snare for Sappho. She fell into it, and here she is shown, surrounded by a ring or collar (*not* really in the photo.), presumably to frustrate further escapades of a like kind.

MISSING PLANET, SAPPHO, FOUND BY A PHOTOGRAPHIC TELESCOPE.
From a Photograph.

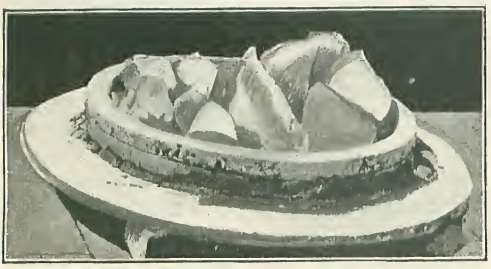
At present, there are but two firms in the world who can produce big discs of optical glass—one in Birmingham and the other in Paris. The latter has made by far the largest object-glasses the world has yet produced; and I am greatly indebted to the courteous principal, M. Mantois, for information concerning a most fascinating business. The processes of manufacture are guarded as a sacred secret—exactly as in the case of Chartreuse or Benedictine liqueur; but one thing, at least, is certain. The workmen may spend a lifetime over their crucibles, and yet never be sure that the cooled mass of rough glass will not turn out utterly useless.



ROUGH BLOCK OF CROWN GLASS FOR THE YERKES TELESCOPE. (Weight 5cwt.)

The previous illustration shows in the rough an enormous block of crown glass weighing more than a quarter of a ton, as taken from the furnace in December, 1887. It was a proud day for M. Mantois, for in this very block were the makings of the superb object-glass of the Yerkes telescope of Chicago—positively the largest in the whole world; however, more of this instrument hereafter. Bits of the crucible are seen clinging to the block in the picture.

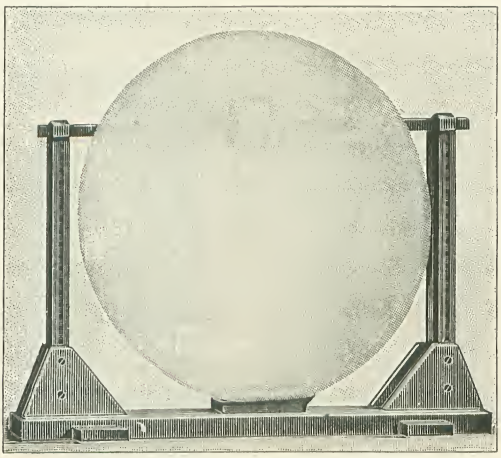
Now, you mustn't run away with the idea that all M. Mantois has to do is to cut a chunk from this enormous block, polish it



GLASS DISC SHIVERED TO ATOMS IN THE OVEN DURING THE LAST MOULDING.

roughly, and then send it along to Sir Howard Grubb. Nothing of the kind. There are no end of cuttings, bakings, and mouldings to be gone through; and as every one of these processes is more dangerous than its predecessor—by reason of the increasing value of the disc—you may well imagine that the business is a trifle wearing. Fortunately giant telescopes aren't made every day. Next is given a reproduction from a photograph showing an almost perfect disc of crown glass shivered to fragments in the oven during the very last moulding. Could anything be more maddening? "The makers of ordinary glass," remarked Sir Howard, "are — or used to be—constantly writing to me to know why they couldn't supply me with big discs. I told them I didn't know; at any rate, they can't make optical glass."

The next illustration depicts the great 40in. crown lens of the Yerkes telescope



THE 40IN. DISC FOR THE YERKES TELESCOPE (LARGEST IN THE WORLD).

immediately after the last moulding. This, in brief, is the history of the preparation of the rough object-glass. Only bear in mind that there are countless other processes at Sir Howard's works; and after a disc has been polished and "figured" for *three years*, it may be ruined in five minutes. No wonder a celebrated English astronomer declared he regarded a perfect object-glass as a beautiful work of art—just as an artist would look upon a Corot or a Velasquez. The principal building at the Dublin establishment was erected in 1874, in order to accommodate the 27in. Vienna refractor. It is a square of about 70ft., and springing from this is a twelve-sided hall, 42ft. in diameter, itself resembling the interior of an observatory.

"Now, Sir Howard," said I, "supposing some friend of science offers to present a big telescope to an observatory—what's the very first thing to be done?"

"Find out the conditions the instrument is required to fulfil," was the prompt reply. "Latitude is an important condition," pursued Sir Howard, "and one that would alter the design very greatly. For instance, Greenwich is 51deg. north, and the Cape of Good Hope 33deg. south.

"Meanwhile, the glass is ordered, as the time taken by the manufacturer is very variable. I may get a 20in. disc in six months (phenomenal this), or—as in the case of the 28in. object-glass for the Greenwich telescope—I may have to wait three years for it. No fewer than sixteen failures were encountered during the making of this latter disc, owing merely to the presence of air bubbles and such-like faults. The defects were finally got rid of by chipping, and sawing with a wire supplied with emery and water. Thickness? Oh! the proportion is about an inch and a quarter for every foot in diameter. As a rule, the discs are either 'personally conducted' from Paris, or are heavily insured. When received from Mantois the glass is worth its weight in silver; but when my men have finished with it, it is worth at least three times as much."

POLISHING AN OBJECT-GLASS.
From a Photo. by Sir Howard Grubb.

"What do you do the moment the glass arrives?"

"First of all put a rough polish on it, and then carefully examine it for defects. If the disc is no good, we send it back; but if it is as perfect as it is possible to get it, we find out what curves shall be given it during the 'figuring' processes. The glass then goes into the grinding-room, sand and water being first used to get down gross irregularities on the surface. Then comes emery, from the coarsest to the finest, this being the labour of many months. Lastly, the finest jewellers' rouge is used for polishing."

One of the greatest difficulties in polishing an object-glass is to rest it on a perfectly even surface. The lens *has* been floated in mercury; but Sir Howard's present plan is to place the glass upon a number of automatically adjusting points coated with Archangel pitch.

The polisher is seen at work in the next picture. He has just laid on a coating of rouge, and is guiding the peculiar machine which rubs over the face of the disc with a motion closely resembling that of a human operator. This is one of the final processes of polishing, and is called "local touching." To merely put a good polish on a complete object-glass would take no longer than three days for each surface, or twelve days in all. This polish, however, might be worse than useless, the great art being to get the "figure," or uniformity of curve, absolutely perfect.

The next photograph represents Sir Howard himself using the spherometer, which is a three-legged arrangement with a screw in the middle. The central screw can be so turned that all four points rest evenly on the glass. Then, if you place your warm hand on

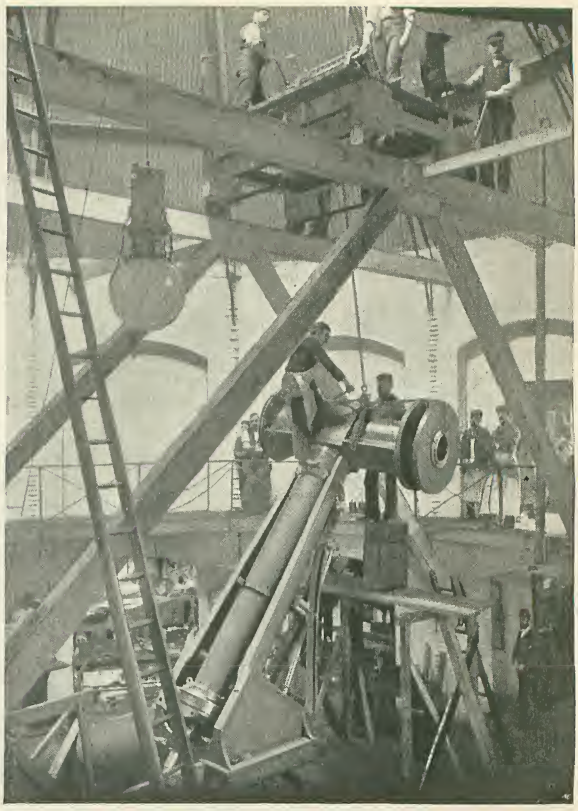
SIR HOWARD GRUBB TESTING AN OBJECT-GLASS.
From a Photo. by Sir Howard Grubb.

the surface for a moment, the spherometer will spin round like a top. This is because you have raised "bumps" on the glass, and the amazingly sensitive instrument has been upset, gyrating slowly by way of protest. At the moment this photo. was taken, there were seven discs in this workshop, their actual value being £7,250.

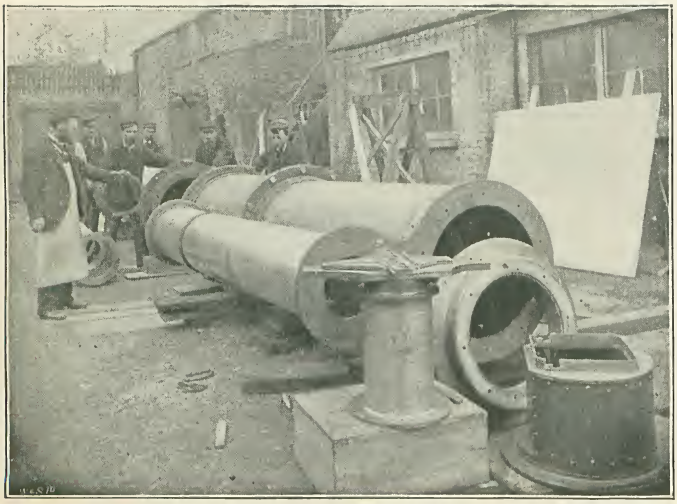
Many other tests are resorted to, but they are of a highly scientific kind; the most interesting, by the way, is the "artificial star" test of the object-glass, the "star" being an electric glow-lamp fixed many yards away.

An excellent notion is given by the next reproduction of the enormous dimensions of these telescopes. The men are seen putting together the main sections of the tubes for the new Greenwich 26in. instrument. When finished, big telescopes are sent in sections to their destination, and put together under the astronomer's own supervision.

"I sent a large instrument to one of the Colonies some time ago," remarked Sir Howard, "and an inexperienced assistant was sent up to put it together. When he found two parts that wouldn't fit together one way, he didn't waste time in trying them another. Not he. He just sent them down to the nearest railway shop and had a bit turned off here, and a little shaved off there, until the parts were made to fit as he wished them. The result was that the telescope was wrongly mounted, and, therefore, didn't answer expectations; the error was not, however, detected for some years."



LIFTING ON THE GREAT CROSS-HEAD OF THE GREENWICH 26IN. TELESCOPE.
From a Photo. by Sir Howard Grubb.



PUTTING TOGETHER THE TUBES OF THE GREENWICH 26IN. TELESCOPE.
From a Photo. by Sir Howard Grubb.

On the occasion of my own visit to Sir Howard's establishment, the 26in. Greenwich photographic Equatorial telescope was in hand; and the next illustration shows the process of lifting on the great cross-head—quite an engineering feat. By the way, talking of the dispatch of finished telescopes, the packing of an object-glass is something of an undertaking. It is first of all stripped of its cell, or frame, and then stitched in between cushions of felt, stuffed with wadding. Next it is placed in a box with a liberal supply of soft material all round, and then

INSERTING THE "SPIDER-LINES."
From a Photo. by Sir Howard Grubb.

this box is in turn packed in a big case, 8in. larger every way, the intervening space being dexterously filled with sofa springs. In the case of the Greenwich 28in. lens, it took six stalwart sailors to take it on board the steamer.

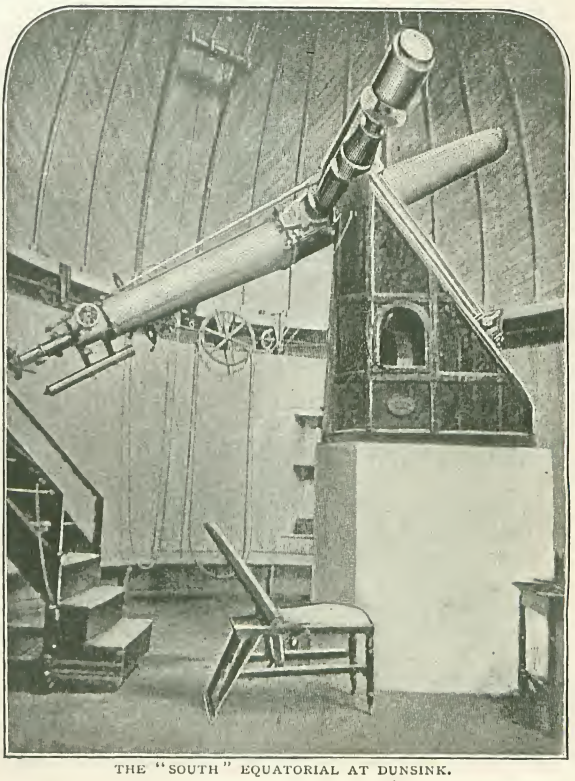
In fact, it would take whole volumes to describe the infinite care bestowed upon every part of these wondrous instruments. The teeth of the great sector, or toothed arc, are cut under a microscope. Into the sector the screw works which drives the whole instrument round to follow the apparent motion of the stars.

This photo. shows Sir Howard's son inserting the "spider-lines" into the micrometer, or eye-piece, of a giant telescope. He has just drawn out a single web from the nest and is holding it up, with a piece of wax at the lower end to keep it stretched, preparatory to laying it into its place in the micrometer. The "wires," as they are called, are placed transversely at the eye-end of the telescope in order to locate the heavenly body under observation. So fine are these "spider-lines" that 10,000 placed side by side, without touching, would not cover the space of 1in. September is the best month for obtaining these nests.

"On some occasions," remarked Sir Howard, "we have procured very fine threads from the nests of Mauritius spiders, these being much tougher than the ordinary webs found in this country. And it often happens," he went on, "that when a telescope has been left unused for a length of time, a spider gets into the tube and finds its way to the threads stretched across the sliding-bars of the micrometer. The insect invariably cuts away these threads—which have cost poor, bungling man an immense deal of trouble to place there—and substitutes an elegant, but vexing, design of its own."

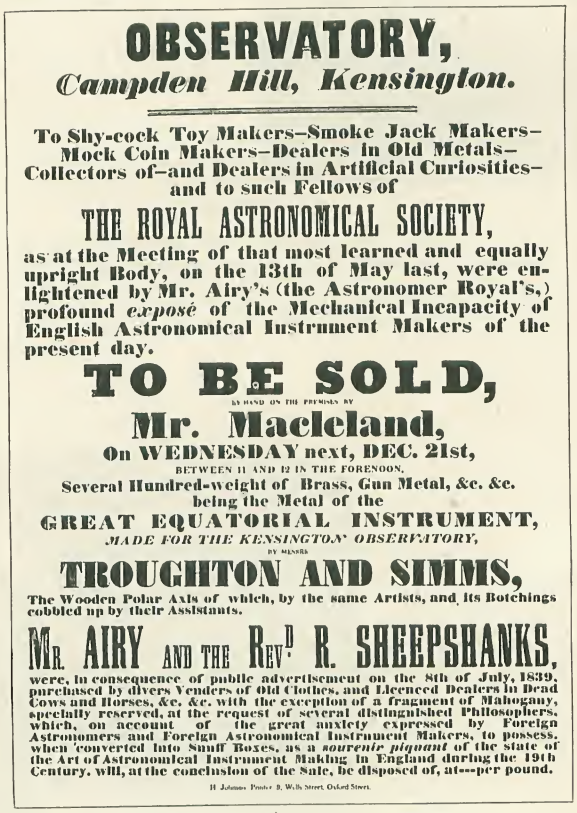
The "South" Equatorial at the Dunsink Observatory, near Dublin, is a telescope with a history. To be exact, the object-glass only should claim this distinction; the instrument is shown here. In 1835 a Mr. Cooper, of Markree Castle, in Sligo, heard that a 12in. object-glass had been made by Cauchoix, of Paris; and as this was at that time something of an optical *rara avis*, he resolved to possess it. On his way to Paris, Cooper called upon Sir James South in London, he being the greatest authority of his day on matters telescopic. Sir James gave his visitor sundry hints as to testing, and away went Mr. Cooper.

Finding the whole instrument satisfactory, he arranged with Cauchoix for its purchase, a cheque for about £1,200 to be sent on his



THE "SOUTH" EQUATORIAL AT DUNSINK.

return home. On the homeward journey Cooper again called on Sir James South, in whose mind his high eulogies roused envious thoughts. Off to Paris darted Sir James, the moment Cooper left for Ireland; and the eager knight carried the purchase-money in his pocket. Sir James saw and was conquered. He knocked up Cauchoix at an unearthly hour of the morning, paid the £1,200, unscrewed the object-glass, and then hurried back with his prize towards London. Later the same morning the transaction came to the ears of M. Arago, the Imperial astronomer, who rushed to the Minister of the Interior with a pitiful tale. It would be a standing disgrace to France, said he, if that beautiful object-glass left the country. Travelling was slow in those days, and the Home Secretary was touched. He at once set the telegraph to work to stop Sir James, but the old semaphore system failed to do what was required of it, and the fugitive got safely away. Cooper was furious, of course, but calmed down when Cauchoix promised to make him a bigger disc; which somehow suggests the nursery.


OBSERVATORY,

Campden Hill, Kensington.

To Shy-cock Toy Makers—Smoke Jack Makers—Mock Coin Makers—Dealers in Old Metals—Collectors of—and Dealers in Artificial Curiosities—and to such Fellows of

THE ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY,

as at the Meeting of that most learned and equally upright Body, on the 13th of May last, were enlightened by Mr. Airy's (the Astronomer Royal's,) profound *exposé* of the Mechanical Incapacity of English Astronomical Instrument Makers of the present day.

TO BE SOLD,

AS STAND ON THE PREMISES BY

Mr. Macleland,

On WEDNESDAY next, DEC. 21st,

BETWEEN 11 AND 12 IN THE FORENOON,

Several Hundred-weight of Brass, Gun Metal, &c. &c. being the Metal of the

GREAT EQUATORIAL INSTRUMENT,

MADE FOR THE KENSINGTON OBSERVATORY,

BY MESSRS

TROUGHTON AND SIMMS,

The Wooden Polar Axis of which, by the same Artists, and its Botchings cobbled up by their Assistants.

MR. AIRY AND THE REV.D R. SHEEPSHANKS,

were, in consequence of public advertisement on the 8th of July, 1839, purchased by divers Venders of Old Clothes, and Licenced Dealers in Dead Cows and Horses, &c. &c. with the exception of a fragment of Mahogany, specially reserved, at the request of several distinguished Philosophers, which, on account of the great anxiety expressed by Foreign Astronomers and Foreign Astronomical Instrument Makers, to possess, when converted into Snuff Boxes, as a *souvenir piquant* of the state of the Art of Astronomical Instrument Making in England during the 19th Century, will, at the conclusion of the Sale, be disposed of, at—per pound.

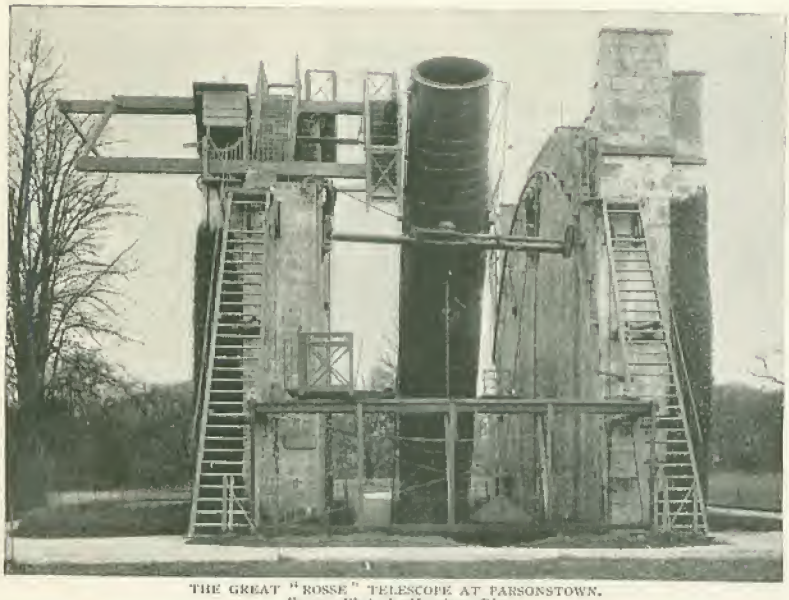
H. Johnson, Printer, 9, Wells Street, Oxford Street.

SIR JAMES SOUTH'S SATIRICAL PLACARD.

Sir James South had the glass mounted at his observatory at Kensington, but he soon complained that it had been badly mounted by those intrusted with the work; at least, it didn't satisfy *him*, so he fell out with everybody concerned. Eventually his wrath was directed towards the instrument itself, which he actually demolished with a big hammer, saving only the object-glass. Here is a facsimile of Sir James's own satirical placard, advertising the sale of the various parts of the telescope. About the year 1865 Sir James offered to present the object-glass to Trinity College, Dublin. The Board, however, were a little embarrassed at this, because South's notion of mounting a telescope differed from that of every other authority. Presently his death got them out of the muddle, and they commissioned Mr. Thomas Grubb, Sir Howard's father, to mount the glass. The "T.C.D." Board also purchased from Mr. Grubb an Equatorial mounting which he had exhibited in Dublin in 1853, and in London in 1862. So once more the "South" object-glass got into working order; and it has been used ever since by Dr. Brunow, Sir Robert Ball, and lately by Dr. Rambaut, at the Dunsink Observatory, six miles out of Dublin. It was with this identical instrument that Sir Robert Ball made his celebrated series of observations to determine the distance of some of the fixed stars.

"None but the initiated," remarked Sir Howard, "know the infinite difficulty of producing a perfect object-glass of large size; therefore is there a limit to the size of refracting telescopes. Why, in point of actual size the Lick and Yerkes instruments—with apertures respectively of 36in. and 40in.—are nowhere compared to Lord Rosse's 72in. reflector, which was constructed fifty years ago! Plainly, then, the colossal telescope of the future is the reflecting telescope, for I am convinced that perfect metal mirrors could be cast up to 10ft. in diameter."

On the next page is a capital view of the famous Rosse reflector at Birr Castle, Parsonstown, King's County. It was photographed specially for this article by Mr. Edward Morrison, of Parsonstown. Dr. Otto Boeddicker was kind enough to furnish some details.



THE GREAT "ROSSE" TELESCOPE AT PARSONSTOWN.
From a Photo. by Morrison, Birr.

This mighty instrument was built by William Parsons, third Earl of Rosse; the 6ft. mirror weighs 3½ tons. "It was cast," writes Dr. Boeddicker (who is shown on the telescope), "under infinite difficulties at the forge at Birr Castle; and, of course, it lies at the bottom of the great tube. This mirror reflects the light rays of any celestial object towards the middle of the tube. Here a second small plain reflector catches them and throws them off at right angles to the side, where the eye-piece is placed. Thus, the different galleries become necessary, as the observer has to stand always at the mouth of the tube. The latter is 51ft. long; its diameter is 6ft. at the ends, and 7ft. 6in. in the middle, so one can walk through it with an open umbrella.

"The telescope is supported in a very ingenious manner between two walls of solid masonry, 50ft. to 60ft. high, and 8ft. to 13ft. thick; and it forms a striking feature of the beautiful park. The little house below, between the walls, contains a driving clock, added by the present Earl." The original cost of this instrument was about £12,000, but many improvements have since been effected.

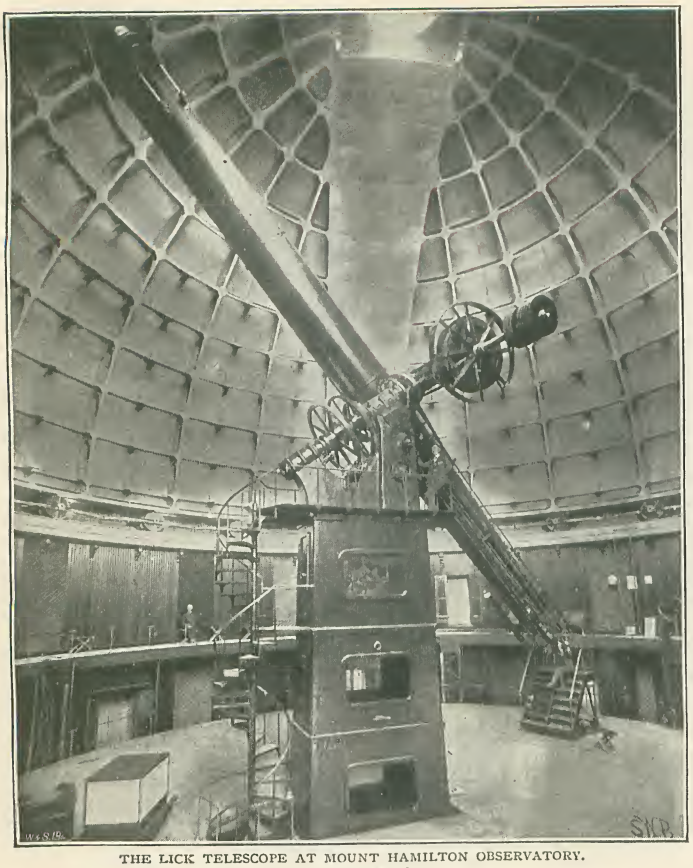
Sir Howard Grubb tells many interesting stories. Here is one. An astronomer of European reputation was on one occasion so intent upon his observations, that he was quite oblivious of the fact that the mighty telescope was imperceptibly gliding round by clockwork. The result was that at length his eye was nearly gouged out between the end of the instrument and the observatory wall; and had not his cries brought assistance, he must have been killed.

Yet another story of an ardent observer. He was a wealthy private man, who had established an observatory at his own splendid residence. He yearned to do something for astronomy, so you can imagine his excitement when, looking through his refractor one day, he beheld — a new planet! Feeling sure of a place in history a niche or two above Columbus, who discovered a comparatively mean New World, our amateur lay low for a night or two taking notes and measurements. Then he invited a lot of big astronomical people down to his place to behold his epoch-making find; whereupon one of these cold, impassive gentlemen calmly declared that Mr. So-and-so's heavenly body was merely a speck of dirt on the eye-piece—just ordinary dirt.

But let us come to the famous Lick telescope, whose very name suggests the eclipse of all others. James Lick was an organ and piano maker—a Pennsylvania man—who died at San Francisco in October, 1876. Apart from his success in business, he had amassed enormous wealth from land investments; and he left three millions of dollars to be devoted to public uses, 700,000 to be set aside for an observatory.

Mr. Lick wanted to be buried near this observatory, so his remains were removed from the city in 1887, and interred in a suitable vault which had been prepared in the brick foundations of the mighty equatorial that bears his name.

When Lick fixed upon Mount Hamilton for his observatory he stipulated that a decent road should be made to it at the expense of Santa Clara County. This was commenced in 1876, the road, twenty-six miles long, costing 78,000 dollars, and connecting the observa-

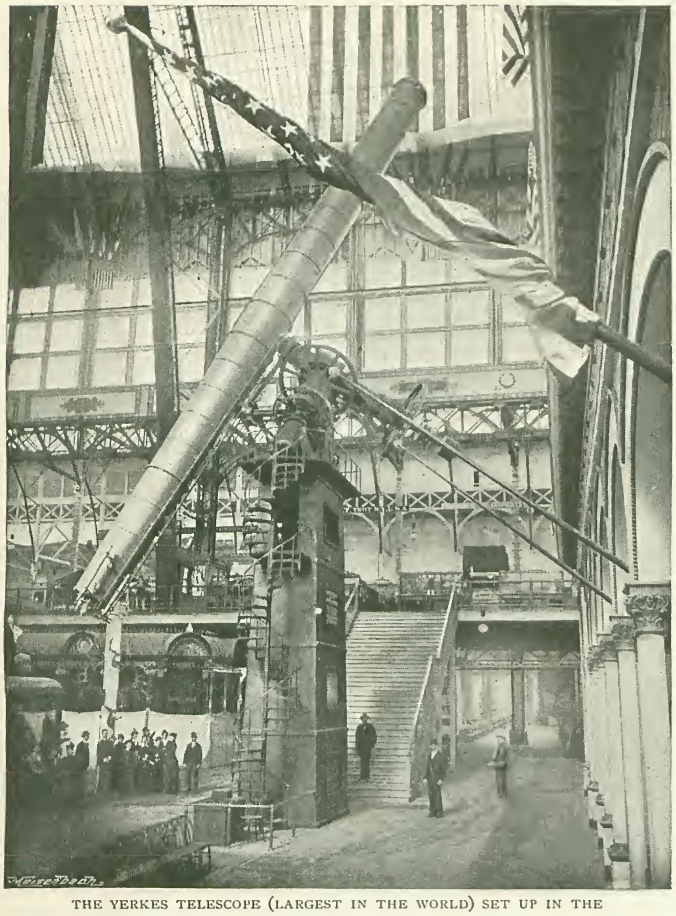


THE LICK TELESCOPE AT MOUNT HAMILTON OBSERVATORY.
From a Photograph.

tory with San José, the nearest railway station. Of course, there was a mighty fuss preliminary to the whole undertaking. In 1875 it was suggested that Mr. S. W. Burnham, the well-known double star observer, should be asked to visit the place chosen, and report upon things. This he did in 1879, taking with him a 6in. telescope. He remained several months there, in camp, and then sent in an enthusiastic report. He had spent "forty-two first-class nights," and "only seven of medium quality" (who doesn't know those nights?). Mr. Burnham also said he had made a large number of measures of known double stars, and discovered forty-two new pairs; which smacks somewhat of the sartorial artist. A dreadful lot of hard work was involved in the preparing of the foundations. In some places the peak had to be lowered 32ft.; and altogether more than 72,000 tons of rock had to be cleared away. And *such* rock! Prof. A. Wendell Jackson, of California University, plaintively described it as "of a character between grey wacke and arcose"; from which it is obvious that the rock was of a peculiarly truculent sort. A brick factory was rigged up on top, and 2,600,000 bricks were turned out. Telephone lines were also laid. By November, 1882, an 85,000-gallon reservoir was established on Mount Kepler, 2,393ft. distant; you see, the whole district was distinctly astronomical. The main observatory building, 4,200ft. above sea-level, is one story high, and connects the two chief domes. Of these the one at the south end is 75ft. 4in. in diameter, and contains the gigantic 36in. refracting telescope, just depicted. The hall connecting the two domes is 191ft. long; and the construction is of the strongest, for the wind sometimes careers along up here at seventy or eighty miles an hour. The sliding slit in the dome through which the telescope looks is 9ft. 6¾in. wide. The tube is 57ft. long, and the whole instrument weighs 40 tons. The object-glass alone, with its cell, weighs 532lb. The driving-clock weighs one ton, and the revolving dome 70 tons.

The Lick telescope didn't hold its record long, for Mr. Charles T. Yerkes, of Chicago, up and said to the University: "Here's a million dollars; if you want more you can have it. Only lick the Lick." And they did. The Yerkes telescope, next depicted, as shown in the Chicago Exhibition, has an object-glass 40in. in diameter—4in. larger than the one in the Lick instrument. I have already shown the gigantic block of rough glass from which this superb object-glass was prepared. The tube of the instrument is 64ft. long, and the total weight is seventy-five tons. This telescope is to be located at Geneva Lake, Wisconsin.

Sir Howard is of opinion that a pair of 48in. discs will be shown at the Paris Exhibition of 1900. A difference of an inch only all round an object-glass may make a difference of £1,000 in the total cost. The Yerkes telescope is to have a lifting floor, and other appliances such as those designed

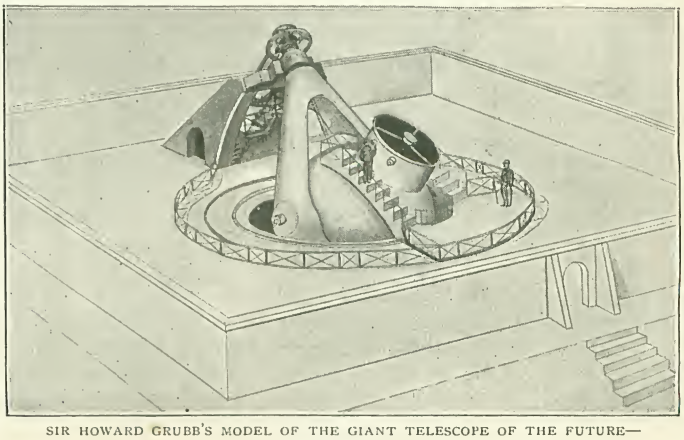


THE YERKES TELESCOPE (LARGEST IN THE WORLD) SET UP IN THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.
From a Photograph.

for the Lick instrument by Sir Howard Grubb. The lifting floor does away with the scaffold-like observing "chair"; and when the telescope is pointed, the astronomer simply presses an electric button and the whole floor glides up until the eye-piece is nice and handy. The value of this will be evident from the fact that when the Lick telescope is horizontal, the eye-piece is nearly 30ft. above the ordinary level of the observatory floor.

Here is Sir Howard Grubb's design for the telescope of the future; *it is to be a floating telescope!* — a reflector, and one which shall dwarf all others. As at present constructed there must be a limit to the size of monster telescopes, for though the weights increase enormously with increase of size, the accuracy and delicacy of movement of the largest telescopes must be even greater than with the smallest. Sir Howard has thoroughly worked out the details of his scheme. The instrument would take from three to five years to construct, and would cost about £33,000. The length of the tube would be 80ft., and it is to pass through a ball 25ft. in diameter, which floats in a gigantic tank or reservoir. The proposed mirror is 1½ft. thick and, if a 10ft. one, would weigh from six to seven tons.

"There is no need," remarked Sir Howard, "to dilate upon the incalculable benefit such an instrument would be to astronomy and to science generally. If the idea were brought forward in America, it would be taken up by some wealthy patron of science." Here we have a 100-ton telescope carried on an equatorial axis, without exerting a single ton of its weight. Perhaps one of our own millionaires will come forward with the £33,000, since immortalization is offered at this price, to say nothing of his name being writ large on the stars of heaven.



SIR HOWARD GRUBB'S MODEL OF THE GIANT TELESCOPE OF THE FUTURE—FLOATING IN WATER.

Rodney Stone.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SMITH'S LAST BATTLE.

"CLEAR the outer ring!" cried Jackson, standing up beside the ropes with a big silver watch in his hand.

"Ss-whack! ss-whack! ss-whack!" went the horse-whips—for a number of the spectators, either driven onwards by the pressure behind or willing to risk some physical pain on the chance of getting a better view, had crept under the ropes and formed a ragged fringe within the outer ring. Now, amidst roars of laughter from the crowd and a shower of blows from the beaters-out, they dived madly back, with the ungainly haste of frightened sheep blundering through a gap in the hurdles. Their case was a hard one, for the folk in front refused to yield an inch of their places—but the arguments from the rear prevailed over everything else, and presently every frantic fugitive had been absorbed, whilst the beaters-out took their stands along the edge at regular intervals, with their whips held down by their thighs.

"Gentlemen," cried Jackson again, "I am requested to inform you that Sir Charles Tregellis's nominee is Jack Harrison, fighting at thirteen-eight, and Sir Lothian Hume's is Crab Wilson, at thirteen-three. No person can be allowed at the inner ropes save the referee and the time-keeper. I have only to beg that, if the occasion should require it, you will all give me your assistance to keep the ground clear, to prevent confusion, and to have a fair fight. All ready?"

"All ready," from both corners.

"Time!"

There was a breathless hush as Harrison, Wilson, Belcher, and Dutch Sam walked very briskly into the centre of the ring. The two men shook hands, whilst their seconds did the same, the four hands crossing each other. Then the seconds dropped back, and the two champions stood toe to toe, with their hands up.

It was a magnificent sight to anyone who had not lost his sense of appreciation of the noblest of all the works of Nature. Both men fulfilled that requisite of the powerful athlete, that they should look larger without their clothes than with them. In ring slang, they buffed well. And each showed up the other's points on account of the extreme contrast between them: the long, loose-limbed, deer-footed youngster, and the square-set, rugged veteran with his trunk like the stump of an oak. The betting began to rise upon the younger man from the instant that they were put face to face, for his advantages were obvious, whilst those qualities which had brought Harrison to the top in his youth were only a memory in the minds of the older men. All could see the three inches extra of height and two of reach which Wilson possessed, and a glance at the quick, cat-like motions of his feet, and the perfect poise of his body upon his legs, showed how swiftly he could spring either in or out from his slower adversary. But it took a subtler insight to read the grim smile which flickered over the smith's mouth or the smouldering fire which shone in his grey eyes, and it was only the old-timers who knew that, with his mighty heart and his iron frame, he was a perilous man to lay odds against.

Wilson stood in the position from which he had derived his nickname, his left hand and left foot well to the front, his body sloped very far back from his loins, and his guard thrown across his chest, but held well forward in a way which made him exceedingly hard to get at. The smith, on the other hand, assumed the obsolete attitude which Humphries and Mendoza introduced, but which had not for ten years been seen in a first-class battle. Both his knees were slightly bent, he stood square to his opponent, and his two big brown fists were held over his mark, so that he could lead equally with

Copyright, 1896, by A. Conan Doyle, in the United States of America.

either. Wilson's hands, which moved incessantly in and out, had been stained with some astringent juice with the purpose of preventing them from puffing, and so great was the contrast between them and his white forearms, that I imagined that he was wearing dark, close-fitting gloves until my uncle explained the matter in a whisper. So they stood in a quiver of eagerness and expectation, whilst that huge multitude hung so silently and breathlessly upon every motion that they might have believed themselves to be alone, man to man, in the centre of some primeval solitude.

It was evident from the beginning that Crab Wilson meant to throw no chance away, and that he would trust to his lightness of foot and quickness of hand until he should see something of the tactics of this rough-looking antagonist. He paced swiftly round several times, with little, elastic, menacing steps, whilst the smith pivoted slowly to correspond. Then as Wilson took a backward step to induce Harrison to break ground and follow him, the older man grinned and shook his head.

"You must come to me, lad," said he. "I'm too old to scamper round the ring after you. But we have the day before us, and I'll wait."

He may not have expected his invitation to be so promptly answered, but in an instant, with a panther spring, the west-countryman was on him. Smack! smack! smack! Thud! thud! The first three were on Harrison's face, the last two were heavy counters upon Wilson's body. Back danced the youngster, disengaging himself in beautiful style, but with two angry red blotches over the lower line of his ribs. "Blood for Wilson!" yelled the crowd, and as the smith faced round to follow the movements of his nimble adversary I saw with a thrill that his chin was crimson and dripping. In came Wilson again with a feint at the mark and a flush hit on Harrison's cheek; then, breaking the force of the smith's ponderous right counter, he brought the round

"MAN TO MAN."

to a conclusion by slipping down upon the grass.

"First knock-down for Harrison!" roared a thousand voices, for as many pounds would change hands upon the point.

"I appeal to the referee!" cried Sir Lothian Hume. "It was a slip, and not a knock-down."

"I give it a slip," said Berkeley Craven, and the men walked to their corners, amidst a general shout of applause for a spirited and well-contested opening round. Harrison fumbled in his mouth with his finger and thumb, and then with a sharp half-turn he wrenched out a tooth, which he threw into the basin. "Quite like old times," said he to Belcher.

"Have a care, Jack!" whispered the anxious second. "You got rather more than you gave."

"Maybe I can carry more, too," said he, serenely, whilst Caleb Baldwin mopped the big sponge over his face, and the shining bottom of the tin basin ceased suddenly to glimmer through the water.

"'HAVE A CARE, JACK!' WHISPERED THE ANXIOUS SECOND."

I could gather from the comments of the experienced Corinthians around me, and from the remarks of the crowd behind, that Harrison's chance was thought to have been lessened by this round.

"I've seen his old faults and I haven't seen his old merits," said Sir John Lade, our opponent of the Brighton Road. "He's as slow on his feet and with his guard as ever. Wilson hit him as he liked."

"Wilson may hit him three times to his once, but his one is worth Wilson's three," remarked my uncle. "He's a natural fighter and the other an excellent sparrer, but I don't hedge a guinea."

A sudden hush announced that the men were on their feet again, and so skilfully had the seconds done their work, that neither looked a jot the worse for what had passed. Wilson led viciously with his left, but misjudged his distance, receiving a smashing counter on the mark in reply which sent him reeling and gasping to the ropes. "Hurrah for the old one!" yelled the mob, and my uncle laughed and nudged Sir John Lade. The west-countryman smiled, and shook himself like a dog from the water as with a stealthy step he came back to the centre of the ring, where his man was still standing. Bang came Harrison's right upon the mark once more, but Crab broke the blow with his elbow, and jumped laughing away. Both men were a little winded, and their quick, high breathing, with the light patter of their feet as they danced round each other, blended into one continuous, long-drawn sound. Two simultaneous exchanges with the left made a clap like a pistol-shot, and then as Harrison rushed in for a fall Wilson slipped him and over went my old friend upon his face, partly from the impetus of his own futile attack, and partly from a swinging half-arm blow which the west-countryman brought home upon his ear as he passed.

"Knock-down for Wilson," cried the referee, and the answering roar was like the broadside of a seventy-four. Up went hundreds of curly-brimmed Corinthian hats into the air, and the slope before us was a bank of flushed and yelling faces. My heart was cramped with my fears, and I winced at

every blow, yet I was conscious also of an absolute fascination, with a wild thrill of fierce joy and a certain exultation in our common human nature which could rise above pain and fear in its straining after the very humblest form of fame.

Belcher and Baldwin had pounced upon their man, and had him up and in his corner in an instant, but, in spite of the coolness with which the hardy smith took his punishment, there was immense exultation amongst the west-countrymen.

"We've got him! He's beat! He's beat!" shouted the two Jew seconds. "It's a hundred to a tizzy on Gloucester!"

"Beat, is he?" answered Belcher. "You'll need to rent this field before you can beat him, for he'll stand a month of that kind of fly-flappin'." He was swinging a towel in front of Harrison as he spoke, whilst Baldwin mopped him with the sponge.

"How is it with you, Harrison?" asked my uncle.

"Hearty as a buck, sir. It's as right as the day." The cheery answer came with so merry a ring that the clouds cleared from my uncle's face.

"You should recommend your man to lead more, Tregellis," said Sir John Lade. "He'll never win it unless he leads."

"He knows more about the game than you or I do, *mon ami!* I'll let him take his own way."

"The betting is three to one against him now," said a gentleman, whose grizzled moustache showed that he was an officer of the late war.

"Very true, General Fitzpatrick. But you'll observe that it is the raw young bloods who are giving the odds, and the Sheenies who are taking them. I still stick to my opinion."

The two men came briskly up to the scratch at the call of time, the smith a little lumpy on one side of his head, but with the same good-humoured and yet menacing smile upon his lips. As to Wilson, he was exactly as he had begun in appearance, but twice I saw him close his lips sharply as if he were in a sudden spasm of pain, and the blotches over his ribs were darkening from scarlet to a sullen purple. He held his guard somewhat lower to screen this vulnerable point, and he danced round his opponent with a lightness which showed that his wind had not been impaired by the body-blows, whilst the smith still adopted the impassive tactics with which he had commenced.

Many rumours had come up to us from the west as to Crab Wilson's fine science and the quickness of his hitting, but the truth surpassed what had been expected of him. In this round and the two which followed he showed a swiftness and accuracy which old ringsiders declared that Mendoza in his prime had never surpassed. He was in and out like lightning, and his blows were heard and felt rather than seen. But Harrison still took them all with the same dogged smile, occasionally getting in a hard body-blow in return, for his adversary's height and his position combined to keep his face out of danger. At the end of the fifth round the odds were four to one, and the west-countrymen were riotous in their exultation.

"What think you now?" cried the Bristol man behind me, and in his excitement he could get no further save to repeat over and over again, "What think you now?" When in the sixth round the smith was peppered twice without getting in a counter, and had the worst of the fall as well, the fellow became inarticulate altogether, and could only huzza wildly in his delight. Sir Lothian Hume was smiling and nodding his head, whilst my uncle was coldly impassive, though I was sure that his heart was as heavy as mine.

"This won't do, Tregellis," said General Fitzpatrick. "My money is on the old one, but the other is the finer boxer."

"My man is *un peu passé*, but he will come through all right," answered my uncle.

I saw that both Belcher and Baldwin were looking grave, and I knew that we must have a change of some sort, or the old tale of youth and age would be told once more.

The seventh round, however, showed the reserve strength of the hardy old fighter, and lengthened the faces of those layers of odds who had imagined that the fight was practically over, and that a few finishing rounds would have given the smith his *coup-de-grâce*. It was clear when the two men faced each other that Wilson had made himself up for mischief, and meant to force the fighting and maintain the lead which he had gained, but that grey gleam was not quenched yet in the veteran's eyes, and still the same smile played over his grim face. He had become more jaunty, too, in the swing of his shoulders and the poise of his head, and it brought my confidence back to me to see the brisk way in which he squared up to his man.

Wilson led with his left, but was short, and he only just avoided a dangerous right-hander which whistled in at his ribs. "Bravo,

old 'un, one of those will be a dose of laudanum if you get it home," cried Belcher. There was a pause of shuffling feet and hard breathing, broken by the thud of a tremendous body-blow from Wilson, which the smith stopped with the utmost coolness. Then again a few seconds of silent tension, when Wilson led viciously at the head, but Harrison took it on his forearm, smiling and nodding at his opponent. "Get the pepper-box open!" yelled Mendoza, and Wilson sprang in to carry out his instructions, but was hit out again by a heavy drive on the chest. "Now's the time! Follow it up!" cried Belcher, and in rushed the smith, pelting in his half-arm blows, and taking the returns without a wince, until Crab Wilson went down exhausted in the corner. Both men had their marks to show, but Harrison had all the best of the rally, so it was our turn to throw our hats into the air and to shout ourselves hoarse, whilst the seconds clapped their man upon his broad back as they hurried him to his corner.

"SIR LOTHIAN HUME WAS SMILING AND NODDING HIS HEAD."

"What think you now?" shouted all the neighbours of the west-countryman, repeating his own refrain.

"Why, Dutch Sam never put in a better rally," cried Sir John Lade. "What's the betting now, Sir Lothian?"

"I have laid all that I intend; but I don't think my man can lose it." For all that, the smile had faded from his face, and I observed that he glanced continually over his shoulder into the crowd behind him.

A sullen purple cloud had been drifting slowly up from the south-west—though I daresay that out of thirty thousand folk there were very few who had spared the time or attention to mark it. Now it suddenly made its presence apparent by a few heavy drops of rain, thickening rapidly into a sharp shower, which filled the air with its hiss, and rattled noisily upon the high, hard hats of the Corinthians. Coat collars were turned up and handkerchiefs tied round necks, whilst the skins of the two men glistened with the moisture as they stood up to each other once more. I noticed that Belcher whispered very earnestly into Harrison's ear as he rose from his knee, and that the smith nodded his head curtly, with the air of a man who understands and approves of his orders.

And what those orders were was instantly apparent. Harrison was to be turned from the defender into the attacker. The result of the rally in the last round had convinced his seconds that when it came to give-and-take hitting, their hardy and powerful man was likely to have the better of it. And then on the top of this came the rain. With the slippery grass the superior activity of Wilson would be neutralized, and he would find it harder to avoid the rushes of his opponent. It was in taking advantage of such circumstances that the art of ringcraft lay, and many a shrewd and vigilant second had won a losing battle for his man. "Go in, then! Go in!" whooped the two prize-fighters, while every backer in the crowd took up the roar.

And Harrison went in, in such fashion that no man who saw him do it will ever forget it.

Crab Wilson, as game as a pebble, met him with a flush hit every time, but no human strength or human science seemed capable of stopping the terrible onslaught of this iron man. Round after round he scrambled his way in, slap-bang, right and left, every hit tremendously sent home. Sometimes he covered his own face with his left, and sometimes he disdained to use any guard at all, but his springing hits were irresistible. The rain lashed down upon them, pouring from their faces and running in crimson trickles over their bodies, but neither gave any heed to it save to manœuvre always with the view of bringing it into each other's eyes. But round after round the west-countryman fell, and round after round the betting rose, until the odds were higher in our favour than ever they had been against us. With a sinking heart, filled with pity and admiration for these two gallant men, I longed that every bout might be the last, and yet the "Time!" was hardly out of Jackson's mouth before they had both sprung from their seconds' knees, with laughter upon their mutilated faces and chaffing words upon their bleeding lips.

"A TERRIBLE ONSLAUGHT."

It may have been a humble object-lesson, but I give you my word that many a time in my life I have braced myself to a hard task by the remembrance of that morning upon Crawley Downs, asking myself if my manhood were so weak that I would not do for my country, or for those whom I loved, as much as these two would endure for a paltry stake and for their own credit amongst their fellows. Such a spectacle may brutalize those who are brutal, but I say that there is a spiritual side to it also, and that the sight of the utmost human limit of endurance and courage is one which bears a lesson of its own.

But if the ring can breed bright virtues, it is but a partisan who can deny that it can be the mother of black vices also, and we were destined that morning to have a sight of each. It so chanced that, as the battle went against his man, my eyes stole round very often to note the expression upon Sir Lothian Hume's face, for I knew how fearlessly he had laid the odds, and I understood that his fortunes as well as his champion were going down before the smashing blows of the old bruiser. The confident smile with which he had watched the opening rounds had long vanished from his lips, and his cheeks had turned of a sallow pallor, whilst his small, bead-like black eyes looked furtively from under his craggy brows, and more than once he burst into savage imprecations when Wilson was beaten to the ground. But especially I noticed that his chin was always coming round to his shoulder, and that at the end of every round he sent keen little glances flying backwards into the crowd.

For some time, amidst the immense hillside of faces which banked themselves up on the slope behind us, I was unable to pick out the exact point at which his gaze was directed. But at last I succeeded in following it. A very tall man, who showed a pair of broad, bottle-green shoulders high above his neighbours, was looking very hard in our direction, and I assured myself that a quick exchange of almost imperceptible signals was going on between him and the Corinthian baronet. I

became conscious, also, as I watched this stranger that the cluster of men around him were the roughest elements of the whole assembly: fierce, vicious-looking fellows, with cruel, debauched faces, who howled like a pack of wolves at every blow, and yelled execrations at Harrison whenever he walked across to his corner. So turbulent were they that I saw the ringkeepers whisper together and glance up in their direction as if preparing for trouble in store, but none of them had realized how near it was to breaking out, or how dangerous it might prove.

Thirty rounds had been fought in an hour and twenty-five minutes, and the rain was pelting down harder than ever. A thick steam rose from the two fighters, and the ring was a pool of mud. Repeated falls had turned the men brown, with a horrible mottling of crimson blotches. Round after round had ended by Crab Wilson going down, and it was evident, even to my inexperienced eyes, that he was weakening rapidly. He leaned heavily upon the two Jews when they led him to his corner, and he reeled when their support was withdrawn. Yet his science had, through long practice, become an automatic thing with him, so that he stopped and hit with less power, but with as great accuracy as ever. Even now a casual observer might have thought that he had the best of the battle, for the smith was far the more terribly marked; but there was a wild stare in the west-countryman's eyes, and a strange catch in his breathing, which told us that it is not the most dangerous blow which shows upon the surface. A heavy cross-buttock at the end of the thirty-first round shook the breath from his body, and he came up for the thirty-second with the same jaunty gallantry as ever, but with the dazed expression of a man whose wind has been utterly smashed.

"He's got the roly-polies," cried Belcher. "You have it your own way now!"

"I'll vight for a week yet," gasped Wilson.

"Damme, I like his style," cried Sir John Lade. "No shifting, nothing shy, no hugging nor hauling. It's a shame to let him fight. Take the brave fellow away!"

"Take him away! Take him away!" echoed a hundred voices.

"I won't be taken away! Who dares say so?" cried Wilson, who was back, after another fall, upon his second's knee.

"His heart won't suffer him to cry enough," said General Fitzpatrick. "As his patron, Sir Lothian, you should direct the sponge to be thrown up."

"You think he can't win it?"

"He is hopelessly beat, sir."

"You don't know him. He's a glutton of the first water."

"A gamer man never pulled his shirt off, but the other is too strong for him."

"Well, sir, I believe that he can fight another ten rounds." He half turned as he spoke, and I saw him throw up his left arm with a singular gesture into the air.

"Cut the ropes! Fair play! Wait till the rain stops!" roared a stentorian voice behind me, and I saw that it came from the big man with the bottle-green coat. His cry was a signal, for, like a thunderclap, there came a hundred hoarse voices shouting together: "Fair play for Gloucester! Break the ring! Break the ring!"

Jackson had called "Time," and the two mud-plastered men were already upon their feet, but the interest had suddenly changed from the fight to the audience. A succession of heaves from the back of the crowd had sent a series of long ripples running through it, all the heads swaying rhythmically in the one direction like a wheatfield in a squall. With every impulsion the oscillation increased, those in front trying vainly to steady themselves against the rushes from behind, until suddenly there came a sharp snap, two white stakes with earth clinging to their points flew into the outer ring, and a spray of people, dashed from the solid wave behind, were thrown against the line of the beaters-out. Down came the long horse-whips, swayed by the most vigorous arms in England, but the wincing and shouting victims had no sooner scrambled back a few yards from the merciless cuts, before a fresh charge from the rear hurled them once more into the arms of the prize-fighters. Many threw themselves down upon the turf and allowed successive waves to pass over their bodies, whilst others, driven wild by the blows, returned them with their hunting-crops and walking-canes. And then, as half the crowd strained to the left and half to the right to avoid the pressure from behind, the vast mass was suddenly reft in twain, and through the gap surged the rough fellows from behind, all armed with loaded sticks and yelling for "Fair play and Gloucester!" Their determined rush carried the prize-fighters before them, the inner ropes snapped like threads, and in an instant the ring was a swirling, seething mass of figures, whips and sticks falling and clattering, whilst, face to face, in the middle of it all, so wedged that they could neither advance nor retreat, the smith and the west-countryman continued

their long-drawn battle as oblivious of the chaos raging round them as two bulldogs who had got each other by the throat. The driving rain, the cursing and screams of pain, the swish of the blows, the yelling of orders and advice, the heavy smell of the damp cloth—every incident of that scene of my early youth comes back to me now in my old age as clearly as if it had been but yesterday.

It was not easy for us to observe anything at the time, however, for we were ourselves in the midst of the frantic crowd, swaying about and carried occasionally quite off our feet, but endeavouring to keep our places behind Jackson and Berkeley Craven, who, with sticks and whips meeting over their heads, were still calling the rounds and superintending the fight.

"The ring's broken!" shouted Sir Lothian Hume. "I appeal to the referee! The fight is null and void."

"You villain!" cried my uncle, hotly; "this is your doing."

"You have already an account to answer with me," said Hume, with his sinister sneer, and as he spoke he was swept by the rush of the crowd into my uncle's very arms. The two men's faces were not more than a few inches apart, and Sir Lothian's bold eyes had to sink before the imperious scorn which gleamed coldly in those of my uncle.

"FAIR PLAY AND GLOUCESTER!"

"We will settle our accounts, never fear, though I degrade myself in meeting such a blackleg. What is it, Craven?"

"We shall have to declare a draw, Tregellis."

"My man has the fight in hand."

"I cannot help it. I cannot attend to my duties when every moment I am cut over with a whip or a stick."

Jackson suddenly made a wild dash into the crowd, but returned with empty hands and a rueful face.

"They've stolen my time-keeper's watch," he cried. "A little cove snatched it out of my hand."

My uncle clapped his hand to his fob.

"Mine has gone also!" he cried.

"Draw it at once, or your man will get hurt," said Jackson, and we saw that as the undaunted smith stood up to Wilson for another round, a dozen rough fellows were clustering round him with bludgeons.

"Do you consent to a draw, Sir Lothian Hume?"

"I do."

"And you, Sir Charles?"

"Certainly not."

"The ring is gone."

"That is no fault of mine."

"Well, I see no help for it. As referee I order that the men be withdrawn, and that the stakes be returned to their owners."

"A draw! A draw!" shrieked everyone, and the crowd in an instant dispersed in every direction, the pedestrians running to get a good lead upon the London road, and the Corinthians in search of their horses and carriages. Harrison ran over to Wilson's corner and shook him by the hand.

"I hope I have not hurt you much."

"I'm hard put to it to stand. How are you?"

"My head's singin' like a kettle. It was the rain that helped me."

"Yes, I thought I had you beaten one time. I never wish a better battle."

"Nor me either. Good-bye."

And so those two brave-hearted fellows made their way amidst the yelping roughs, like two wounded lions amidst a pack of wolves and jackals. I say again that, if the ring has fallen low, it is not in the main the fault of the men who have done the fighting, but it lies at the door of the vile crew of ring-side parasites and ruffians who are as far below the honest pugilist as the welsher and the blackleg are below the noble racehorse which serves them as a pretext for their villainies.

"I HOPE I HAVE NOT HURT YOU MUCH."

(To be continued.)

OWING to the preponderance of the military element in the records of this world-renowned decoration, the naval heroes are apt to be overlooked; and yet their cases make most fascinating reading, as will be evident from the selection set forth in the following pages. It is by no means well known that the very

REAR-ADMIRAL C. D. LUCAS.
(The very first recipient of the V.C.)
From a Photo. by Fradelle & Young.

first award of the Victoria Cross was given to a naval officer, the present Rear-Admiral C. D. Lucas. On the 20th of June, 1854, the British Fleet was bombarding Bomarsund, a fort in the Aland Islands, Gulf of Bothnia. As usual, every officer burned to distinguish himself; but Captain Hall, of the *Hecla*, had a little plan of his own. Under his orders were the *Valorous* (Captain Buckle) and the *Odin* (Captain Scott); and with these he resolved to attack the fortress independently. Next morning at ten o'clock the three vessels steamed into position, and immediately opened fire on the principal fort—which, by the way, mounted the formidable armament of eighty guns. The fire was at once returned, and the action became pretty general, the other forts opening fire as the ships closed. At noon a masked battery of destructive 24-pounders commenced operations on the *Hecla*. The range was only 500yds., and almost every shot told.

Suddenly, with a roar and a scream, a great live shell crashed on to the *Hecla's* quarter-deck, where young Mr. Lucas stood directing his men. In the twinkling of an eye the brave young mate had made up his mind to deal with the deadly thing; so, seizing it with both hands, the fuse hissing in his face, he hurled it into the sea. Almost before reaching the water, the shell exploded with a terrific roar, but its awful destructiveness was harmlessly spent on the balmy air and the dancing, sunlit waves.

For this heroic deed Mr. Lucas was immediately promoted lieutenant; and on the institution of the Victoria Cross (January 29th, 1856) he was strongly recommended for the "new naval and military decoration," by Sir Charles Napier.

"SEIZING THE SHELL WITH BOTH HANDS HE HURLED IT INTO THE SEA."

Not only the first V.C., but the second also, was awarded to a naval officer—Lieutenant (now Rear-Admiral) John Bythesea (a fine nautical name). This case is one of the most romantic deeds of daring to be found even in the annals of the Victoria Cross. Our fleet lay off the Island of Wardo, in the Baltic, on August 7th, 1854, Lieutenant Bythesea being an officer of the watch on board H.M.S. *Arrogant*, the senior flagship, commanded by Captain Yelverton. After paying an official visit to Sir Charles Napier one day, the captain came back to his ship and remarked to young Bythesea that Sir Charles had through him administered a gentle rebuke to the whole fleet.

"He has learned," said Captain Yelverton, "that important despatches from the Czar are constantly being landed on the island (Wardo) and then forwarded to the commanding officer at Bomarsund. And Sir Charles is surprised rather that no officer has had sufficient enterprise to put a stop to this kind of thing."

This was more than enough for the young lieutenant, who there and then resolved to emulate the exploits of Dick Turpin. The moment his "turn" on deck was over, he inquired at the ship's office whether any man on board spoke Swedish. Yes! Stoker Johnstone did, having been born in the country; and Stoker Johnstone found the adventure after his own heart. When Captain Yelverton heard of Bythesea's intention, he suggested a stronger "force" than two men for so perilous a mission. He was overruled, however, on the ground that a large party would be likely to attract attention, and so ruin the whole affair.

On the 9th of August, Johnstone and his officer landed in a small bay and strolled along to a farm-house close by. Here the gallant stoker got into conversation with the Finnish farmer, whose language was painful and frequent and free. This was because the Russians had "hired" all his horses, so he couldn't gather in his crops. Sympathy with these grievances brought valuable information and hospitality to the "expedition." Johnstone, prompted by his officer, remarked casually, "I hear that mails and despatches are carried through Wardo to Bomarsund; they'd be important, I suppose?" "Important!" echoed the farmer, "I should think so, indeed. Why, the Russians repaired nine miles of the road to facilitate their transport." This was conclusive enough, for when the Russians take to road-repairing, they are usually actuated by something far more urgent than the mere well-being of the community.

REAR-ADMIRAL BYTHESEA.
From a Photo. by Maull & Fox.

The farmer promised his visitors food, and lodging in an outhouse, if not in the farmhouse itself. It soon became known, however, that a party had landed from the British Fleet, and the Russians instituted searching inquiries in every direction, even going as far as domiciliary visits. One night the very farmhouse in which Bythesea and his companion slept was surrounded by soldiers, and the adventurous twain had given up all hope, when they were skilfully saved by their host's young daughters, who disguised them beautifully as Finnish peasants. After this came several other narrow escapes of capture and certain death. One day these daring fellows met a Russian search party, whereupon they slouched down to the beach, put off in a small boat, and rowed out to sea, this time masquerading as fishermen.

On the morning of the 12th of August—the fourth day of the adventure—Lieutenant Bythesea learned from his farmer friend that the Russian mails were landed, and that these, as well as the usual despatches, would be sent on to the fortress that night in charge of the Emperor's *aide-de-camp*. "The escort will number five or six men," continued the farmer, "and will start as soon as the moon rises. They proceed until they reach that part of the island nearest the British

fleet, and then they lie low until the moon has disappeared."

Now, by this time the young officer knew every inch of the route traversed, so at midnight he and his companion took up positions close to the spot selected as a hiding-place by the mail-carriers and their escort. In a few minutes, the whole Russian party came along quietly, and concealed themselves at the roadside, one man almost touching the English officer. Suddenly up jumped the latter, his pistol covering the soldier nearest him; Johnstone did the same. Three of the five men were overcome with terror, thinking that a large force was upon them, but two of the carriers dropped their bags and took to their heels. The remaining three were quickly disarmed, and sternly ordered to get into the big boat close by, taking the mail bags and despatches with them. The moment the boat was launched the prisoners were compelled to row, Bythesea steering, while the chuckling stoker sat in the bow, revolver in hand.

The adventurers were only just in time. Soon after their boat had glided away into the darkness, the Russian guard came along to see whether the mails had been got through safely. Seeing nothing of the carriers, they went back, singing, to report that all was well.

When the prisoners had been put on board the *Arrogant*, the mails and despatches were taken to Sir Charles Napier, whose surprise and admiration were unbounded. The senior officer, General Baraguay d'Hilliers, could not at first credit the story; but his scepticism gave way to enthusiasm on beholding the valuable papers in his own cabin.

We next have to consider a double-barrelled case, in which the coveted decoration was gained by Admiral of the Fleet Sir John E. Commerell, G.C.B., and Chief Officer of Coast Guards W. Rickard: the democratic nature of the V.C. is here very apparent.

ADMIRAL SIR JOHN E. COMMERELL, G.C.B.
From a Photo. by John Hawke, Plymouth.

QUARTERMASTER W. RICKARD.
From a Photo. by Hughes & Mullins, Ryde.

In 1855, the *Weser*, Commander Commerell, was in the Sea of Azov; and about a month after the fall of Sebastopol, it occurred to this dashing young officer that he ought to "be around" doing things. At this time it was well known that the Russians had immense stores of corn and forage stacked in granaries in the vicinity of Genitchi and along the Isthmus of Perekop. These stores were originally intended for the garrison of Sebastopol, and their destruction was one of the principal objects that brought our fleet to the Sea of Azov in 1855.

On Thursday night, October 11th, three stout-hearted volunteers quietly left the *Weser*; these were Commander Commerell, Quartermaster W. Rickard, and an A.B. named Milestone. Presently their small boat touched the Spit of Arabat, and here the three landed, their mission being to make bonfires of the Russian cornstacks, which lay some miles away, on the banks of the Salghir River. After hauling the boat across the Spit, they again took to the water and pulled over the Putrid Sea. At length the gallant fellows quitted the boat and struck inland for about three miles towards the granaries, wading through two turbulent rivers on the way. The corn was protected by a guard, as

"RICKARD DASHED BACK, AND LITERALLY DRAGGED HIS MATE OUT OF THE BOG."

well as by a large body of Cossacks, stationed in a village hard by.

It says much for our heroes' caution that they reached their goal unobserved; and then, without losing a moment, Commander Commerell set fire to the biggest stacks on the windward side, his companions also doing their share in other directions, and with due regard to the meteorological conditions then prevailing.

In a moment, fierce flames shot up here and there, and a frightful outcry burst from the Russians. The Cossacks got under arms, mounted, and dashed at full gallop after the incendiaries, who had taken to their heels towards the boat. An incessant fusillade was kept up, and the fugitives had many miraculous escapes. They had almost reached the shore of the Putrid Sea, when they suddenly found themselves waist deep in an awful morass. Commerell and Rickard managed to flounder out, but poor, exhausted Milestone stuck fast like one of his inanimate namesakes. It was an awful moment. The galloping Cossacks were almost upon them; the sky was lurid with their handiwork; and to linger seemed to court immediate destruction. Nevertheless, Rickard dashed back, and, though greatly distressed himself, literally dragged his mate out of the bog, the Russians being then less than 40yds. distant. In another minute or so, Commerell had pushed off into the darkness amidst a perfect hail of bullets from the baffled Cossacks. Plainly, the latter would have served their Imperial master better had they remained behind and tried to extinguish the flames.

MIDSHIPMAN ARTHUR MAYO.
From a Photo. by Cox & Durrant, Torquay.

Midshipman Arthur Mayo, formerly of the Indian Navy, won his Cross during the dark days of the Mutiny. Towards the end of 1857 there was an Indian Naval Brigade, as well as one from the Royal Navy, prepared for service inland, there being little to do on board ship. On November 22nd, a smart party of volunteers, together with about a hundred of the Indian Marine, were sent on to Dacca, north-east of Calcutta, to disarm some companies of the 73rd Bengal Sepoys stationed at that place. The Sepoys got to hear of the object of this expedition, and promptly prepared to resist. A sharp hand-to-hand encounter ensued, the sailors charging right into the enemy's lines,

ADMIRAL SIR NOWELL SALMON, K.C.B.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

cutting down the gunners where they stood. Mr. Mayo led the attack on two particularly well-served 6-pounders; and during the daring race up to the muzzle of these guns, he was actually more than sixty feet ahead of his shipmates—"stormed at with shot and shell," of course.

The next portrait is that of Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, K.C.B., who, as a lieutenant of just ten months' standing, gained the V.C. at the second relief of Lucknow, in November, 1857. After Sir Colin Campbell had captured the Secunderbagh, on the afternoon of Monday, the 16th, he turned his attention to the Shah Nujjiff—a large mosque within a walled garden, strongly occupied by the mutineers. For upwards of three hours Captain Peel's guns, as well as a field-battery, had vainly plied this fort with shot and shell. The defenders were in comparative safety, while the attacking force—including Peel's "Shannon" Brigade—was exposed to a particularly murderous fire. Presently one of the naval guns was ordered up to within 20yds. of the Shah, and our poor blue-jackets fell faster than ever, mainly owing to the extraordinary marksmanship of a certain Sepoy, who had posted himself on the wall, well under cover. There appeared to be no means of checking this deadly fire, or even returning it with effect, save by climbing a big tree that grew at one corner of the fort. At last Captain Peel announced that whoever would bring the sharpshooter down should receive the V.C.

The response to this was not exactly enthusiastic, for it seemed to involve certain death. Presently, however, a volunteer dashed forward, but no sooner had his eager arms gripped the gnarled trunk than he dropped lifeless. Then came two more heroes—Lieutenant Salmon and Seaman John Harrison. The former climbed the tree like a monkey, and then after "fixing" his man by means of his binocular glass, he called out to Harrison to hand him up a loaded rifle. Next moment the binocular was shattered to pieces in his hand, but young Salmon took aim coolly and fired like a Queen's Prizeman at Bisley. The Sepoy fell dead; and Lieutenant Salmon and his companion received the V.C. on Christmas Eve, 1858.

It is no wonder that our gallant defenders in both Services should have such a brilliant reputation for valour the world over. Their officers are ever ready to set an example of that dauntless daring that has given us our unique place among the nations of the earth. Take the case of Rear-Admiral A. K. Wilson, C.B., who gained this coveted decoration on February 29th, 1884.

REAR-ADMIRAL A. K. WILSON, C.B.
From a Photo. by John Hawke, Plymouth.

After the catastrophe that overtook poor old Valentine Baker in the Eastern Soudan, a small force under Sir Gerald Graham, V.C., moved into that part of the Khedive's dominions, and soon encountered the enemy, 10,000 strong, at El Teb. A naval force, consisting of 115 officers and men, and commanded by Sir William Hewett, V.C., co-operated with Graham, whose little army, all told, numbered 3,750. Few people who read these lines can conceive the ferocity with which Osman's stalwart spearmen hurled themselves on the British squares time after time.

"WILSON DASHED IN FRONT OF HIS MEN AND COMMENCED TO FLOOR THE SWARTHY WARRIORS WITH HIS FISTS."

The warriors didn't like the machine guns of the Naval Brigade, nor the 9-pounders of the Royal Artillery, and they strove desperately to capture these respect-compelling pieces. The blue-jackets had to drag their guns, as well as load and fire them, so the close attention of the Arabs was found very trying.

Hand-to-hand fights were everywhere in progress; and in the midst of the frightful carnage appeared Captain Wilson, laying about him with his long sword like one of the Greek heroes. For some time he wrought great havoc, but at last his sword blade snapped off a few inches below the hilt, and the valorous captain was practically defenceless. He was immediately speared, and severely wounded. Nevertheless, casting his sword-hilt full in the face of the foremost Arab, he dashed in front of his men and commenced to floor the swarthy warriors *with his fists!* The Arabs fell back amazed, thinking the man was mad, so Wilson's extraordinary heroism certainly saved many lives. A moment later the gap in the British square closed up, and the captain was rescued by his adoring blue-jackets.

Only three men of colour have received the Victoria Cross, and Captain of the Foretop William Hall was the first of these. He was one of the *Shannon* Naval Brigade under Sir William Peel, V.C., at the historic relief of Lucknow. Like Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, Mr. Hall gained his V.C. during the storming of the Shah Nujjiff Fort, which only yielded, after a long

SEAMAN W. HALL.
From a Photo. by E. Ayling, Croydon.

and stubborn fight, to the impetuous rush of the 93rd Highlanders. Asked as to the various incidents of the battle, Mr. Hall said he couldn't remember everything, since his attention was mainly taken up by the 24-pounder, of which gun he was the captain. "The part we took in pounding the Shah," observed this venerable seaman, "was pretty much the same as though we were engaging a naval enemy; we got as close up as we could, and gave 'em no time. Besides, the closer we got, the more we escaped the murderous fire of the Sepoys. I remember that after firing each round we ran our gun forward, until at last my gun's crew were actually in danger of being hit by splinters of brick and stone torn by the round shot from the walls we were bombarding.

"Our lieutenant, Mr. Thomas Young, moved from gun to gun with a quiet smile and a word of encouragement; and when at last the gunner next to me fell dead, Mr. Young at once took his place. I have heard it said," concluded the old hero, quietly, "that my gun wrought tremendous havoc on the walls of the fort."

LIEUT.-COL. G. D. DOWELL, R.M.A.
From a Photo. by Heath & Bullingham.

Lieutenant-Colonel G. D. Dowell (Royal Marine Artillery) hardly missed a single action in the Baltic during the two years our fleet occupied that sea. Early on Friday, July 13th, 1855, the boats of H.M.S. *Arrogant* engaged the Russian gunboats together with the fortress of Viborg, in the Gulf of Finland. During the action a shell exploded the magazine of one of our cutters, which was used as a rocket-boat. The boat did not sink, but immediately swamped, and then drifted slowly away under the batteries. One of the seamen on board (George Ingouville, V.C.), although severely wounded, jumped into the sea, swam round to the boat's painter, and then commenced to tow her off, so as to prevent her falling into the enemy's hands as a prize. At this time many of the crew were clinging helplessly to the boat, and were in imminent danger either of being drowned or killed by the shower of grape and small shot poured by the Russian gunners upon the helpless craft.

Seeing this, Lieut. Dowell, who was on board the *Ruby*, leaped into one of the ship's boats with a few volunteers, seized the stroke oar, and pulled with might and main towards the disabled cutter. The risk was terrible, as the gunboats and fortress were concentrating their fire on the one target. Notwithstanding this, the young lieutenant rescued three of the half-drowned crew, and placed them safely on board the *Ruby*. Once more Dowell and his gallant companions advanced fearlessly towards the belching batteries, this time rescuing poor Ingouville, and taking the cutter in tow. Finally, amid the ringing cheers, not only of their own comrades but also of the Russians, Lieutenant Dowell's party drew out of range and placed in safety the rescued boat and her distressed crew.

That fine, jovial-looking seaman, Chief-Gunner Israel Harding, gained his V.C. on board the *Alexandra*, at the bombardment of Alexandria. At first the practice of the Egyptian gunners was somewhat erratic, but it improved; and very soon well-placed shells were dropping here and there on the British

ships. "One," says Mr. Harding himself, "fell close to the sheep-pen on the *Alexandra*, and killed all the poor, terrified animals—the only damage the missile did. The next shell tore away our strong iron stanchions, bounded along between Captain Hotham and Staff-Commander Hoskins, then tore a chunk out of the main-mast, and finally went overboard, little regretted. A third shell exploded in our steam launch, killing one man and maiming many others. At this time I was passing through the main and upper decks to inspect the supply of ammunition for the guns, when a huge shell from Fort Ada came plunging through the *Alexandra's* port bulwark—just past the feet of Commander Thomas, who was standing on the hammock netting. The projectile was deflected by a metal stanchion, and then entered the Commander's cabin, where it exploded with an appalling roar, tearing and destroying everything. I was then about to descend the ladder of the next deck leading to the after powder magazine, when another great shell pierced the ship's side and passed through the torpedo lieutenant's cabin. It then struck the strong iron combings of the engine-room, and bounded on to the deck among the blue-jackets, who instantly screamed, 'A shell! A shell!'

CHIEF GUNNER ISRAEL HARDING.
From a Photo. by Barkshire Bros., Southsea.

"My own course of action was decided upon as quick as thought. I just picked up that shell, and flung it into a tub full of water; it was heavy, hot, and grimy. It is dreadful to think what would have happened had the shell exploded. Close at hand was the hatchway leading to the magazine, which at that moment contained *twenty-five tons* of gunpowder. For this act of duty," concludes Mr. Harding, modestly, "I was in the first place promoted to chief gunner, and later on recommended for the Victoria Cross."

REAR-ADMIRAL H. J. RABY, C.B.
From a Photo. by W. P. Floyd, Hong Kong.

Rear-Admiral H. J. Raby, C.B., has the distinction of being the first man upon whose breast the Queen pinned the Victoria Cross; the ceremony took place in Hyde Park, opposite Grosvenor Gate, on Friday morning, June 26th, 1857. Admiral Raby then held the rank of Commander. It was while serving as lieutenant with the Naval Brigade in the trenches before Sebastopol that this heroic officer gained his V.C. After the first disastrous attack on the Redan, our officers and men retreated towards the trenches in as orderly a manner as possible, although scores of gallant fellows fell during that same retreat.

On reaching the sorry "shelter" of the trenches, which were simply ploughed with shot and shell and rifle bullets, Lieutenant Raby heard a cry of pain. Looking up, he saw lying on the missile-swept slope outside, one of the 57th—a raw recruit who had come straight from England to join the famous old "Die Hards," of Albuera. The wounded man lay some eighty or ninety yards beyond the breastwork, and was repeatedly seen trying to rise; this he was utterly unable to do, however, having been shot through both legs. Young Raby's mind was at once made up. Calling for assistance, two seamen of his brigade—Henry Curtis and John Taylor—promptly responded, and the three heroes rushed out towards their helpless comrade. Eye-witnesses tell how the ground around them was instantly swept by a perfect hail of missiles, poured forth by the riflemen who swarmed on the ramparts of the Redan. Unheeding, the little rescue party raised the prostrate youth and quietly bore him in under cover, amid the enthusiastic cheers of their comrades in the trenches.

Young Edward Robinson was one of the Naval Brigade at the siege and

capture of Lucknow; and he won the V.C. on March 13th, 1858. At sunrise the English opened fire once more, the enemy being on their flank as well as in front. Thousands of mutineers swarmed on the other side of the Goomtee River. The fire was briskly returned, and our gallant fellows began to throw up batteries—of a sort. Some of these "defences" had to be erected among dustheaps, the material being branches of trees, dry grass, and straw—anything, in fact, that would make the dust and sand of the so-called earth-works cohere on either side of the guns.

The weather was frightfully hot. Water was scarce and difficult to procure, as the

SEAMAN EDWARD ROBINSON.
From a Drawing.

native carriers, who had manfully stuck by the British, were rapidly being shot down. Soon the defensive works became as dry and inflammable as tarred rope. During the night the water-bearers kept pouring the precious fluid on the heaps, but it simply ran through, only to be licked up later on by the fierce morning sun. Presently shell after shell came flying into the batteries—for all the world as if the Sepoys knew their tinder-like composition. Suddenly the "earthworks" blazed up like a furnace, and then, of course, the guns had to be abandoned. Not for long, however. In the rear of the batteries were some large tubs full of water, together with a number of water-skins. Seizing two or three of these latter, Seaman Robinson quickly filled them, and then dashed back to the guns. Leaping on to the fiercely-burning heaps, he poured gallons of water on the flames, which he ultimately succeeded in extinguishing. Of course, while engaged in this heroic work, he was exposed to another and far more deadly fire, though he was not hit at that moment.

In order to reach the most obstinate part of the blazing batteries, Robinson had to go right outside with his skins of water, and then it was that the Sepoy riflemen redoubled their exertions. Two of the engineers who were at the same time trying to effect some repairs were shot dead by the gallant seaman's side; and just as he himself was standing on the battery emptying the last requisite bag of water, he received a bullet through his shoulder, breaking the collar-bone. The young hero saw his assailant take aim at him, and could, no doubt, have sought shelter, only he considered his duty was not yet finished. Mr. Robinson fell backwards into the works, and lay unconscious while his comrades breached and stormed the enemy's position,

"ROBINSON POURED GALLONS OF WATER ON THE FIERCELY-BURNING HEAPS."

as a preliminary to the occupation of the King of Oude's palace beyond.

The next naval veteran whose portrait is here reproduced is Seaman George Hinckley, who gained the V.C. in China in 1862. On October 8th of that year, Hinckley and his comrades left their ship, the *Sphinx*, and marched about thirty miles. Three days' rations were carried—nothing more epicurean, however, than adamantine biscuit and salt pork. To-day the Chinese roads are not exactly cycle racing tracks, but in 1862 their condition was truly awful. Besides, it rained in torrents during the march, so that "the only dry thing about us was our ammunition—the seventy rounds of ball in our pouches."

SEAMAN GEORGE HINCKLEY.
From a Photo. by Maull & Fox.

Next morning, at four o'clock, the soaked sailors were piped to breakfast. No coffee could be prepared, so the meal consisted of a biscuit or two, and half a gill of rum. Then came the attack on Fung Wha, held by the redoubtable Taipings, who were more than ready for battle. At eight o'clock a dash was made for the gate, and before long many of our brave fellows were lying dead and wounded around the place. The fire from the loopholes and turrets of the gate was simply appalling — great jagged balls, slugs, old screws, and nails. Mr. Hinckley was one of the very few who miraculously escaped without a graze.

The master's assistant, Mr. Croker, was leading his gallant seamen close up to the crazy old walls, when he fell, badly wounded. At this time nothing could live before the Taiping fire, so our fellows got under cover. Then, having no combatants handy, the marksmen on the walls turned their attention to poor Croker and another wounded officer. The sheltered blue-jackets could hear the mud and gravel ploughed up around the prostrate men; and it was at this moment that Hinckley gained his Cross. After gaining permission from another officer, he deliberately ran out into the open, lifted Mr. Croker in his arms, and threw him over his left shoulder face downwards, so as not to impede his own progress back under cover. There was a joss-house about 150yds. away, and for this the hero made with his helpless burden. After handing the master's assistant over to the surgeon, Mr. Hinckley actually returned to the spot to the other wounded officer who lay there; and after accomplishing the second rescue under a fusillade of incredible violence, he returned to his duty and his comrades.

"HINCKLEY RESCUES HIS OFFICER UNDER FIRE, AND BEARS HIM TO A JOSS-HOUSE."

The Adventures of a Man of Science.

By L. T. Meade and Clifford Halifax, M.D.

We have taken down these stories from time to time as our friend, Paul Gilchrist, has related them to us. He is a man whose life study has been science in its most interesting forms—he is also a keen observer of human nature and a noted traveller. He has an unbounded sympathy for his kind, and it has been his lot to be consulted on many occasions by all sorts and conditions of men.

IV.—THE SLEEPING SICKNESS.

IT was in the summer of 1894 that the following strange events occurred.

"Harry Lidderdale has unexpectedly returned to England and will, I hope, dine with us to-night," wrote my friend, Charles Holdsworth. "Do not fail to be present if you can possibly manage it."

I crumpled up the brief note of invitation and rose to my feet.

"So Lidderdale has come back," I said, speaking aloud in my astonishment. I had good reason for my wonder. Harry was an old friend of mine. All during our early years we had been chums; then suddenly and mysteriously he had disappeared from the country. From the date of his departure he had not written a line to any of his old friends; not a soul who knew him in England could even guess at his whereabouts—to all intents and purposes the man was dead. There was a story which in a measure accounted for this.

Lidderdale in the days of his early manhood had fallen desperately in love with a girl of the name of Alma Ramsay. She was a beautiful girl, and report whispered that she loved him in return; there were no tidings, however, of an absolute engagement, and suddenly the news reached me that Alma was about to marry a certain General Colthurst, and that Lidderdale had left the country. Colthurst turned out a cruel husband—untender, suspicious, jealous. Fortunately for his young wife, he did not survive the union more than a few years. Now he was dead; Mrs. Colthurst was a widow and well off, and Lidderdale had come home.

Charles Holdsworth was a member of Parliament; a quiet, sober, middle-aged gentleman. I often dined at his house, and we had often discussed Lidderdale's mysterious disappearance. I hastily replied to his note, saying that I should certainly dine with him that evening, and when the hour arrived put in an appearance in Curzon Street in good time. Several guests were present, but I looked round in vain for my friend. Holdsworth came to my side.

"You will be disappointed," he said; "but I have no time at present to explain matters. Lidderdale will not dine with us. Ask me more after dinner—and now you will like to see Mrs. Colthurst—she is present."

"Does she also know of his return?" I asked, in a low voice.

"I have not told her, but there is no reason why you should not mention it. I have arranged that you are to take her down to dinner."

A few moments later I found myself seated at table beside Mrs. Colthurst, whom I had not met since her widowhood. I noticed as I glanced at her that her beautiful face was thin to emaciation. I was just turning to say something about Lidderdale, when she uttered a little cry of distress.

"Mr. Gilchrist," she said, "we are thirteen at table—you know of old how horribly

"'MR. GILCHRIST,' SHE SAID, 'WE ARE THIRTEEN AT TABLE.'"

Copyright, 1896, by L. T. Meade, in the United States of America.

superstitious I am. I wish I had not come to dinner."

I soothed her, and even laughed a little at her fears.

"The age of superstition is quite over," I said; "you ought not to think of such mediæval follies. Besides, I have something to tell you which will quite turn your attention—our sitting down thirteen to dinner is a mere accident; it is caused by the non-arrival of one of the principal guests."

"And who may that be?" she asked, turning and looking at me.

"No less a person than your old friend and mine, Harry Lidderdale."

Her dark brows were contracted with pain and astonishment.

"Harry Lidderdale? Has he returned to England?" she asked, in an awe-struck voice.

"I believe so—I have not heard many particulars as yet. Holdsworth asked me to meet him here this evening. I am as much astonished as you are," I continued.

I noticed that she played with her food. Suddenly, as if unable to hold them any longer, she put down her knife and fork.

"It is long since I have met or heard from Mr. Lidderdale," she said. "It stirs my heart to hear his name mentioned; sometimes I have feared that he was dead. Will you try to find out from Mr. Holdsworth all you can about his return, and why he is not dining with us?"

"I will do so," I replied. "I shall doubtless have an opportunity when you leave the room after dinner."

"I shall be greatly obliged," she answered, with earnestness—her eyes grew large and bright, her face seemed suddenly to fill out and look youthful, the colour flamed in her cheeks, and her whole manner indicated suppressed excitement.

I was about to say something more, when a pretty girl who was seated a little way further down the table bent forward and said, in a tone of delight:—

"Mrs. Colthurst, I have great news for you. Do you know what Mrs. Holdsworth has succeeded in doing? She has induced Haridas, the celebrated chiromancist, to come here after dinner—we can all have our fortunes told."

"Haridas!" cried Mrs. Colthurst, "is it possible? I have longed to go to him, but have been afraid."

"Do you really believe in chiromancy?" I asked of her, when she turned once more towards me.

"Emphatically," she answered. "I would give a great deal to show my hand to Haridas—more particularly now." She coloured. "You have heard his name, of course, Mr. Gilchrist?"

"I confess I have not," I replied.

"You surprise me—I thought everyone knew of him. He is a Brahmin of very high caste, and seems to possess almost superhuman powers. I know several people whose fortunes he has told, and in each case his predictions came to pass. Please don't laugh—I know you scientific men care nothing for that sort of thing—but to us——" She broke off abruptly—I noticed that she clasped her hands tightly together under the table. She was too nervous to proceed with her dinner.

"Then you intend to submit your hand to the inspection of this man?" I said.

"Most certainly. I would not miss the opportunity for the world—and what is more, whatever he tells me I shall firmly believe."

After the ladies had withdrawn, I found myself sitting next to Holdsworth.

"Now, what about Lidderdale?" I asked.

Holdsworth looked at me and slowly filled his glass before he replied.

"I have very little to tell," he said. "I saw Lidderdale's card lying on the hall table this morning with the address of the Hotel Métropole scribbled in one corner. There was also some writing on the back saying that he would call later in the day. I was unable to stay in, but left a note inviting him to dine here this evening, and telling him that Alma Colthurst was to be one of the guests. When I returned home, just in time to dress for dinner, my servant informed me that he had not come back, and a few moments later I received a telegram saying that he would call to-morrow, as he had been prevented from doing so to-day. I shall be glad to welcome him back again—he was a very good sort of fellow. I cannot imagine why he gave all his friends the go-by in the extraordinary manner he did."

"I am convinced that he can explain that," I said. "I shall be heartily glad to see him again. Of course, all who knew him well will remember how attached he was to Mrs. Colthurst."

"Ah, yes, poor girl," said Holdsworth, "and she to him. She had a very unhappy marriage, as you know only too well, Gilchrist. Well, she is free now—she is rich, too. Doubtless Lidderdale and she will soon be happily married, and we shall be only too glad to dance at their wedding."

"I have not seen Mrs. Colthurst for some time," I said. "She is much changed—she seems to be in a very nervous condition. Should you consider her in good health?"

"Well, Gilchrist, you are more of a doctor than I am—she has always been rather delicate. I am not aware that there is anything special the matter with her."

"Her nerves are in a shaky condition," I repeated—"she was considerably distressed at our sitting down thirteen to dinner; and when she heard that you are going to have an exhibition of chiromancy in the drawing-room, it caused her to forget her uneasiness with regard to the old superstition. Strange, how easily women are influenced."

"Call it black art or what you will," said Holdsworth, gravely, "I also, to a certain extent, believe in chiromancy."

"'CALL IT BLACK ART OR WHAT YOU WILL,' SAID HOLDSWORTH, GRAVELY."

I looked at him in some astonishment. If ever there was a man endowed with common sense it was Charles Holdsworth.

"I do not profess to understand the principle on which these persons work out their curious prophecies," he continued, "but so many of them have to my certain knowledge come true, that—but what am I thinking of? We ought to be in the drawing-room now." Here he rose from his seat.

"Gentlemen," he called out, "I have the pleasure of telling you all that Haridas, the well-known chiromancist, is coming here this evening to give an exhibition of his powers. I believe he is due now. I am sure you will none of you like to miss him. Shall we all go upstairs?"

Looks of curiosity, astonishment, and pleasure were seen more or less on every face. We all rose from the table, and a moment or two later entered the drawing-room. Here we found ourselves in the midst of a crowd of visitors, several fresh guests having arrived since dinner. I could not help noticing a hushed and expectant expression on the faces of nearly everyone present. Mrs. Colthurst was standing not far from the door; she made way for me to come to her side.

"Well?" she asked, in an eager whisper, "has Mr. Holdsworth told you anything?"

"Yes, all he knows," I replied. "Lidderdale's card was found on his hall table this morning, with the address of the Hotel Métropole scribbled on it. There was some message on the back to say that he would call again in the evening; and as Holdsworth could not remain in, he left a letter inviting him to dine. But as it happened Lidderdale did not call again, but sent a telegram to say that he was detained, and would come to-morrow."

While I was speaking, Mrs. Colthurst sank down on to the nearest chair; her face was white, her eyes full of trouble.

"What can this mean?" she said, in a whisper.

"I don't understand you," I answered.

"His not coming back," she replied, "and his—his going to see Mr. Holdsworth first of all. Why did he not come to me or—or to you, who have always been his greatest friend? Perhaps," she added, suddenly, "Haridas can explain."

At this moment there was a slight bustle in the neighbourhood of the door, and we both rose to our feet.

A Brahmin, wearing a white flowing robe, sandals on his feet, a short jacket richly embroidered on his shoulders, and a turban of many colours wound round his picturesque head, entered the room. He was accompanied by a young woman, who was dressed from head to foot in white. She had handsome features and sparkling eyes. Like the

Brahmin, she also wore a turban of many colours, and several strings of shining beads encircled her brown throat. Her arms were bare to the elbow, but were round and beautifully formed. When the pair entered the room they turned, faced the company and salaamed very low. I then heard the young woman say a word or two in English to Mrs. Holdsworth. The Brahmin did not open his lips. He was a strikingly handsome man; his face was thin, his features aquiline. There was a sort of solemn dignity about him which put us Europeans completely into the shade.

As I looked at the pair I could not but confess that I had seldom seen a more picturesque couple.

Mrs. Holdsworth immediately conducted Haridas and the young woman to the top of the room, where they mounted a little platform arranged beforehand to receive them. Having done so, our hostess turned and introduced the chiromancist and the Hindu girl to her guests.

"The name of Haridas," she said, "is, of course, well known to all people interested in the marvellous science of chiromancy. The Brahmin has come here to-night to tell the fortunes of all present who care to submit their hands to his manipulations, but as he cannot speak English, Mungela"—here she laid her hand on the girl's arm—"has accompanied him as interpreter."

There was a moment's hesitation. Mrs. Holdsworth left the platform—Haridas came slowly to the front and stood with folded arms, not looking at any of the company. His splendid eyes seemed, if I may use the expression, to be full of vision.

After a little more delay, one of the men of the party came forward. He mounted the platform, said a word or two to Mungela, and then held out his hand for Haridas to examine. The chiromancist turned it slowly over, looking first at the palm and then at the upper part of the hand. He then began to speak in rapid Hindustani, which Mungela interpreted in a low voice. What the pair said was unheard by the rest of the party. The gentleman returned to his seat with a smile on his face.

"The whole thing is absolutely wonderful," I heard him say to a neighbour. "The man knows nothing whatever about me, not even my name, and yet he told me a great deal of my past history and prophesied——" Here there was a bustle, someone else was going on the platform, and I could not hear the next word. This time it was a lady. She also underwent a brief examination of her hand. Haridas spoke in Hindustani and Mungela interpreted. The lady returned to her friends with a flushed face and pleased eyes. Soon many others followed her example, each one coming back into the body of the room, looking mystified, pleased or the reverse, but all more or less impressed.

"Now I am going," said Mrs. Colthurst to me.

I noticed how queer she looked—there was a grey shadow under the eyes, and the lips were slightly blue in tint; the rest of the face was ghastly.

"Whatever you do, pray don't believe that man's nonsense," I said. "Try to regard it as a joke."

"I cannot do that," she answered. "I am glad he has come. After he has spoken to me I shall know the truth."

She left my side and approached the upper part of the room. She seemed almost to stagger as she walked. The next moment she had mounted the little platform and stood with her back to the company.

Impelled by strong interest, I left my seat and approached the end of the room where the platform was. I saw Haridas take her hand exactly as he had done those of the other people. Then I observed a quick and peculiar light flash through his eyes—he glanced at Mungela, and it seemed to me that there was consternation in his gaze. I don't think he once looked at the white face of the woman whose fate he seemed to hold in his grasp, but there was evidently something about the lines of her palm which distressed him. He began to talk in his musical rapid Hindustani, and Mungela listened. At each pause she translated the meaning of his words to Mrs. Colthurst. The whole thing did not occupy two minutes.

When the young widow left the platform the grey look had crept all over her face. She saw me, and came to my side.

"He has told me my past, and accurately," she said. "But what can be the matter—he won't say a word about my future? What do I care about the past? The past is done, but I will know—yes, I will know—what is about to befall me. I believe he is afraid to tell me. I believe he knows something terrible. Go, Mr. Gilchrist, go and ask him for the truth—he will give it to you, I am certain."

Mungela and Haridas were standing close together. When they saw me, they came slowly to the edge of the platform. I spoke to Mungela.

"HE BEGAN TO TALK IN HIS MUSICAL RAPID HINDUSTANI."

"I do not wish to ask Haridas about my fortune," I said.

"Then what is your pleasure, sir?" she asked, fixing her bright eyes on my face.

"I have a word to say with regard to the young lady whose hand Haridas has just examined."

"The lady with the grey face?" interrupted Mungela.

"Yes, the one who has just left the platform—she is greatly distressed. Haridas has not told her the whole—he has spoken of her past, but has said nothing of her future; she is very much alarmed. Perhaps he will tell me in confidence what he has thought well to hide from her."

It was impossible for the swarthy features of the Hindu woman to turn pale, but there was consternation in her eyes. She turned to Haridas and spoke. He said something in Hindustani—she looked at me.

"Haridas is sorry," said Mungela, "he cannot tell the future of the pretty lady."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because there is none—everything is finished. There is nothing to say."

Her words were so startling and unexpected, and I was so much afraid that Mrs. Colthurst might hear them, that I hastily showed my own hand to the chiromancist, who began to mutter over it, but I interrupted him.

"Mungela," I said, "ask Haridas why there is no future for Mrs. Colthurst."

She repeated the question.

"He only says the same thing," she replied. "There is none—there is nothing to say—it is all done."

The next moment I returned to Mrs. Colthurst's side.

"Well," she said, trying to smile, "have they told you? What terrible fate hangs over me?"

"I have found out nothing," I answered, laughing as I spoke. "Haridas evidently has a limit to his powers: he cannot foretell your future."

"He will not—oh, that I could make him!" she replied.

Her face looked haggard and dreadfully worn. Soon afterwards she bade her hostess good-night, held out her hand to me, and left the room.

I had just risen on the following morning, and was about to sit down to breakfast, when to my astonishment my servant ushered in Charles Holdsworth. His hair was rumpled up, his eyes looked full of excitement.

"Gilchrist," he cried, "what awful thing do you think has happened?"

"What?" I asked.

"Alma Colthurst is dead."

"Impossible!" I cried.

"She is dead, murdered. She was found in her drawing-room early this morning, having evidently been stabbed, as there was a deep wound in the left side, which must have penetrated to the heart. Her servant rushed over to inform me. The police are on the scent. Gilchrist, they suspect Lidderdale."

"Nonsense, Holdsworth, you must be mistaken," I answered.

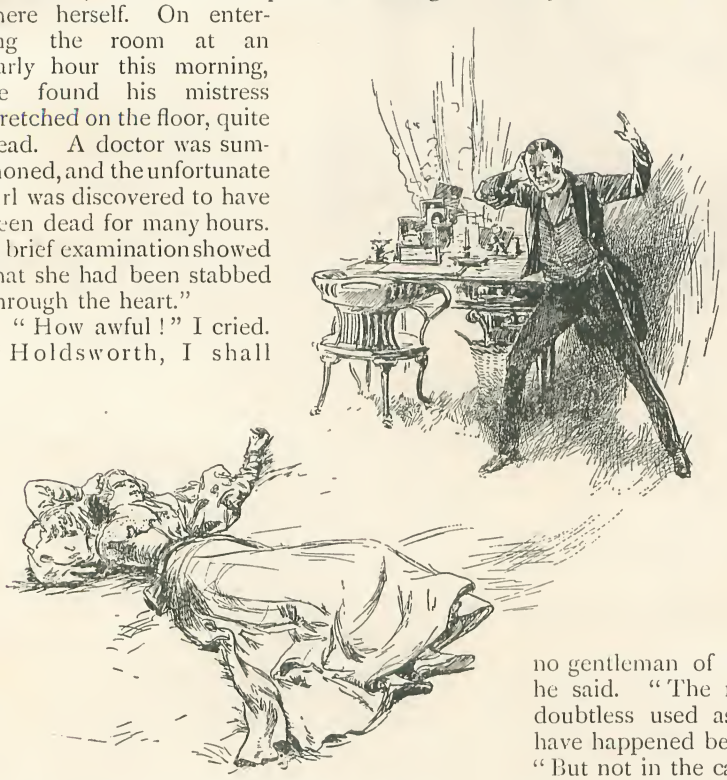
"They do; it is a fact."

"Well, tell me everything," I said, after a pause.

"I have very little to tell. The servant's story is as follows: Alma returned home between eleven and twelve last night. She found a card from Lidderdale lying on the hall table, with a line in pencil that he would call to see her about midnight. She told the servant that he was to be admitted, and went up to her drawing-room to wait for him. He arrived almost to the minute, and was shown upstairs. The footman waited up, lingering about the hall and staircase for something over half an hour. About half-past twelve Lidderdale came calmly downstairs, bade the footman good-night, and left the house. At Alma's special request her maid had already

gone to bed. When Lidderdale went away, the footman extinguished the lights in the rest of the house, but did not return to the drawing-room, as Alma never cared to be disturbed, and as a rule put out the lights there herself. On entering the room at an early hour this morning, he found his mistress stretched on the floor, quite dead. A doctor was summoned, and the unfortunate girl was discovered to have been dead for many hours. A brief examination showed that she had been stabbed through the heart."

"How awful!" I cried. "Holdsworth, I shall begin to believe in chiromancy. That man last night would not tell her future, and when I questioned him, said that she had none. His prediction turned out strangely correct."



"HE FOUND HIS MISTRESS STRETCHED ON THE FLOOR, QUITE DEAD."

Holdsworth swept back the hair from his forehead.

"I am so stunned, I scarcely know what I am doing," he said—"and sorry as I am for her, poor soul, it is Lidderdale that I think most of at the present moment. Gilchrist, it is quite impossible that he could have done it."

"I agree with you," I answered. "Lidderdale is a man of strong passions, but he would never, under any circumstances, stoop to murder."

"But think of the circumstantial evidence—the man was the very last in her presence. He will, of course, be arrested on suspicion. Let us go straight to the Métropole and find out what has happened."

We left my flat, hailed the first hansom we came across, and drove to the large hotel. On our arrival, we sent in our cards and inquired for Lidderdale. There was a slight delay, and then, rather to our surprise, the manager came forward and said that no gentleman of that name was staying at the hotel.

"There have been inquiries for him already this morning," he said, in a somewhat pointed way, "but we have no Mr. Lidderdale here."

"Are you certain?" asked Holdsworth. "I have his visiting-card in my pocket—he left it at my house yesterday, with the name of your hotel scribbled in the corner."

The manager looked at it and shook his head.

"There has been no gentleman of that name staying here," he said. "The name of the hotel was doubtless used as a blind—such things have happened before."

"But not in the case of men like Lidderdale," I interrupted. "I think," I added, turning to Holdsworth, "that we ought to take the hotel manager into our confidence."

"Certainly," he answered.

"Very well, gentlemen," replied the manager, "will you both come this way?"

He led us at once into his private room. There Holdsworth gave him a brief account of the terrible event which had transpired in Melville Street.

"I fully believe in Mr. Lidderdale's innocence," he continued, "but I know that circumstantial evidence is strong against him."

"The police have been here already inquiring for him," said the manager. "It is all very unpleasant," he added.

"There is just a chance," I interrupted, "that he may be staying here under another name. If so, I should recognise him immediately. Can you put me in a position to see your visitors as they leave the hotel this morning?"

"I certainly can and will," answered the

manager. "You have only to stay in the hall, sir, and you will notice everyone who passes."

I said a few words to Holdsworth, who soon afterwards left the hotel—the manager then took me into the big entrance-hall where I spent the remainder of the morning.

Lidderdale, when I had last seen him, was a tall, slender, dark-complexioned man—young-looking for his age, with straight features and a good carriage—his hair grew somewhat low on his forehead, and was black and straight. He kept it cut very short, and had somewhat the appearance of a military man. In repose his face was rather wanting in animation, but when he spoke it lit up with extreme brilliancy—I felt certain that I should recognise him through any disguise.

The hotel happened to be very full, and many dark-eyed, slender men passed and re-passed in the course of the long morning. But no one in the least resembling Lidderdale put in an appearance, and soon after noon I went away.

The police were now actively on the scent, and both Holdsworth and I were visited and eagerly catechized. We could neither of us give the least information. One of Lidderdale's cards had been found lying on Holdsworth's table; the writing in the corner was easily identified with some of his letters which I possessed—a similar card had been found at Mrs. Colthurst's, with writing also in Lidderdale's hand in the corner. A man, in all respects answering to my description of Lidderdale, had called on Mrs. Colthurst at midnight on the evening of the 21st. In the morning she was found dead, stabbed to the heart.

The newspapers became full of sensational paragraphs, but there were no tidings whatever of the man himself. I could scarcely conceal my great anxiety. Where was the murderer? Where was the man who had undoubtedly left Lidderdale's card at two houses?

A week from the death of the unfortunate widow passed away, and still the police had not got the faintest trace of the missing man.

I had spent a long day in the country, and was returning home somewhat fagged when my servant, who knew all about the mysterious murder, greeted me with a peculiar expression on his face.

"Well, Silva," I said, "have you any news for me?"

"I have, sir," he replied. "Mr. Lidderdale has been found."

"Found? Where?" I asked, in excitement. "Have the police got him?"

"No, sir, he is waiting for you in your laboratory—he has been there for over half an hour."

"Lidderdale in my laboratory!" I cried. "Impossible!"

"It is true, sir. He called about six o'clock, and said that he would wait for you for a short time."

"The mystery truly deepens," I muttered to myself. I hurried across the hall, opened the door of my laboratory, and went in.

Lidderdale, looking very like what he was when I last saw him, sprang from the depths of an easy chair and came quickly to meet me.

"How do you do, Gilchrist?" he said. "This is a pleasure. I have not been two hours in London, and you naturally are the first person I wanted to see. Why, what is the matter?" he continued, observing the expression on my face.

"For Heaven's sake, sit down!" I said. "You tell me you have been only two hours in London? Impossible. Don't you know what has happened? But you must know."

"I assure you that I only arrived in London by the Dover Express this morning, having travelled overland from Marseilles. I went to an hotel, changed my clothes, and then strolled over to see you. When I heard you were out, I said I would wait for you. Well, it is good to see an old friend again."

I looked Lidderdale over from head to foot. The old description still answered with regard to his face and appearance. He looked scarcely any older than when he left England four years ago. He was still tall, still slender, his features were straight and his carriage good; his grave and very beautiful dark-grey eyes still retained their old trick of lighting up with the least word. His teeth gleamed white and wholesome in his mouth. It was impossible to connect murder with a man like him.

"For some reason or other you look dazed, Gilchrist," he said. "You seem more astonished than pleased at seeing me."

"I am amazed at seeing you," I replied. "I thought—the fact is, you will forgive me, Lidderdale, but I must speak plainly—I thought you were hiding from the police."

"I?—hiding from the police! I can scarcely take that, even from you, old friend. What do you mean?"

"Well, you left England four years ago in a precious hurry, and since you came back——"

"I tell you I have not been back many hours."

"Then," I continued, "what did the visiting-cards mean?"

"The visiting-cards?—you are talking in your sleep, Gilchrist. Wake up! What can you be driving at?"

I stared fixedly at him, then I sprang to my feet.

"God knows I am not dreaming," I said; "*and yet to see* you here, looking for all the world as if nothing had happened!"

"Nothing has happened, as far as I am concerned."

"Then why did you leave England as you did, and—and cut us all, and then come back——?"

"One question at a time, old man. I am prepared to account for my somewhat mysterious absence. The fact is, I was really mad at that time. You know what my feeling was for Alma Ramsay. When she definitely made up her mind to throw me over and marry that old *roué*, General Colthurst, I became seized with a frenzy which I could neither control nor subdue. In fact, a very demon got possession of me. You know I come of a good old family. Most of the men of my house have both wealth and position. I am the younger son of a younger son, and a few years ago was as poor as they make 'em. Alma refused me, I was convinced at the time, on the score of my poverty. I resolved to leave the country, to cut my connection with all my old belongings, and to make for South Africa. There I was joined by a man of the name of Colville. He and I had been chums together at college—he also knew Alma, and the first thing which drew us together was his mention of her name. He had a little money, and we agreed to purchase a share in a good diamond mine. We did well, better than well—in fact, I soon became very rich. Colville took fever and very nearly died. I nursed him, and on his supposed death-bed he made a confession. He also loved Alma Ramsay, and in order to win her for himself had gone to see her and told her lies about me—cursed lies, without a breath of truth in them—that I was secretly engaged to another, that I was false, and the rest—the poor girl believed him. He had no knowledge at the time that pressure was being brought to bear upon her to marry General Colthurst. When he discovered that his nefarious scheme had come to naught, and that he could not win her *for himself*, he resolved to join me in Africa. His object, he said, was to watch me in order to prevent my having the least communication with Alma, feeling sure that if he only bided his time he would win her yet, as she was certain to survive old General Colthurst. He expressed penitence for what he had done on his supposed death-bed, and to my surprise, and his own, recovered. When he was well again I told him that it was absolutely necessary that he and I should dissolve partnership. He was furious at first, for he knew that by slow degrees I had come to possess far and away the larger share of the business. I was firm, however. I paid him a sum of money; he left me, telling me that his intention was to travel through Matabeleland, and cross the Zambesi into Congo Free State. I have not heard from him now for several months. I am a rich man; I heard suddenly that Alma was a widow—I have hurried back to England, and—why, what is the matter, Gilchrist? You look graver and graver. Do you believe that I am inventing this story?"

"I do not," I answered, "I believe you from my soul—but what has possessed you to come back to England *now?* Do you know that you have been wanted for the last week?"

"Wanted? By whom? By you, old friend?"

"No, not by me—I would rather you were buried in the depths of the sea. You don't know what awful thing has occurred—I can scarcely bear to tell you."

"Look here, Gilchrist," said Lidderdale, springing abruptly to his feet, "I have had a pretty rough life of it, all things considered. I am over thirty years of age, and can stand most things, but suspense I never could brook. You have evidently bad news for me—what is it?—out with it."

I stood silent for a minute. His grey eyes were fixed upon me with an intensity which drove out of my head all other thought beyond the terrible knowledge that he still loved that poor murdered woman with his whole soul and strength.

"I don't think anything you can say will greatly upset me," he said, "provided Alma is well. I am certain now that I had her affections from the first, and if she will promise to be mine I can give her every comfort. What of her, Gilchrist?"

"You can do nothing for her," I said—"she is dead."

"Dead—I might have guessed it—like my luck," he muttered.

He turned away in great agitation, and walked to the nearest window. He stood with his back to me for a minute or two. I saw him take out his handkerchief

and wipe the drops from his forehead. After a very short time he came back and seated himself near me.

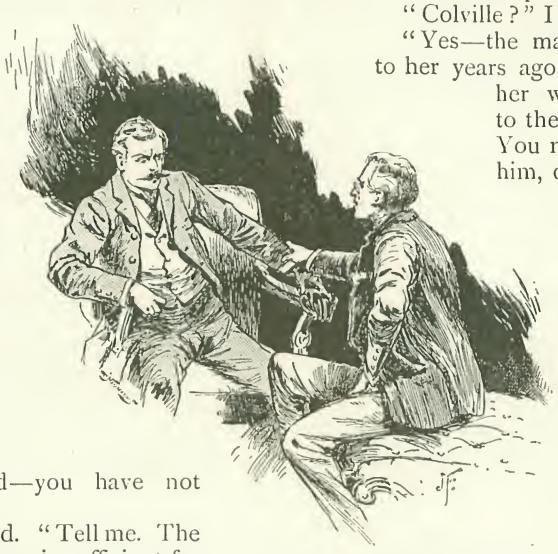
"No wonder you were shy of telling me," he said. "That wretch, General Colthurst, no doubt shortened her days."

"Nay, do not blame him," I said. "General Colthurst may have been bad, but she survived him. She—Lidderdale, you must bear up, old man. I believe there is a solution of this terrible mystery—but mystery it is."

"Well, tell me, tell me. Surely there can be nothing worse. With her life mine practically ends—I have nothing more to live for. What did she die of?"

"Something too horrible almost to contemplate has happened," I said. "Yes, I will tell you everything. Mrs. Colthurst has died—you have not asked how."

"How?" he asked. "Tell me. The fact of her death alone is sufficient for me. I shall never see her more. That is the crown of all misery to me."



"I BELIEVE YOU ARE AS INNOCENT OF THE CRIME AS I AM."

"She has died by the hand of another," I continued; "and Lidderdale, God help you, you are suspected of her murder."

Lidderdale's reply to this was a loud, half-crazy laugh.

"You must be mad, old fellow," he said—but then he checked himself and looked at me.

"There is method in your madness," he continued; "you have more to say."

"If you can listen to me calmly I will tell you the entire story," I replied.

I then proceeded to give him a brief account of what had taken place. I told him of the visiting-cards with the handwriting on each which had already been identified with his. I told him of his supposed visit to Mrs. Colthurst on the night of the murder. He listened to me with outward calmness. When I had finished, he looked me steadily in the face.

"And now," he said, "in spite of this terrible circumstantial evidence against me, do you or do you not believe me guilty?"

I gave him a keen glance—then my heart gave a leap in my breast. I replied with fervour:—

"As there is a God above I believe that you are as innocent of this crime as I am," I said.

He held out his hand, which I silently pressed.

"All the same," he said, "I can see at a glance that I am in a deuce of a mess. The fact is—I cannot help it—I suspect Colville."

"Colville?" I interrupted.

"Yes—the man who slandered me to her years ago—the man who loved her with a ferocity equal to the purity of my passion. You never happened to see him, did you, Gilchrist?"

"No."

"He is like me in appearance, remarkably so—about my height and complexion. Even to the colour of his eyes, we are as like as two peas. At Cambridge we used to be spoken of as the twins."

"But granted even that he did try to see her, what motive could he have in committing such an awful crime?" I interrupted.

"Jealousy," replied Lidderdale, without hesitation. "The fact is, Alma would never look at him—he confessed as much as that on his supposed death-bed. When he spoke against me, she scorned him and showed him the door. She professed not to believe a word he said—but all the same, I suppose, a little of that mud stuck. He was like me, and he doubtless used my name in order to get an interview with her. I have watched him, and knew him well. He was capable in moments of frenzy of any deed of violence. Alma was the kind of woman to drive a man to distraction."

"The question now is," I continued, "how are we to prove your story? But that, of course, must be easy. You can be identified as one of the passengers on board the vessel which brought you from Africa to Marseilles?"

"There is a difficulty about that," replied Lidderdale, with a grim smile. "The fact is, I seem to have made a mess of things all round. Since I left the country I have

always lived under another name. I did not want my old friends to write to me, nor my people to know anything about my whereabouts, and when I left England for Africa I took the name of John Ross. I wished to bury my old identity, and to hide myself from the face of the world. My shares in the diamond mines are in the name of John Ross. All legal documents are also made out in that name. I have a large sum of money waiting for me in the Bank of England, but I can only draw it in the name of John Ross. In short, fool that I am, I have surrounded myself with complications at every step."

I sat in a state of bewilderment for a moment, then I spoke.

"At least this much could be proved," I said. "You sailed on a certain date in a certain vessel from the coast of Africa to Marseilles—you were entered in the ship's books under the name of John Ross, the captain and passengers would know you again?"

"They might if they could be found, but the vessel was a small one and most of the passengers foreigners—it may take several weeks to get hold of the captain of the small trader in which I sailed."

"Then matters certainly look bad," I said. "What possessed you not to return to England in one of the ordinary liners?"

"The Evil One has been in this business from first to last," replied Lidderdale; "but the fact is, I am so stunned to-night that nothing whatever seems to matter. I must sleep over this, and let you know in the morning what steps I propose to take."

"You shall have a bed here; you had better not go back to your hotel."

He consented to this, and after a little more conversation we parted for the night.

In the morning Lidderdale met me with a brave face.

"I have put the thing straight, as far as my own action is concerned," he said. "Now that she has gone, I am more or less indifferent to life. Under any circumstances I cannot live under a cloud. I have made up my mind to go through the thing, and, whether I come out on the right side or wrong, at least to get it through. Gilchrist, will you come with me now to see the Superintendent of Police, in order that I may give him a faithful version of my story?"

This, after a little further conversation, we decided to do. We took a cab to Scotland Yard, saw the Superintendent, who, after a long conversation with Lidderdale, told him that it was his painful duty to arrest him on the charge of the murder. My friend went off to await his examination before the magistrate with an air of outward quiet.

"I do not want to hang for it," he said to me, "for I am as innocent as you are; but short of that, now that she has gone, life is of no value to me."

I wrung his hand and hurried off, stricken to the heart.

For some reasons which I cannot now recall, Lidderdale's examination before the magistrate would not take place until the following morning, and in the meantime I felt that there was much to be done. More and more as the moments flew by did I feel convinced that he was right in his conjecture, and that Colville must be the guilty person. How he had managed his whole ingenious scheme was more than I could explain. After thinking matters over, I resolved to pay a visit to the house in Melville Street where the murder had been committed. I had been often there during the past week, and the servants knew me well. I had an interview with the footman, Carson, who happened to be the first to have seen his dead mistress. I said nothing to him about Lidderdale's appearance on the scene, but asked to be taken up to the drawing-room. The man immediately complied. He ran up before me, and the next moment we had entered the beautiful room.

The blinds were down, and there was a close smell caused by unopened windows. I saw at a glance that the room had been left almost undisturbed since the inquest. Carson went to draw up one of the blinds. When he did so, I saw a dark stain of blood on the carpet where the unhappy girl had fallen after she had received her death wound. Carson began talking eagerly. I scarcely listened to his story, which was stale by this time. In one corner of the room, put away on a table, I saw a couple of decanters—they were both half full, and contained either wine or cognac.

"What are those bottles doing there?" I asked.

Carson crossed the room to look at them.

"I never knew until this minute that they were left there," he replied. "I suppose one of the housemaids put them out of sight. They contain the brandy and sherry which were taken into the room the night the murder was committed. When Mrs. Colthurst saw Mr. Lidderdale's card on her return home she desired me to bring refreshments to the drawing-room, and I put the brandy and sherry and biscuits on a tray."

I lifted one of the decanters. It contained cognac—as I was putting it back again in its place I noticed, lying by its side, a broken wine-glass. Nearly half of the upper portion of the glass had been smashed away, but enough remained to allow a dark stain to show plainly in the bottom.

"What is this?" I said, lifting it up as I spoke.

Carson came and watched me with anxious eyes.

"I don't know, sir," he answered.

"It is a stain of blood," I said.

"There has been a deal of blood on many things in the room, sir," answered the man.

"'WHAT IS THIS? I SAID."

I did not reply to him. In my own mind I was going rapidly through a chain of reasoning. From the appearance of the broken glass I did not think for a moment that the dark stain on this occasion was caused by the victim. In all probability the man who had committed the murder had rushed, after the horrible deed was done, to fortify himself with a glass of brandy. In his agitation he had doubtless broken the top of the glass, and perhaps cut himself in so doing—the blood had poured down inside, and now lay in a little pool in the bottom of the glass.

"I should like to take this broken glass away with me," I said to Carson.

"I never saw it before, sir," he said, "but I don't know—I am very sorry, I don't believe I ought to give you leave. All the contents of this room are under the care of the Superintendent of Police."

"Never mind," I replied, quickly—I suddenly remembered that I had some microscopical slides and a cover glass in my pocket. I took out the case, slipped a slide away from its fellows, and taking a smear from the stain in the bottom of the broken glass, put it on the slide. As soon as it had dried, which it did almost immediately, I put the slide back into the cover glass, and left the house. I went straight back to my flat, and immediately submitted the slide to the microscopical and chemical tests necessary for the thorough examination of the smear of blood. I had no sooner done so than an exclamation of astonishment and relief rose from my lips. This blood, dry as it was, contained a quantity of the remarkable parasite, *filaria perstans*. As this parasite has never been contracted anywhere except on the West Coast of Africa, this fact proved at a glance that it was not the blood of Mrs. Colthurst. It must therefore follow, as a natural consequence, that it could only come from a person who had been in West Africa.

As I eagerly studied the dark smear, I remembered a remark Lidderdale had made yesterday. He told me quite incidentally that, when Colville and he parted company, Colville had started to travel through Matabeleland, across the Zambesi, into the Congo Free State. It was, therefore, quite within the range of possibility that, on his way down the Congo while living among the natives, he might have contracted, unknown to himself, of course, the parasite, *filaria perstans*.

I had studied Eastern diseases with care, and was well acquainted with the peculiar nature of this strange parasite. Was it possible that I now held in my hand the means of clearing my friend?

After a few moments of careful reflection, I went straight to the house of a Harley Street doctor who was celebrated for his treatment of Eastern diseases. Dr. Materick and I had before now done good work together, and we were fast friends. He happened to be in, and could see me at once. I gave him a brief outline of my strange story, and showed him the stain on the microscopical slide. He looked at it carefully himself, and immediately corroborated the discovery I had made.

"There is not the least doubt," he said, "that only a person coming from the West Coast of Africa could contract this special parasite, as it is found nowhere else in the world."

"Then, of course," I cried in excitement, "this is of great importance to Lidderdale, who has never, to my knowledge, been in West Africa."

"Unquestionably," answered Materick, "the fact of the parasite being found in this stain of blood supports his story. Your friend has come, you tell me, straight from *South* Africa?"

"Yes, from South Africa."

"We can soon discover if he has the *filaria perstans* in his own blood; if not, the natural conclusion is that he could not be the man who committed the murder; but now, before we come to that, I have a somewhat remarkable thing to tell you. There is a patient at the present moment in my hospital suffering from a disease called the Sleeping Sickness, which is caused by *filaria perstans*, and which, therefore, can only be contracted in West Africa, although this particular symptom may not show itself until years after the person has been there. Still, the disease is a sufficiently peculiar one for a European to have. Would you like to come with me to see the patient?"

"I certainly should," I replied. "You know I am much interested in Eastern diseases."

"Well, I will call for you this afternoon, and drive you straight to my hospital."

This arrangement was carried out, and at four o'clock that day I found myself standing by the bedside of the patient who was suffering from the Sleeping Sickness.

"He will not recover," said Materick, in a low voice to me, as he looked at him. "The symptoms are all of an aggravated description. As a rule the disease lasts from three months to as many years, and is characterized by slowly increasing somnambulism and lethargy. These symptoms gradually deepen until the patient is almost continually asleep. I have known cases where the sick person becomes so lethargic that he cannot remain awake long enough to feed himself, but sometimes falls asleep in the act of carrying his food to his mouth. Now, the blood of this man simply swarms with the parasite, *filaria perstans*. I will remove a few drops of blood from one of the fingers, and you can test it when you go home."

While the doctor was speaking rapidly to me in a low voice I was watching the patient. He was a slender, dark man, his face was bathed in perspiration, his black hair was pushed back from his forehead. Where had I seen those features before, that somewhat peculiar length of jaw, the shape of the low forehead? Suddenly I felt my heart beat hard.

"Look here, Materick," I cried, with excitement, "I believe Providence has brought me to this bedside. The man lying there has a look of Lidderdale. Good heavens! suppose he happens to be the person we are seeking for! Did you notice the colour of his eyes?"

"I cannot say that I did."

"In an ordinary case," I continued, "the eyes of such a man would be brown or black. If they should happen to be grey, I am convinced that your patient must be Colville, the man we are seeking for."

"Scarcely likely," said Materick, with a smile—he knew me of old, and had often spoken of my impetuosity in taking up clues which I supposed might help my friends out of difficulties.

"The more I look at him, the more my suspicion strengthens," I continued. "The life of one of my greatest friends hangs in the balance. I should like to become acquainted with the circumstances under which this man came to the hospital, and also with the permission of the hospital authorities, to watch the case."

"I believe both your wishes can be gratified," replied Materick. "Let us go to the Lady Superintendent: she may know something of the man's previous history."

We left the ward and went immediately into a small room off the main wing, where Sister Sophia came to interview us. When we mentioned the patient who was suffering from Sleeping Sickness, she told us immediately the little she knew. He had been found about a week ago in the street, to all appearance in a state of intoxication; had been taken by the police and removed to the nearest lock-up. There, a very brief examination showed that the man was not suffering from intoxication, but was seriously ill—he was conveyed to the hospital, and had scarcely opened his lips since. When taken up he was in evening dress. No one knew his name: he spent his entire time sleeping, although for the last day or so he had been suffering from tremor and spasms sometimes almost amounting to convulsions.

I asked the date of the man's reception

into the hospital: he had been brought there on the morning of the 22nd of June.

I looked at Materick.

"The murder took place on the night of the 21st," I said.

The doctor said a few more words to the Lady Superintendent, who immediately agreed to my request to be allowed to sit by the patient's bedside. I took up my place there.

"I will return to see you this evening, or if you leave the hospital you might call on me," said Materick. "Of course, if we can get this man to confess that his name is Colville, your friend ought to see him."

The doctor left the hospital, and I found myself practically alone with the patient.

The case was a bad one, likely to terminate fatally within a few hours at farthest. At my desire one of the nurses brought a screen to put round the sick man's bed. He lay muttering to himself, tossing from side to side. He could scarcely be aroused to take either food or medicine. Once he opened his eyes. He stared at me when he did so, and I saw their colour distinctly. They were grey, and very like my friend's in expression.

"Colville," I said, involuntarily, "do you know that Lidderdale has returned to England? He has just been arrested for the murder of Mrs. Colthurst. Now, you alone can explain that crime. Do not go to your Maker with that unconfessed sin upon your soul."

The sick man shivered when I spoke, and stared fixedly at me. With each word I uttered, his eyes grew more and more full of an incomprehensible expression—a mixture of terror and defiance.

"Why do you call me Colville?" he asked, at last.

"Because that is your name," I answered, firmly. "I am a friend of Lidderdale's. You have been guilty of a dastardly trick on your friend, and you have also committed——"

"Don't," he cried, giving way to an excess of terror. "As there is a God above, don't say the word."

"You cannot deny that your name is Colville?"

"Don't speak so loud—I am too ill to talk to you." He turned over, trembled violently, and the next moment was convulsed by spasm.

The nurse came to his assistance. When the fit had passed he sank into a deeper sleep than ever.

"I fear he will never speak again," she said, "but I have not had a case exactly like his before."

"How long is he likely to live?" I asked.

"He may lie in that condition for hours."

"Have I time to be absent for an hour or two?"

"I cannot tell you, sir."

"I will risk it," I replied. "The life of another hangs on that wretch's last moments of existence."

I left the hospital and drove to the police-court in Marlborough Street. There I had an interview with the Superintendent, and gave him a brief sketch of what had occurred.

"It is all-important," I said, "that Lidderdale should see this man. Will you bring him at once to Materick's Hospital?"

The Superintendent considered for a moment, and then resolved to comply.

"It is out of the routine," he said; "but I think I am justified."

He left me, returning in a moment with Lidderdale and another policeman. We all drove to the hospital, and were conducted to the ward—the screen was still round the dying man's bed. Lidderdale passed behind the screen, and we three stood without. I heard Lidderdale utter an exclamation—it

"DRINK THIS, AND THEN TELL ME THE TRUTH.

was enough—I knew that he had found his man.

"Rouse yourself, I am here," he said, in a voice hoarse with emotion. The man started and muttered in his sleep. "Open your eyes," continued Lidderdale. "Do you remember when you were ill last—do you remember what you confessed? Wake, Colville, wake up."

The well-known tones burst through the terrible lethargy which was carrying the man to his grave—he opened his eyes. The police officers and I stepped a little nearer. The Superintendent took a notebook from his pocket and prepared to take down any confession which might be made.

"Am I dying?" asked the sick man.

"Yes."

"Strange—so the inevitable has come at last," he muttered. "I only feel dead with sleep, sleep which seems never inclined to terminate, sleep and a sort of tremor which comes over me." He began to shake from head to foot.

The nurse came forward with a restorative; Lidderdale held it to the man's lips.

"Drink this," he said, "and then tell me the truth. Colville, why did you take her life?"

Colville looked at Lidderdale, and a strange smile flickered round his lips. His grey eyes, so like those of my friend, began to glitter.

"In a fit of frenzy," he replied, after a pause. "She refused to have anything to do with me. Yes, I borrowed your name. Months ago I meant to do something of the kind, and I also managed, while with you in Africa, to secrete some of your visiting-cards. I had made careful copies of your handwriting, and knew I could imitate it sufficiently well to deceive anyone who was not a great expert. I knew she would see me if she thought I was you. She did so—but when she discovered the trick I had played on her, her scorn and rage were greater than I can describe. Then the Evil One entered into me, and I made up my mind that at least you should not enjoy the prize which I could not obtain. I had a clasp-knife in my pocket; I opened it and, in a fit of fury, stabbed her to the heart. The moment I did the deed I repented. I ran to a decanter which contained brandy and poured out a glass—I was ill at the time—I had been queer for days and weeks. One of those awful tremors assailed me—the glass fell from my trembling hands and I cut myself. I filled up another and drained off the contents. The stimulant gave me strength to leave the house as quietly as if nothing had happened. Well, she has gone to her Maker."

"Where you are following her—may God forgive you," said the other man.

Making a tremendous effort, Colville suddenly sat up in bed.

"Is it true that I am dying?" he cried; his eyes grew full of terror. The two police officers pushed aside the screen and entered.

"Get him to sign this paper," said the Superintendent, handing the one on which he had been hastily writing to Lidderdale.

"Put your name here, Colville," said Lidderdale.

The man looked wildly around him—then took the pen in his hand.

"Sign your confession at once," said the Superintendent.

Colville gave an awful laugh.

"Your law cannot have me now," he said, looking at the Superintendent; "you are too late for that—so I don't mind signing." He scribbled his name feebly at the bottom of the sheet of paper. "She is lost to us both, Lidderdale," he continued, "that is my only comfort."

This was his final remark. He sank back on his pillows in another fit, in which he died.

Of course, the case against Lidderdale fell through. He left England almost immediately afterwards.

"I have nothing to live for," he said to me on the day that I saw him off.

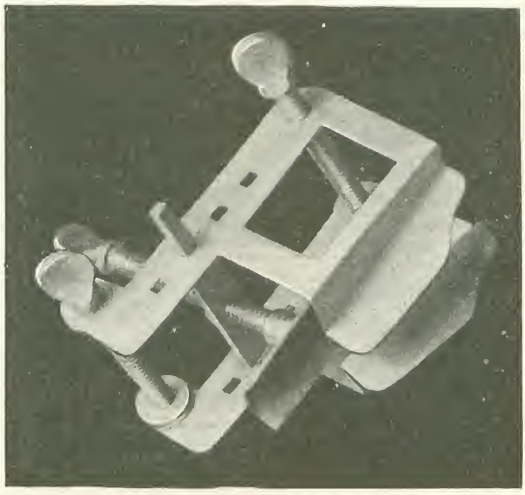
But he is young, and Time, the healer, may cause him to think differently yet.

Nose-Improvers.

By L. S. Lewis.

THOUSANDS of people, it would appear, are dissatisfied with the shape or hue of the nose with which Nature has endowed them. Knowing this, the inventor arose in his might, and invented an "improver"—to improve the most prominent feature into almost any shape you wish, from *nez retroussé* to the nose Hebraic.

The nose machine, cunningly compact, of brass plates and screws, is designed to press the unbeautiful feature into the required shape. It is taped and padded before being sent away, so as to prevent soreness, and a lotion is supplied with it to tone down its too impetuous action. The machine was invented by Professor Lees Ray, of Wavertree, near Liverpool, and is patented in America and France, as well as in the United Kingdom.



MACHINE FOR REDUCING A TOO PROMINENT NOSE.

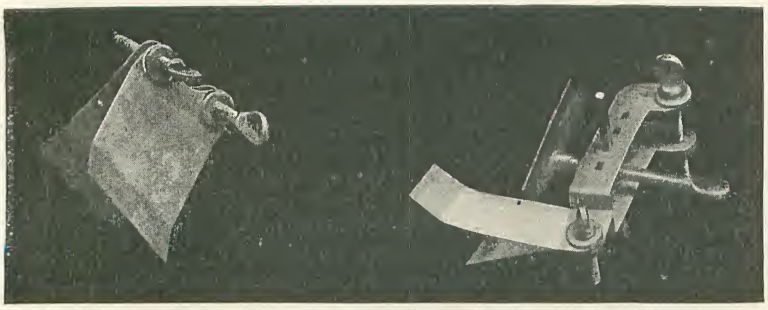
The professor has a big practice. On an average he sells 600 of these ingenious machines every year, and, in addition, treats about 2,500 persons (mainly of a sedentary occupation) cursed with red or fiery noses. Of course, all patients fix their eye on the Perfect Nose as defined by the professor. . . . "It should be of the same length as the forehead, and have a slight depression at its root between the eyes. It should also follow a perfectly straight line, and should come exactly over the centre of the upper lip. Seen in profile, the base should be one-third of the length" . . . . and so on.

The nose machines are divided into two classes. Those in Class A have horizontal screws and plates only; but Class B machines have both horizontal and vertical screws, thus exercising a downward, as well as a clasping, pressure on the organ to be improved. The great majority of machines sold belong to Class A. This is because the shape of nose most altered is the aggressive "pug" or "snub" variety, which it is desired to press laterally into a graceful aquiline. Ladies, I learn, prefer a small straight nose, with, perhaps, a *soupçon* of the *retroussé;* while gentlemen aspire to a nose straight in profile and not too narrow at the bridge or lobes; there are many, however, who prefer a slightly Roman shape.

The machines are scientifically made—there are blades which act as cheek rests, and curves which leave the nostrils free for breathing. Made to measure, a nose improver costs a guinea; but the prices range from 9s. 6d. to 2½ guineas, according to requirements. The literature issued by the professor is vastly entertaining, particularly to those who hunger not after the Perfect Nose. We are told that the "clasping" improvers are intended for noses: (1) flat, wide, broad, thick; (2) turned-up, pug, snub, dumpy; (3) crooked, bent, one-sided; and (4) round, bottled, fat, and swelled. Class B machines are fashioned to subdue (1) prominent and (2) curved noses. It is, of course, impossible for these things to actually enlarge or diminish one's nose, but they do exercise such diplomatic pressure that it would be a very Sultan among probosces which would not reform in the necessary direction. Patients living in foreign countries, and others at a distance, assist in getting suitable treatment by sending photographs and sketches (some would upset the gravity of a Patriarch), measurements, wax models, and explanatory descriptions covering reams of foolscap.

According to the directions issued with the nose improvers, "a pressure too heavy will only lead to discomfort, and possibly leave a temporary mark for some hours after wear."

In the case of turned-up noses, you are told: "Depress the end of the nose with the finger to the required extent *before* finally



CLASPING PRESSURE ONLY.—FOR "BRINGING OUT" FLAT NOSES.

DOWNWARD AS WELL AS CLASPING PRESSURE.—FOR DEPRESSING TIP-TILTED NOSES.

tightening up the screws, so that the instrument will keep it depressed during wear.

"The times of wearing the instrument should be as regular as possible. The best plan is to adjust it in position on going to bed at night and remove it in the morning. An hour or two during the day, if it can be managed, will, of course, be of assistance.

"It is necessary to warn patients not to be *too hasty* in the use of the instrument. A steady, firm, continuous slight pressure will be much more productive of beneficial results than any amount of, so to speak, spasmodic jerkings. Slow and sure in this, as in all other things, is the high road to success."

Class B directions merely contain, in addition to the above, some instructions as to the use of the vertical screw controlling the segmental piece which represses the too aspiring, tip-tilted nose. It is also stated in the directions issued that "the method of wearing the instrument will no doubt be at once perceived from its appearance"; and one would really think so. Yet the professor receives scores of letters from puzzled patients (chiefly ladies), who are under the impression that the improver has to be placed *inside* the nose. "I feel sure I can't manage it," wrote one lady, plaintively; and when you consider that the instrument measures about 6in. by 3in., you will realize the force of the remark.

There is practically no end to the vagaries of the specialist's patients. One wanted to know whether an elastic band round his head and face wouldn't reduce his too prominent nose as well as any machine. Another had read in an American comic paper that an ordinary wooden clothes-peg was a fine thing for "bringing up" a small, receding nose. This young man actually tried this, with the result that his unfortunate organ *was* "brought up"—it swelled to twice its normal size, necessitating careful treatment for months.

There need not be the slightest question about the *bona-fides* of these cases, the whole of the confidential correspondence having been placed entirely at my disposal. If portions of these letters are here quoted, it is not with the idea of casting ridicule upon the writers, but rather as matter of interest to the million.

To proceed. Many potential patients don't like the sound of the word "machine" or "instrument." "Some people," writes the professor to me, "get visions of *steam machinery* and doctors' knives, and an appropriate name has yet to be devised for the improvers"

In the specialist's pamphlets, patients are strongly advised to assist the "influence" of the machines in various ways. "Continually pass your fingers and thumb over your nose — not too roughly, but coaxingly (*sic!*), so as to press it towards the desired shape." . . . . "Do not wear tight clothing, especially collars." Furthermore, you must give up rich pastry and highly seasoned dishes, as well as rich drinks like brandy and port, and you must never eat quickly."

NOSE-IMPROVER TAPED READY FOR WEAR.

Astonishing as it may seem, people in every walk of life are at this moment wearing nose machines, though, of course, the vast majority of us have never before heard tell of the things. The distinguished signatures of many of the nose doctor's patients would amaze you. There are peers galore, bishops too, and clerics beyond number. But so astonishing are the records that I cannot do better than jot down here a few rough notes about remarkable cases

which the professor was kind enough to send me :—

"1. Young man wanted to know whether I could twist his nose all out of shape, in accordance with the most approved traditions of the ring. He loved to be thought a 'bruiser,' and fancied that a twisted nose would lend colour to his lying yarns about the terrific battles he had fought at the National Sporting Club. There are many similar applications for the purpose of disguise; but here is the most extraordinary among this class of cases.

"2. Middle-aged man wanted his nose put awry, so as to induce the girl to whom he was engaged to give him up. He had gone elsewhere on prolonged business, and had got engaged to another girl. The nasal *status quo ante* could, he thought, be subsequently restored by the machine.

"3. A father of a family once asked if I could make the noses of his children all similar to his own. He himself had a fairly good nose, but his wife's was rather 'pug,' and all the children's noses resembled hers, much to the annoyance of paterfamilias. He had then four children, and wanted me not only to attend to theirs, but actually promised to let me have any future children at once, so that I could 'train up their noses in the way they should go' from the beginning!

METHOD OF WEARING THE NOSE MACHINE.

"4. An anxious young lady with a short nose desired a longer one. She suggested having a machine to clasp her nose, and then attach to this a string with a swinging weight. This illustrates the curious conceptions people have of the nose improvers before actually receiving one.

"5. Distinguished actress once suggested to me that if she wore various makes of the machine, she could alter her nose to fit every *rôle* she played. This, she argued, would obviate, and be much better than, 'making-up.' Surely this surpasses all previous attempts of latter-day players to 'look the part.'

"6. I have many applications from Army men who yearn for a 'Wellington nose.'

"7. Elderly lady understood that the treatment consisted in 'the scientific filing and grinding away of large noses.' Hers was large; was the operation painful, and would it all be done at once? Ladies, by the way, continually misunderstand the directions, and wear the instruments in strange and fearful positions. Then they complain. 'I have worn the machine now for five weeks,' wrote one irate dame, 'and all the thing has done is to bodge dents all over my nose.' She omitted to say she had worn 'the thing' upside down."

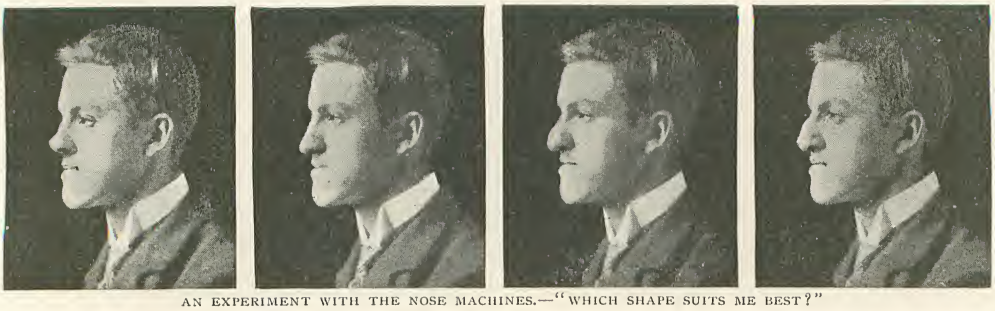
The testimonials as to efficacy, however, are almost innumerable. Also they are funny beyond everything, ranging from the polished, "third person" diction of the peer, right down to the hilarious screed of the suburban mechanic, who, under the elegant pseudonym, "Boko," rejoices that "I have now got shut of my tiresome nose."

Here is one extract from the professor's correspondence: "I am greatly touched (*sic*) by the improvement in my hitherto bottle-shaped nose." One gentleman writes strangely: "I want something with a depressing effect"; and another declares rhapsodically, "the Mashin is perfek."

Many people who have actually altered the former shape of their nose by means of the machines presently get dissatisfied again, and hanker—such is the effect of the fatal facility with which the change is wrought—after yet another shape. The professor has taken for us two sets of photos.—one of a young man and the other of a prepossessing girl—who each tried four changes of nose before resting content.

The much-abused organ itself being wonderfully accommodating, there is no finality in this matter; so that there might actually be a fashion in noses just as there is in, say, the mode of dressing the hair.

Now, when we come to consider the "red nose" cases, we enter an even more interesting field of serio-comic fact. "A red nose," says the professor's pamphlet, portentously, "is a relentless scourge and a most insidious foe." It is, it is. Also it is something of a butt, hence the thousands of applications annually from sufferers. It is a curious fact, by the way, that in nine cases out of ten treatment is wanted "for a friend." Our professor has an eloquent pen when he writes on this subject. He paints in appro-



AN EXPERIMENT WITH THE NOSE MACHINES.—"WHICH SHAPE SUITS ME BEST?"

priately lurid colours the agonies endured by the innocent, clean-living young man, whose digestive organs have rebelled and hung out a noticeable danger signal on that young man's sorrowful face. The social torments! The dread of winter!! And—above all—the serious assumption on the part of HER people that George has taken to drink!!!

A whole volume—a vastly entertaining volume—might be written about the specialist's red-nosed patients. And the glimpses into poor human nature afforded by the records! The professor himself has produced many *obiter dicta* on the subject, out of the fulness of his experience. Says he, reflectively, "Coming into possession (*sic*) of a red nose makes an entire change in one's life." And here I am reminded of a very peculiar case. An actor in a stock company complained to the specialist of a confirmed red nose. The leading man considerately allocated to him all "drunken reprobate" parts in melodrama, so that his lurid proboscis was rather an acquisition than otherwise on the stage. "At the same time," the poor fellow explained, "it's quite certain I can't pass the whole of my life on the stage." By the way, many members of the theatrical profession suffer from red noses, caused entirely by the action of grease paint and "make-up."

A fairly eminent divine wrote severely about his incipient red nose. "My congregation are just beginning to notice it, and I am conscious of subdued skitting and giggling (mainly from the young) while I am in the pulpit."

"I am suffering," explained a young man, pathetically, "from what is called an *indigestible* red nose" (the italics are the young man's own). "Nevertheless my employer has discharged me, saying that he has had much previous experience of tippling clerks. He also says he won't have even the sign of beer on his premises."

The specialist assures me that he is occasionally made the medium of cruel practical jokes. Red nose lotions and treatment are ordered (anonymously) to be sent to persons who never dreamt of ordering such things. University undergrads seem very fond of this kind of sport. In these cases the professor invariably sends the letter order to the aggrieved and indignant party. It is only men like the "red nose doctor" who realize to the full the incredible vanity of mankind—and womankind.

"A girl of eighteen once ordered two red nose treatments, one for herself and one for her grandmother, aged seventy-three. I returned the fee for the grandmother's case with some suitable advice, but received, a few days later, an indignant reply from the old lady herself, insisting on having the treatment, and incidentally asking if I had a cure for *wrinkles!*"

PORTRAITS OF A LADY WHO CULTIVATED A DIFFERENT NOSE FOR EACH ADMIRER.

Idols.

I.

FEW people realize that the terms "idolatry" and "idolator" are applied in a very loose and general manner to very different things and people. An idolator, in the general view, is a person who worships an image; and the term is considered equally applicable to the poor African savage grovelling before a wooden scarecrow, and the refined and intelligent Japanese, who, as a strict matter of fact, never worshipped images at all. He, indeed, acquired the reputation of doing so, in the minds of the hastily misinformed, because of the numerous Japanese figures representing the geniuses of Good Fortune and other abstractions, which Europeans called gods, but which were no more the actual gods of the Japanese than the symbolical figures of Liberty, Commerce, Industry, and the rest, to be found on our own public monuments, are the gods of the English.

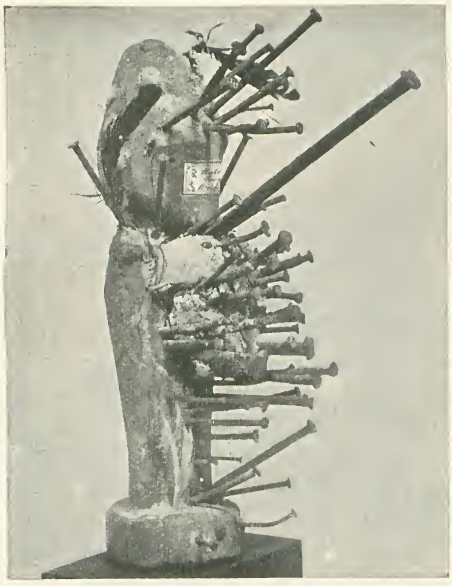
Perhaps the only images which may strictly be called idols are those which the worshippers veritably believe to be, in themselves, conscious and powerful. A very large class of images are held merely to represent a superior and invisible being, and to this class most of the Hindu idols belong.

The innumerable images of Buddha, for instance, are not objects of idolatrous worship, strictly speaking, but merely visible representations of the great invisible Buddha, and are bowed down before simply in token of adoration of that deity. Generally, it may be assumed that to the class of idols, pure and simple, worshipped for their own supposed intrinsic power, belong all those which are individual and unique, such as were and are worshipped in Africa and Polynesia; and to the higher class of images—merely representations of invisible gods—belong all the similar figures of Buddha, Vishnu, Hanuman, Rama, and the rest, found in the great Eastern civilizations and semi-civilizations. Speaking, by-the-bye, of Indian idols, it may not be generally known that vast numbers of those metal images are made in Birmingham and exported to India, together with silk umbrellas, tall hats, and other blessings of civilization.

1.—WEST AFRICAN IDOL.

Let us begin with specimens of the lower class of actual idol, to which no definite mythology attaches, and which is worshipped for its own *beaux yeaux*. We reproduce a photograph of such an idol from West Africa (1). The entire height of this reverend object is about 30in., and it is carved in wood and painted in lively colours. The deity is a tall sort of gentleman, rather too big for his horse, whose knees—and they are not slender—exhibit signs of giving way under the strain. He is accompanied by four retainers, armed with formidable clubs, each retainer just about tall enough to reach his master's breeches-pocket with a little stretching. We regret our inability to supply the gentleman's name, though the fact probably saves us from a serious spelling calamity. It is simply one of the innumerable individual idols made by an ignorant savage to his own fancy, and fellow-idol with the half-dozen or so ensuing.

Our second specimen (2) is also from West Africa. He is not a great work of art — he is even less admirable as a piece of work than his compeer just noticed. He is no more than a half-shaped, upright figure, without limbs or features, unless you count as a feature a lump of



2.—IDOL FROM WEST COAST OF AFRICA, WITH OFFERINGS OF NAILS.

white clay stuck against his chest. One's first impression is that he must have been unlucky in his profession, and possibly have incurred unpopularity by neglecting to answer prayers or something of the kind, the indignation of his disciples taking the spiteful form of nails driven viciously into his sacred person.

This is wrong, however. The nails are most amiably meant, and he likes them. The idol comes from a part where iron of all sorts is extremely scarce, and nails are some of the most precious possessions of the natives. So the devout West African who was anxious to propitiate this particular divinity sacrificed one of his most valuable nails to it by the simple and respectful process of hammering it into the hallowed stomach. So that, as a matter of fact, he was quite a popular power; loved, dreaded, and perforated by a numerous congregation. Let us be thankful that friendly presentations in this country are conducted by a different method.

3.—IDOL FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

So much for Africa. It is a large place, but there are more interesting idols elsewhere. In the many islands of the broad Pacific, idolatry in its lowest form still largely prevails, and prevailed universally until recent times. Such worship as was practised was extorted by fear; consequently one does not look to Oceanic idols for models of personal beauty.

We reproduce a photograph of one from the Sandwich Islands (3). It is a sort of Polynesian Tom Noddy, consisting entirely of head and neck, and it is made—or rather its exterior surface is—of feathers. The interior frame is wicker, and the covering is of red and yellow feathers. The not particularly languishing eyes are of mother-of-pearl, with black beads for pupils, and the smile is bordered by a pleasant and numerous company of dogs' teeth. The whole affair is considerably bigger than the usual human head, and would prove of little use in quieting a nervous baby. In regard to the feathers, it may be of interest to state that the yellow feathers are of a most precious and rare sort. They come from a little bird which the naturalists call *Melithreptes Pacifica*, and which the Sandwich Islanders call by some name which may be nearly as long, though it can hardly be as ugly. This little bird has under each wing one single yellow feather and no more, and that only an inch long, so that anybody anxious to stuff a bed with these feathers would get a deal of gun practice in the process.

The late King of the Sandwich Islands, as a matter of fact, did have a cloak made of these feathers alone. It hung 4ft. from the shoulder, and was 11ft. wide at the bottom, and it was in process of making while nine successive Kings reigned and died in the Sandwich Islands.

When Dr. John Williams arrived at Rarotonga, in the Cook or Hervey Islands, he found that the natives engaged in fishing affixed their idols to the bows of their canoes. The same practice prevailed in the Sandwich Islands. We illustrate, first, one of the Rarotongan idols treated in this manner (4), and

next two of the same sort from the Sandwich Islands (5).

4.—IDOL FROM RAROTONGA, COOK'S ISLAND.

The Rarotongan is a little more than a foot high, is painted black, and doesn't appear, at first sight, to be a very intelligent person, but he is quite respectable in comparison with the two Sandwich Islanders, who are obviously drunk, and singing rowdy songs; in addition to which the larger of the two has a shocking black eye. It was a native of Rarotonga, by the way, that sighted the ship *Bounty* after she was in possession

5.—FISHERMEN'S IDOLS FROM HAWAII, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

of the mutineers, and even ventured on board. On his return to his friends, he described the ship as a floating island, with two rivers flowing on it; that plantations were growing there, with sugar-cane and bread fruit complete; the facts probably being that the pumps at work produced the illusion of rivers, and that the large boxes fitted up in the vessel for the conveyance of exotic plants to the West Indies were the plantations.

This man brought back with him a great prize—a pointed bar of iron about 30in. long. This was at once dedicated to the Rarotongan gods. It was found to be much more effectual for digging into the ground to plant crops than were their own wooden tools, and so it was borrowed from the gods at each sowing time and used 'with all reverence; and when the produce appeared, parts of it were taken to the sacred places for the gods' benefit. One part was the usual sacrifice; a second was interest on the loan of the iron spike; and a third was a gift, designed to induce the gods to bring more ships, with more iron spikes aboard.

6.—IDOL FROM HERVEY ISLANDS.

We reproduce a photograph (6) of an ancient and ill-used idol from a neighbouring island to Rarotonga, who never had any feet to speak of, and who has lost one of the arms he had, as well as the ear on the same side. He has a valuable necklace about his neck, and his face, stomach, and knees have been cut in starry patterns; but, notwithstanding all, he does not look really happy. That may be because—to judge from the position of his hands—he may possibly be the god, or demon, of indigestion.

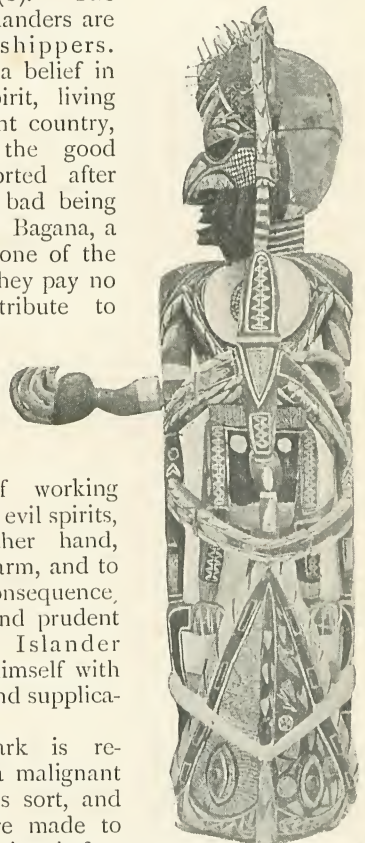
7.—IDOL FROM TAHITI.

Another little god from the same neighbourhood — from Tahiti, in fact, in the Society Islands —also expresses indigestion as much by his face as by his hands (7). He is carved from a very hard brown wood, his height is twenty-one inches, and his wig is made of black cocks' feathers.

Far west of Tahiti lie the Solomon

8.—IDOLS FROM THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

Islands, whence come the row of half-a-dozen assorted ineffables whose representation is subjoined (8). The Solomon Islanders are devil-worshippers. They have a belief in a good spirit, living in a pleasant country, whereunto the good are transported after death; the bad being relegated to Bagana, a volcano on one of the islands. They pay no particular tribute to this good spirit, however, because he is supposed incapable of working harm. The evil spirits, on the other hand, *can* work harm, and to them, in consequence, the pious and prudent Solomon Islander addresses himself with sacrifices and supplications.



9.—IDOL FROM NEW IRELAND.

The shark is regarded as a malignant deity of this sort, and offerings are made to it by the natives before they undertake canoe voyages; sometimes these offerings consist of food, sometimes of porpoise teeth, and sometimes of the shells which are used as money. In the event of a shark having seized a man who, however, manages to get away from the creature, the correct Solomon Islands practice is for his companions to fling him back into the water to be properly and completely eaten, lest the shark should be offended at the loss of his dinner. In such circumstances the Solomon Islands will probably never become a fashionable bathing resort.

Here, too, the practice obtains of fishermen attaching such idols as those here shown to their canoes, the idea being apparently that the fish will be so charmed with the beauty of the thing as to be attracted and easily caught. Those fish have a very easily satisfied taste.

10.—CHALK IDOL FROM NEW IRELAND.

Travelling further west still, we come to New Ireland, which contributes a couple of quaint specimens to our little collection. The first (9) is a mere skeleton, a framework of a god. It is carved out of a solid block of wood, nevertheless, and it is painted in the brightest colours the New Irishman can muster. This idol was brought to England and presented to the British Museum by Mr. H. H. Romily, whose book of travels in the Western Pacific and New Guinea is a valuable record of many of the superstitions of natives of these parts.

As far as one can recognise human like-

11.—NEW GUINEA IDOL.

ness in the article at all, the features and expression belong more to Houndsditch than to any Ireland, new or old; more especially, perhaps, the expression of the extended hand — hard bargain and tight grip all over. The second of these specimens (10) was also presented to the British Museum by Mr. Romily. It is carved of a very hard chalk, and coloured with the arrangement of hyphens that will be noticed in the illustration. Its height is 20in.

Westward of New Ireland is New Guinea, where the natives are still mostly devil-worshippers, like the Solomon Islanders. Each family keeps a little hut for the devils, with a little grass hammock slung therein for the devil to sleep in, and there they place nuts each morning as a sacrifice.

The people appear to have no notion of any well-disposed divinity or spirit, and everything supernatural is to their minds malignant, mischievous, and horrible. They have only two ways of getting what they want of these deities: by bullying them and by abject offerings designed to propitiate. Many districts have their especial and particular devils, but there is no irksomely rigid law, and any gentleman may invent his own devils according to his own particular fears and fancies, and can invent as many as he likes.

The first New Guinea idol we illustrate (11) was used at ceremonies of initiation for the priests of the demoniac cult. Its only distinct expression would seem to be one of hunger, and its general appearance suggests that of a Wild Boy from a penny show where there was nothing to eat. It was carved from wood of a deep brown colour. The group of five (12) are assorted devils of private and individual invention. They are as different from one another as very ugly things well can be, and their only common attribute is a lack of cheerfulness of expression. Possibly their worshippers mingled too much bullying with too few sacrifices in the course of their ministrations.

There's a good deal to put up with in this world, even for a New Guinea bogie. Indeed, it is often a most uncomfortable situation. A white man who was once deified by the gentle savages of this island was stuck full of spears, because his worshippers were anxious to know if he bled. They satisfied themselves that he did, but he died suddenly during the process, and the devout flock cut him up in little pieces and buried each piece separately, for fear he might return to life

12.—PRIVATE IDOLS FROM NEW GUINEA.

13.—MAORI IDOL.

and do something unpleasant.

Turn we now for a moment to New Zealand. There is little now left of the old idolatrous practices of the Maories, even in their own especial reservations, but there is some. The old Maori religion was an indefinite sort of thing, scarcely, indeed, to be called a religion at all. They believed in spirits, mainly those of departed ancestors. Immense monuments, very elaborately carved, were raised in honour of these spirits and called Tikis, and representations of them are carved in wood.

The specimen here illustrated (13) was taken from the house of a distinguished Maori chief. It is made of brown wood, and is very finely carved to represent the tattoo marks wherewith the old Maoris were wont so completely to adorn themselves. In cases where such images were made to represent dead chiefs, this close imitation of the dead men's tattoo marks enabled the natives to recognise for whom the representations were intended. Perhaps the last of the really great specimens of Maori tattooing disappeared when King Tawhiao was buried in 1894. His was a truly regal suit of tattoo, and his also was a pretty regal name. Exhibited at full-length it was Tawhiao Matutaera te Pukepuke te Pawe te Korato te A-Potatan te Whereo-whereo ; a name that ought to satisfy any monarch.

Sumatra is an island of mixed races, mixed aspects, and mixed religion. There is a little Mohammedanism there, a little Buddhism, and a great deal of independent idolatry. This latter is itself of a mixed sort. First, the belief is in one supreme ruler, whom they call Batara-Guru ; he rules in heaven, and is father of all mankind. Next to him come two other gods, Soripada and Mangola-Bulary, who govern the air and the earth respectively. These three have a number of relatives and friends, who, between them, build up quite a respectable Sumatran mythology.

Naga-Padoka, a god with three horns, originally supported the earth on the points of the horns in question, but after a time, very naturally grew rather tired and shook his head. The earth promptly sank, and the water rose over it, covering the whole world. (This, by the way, is plainly the Sumatran tradition of the Flood.)

Now, Batara-Guru, the chief god, had a daughter, named Puti-orla-bulan, who came down from heaven on a white owl to visit the earth, accompanied by a dog whose method of descent is not precisely explained. Finding the place so unexpectedly wet, she complained to her father, who picked up the first available mountain and dropped it into the water. The mountain's name was Bakarra, and in case anybody should be disposed to doubt the story, there the mountain stands to this day in simple proof. Puti-orla-bulan lived on the mountain, which raised a family of other mountains and land in general, and set the world up in business again, properly fixed on Naga-Padoka's horns. This unhappy divinity is now tied up so that the earth sha'n't fall off again, but he does shake his head now and again, and then, of course, there is an earthquake.

But beside these aristocrats of divinity the Sumatrans have an almost illimitable number of inferior gods, one for every sort of object on the earth, and at least one for every circumstance in a person's life. One of these gods we illustrate (14). His height is 28in. ; he is not prepossessing in appearance, and we do not know his name. If appearances are to be trusted, however, one might fairly suppose him to be the god of hatters.

14.—SUMATRAN IDOL.

The King Diamond

By Cutcliffe Hyne.

I.

"SPEAKING of pluck," said the purser of the *Laconic*, "the bravest man, the very bravest I ever knew, was a thief."

Mr. Horrocks delivered himself of this statement during a momentary hush in the after-dinner chat of the smoke-room, and withdrew his eyes from the little, neat man with the sloping shoulders who had just come in. He examined with interest the butt of his cigar, and carefully licked an angle of leaf which threatened to come loose.

Sir Randal Vereker (the hydraulic specialist), who had won the auction pool on the run that day, was standing coffee and liqueurs round; and the purser, after telling the attendant steward that his was a kümmel and cognac, stuck the cigar into the corner of his mouth, and jingled the keys in his trousers' pocket. Then he thrust his heels out straight before him, and blew truncated cones of tobacco smoke at an incandescent lamp in the deck above.

The general talk in the smoke-room did not go on. Mr. Horrocks, as became his office, was a noted *raconteur*, and only Pitcairn continued his remarks on the silver question as affecting the export trade in Bradford manufactured goods. Pitcairn had crossed to New York nine times in the *Laconic* already, and had a notion that he knew by heart all the purser's tales; moreover, being in his capacity of drummer a most widely travelled man himself, he quite believed that his own remarks were thoroughly well worth listening to.

"He stole the biggest diamond I ever saw," the purser remarked, meditatively, during one of Pitcairn's pauses for breath. "It was a stone that should have gone down into history on the rim of some emperor's crown. But so far as I know, it never came up to the surface again after that fellow annexed it."

"Probably broken up," suggested Vereker, "and sold in pieces."

The purser looked down sharply. "How did you hear about it, Sir Randal?" he asked.

Vereker laughed. "I was only generalizing," he said. "I haven't a notion of what you're talking about."

"They christened it 'The King Diamond' out at Kimberley."

"Never heard of it," said Sir Randal. "I leave Lady Vereker to specialize in diamonds for the pair of us."

"Now, there you are again," said Pitcairn. "Diamonds are just like silver—the price varies according to the quantity put on the market; and as things are situated at present, the nations are at the mercy of traders who've got capital and brains enough to make corners. Now, if I had the managing of it——"

Copyright, 1896, by Cutcliffe Hyne, in the United States of America.

"You haven't," the purser cut in, acidly, "and you are never likely to have. You can handle diamonds in a tie-pin, but in bulk they'd just flummox you."

"Oh, trot out your chestnut, old man," said Pitcairn. "Someone wake me if I snore."

The smoke-room rustled itself into easy positions for listening, and the purser, after pretending for a minute or so to ignore the silence, suddenly looked down and said, "Oh, you want the tale, do you?"

"For Heaven's sake go on, man, and get it over," said Pitcairn.

"Well," said the purser, "there's only one fellow in this smoke-room this yarn'll be a chestnut to, and he's new to the *Laconic*. It isn't a yarn I usually trot out for the benefit of passengers. It shows up one man as a specially fine sample of blessed fool, and he's a man I've a particular liking for, and he's sitting in my breeches this minute. I didn't always use to be in this Western Ocean trade. I started life at sea on the Cape run, and I'd worked up from the very bottom to being purser on the finest ship that went down there. It was a jolly snug berth, I can tell you, with lots of pickings; and as this business with the King Diamond bundled me out of it, and left me to cool my heels about the streets for a matter of twenty very lean months, it isn't a thing I chatter about through sheer pride at being sacked."

"Which line was that on?" asked Pitcairn.

"Never you mind," said the purser. "It was one of the two big ones, and you can toss up between them. But it was the popular line just then, because the other had had some accidents, and we were the popular ship. We were ram jam full, and the skipper had let his room to a Hatton Garden Jew for a hundred guineas for the run home, and was bunking in the chart-house. We'd a record passenger list, and they were all very flush. Nothing was too expensive for them; they always betted in cases of champagne; and I guess the liquor profits alone on that run footed up to more than two thousand pounds. I tell you I felt very cock-a-hoop over it. I didn't see how the firm could avoid giving me a rise."

Pitcairn began to hum "For he's a jolly good purser," but the smoke-room scowled him into silence.

"Amongst other things, we'd about a gallon and a half of diamonds on board, and that's a kind of freight which pays in a way which would surprise idiots who only know about the cost of sending shoddy across the Western Ocean."

"Shoddy doesn't come from Bradford," said Pitcairn. "Shoddy is made——"

"Oh, kill that man, somebody," the smoke-room shouted, and once more the purser proceeded.

"The diamonds were done up in little canvas bags (all barring the big stone, which had a special sealed case to itself), and as, of course, they weren't polished, they looked like so many rusty pebbles. The bags were put in a safe, and the safe was under my bed-place. There was only one key to the safe, and that lived at the end of my watch-chain. It was anxious work, being responsible for those gems, I can tell you, so long as we'd any land connection with South Africa; but once we were clear, I felt pretty easy. There was an electric bell fitted up to the door of the safe, and if anybody meddled who didn't know how to unswitch it, there'd have been noise enough spread about to wake the ship. And besides, if anybody did loot the diamonds, what were they to do with them? Madeira and Southampton were the only places we touched, and if there was anything gone, you can bet your life no one would have been allowed to quit the ship till we knew where it was.

"Now, diamonds are all very well in their place, but too much diamonds in the conversation—especially when none of them happen to be yours—rather sour on one. And I can tell you the popular talk on that ship fairly made me ill at times. There were only two topics for general conversation, and those were diamonds and their prices; and when anyone wanted to be brilliantly original, he talked about the King Diamond, and drew pictures of it in lead pencil on the back of our wine-lists. I should think I must have heard the history of that infernal stone at least eighteen thousand times, counting all the variations: how a Kaffir found it in the blue clay; how he swallowed it; how they gave him medicine; how three I.D.B. kopje-wallopers from Petticoat Lane were after it; how the proper owners safeguarded it with guns and a six-ton burglar-proof box; how half the white men in the Cape did obeisance to it through iron bars at half a guinea a head; how syndicates were formed to buy up tenth shares in the gem; and all the rest of the degrading money-grubbing rubbish. I might have admired that stone myself if I'd been given a fair chance, and even have worshipped it as a mild sort of god; but the talk about it killed all my interest; and if it hadn't been for the profit it was bringing the steamer as carrier, I

should have gone very near hating it. And so, as things were, I was just driven into chumming with a man called Farren out of sheer disgust for everyone else on the passenger list.

"I tell you straight that on any other trip this Farren was not a man I should have had anything more than a nod for. He was a little slip of a fellow with hock-bottle shoulders and wandering eyes, and he'd some sort of missionary notions that I'd got no use for whatever. But he didn't talk diamonds: thought they were sinful, or something; and I tell you, after a spell with the others, that man's society used to come to me like a visit to the country. I'd tip him the wink, and he and I'd slip away from the rest, and go down to my room, and put up our heels and rest. He'd stretch himself out on the sofa, and I'd slip my shoes and lie on the bed and just listen while he talked and preached. 'Times, I'd feel that grateful to him I almost wished he'd hand round the hat for a collection after he'd finished.

"WHAT WAS SHE UP TO?"

"Well, gentlemen, things went on this way—diamonds, diamonds, diamonds, with short refreshing spells of Farren, till after we'd left Madeira, and had made half a day's steam towards home; and then a queerish thing happened. We came across a steamer lying-to right in our track.

"There's nothing in that, you'll say. Well, perhaps not, but wait a bit. This steamer, as soon as we drew abeam, made steam and bore away on our course, keeping parallel to us, about a quarter of a mile off, to port. It doesn't take much to interest people on a long-voyage liner, and you can guess it wasn't long before most pairs of eyes aboard of us were turned on to the other steamer, especially as she happened to be a yacht. Who was she?—plenty of people were asking, and the answer to that was simple. She was Lord Raybury's yacht, a brand-new sixteen knotter. Her picture had been in all the illustrated papers, and two of our officers had seen her before she left the yard, so there was no mistake about that matter. But what was she up to? No one could say, and our passengers made a regular industry out of betting over it.

"We officers of the ship didn't worry our heads much about the matter. If you were to try and find out the why and wherefore of all the queer things you see in the two Atlantics, I guess you'd go first grey and then bald, and then into a lunatic asylum within three years' time. And so we looked at the yacht, hanging always in the same place on our port beam, without worrying our heads particularly as to what her little game might be. But, as I say, the passengers were different: it was a brand-new interest to the lot of them. It was an A1 topic to gamble on; and I tell you the talk in that smoke-room began to get interesting. We'd got some really imaginative and accomplished liars on our passenger-list that trip, and they were always ready to back up their talk with good, solid bets.

"They became regularly amusing to listen to. Diamonds were not spoken of once after Lord Raybury's yacht joined us; and I began to think that our passengers could make themselves as nice and cheery a lot as any

man might want to meet. I just let Farren slide. I'd got no use for any more of his sermon-and-water talk; and the day after the yacht turned up, when he asked himself down to my room whilst I was making up some accounts after lunch, I let him know sharply enough that people who came in there had to wait for an invitation. A purser like me doesn't chum with cheap teetotalers of the Mr. Farren type, who run up no wine bills and bring the steamer no profit, unless he's pretty hard up for a mate. But, mark you, that man was no fool; and he got round me two days later in a way I don't think anybody could conveniently have guessed at.

"From what turned out afterwards, I suppose he intended to play his little game directly after the yacht joined us, but the weather was a bit dirty then, and it freshened up to a snoring breeze directly afterwards, which we carried with us all the road through the Bay. There was a big ugly head sea running, which knocked a couple of knots off our pace, and the yacht was making very wet weather of it indeed. A careful skipper would have slowed her down, but her's didn't; he rammed her at it, and risked carrying everything away. He hung on exactly in his place, and our passengers betted Lord Raybury himself was on board forcing the old man to drive her.

"But when we rounded Ushant and opened out the Channel, the breeze left us and the sea went down a bit, although it was still ugly enough. And that was the time Farren came on the carpet again; and although, as I say, what he did got me the sack from the company, I'll own straight out that no man could have shown more real dare-devil, armour-plated pluck.

"He came up to me in the port alley-way that day just after lunch, wobbling about on his feet like he always did when we were in a sea-way.

"'Mr. Horrocks,' he says, with his cheap, sickly grin, 'it's a long time since we had one of our chats together.'

"'Tis,' said I. 'I've been busy. I'm busy now. I'm very behind-hand with making up the ship's papers.'

"'Ah!' says he, 'you've been so taken up with this yacht business, that it's dragged you away from your work. It seems to have made a large amount of interest in the ship.'

"'Oh,' I said, 'that lot will bet on anything.'

"He laughed in a weak sort of way. 'Well, purser,' says he, 'I hope you've feathered your own nest over the affair?'

"'I can't say I have,' said I, and began to move off towards my room.

"'Pity, that,' says he, 'when it's so easy.'

"I turned round. 'How do you mean? Could you make money out of it?'

"'Certainly I could, if I wished to; only, as you know, I consider it wrong to bet.'

"'Then,' said I, a bit sarcastically, 'you must have information which nobody else on this ship has got.'

"His eyes wandered over me with a look of surprise, and a lurch sent him against a cabin door. He was a man who never found his sea-legs. 'And why shouldn't I have?' he says, slowly.

"'Well, if it comes to that, how can you, of all people, know what the yacht is doing here?'

"'Never mind, Mr. Horrocks, how I picked up the knowledge, but you can take it from me that I not only know who's on board, but I also know that yacht's exact business.'

"'That's an asset of value,' I said, and then stopped and considered a minute. 'Is there any consideration that I could offer which would induce you to part with the knowledge?'

"'My dear Horrocks,' he said, 'if you want to know, of course I'll tell you freely enough. I'd have told you any time if you'd asked me. Only I don't think we've seen much of one another since the yacht's been in sight.'

"He had me there.

"'It's a bit of a long story,' he went on, 'but if you can wait a minute or so I'll tell it you now—if you think no one is likely to overhear us, standing where we are.'

"'Certainly not, Mr. Farren,' said I. 'You come right along to my room and have a cigar. You won't drink whisky I know, but you shall have iced lemonade in two shakes, if you care for that.'"

II.

THE purser of the *Laconic* ceased speaking, and scraped a match. When it was well alight he held the charred end of his cigar in the flame, and watched it with interest. "I am afraid," he said, "that I am boring you gentlemen with all these preliminaries. I never could tell a tale well. Besides, there's one man in this smoke-room who could finish this yarn much better than I can. He knows a lot of facts about it that I have not even guessed at up to now."

The eyes of the smoke-room swung round till they all converged on Pitcairn, but that

excellent person for once in his life looked slightly nonplussed. The purser came to his rescue. He intimated that Pitcairn's brain was quite unequal to guessing the sequel of the yarn, and again invited the only man who could finish it to do so in detail. We began to look at one another with interest. It was occurring to each of us that we must have struck up a ship-board acquaintance with some man who only a few years previously had been concerned in a very remarkable robbery. But after a cursory survey had not shown anyone to appear obtrusively guilty (although for some reason we few of us seemed to be looking exactly at our best just then) a quaint feeling of restraint got hold of us. Each man seemed to feel that it was vaguely insulting to look at his neighbour, and eyes glanced up towards the deck above, and the smoke mist thickened. But by degrees glances were lowered, and found a safe resting-place on the person of Mr. Horrocks.

It was Vereker who voiced the general wish. "I think, purser," he said, "we shall have to bother you. You have shown such power as a *raconteur* that the other man, whoever he may be, is evidently nervous of entering into competition."

The purser grinned, and bit the end from a fresh cigar. "Funny thing, Sir Randal," said he, "but Farren was nervous too. When Farren came into my room that day I thought he would have fainted, and for a good ten minutes he sat there on my sofa with the colours going and coming from his face like lime-light in a theatre. But I didn't hurry him or anything. I let him take his time, and sat on the bed and watched the yacht through my port-hole. She was there in her usual place, just abeam, with about a quarter of a mile of ugly-looking water between her and us, and I was conning over in my mind how I was going to make dividends out of her.

"Farren roused me up by calling my name, and I tell you what I saw, when I turned round, fairly made me sweat. He was standing there with his back against the door, and one hand turning the key behind him as I looked. He had a revolver in his other fist, with the second finger on the trigger, and it didn't require much brains to see that, whatever else might be, he was no blooming amateur with a gun. He was looking sick enough still, but I give him credit, he came to the point like a man.

"'Now I'll tell you, Mr. Horrocks, what that yacht's there for,' he says. 'She's come to take away the King Diamond, and I'm here to carry it across to her. I'll trouble you to make use of that safe-key which hangs at the end of your watch-chain.'

"Well, I'll own freely I was took all of a heap. 'By heavens, Mr. Farren,' I began to stammer out, 'this is piracy,' but he cut me short.

"'I quite agree with you,' he answered,

"HE HAD A REVOLVER IN HIS FIST."

'but we'll take all that for said. I've got no time for talk—and—it would annoy me very much to shoot you. I don't like you for yourself, Horrocks, but you mentioned you have a wife and family in London, and I've a respect for them. Turn round, please. Thanks. Now you'll quite understand that my pistol is within a foot of your backbone, and if you force me to shoot you, I shall just take the key and help myself. So I want you to clearly understand that you'll only lose your life if you are obstinate through any foolish notions of being faithful to your trust, and lose it quite

uselessly. Kindly shift your bed-clothes on to the floor.'

"I did it.

"'Now switch off that infernal alarm bell which you bragged about, and open the safe.'

"I did that too.

"'The King Diamond, please.'

"I handed him the morocco case. I heard the two clicks as he opened and shut it to make sure the gem was all right, and then he ordered me to clasp my hands behind my neck, and go out of the cabin. 'I'll leave you your gallon and a half of other gems,' said he; 'and you can swear that you defended them bravely, if you think that will save your credit. Anyway, say what you choose: I will never contradict you. Now outside, please, quickly.'

"I stepped into the alley-way, and the door slammed on my heels. I heard the bolt shoot in the lock, and I fancy it's to my credit that I didn't stay there gaping to think. I raced for the chart-house at top speed. The old man wasn't there. He'd gone on to the upper bridge. And away I went after him.

"I gave him my tale in twenty words, and instinctively we both looked towards the yacht. She had slowed down, and was edging in towards our track. Beyond a doubt Farren had spoken truth: she was there after the King Diamond, and he had signalled her out of my cabin port.

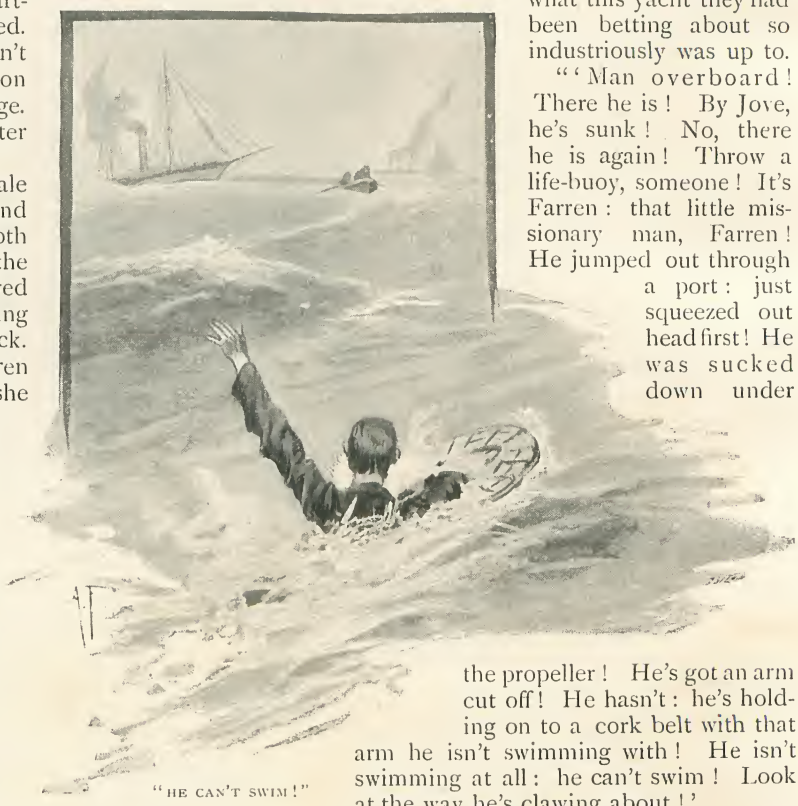
"But what was to be the next move, we could not guess. The skipper rang 'stand by' to the engine-room, and waited developments, with his hand on the telegraph. 'My great Scot!' I heard him mutter, 'they're never going to have the cheek to board us! They'll stove in half our plates if they try it on with this sea running.'

"I reminded him that the yacht had two knots more speed than we had.

"'I know that,' says the old man. 'By gum! this is a regular Robinson Crusoe piracy business. And the worst of it is, if they come on board here with a dozen rifles, we've nothing that can stop them from just helping themselves to what they fancy.' He ran his eye round the horizon. There was a Hamburg-American boat away astern of us, and a couple of steam colliers and half-a-dozen old wind-jammers on one side or the other, but not such a thing as a cruiser in sight, of course, just because we wanted one. 'That yacht's been run away with,' says he, 'that's what's the matter with her. This isn't a sort of game a man like Lord Raybury would play.'

"'She's slowing down, sir,' said I. 'She's dropping astern of us,' and I was going to say something else, when a regular stream of yells broke out from our passengers, who were all leaning over the port rail to see what this yacht they had been betting about so industriously was up to.

"'Man overboard! There he is! By Jove, he's sunk! No, there he is again! Throw a life-buoy, someone! It's Farren: that little missionary man, Farren! He jumped out through a port: just squeezed out head first! He was sucked down under the propeller! He's got an arm cut off! He hasn't: he's holding on to a cork belt with that arm he isn't swimming with! He isn't swimming at all: he can't swim! Look at the way he's clawing about!'



"HE CAN'T SWIM!"

"The mate on watch had got a whistle between his teeth before you could say 'knife.' 'Port lifeboat,' he shouted. 'Tumble aft the crew'—and then led the way himself,

and went for the awning lashings with his knife. He left the bridge to the old man, and the old man rang off the engines. But a big steamer like ours carries way, and we weren't prepared, and the yacht was. They'd slowed down close by Farren, and their boat was in the water before ours had left davits, and I guess they had picked him up and got him on board and their boat run up again before ours was half-way to where the life-buoys floated.

"There was nothing for it: we were just helpless; and we had to see that yacht starboard her helm and steam away for the open sea, with Farren, and the King Diamond, and my character, and all our poor old steamboat's blooming credit stowed away under her hatches. The only thing we could do was to go on to Southampton and report. But we didn't much expect to recover the King Diamond again. A man that couldn't swim, and who had pluck to drop head first out of a port into a heavy sea, and risk being chawed up by the propeller, wasn't the sort to give up a plum once he'd got his fingers over it. And that is about what happened.

"The yacht had been run away with. She was all ready for sea, and victualled for a long cruise, when up comes a chap with a letter, forged, of course, written by Lord Raybury to the skipper, and telling him to accept bearer's orders in every particular. The chap, who was Farren's partner, met our steamer with him on board by arrangement at sea, and stood by and waited for a signal. He picked Farren up precious near drowned, but with the morocco case all right in his pocket, and then they shoved across for the Mexican Gulf. When the yacht's skipper objected, he was shown Lord Raybury's letter; and finally, when coal ran out, and they found themselves in the Florida Channel, Farren and his friend rowed off in a boat, saying they would arrange about rebunkering, and naturally enough didn't turn up again; and the yacht, after drifting three days helplessly under canvas in the Gulf Stream, was picked up by a tramp and towed into Norfolk, Virginia.

"The whole thing was about as disgustingly simple as a man could want when you knew how it had been done; and the company, who hadn't watched the way it had been worked up to, said the robbery might have been prevented. It was no use my talking. The blame' thing had leaked into the papers, and somebody had got to be a scapegoat, and here was I close and handy. I guess they wouldn't have been human if they hadn't sacked me."

"And the Liverpool-New York run would have missed its best purser," said Pitcairn. "Old fellow, here's your most excellent and honoured health! But did the fools of police never stumble upon your Farren man?"

"Not they," said Horrocks. "So far as I know, the fellow's never come up to the surface—till now."

"What's this?" said Pitcairn. "D'you really mean to say he's in this smoking-room right now?"

"That's what I mean," said the purser. "I suppose he's been sick or sorry or something before; but, anyway, this is his first appearance on this ship; so he's been under the surface now for exactly five years and one month; and—perhaps he may have something to explain."

The purser lit his new cigar, and no one spoke. The only sounds were the noises of the ship and the faint clash of the seas outside. The purser got his cigar in full blast and looked at the glowing tip meditatively. "Dundas is the name he's shipped under here," he observed at last. "Pity for some people, isn't it, that they can't change a face as handily as they can alter a signature."

"I beg your pardon," said the little, quiet man with sloping shoulders who sat next to Vereker, "but you apparently mean me, purser. My name's Dundas, and through sea-sickness this is my first appearance in this room. Did I annex this celebrated gem?"

"You did," said Horrocks, grimly.

"Well," said the small man, "I appear to be more fortunate than I thought, and far more fond of the salt water. What do you think, Vereker? Just five years and a month ago, I think you said, purser?"

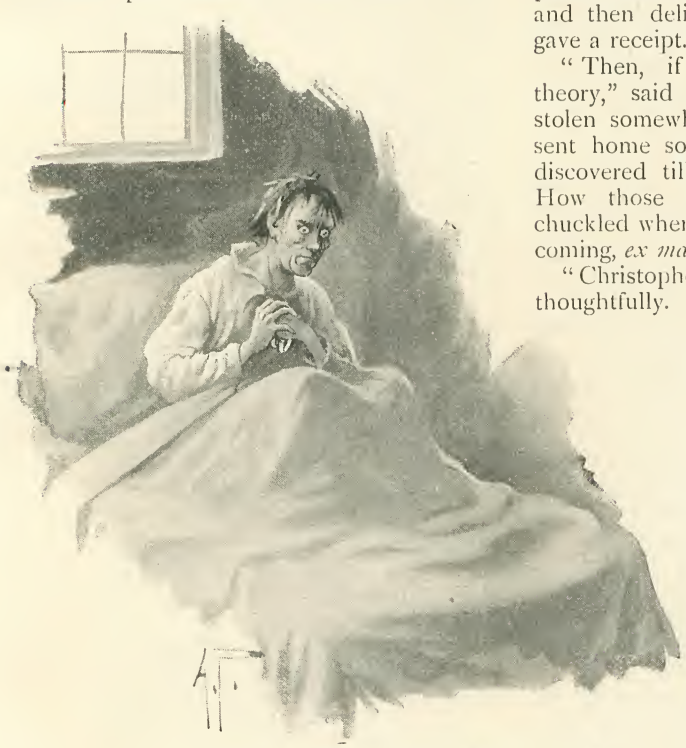
Sir Randal Vereker did not answer at once; he lay back first and laughed till tears ran down the crow's feet at the corners of his eyes. But at last he sobered down and got his voice again, and, said he, "Purser, I'm afraid you've got the wrong pig by the ear this time. Five years ago from now, Mr. Dundas was second secretary in the British Embassy at Pekin. I was doing work at Shanghai then, and saw him constantly. In fact, I've known him all my life."

The purser said, "Oh!" and looked both red and foolish. Dundas, however, had some more to add on the subject. "Your man Farren," he said, "is evidently very much like me in personal appearance?"

"Or I shouldn't have tumbled into making such a mistake," said the purser.

"Precisely. Well, just before I came here, I happened to be in Shanghai, and

a doctor I knew there told me they'd got my double in hospital. Out of curiosity, I went to see him, and I must say the pair of us were as much alike as two—er—hock-bottles. It wasn't a flattering find, because the other poor fellow was clean mad. He'd



"THE POOR FELLOW WAS CLEAN MAD."

a lump of rough crystal, almost as big as a pigeon's egg, which he fancied was a diamond that everybody was trying to steal from him. Curious shaped crystal it was, too, with markings like three accurate concentric circles indented in one end."

"My great Scot!" said the purser, "and a cross just round the corner from the other end? Long-shaped, was it, with a bit of a faint yellow smudge down one side?"

"That's the thing," said Dundas.

"Why, man!" shouted the purser, "it's the King Diamond itself you're talking about. There couldn't be another like it."

"But I tell you it was no diamond at all. It was only some sort of crystal that was not hard enough to scratch glass, and no man that was sane would have taken it for anything else when he came to handle it."

"*Whew!*" said the purser, and mopped a moist forehead with his pocket-handkerchief.

"Did you ever have the gem you were talking of in your fingers?" asked Vereker.

"Come to think of it, I never did," the purser admitted. "It was sealed before me, and then delivered into my charge, and I gave a receipt."

"Then, if an outsider might form a theory," said Vereker, "the real stone was stolen somewhere at the Cape, and a forgery sent home so that the theft might not be discovered till as late an hour as possible. How those thieves out there must have chuckled when they heard of Farren and Co. coming, *ex machinâ*, to help play their game."

"Christopher Moses!" said the purser, thoughtfully. "You're right, Sir Randal. That's the game, for a thousand. And where's that stone now, by any chance?"

"Ah, there you're asking me too much," said Vereker. "But I shouldn't say it was broken up. When it had officially ceased to exist, it could be very easily smuggled out of the Cape; and once it got carted away to the East, there would be heaps of purchasers ready to buy and hold their tongues for a little discount. A Shah or an Indian Rajah never cares about a big diamond's history so long as he gets it snugly into his treasury. Very likely, to hazard another guess, it was brought home in your own steamer, not many yards away from its bogus cousin. That would have been the safest way to dispose of it."

The purser sighed. "Well," he said, "I shall give an official report of this to my old company, for the sake of helping to clear my own ticket. And they can act how they please. But if that stone were mine, I guess I'd sell my present interest in it for just two fingers of whisky."

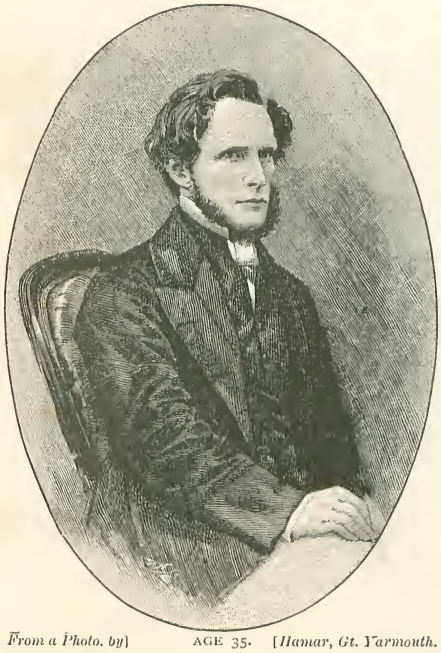
Pitcairn struck a bell, and the smoke-room steward came towards him. "*Apropos*," he said. "What'll everybody have? It's my shout: I fine myself drinks round for interrupting. I thought it was merely a ship's chestnut we were going to have. I'd no idea the purser was going to put his foot in it so deliciously with Mr. Dundas."

From a Drawing by] AGE 10. *[M. Carpenter.*

THE BISHOP OF TRURO.

BORN 1830.

THE RIGHT REVEREND JOHN GOTT, D.D., was educated at Winchester College, Oxford University, and Wells Theological College. He was

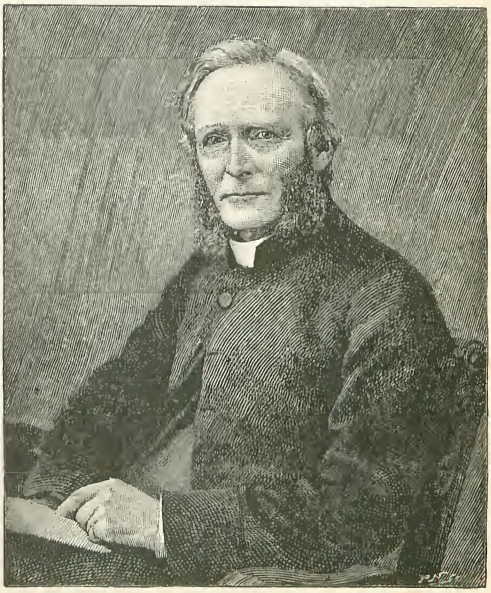


From a Photo. by] AGE 35. *[Hamar, Gt. Yarmouth.*

curate-in-charge of St. Andrew's, Yarmouth, 1861–66; perpetual curate of Bramley, near Leeds, 1866–73; he received, at the same time, the offer of two important benefices, the vicarage of Great Yarmouth and the vicarage of Leeds. The latter benefice, owing to the elevation of Dr. Woodford to the

From a Photo. by] AGE 53. *[E. Wormold, Leeds.*

episcopate, fell to the gift of the Crown, and it was by Mr. Gladstone, the then Premier, that it was offered to Dr. Gott, who accepted it. He was Dean of Worcester 1886–91, when he was consecrated third Bishop of Truro.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

From a] AGE 17. *[Photograph.*

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON.

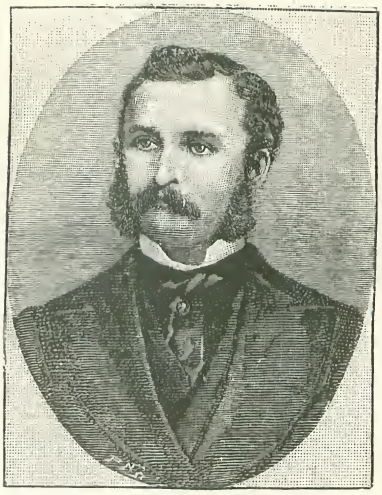
THE parents of Christine Nilsson were poor peasants, and the famous singer was one of many children. As a little girl she displayed uncommon aptitude for music and singing, and is said to have taught herself to play on the violin at the age of eight. She used to earn money by walking about playing and singing at fairs. In 1858 her exceedingly beautiful voice excited the attention of Mr. Tornerhjelm, who offered to give her education, and who confided her to the care of Baroness Leuhusen. Through the latter's generous efforts she was enabled to study in Paris with the Professors Masset and Wartel. She appeared with great success in many operas at the Théâtre Lyrique, and in 1868 entered the Grand Opera in the part of *Ophelia*, and excited an unheard-of enthusiasm. Until 1877, with the exception of the year 1871, she was a constant visitor to England. Her first tour in the United States (1870–72) was a great pecuniary and artistic success. On her return she married, in 1872, at Westminster Abbey, M. August Rouzaud, whose death took place in 1882. She paid a second visit to America in 1873–4, and a third in 1882–3. Madame Nilsson's voice, though of moderate power, possesses great sweetness, and is seconded by a noble and attractive presence. Among her most famous impersonations are *Ophelia*, created at Paris in 1868, and *Edith* in Balfe's "Talismano." In 1886 she married Don Angel-Ramon-Maria Vallejo y Miranda, Count of Casa Miranda, and retired from public life in 1888. Our second portrait represents Madame Nilsson in the character of *Ophelia*, and the third as *Marguerite*, one of her greatest successes.

From an] AGE 25. *[Engraving.*

From a] AGE 33. *[Photograph.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Walery.*

From an] AGE 4. *[Oil Painting.*

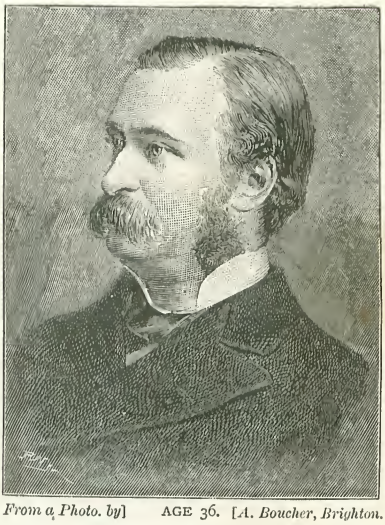


From a] AGE 25. *[Painting.*

SIR J. BLUNDELL MAPLE, M.P.

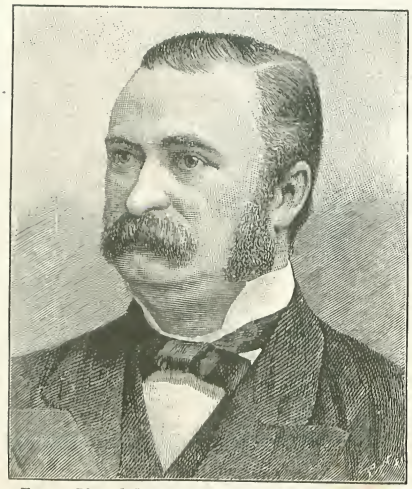
BORN 1845.

SIR JOHN BLUNDELL MAPLE, M.P., the head of the great furnishing house in Tottenham Court Road, was educated at Crauford College, Maidenhead, and at King's College, London. He joined his father, Mr. John Maple, in the management of the small business which was then laying the foundation of the present huge establishment, the success of which is chiefly owing to the son's energy and enterprise. Sir Blundell applied himself to artistic furnishing, and accomplished this end by studying at Paris and other Continental cities. He is now a governor and director of the firm. He is also a County Councillor for the South Division of St. Pancras, and since 1887 has sat in Parliament, representing the Dulwich Division of Camberwell, in the Conservative cause. But perhaps his keen interest in horses and horse-racing is as well known as his legislative and commercial abilities. He keeps a large mansion and a stud farm at Childwickbury, and last year won his first classic race—the Two Thousand Guineas—with Kirkconnel.



From a Photo. by] AGE 36. *[A. Boucher, Brighton.*

From a] AGE 18. *[Photograph.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Russell & Sons.*

From a] AGE 27. *[Daguerreotype.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 44. *[Barraud & Jerrard.*

SIR BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON.

BORN 1828.

SIR BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, LL.D., F.R.S., F.S.A., was educated at the Rev. W. Nutt's school at Burrow-on-the-Hill and at Anderton's College, Glasgow. He became a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians in 1861. In 1867 he discovered the application of ether spray for the local abolition of pain in surgical operations. His principal literary works have been directed to the advancement of medical practice by the experimental method. The study of disease by synthesis; the restoration of life after the various forms of apparent death; methods of killing animals without the infliction of pain, which led to his invention of the lethal chamber; and numerous original papers on new medicines and new modes of treatment of diseases, are among the foremost of his works. In addition to his professional and literary labours, he has taken an active share in the development of cycling, as President of the Society of Cyclists, and is well known for his strenuous advocacy of total abstinence. Sir Benjamin received the honour of knighthood in 1893.

AGE 53.
From a Photo. by J. E. Mayall.

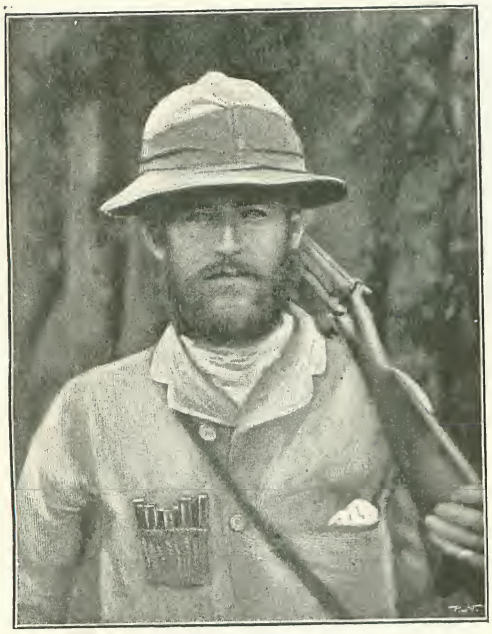
From a Drawing by] AGE 33. *[G. B. Black.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Big-Game Hunters.

By Framley Steelcroft.

MEN like Selous, Delamere, Willoughby, and Littledale have declared that one year spent in the pursuit of big game is worth half a century of common-place existence. This may be true enough, but we can't all be



SIR ROBERT HARVEY, BART.
From a Photo. taken in Central Africa.

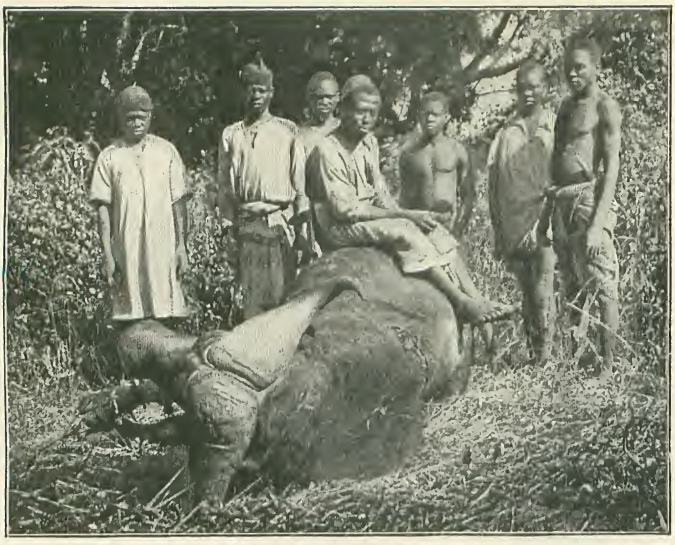
big-game hunters, for this "pastime of princes" requires a correspondingly big banking account, to say nothing about opportunity and experience.

The first of these distinguished sportsmen to be dealt with here is Sir Robert Harvey, Bart., who, though looking a little unkempt in the photo. (taken in the wilds of Central Africa), is really a splendid specimen of an English country gentleman. I had the pleasure of meeting Sir Robert at his magnificent seat, Langley Park, Slough. As is the case in most big-game hunters' houses, Sir Robert Harvey's place is one vast museum of trophies. A monstrous tiger crouches at the foot of the great staircase; and from the walls look down the heads of countless rhinos, hippos, yaks, antelopes, bears, leopards, etc., etc.

Sir Robert Harvey has been three trips to Africa — Masailand and the Kilima Njaro district. He has also shot in India, Siam, Iceland, and Thibet, his sporting trips covering altogether about twelve years. I have hinted that big-game shooting is an enormously expensive pastime. A glance at the accompanying photo. will give you some idea of the retinue necessary for a prolonged trip. The illustration depicts the morning roll-call in Sir Robert Harvey's stockaded camp at Teveta, close to the foot of Kilima Njaro. From twenty-five to thirty men were left in charge here while the main body went off on sporting excursions lasting from one to three months.

"On my second trip," says Sir Robert, "I took with me 300 men, but when the camping-place was reached, I sent 100 of these back to the coast." There remained, however, a small army of 150 Zanzibaris armed with Snider carbines, and a picked body of marksmen carrying Colt's repeaters, besides cooks, gun-bearers, porters, and transport animals. Practically, the establishment was a travelling town, each member of the population drawing his monthly pay, in

From a] MORNING ROLL-CALL IN SIR ROBERT HARVEY'S CAMP. [*Photograph.*



THE EAST AFRICAN BUFFALO WHICH KILLED SIR ROBERT'S GUN-BEARER.
From a Photograph.

addition to rations and equipment. Sir John Willoughby, Mr. H. V. C. Hunter, and Captain Harvey of the 10th Hussars accompanied Sir Robert on this trip. It is almost unnecessary to say that this formidable fighting force was left severely alone by the various tribes encountered on the march.

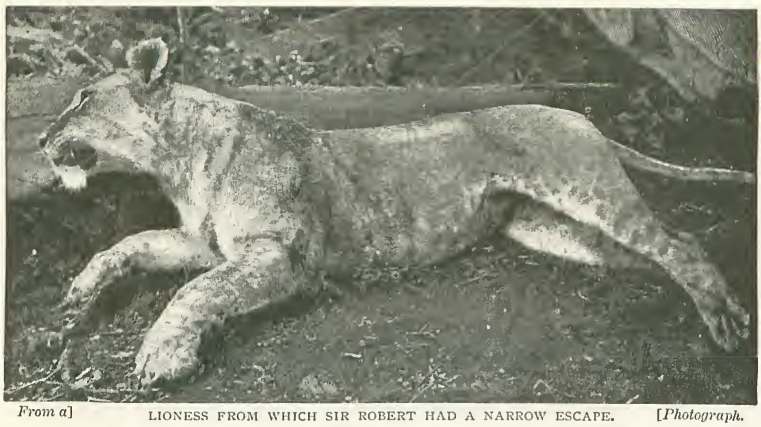
In the above photograph, one of Sir Robert's favourite gun-bearers is seen seated on the prostrate carcass of a huge East African buffalo. Most hunters agree in describing this animal as the most dangerous beast one can possibly tackle. "If a rhinoceros charges you and misses," remarked Sir Robert Harvey to me, "he will probably walk away; whereas the African buffalo will actually hunt you."

Now, as regards the monster just depicted. Sir Robert encountered this buffalo in a grassy country, and his first shot (at thirty yards) broke its ribs. The brute immediately charged, and received the contents of another barrel. After this the buffalo, mad with pain, chased Sir Robert round and round, getting so close at last that the baronet gave himself up for lost and instinctively clutched at the beast's huge horns. He also smote his enemy on the nose with the butt end of his rifle. The great animal tossed its head, however, and jerked Sir Robert some yards away. His rifle flew out of his hands, leaving him utterly defenceless. "I crawled away in the long grass, and when I thought I was at a respectable distance, I rose up and ran to the camp for another rifle."

In the meantime, the buffalo had turned its attention to Sir Robert's gun-bearer, whom it gored horribly through the stomach, and then trampled savagely under foot. The unfortunate man was quite dead when his master returned to finish off the dying animal.

In 1887, Sir Robert tells me, rhinoceri were very plentiful in East Africa. "Sir John Willoughby and I could each have killed a hundred with our own rifles in the Useri districts." One day Sir Robert came upon a gigantic rhino (his first) in a fairly level, grass-covered plain, with no cover or bush of any kind. He began to approach cautiously, and to his amazement was actually able to get within fifty yards without being noticed by his quarry. It was afterwards found that the monster was blind in one eye. The horn of this rhino is one of the largest ever known; and the entire beast, together with its slayer and his gun-bearers, is seen in the accompanying illustration. This photo. was taken almost on the spot where the rhino fell, by Mr. F. Jackson, another big-game man.

From a] SIR ROBERT HARVEY'S FIRST RHINOCEROS. *[Photograph.*



From a] LIONESS FROM WHICH SIR ROBERT HAD A NARROW ESCAPE. *[Photograph.*

Naturally, Sir Robert Harvey has had many narrow escapes; but, then, these are inseparable from the pursuit of great game. Look at this old lioness, photographed on the spot about twelve hours after death; she very nearly laid Sir Robert low, his life being saved by the merest accident.

"I was out very early one morning with my gun-bearers in the Kilima Njaro district," he tells me, "when this lioness trotted past at a distance of sixty yards. I fired and hit her in the forearm; whereupon she discreetly retired beneath a creeper-covered bush. I fired again at thirty yards, but the shot merely shaved her head. At this moment the smoke hung, and as I stooped to look under it before firing again, I felt a current of air above me, as though some heavy body were flying over my back."

That "heavy body" was the wounded lioness, who landed about eight feet beyond the stooping hunter. His next shot broke her back.

Both Services contain renowned big-game hunters. In the "first line of defence" there are Vice-Admiral Kennedy and Captain Montgomerie, C.B.—the brilliant commander of the *Sirius*, with whom I had a long chat at the Junior United Service Club. In the middle of 1894 this distinguished officer (a recipient of the Albert medal) pitched his camp in the Athi Plains, Masailand, his *entourage* consisting of ninety men and some horses; the latter, however, soon succumbed to the tsetse fly. In this trip Captain Montgomerie secured what is probably the biggest lion ever shot. This magnificent brute weighed 510lb. and measured 19½in. round the forearm.

We will now pass to Mr. J. Turner-Turner, of Avon Castle, Ringwood, whose exploits as a big-game hunter are very different from those we have just been considering. Mr. Turner and his wife passed two long years as fur-trappers in the wild and little-known region that lies some hundreds of miles north of the southern boundaries of Alaska. Starting from Victoria, B.C., the adventurous couple journeyed due north for six days, landing at the mouth of the Skena River; then came fourteen days' hauling, towing, poling and paddling, over cañons, through rapids and fierce waters—only to be "warned off" by inhospitable Indians. Eventually Mr. and Mrs. Turner found themselves at the head waters of the Fraser River, where, during the ensuing winter, they trapped £500 worth of fur.

From a] MR. TURNER-TURNER IN TRAPPING COSTUME. (Icicles on his moustache.) *[Photograph.*

On the day on which the accompanying portrait of Mr. Turner was taken, the thermometer registered 29deg. below zero. He thus describes his costume: "I was wearing two cloth shirts and double breeches. Over all was a suit of Indian-dressed moose skin, delightfully soft, and with finely cut ornamental fringes. In addition to the protection afforded my ears by my own long hair, they were further sheltered by rabbit's wool flaps, joined to my close-fitting cap. I wore blanket socks, supple moccasins, and moose-skin mits, so that I was always able to go my rounds in safety. Of course, I had to look after my nose from time

to time; and the icicles that kept forming on my moustache were certainly something of a nuisance." In the photo. these icicles are plainly seen; they formed while Mrs. Turner was posing her stout-hearted husband.

"Away in this forlorn spot," says Mr. Turner in his letter to me, "deserted even by the Indians during the long winter, we erected in two days a substantial log hut, measuring 18ft. by 15ft." The exterior of this hut is shown in the next photo. A few Indians remained to collect the timber and assist in the construction of the building, but afterwards these faithful fellows bade adieu to the trappers until next year.

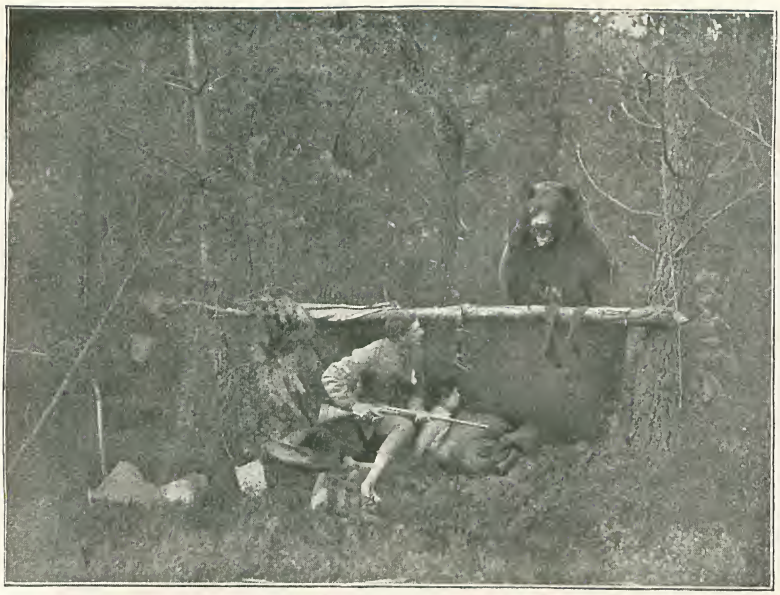
From a Photo. by] SETTING OUT ON A TRAPPING EXPEDITION. *[Mrs. Turner-Turner.*

Mr. Turner and his brave wife then filled up with moss the interstices between the logs, finally using as mortar mud from the Fraser River—"thrown with energy from a distance." Next came the furniture, all of which was made by Mr. Turner with axe, auger, knife, and adze. It is amusing to note that Mrs. Turner had her own "drawing-room" in the little hut.

Prime fur couldn't be obtained until November, when trapping commences in earnest, with lines of steel traps and "dead-falls" laid out in suitable directions for twelve miles. When the snow deepens and snow-shoes come into use, a greater return journey than this cannot be attempted in one day. In the photo. here shown Mr. Turner is seen setting out to lay his traps. He tells me he used to start very early in the morning, when the stars were still shining. He would plod on all day, carrying a few extra traps and a bag containing such bait as he could procure. As a rule, however, he used for this purpose the carcasses of any animals found caught. Darkness would be falling again ere the hungry trapper turned homewards along the frozen river, arranging in his own mind the line he would take next day.

The principal animals trapped were beaver, sable, mink, lynx, wolf, wolverine, skunk, ermine, and otter. The life, as you may be sure, was pretty full of adventure; this is evidenced by the extraordinary photo. reproduced on the next page. Here is the story:—

One day Mr. Turner erected a low screen of skins, from behind which he wanted to watch an ingenious trap he had set for bears; with him was the little son of a missionary. A short distance away was Mrs. Turner, who was about to take a photo. of her husband and the little boy "on guard." Suddenly the good housewife remembered that the pot



AN EXTRAORDINARY SNAP-SHOT BY MRS. TURNER-TURNER—"THE HEAD AND BODY OF AN ENORMOUS GRIZZLY APPEARED ABOVE THE SCREEN."

inside was boiling over, and into the hut she ran to remove it from the fire.

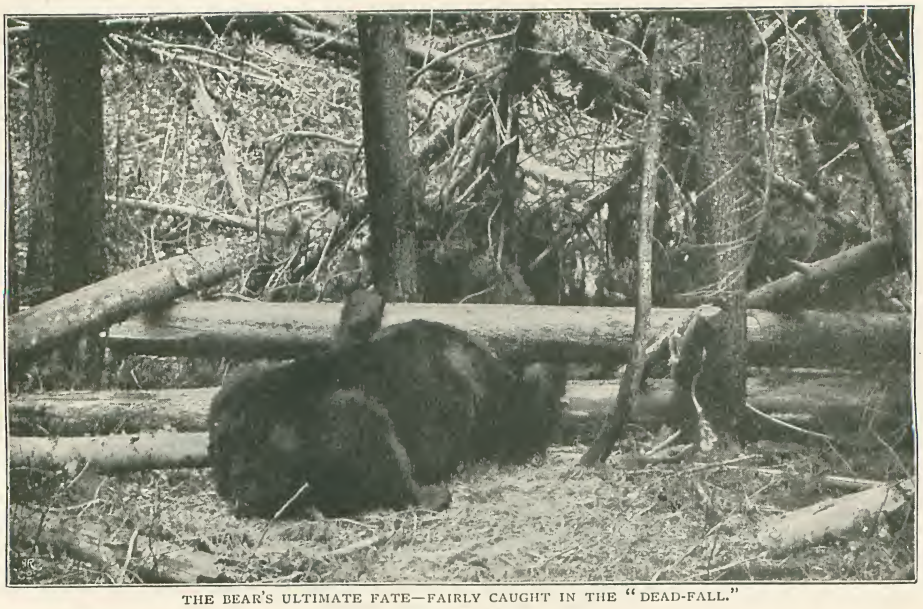
In the meantime, Mr. Turner himself, tired of watching his trap, stretched himself at full length behind the screen and began to clean and load his rifle. All at once he heard heavy footfalls, and a few seconds later the head and body of an enormous grizzly appeared above the screen.

The cries of the boy caused Mrs. Turner to rush out immediately; and the very first thing she did was to take the unique snap-shot just shown. To some people this act may, under the circumstances, appear a little strange; but, then, Mrs. Turner had no fear for her husband and the boy. The trapper had already killed dozens of grizzlies, with little risk to himself; and such a snap-shot was not to be had every day. The whole remarkable incident well illustrates the astonishing nerve and presence of mind displayed at all times by this hunter's wife.

Yet another of Mr. Turner's wonderfully interesting photographs. Here we have a snap-shot of a big grizzly bear asleep on its lair in the primeval forests of the far North-West. This bear had come upon the carcass of a deer which Mr. Turner had shot for bait. After Bruin had had a great feast, he made a *caché* of the remainder, covering it with sticks and rubbish; then the brute laid down upon his larder for a comfortable sleep.

The next photo.—perhaps the most unique of all Mr. Turner's snap-shots—shows us the ultimate fate of the bear just referred to. You see, he is fairly caught in a well-constructed "dead-fall," the timbers of which will *not* yield to the impotent pressure of his powerful paw. It would take one man a day, I learn from Mr. Turner, to construct such a bear-trap as this. In the first place, there are three or four heavy trees to be felled, and these are arranged with block and pulley so that one tree lying on the ground has the end of another lifted about 5ft. above it, and supported there by a prop. A stick is attached to this prop, and baited with deer-flesh, putrid salmon, in fact, almost anything. In this particular instance Mr. Turner baited his

A BEAR ASLEEP IN THE FOREST.
From a Photo. by Mr. Turner-Turner.



THE BEAR'S ULTIMATE FATE—FAIRLY CAUGHT IN THE "DEAD-FALL."
From a Photo. by Mr. Turner-Turner.

"dead-fall"—curiously enough—with bear's-flesh.

The whole trap is so arranged that Bruin can only reach the bait by standing well under the lifted tree, which is released by the prop the moment the "pull" is given, and comes down with terrific force on the hapless bear. Additional weight is given to the blow by another tree, poised across the end of the "dead-fall."

This photo. shows Mrs. Turner sitting outside the hut with her pet Maltese, deer-hound, and cat. All had been confined to the house for two days during a terrific blizzard, with the thermometer at 42deg. below zero, so that it was more than pleasant to bask in the sunshine once more. During the progress of the storm, fine snow was driven into the hut, and lay 8in. or 9in. deep on the floor. Outside the terrific gale had actually cleared a path round the house, as well defined as though it had been swept by human hands. Mrs. Turner, I learn, had an ample share in the sport — doubtless as a change from her household duties. "Standing at the hut door," says her

MRS. TURNER AND HER PETS SUNNING THEMSELVES AFTER THE GREAT BLIZZARD.
From a Photo. by Mr. Turner-Turner.

husband, "she has shot caribou, mountain sheep, wolves, and even a big puma, as these animals passed along the river some forty yards away."

Water was very difficult to procure; this is apparent from the photograph here reproduced, which shows Mr. Turner literally diving through snow and ice to procure the precious fluid; and, be it noticed, while he is diving he is being buried in falling snow. "I had to chop through 2ft. of solid ice," writes this indefatigable man. "As winter advances in those parts the snow gradually deepens; and after a fresh storm some 6ft. will have accumulated above the re-frozen hole. Consequently, it is only by digging, burrowing, and hacking that one is enabled—after literally standing on one's head—to reach the long-sought water."

MR. TURNER-TURNER DIGGING FOR WATER DURING A SNOW-STORM.
From a Photo. by Mrs. Turner-Turner.

Appropriately enough, the confirmed big-game hunter is himself very difficult to catch. You inquire at the clubs for your man, and probably learn that the last heard of him was that he was turned out of Thibet, or was mauled by a lion in the Masai country. I particularly wanted to have a chat with Mr. Clive Phillips Wolley, but learned that that well-known big-game hunter was far beyond my reach. Nevertheless, he sends me a long, delightful letter from Victoria, British Columbia. Mr. Wolley shot antelopes in Tiflis before the Baku Railway was even thought of, and when "the Karias Steppe was fever-haunted in summer, and the haunt of all the worst cut-throats and escaped convicts of the Caucasus all the year round." The hunter goes on to speak of his first bear, which he pursued hotly because it was wounded. The brute at length turned upon him, only to find him entangled in a dense undergrowth. . . . . "A long, thorny tendril of wolf's tooth had me securely round the neck." He had disobeyed the instructions of Stepan, his trusty hunter. . . . .

"Stepan is dead—drowned in a rising burn; and news comes now from Cassiar that they have found brave old Beel Spencer standing straight up in a snow-drift, his eyes pecked out by the crows, and his companion doubled up under the snow by his side. Beel was another of my hunting companions, who in the fall of '94 went into a long strip of dense willow, on a tributary of the Stikeen, to try and drive two or three grizzlies out of it and up to me at the other end. We passed that night together, freezing on a river bar; went without food for I think about thirty-six hours, and spent the time in climbing, wading, and waiting for dawn."

And so the indomitable hunter muses on, through numerous green typewritten pages, with casual hints of terrible hardships and miraculous escapes.

The House of Commons can boast of at least one "mighty hunter"—Mr. H. Seton-Karr, the member for St. Helens, with whom I had an interview at his town house in Lower Sloane Street. Mr. Seton-Karr has shot an amazing number of wapiti and buffalo, and he has had many thrilling adventures with Rocky Mountain grizzlies. On one occasion he came upon an enormous bear feeding upon a dead wapiti. "The brute had claws over four inches in length," says Mr. Seton-Karr, "and, I daresay, with one blow of his paw he could break a buffalo's back or tear out all his ribs."

The first shot was a miss, and Bruin immediately charged; there were no trees or shelter of any sort, so a curious chase was the result. Mr. Seton-Karr made a rough sketch of the tragi-comic incident in his

diary, and the head of that bear is now doing duty as a foot-stool in the hunter's country residence. The most successful photograph he obtained, by the way, was one of a dying but defiant buffalo, who was badly wounded by him in Northern Wyoming.

MR. T. W. GREENFIELD.
From a Photograph.

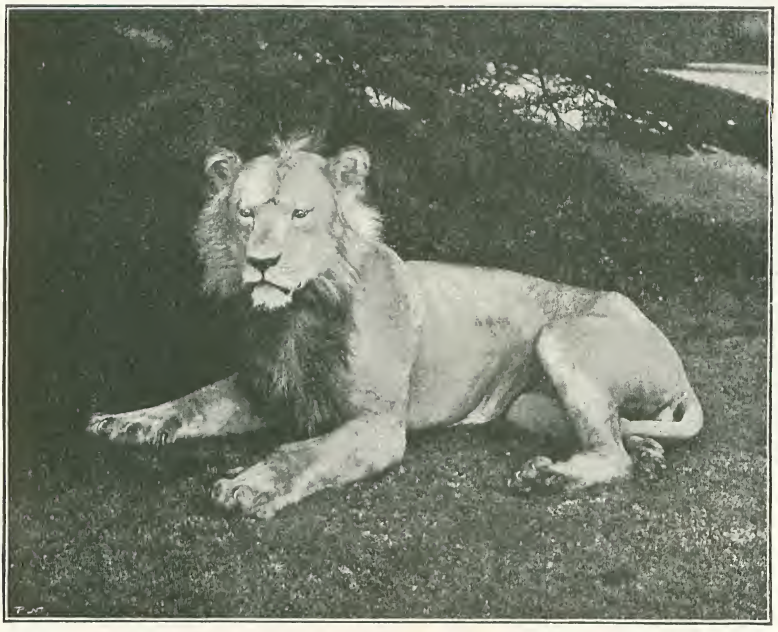
The next Nimrod on my list is Mr. T. W. Greenfield, of Haynes Park, Bedford, whose portrait is here reproduced; this photo. was taken during one of Mr. Greenfield's African trips. One of the most interesting of this hunter's kills is depicted in the following photograph. Mr. Greenfield himself is seen sitting on the fallen monster, and near him are his most reliable attendants. I asked this well-known hunter for some account of this elephant, and he very kindly sent me the following extract from his diary:—

"Tana River, November 5th, 1888.—Went out in the evening and had just sighted some topé and a single Hunteri bull; proceeded to stalk them. After crawling some time, saw them throw up their heads suddenly and gallop off. On looking round I saw the cause of this. One of my gun-bearers was running towards me excitedly with news that a big elephant was feeding in the open and coming towards us. I leaped up at once, ran well below the wind, and presently sighted a single bull elephant feeding quietly half a mile away. Taking my gun-bearer, we went after him with an 8-bore and a ·577. When we had got within 150 yards of him, and were crawling round a bush, a monstrous python stood up on end to us, much too near to be pleasant. We didn't disturb him, though. The elephant was now moving on towards some thin bush, so when he turned his tail in our direction, we went quickly towards him in the open, crouching down whenever he turned round. I hadn't gone very far when, looking round, I saw that my man had stopped and would not follow with my second rifle. Went back and persuaded him. At last we got within twenty yards of the elephant's tail, then the big beast turned round broadside to us as he entered the bush. Immediately I fired the 8-bore into his vertebræ, whereupon he swayed about curiously without uttering a sound. A second shot in the same place brought him down with a mighty crash. Then, taking the

From a] MR. GREENFIELD AND HIS ENORMOUS BULL ELEPHANT. *[Photograph.*

·577, I ran up to him and fired several shots into the back of his head to make sure of him. He was a grand bull. His tusks measured respectively 8ft. 3in. and 8ft. 2in.; greatest circumference 18¾in.; and weight 81½lb. and 80lb. respectively.

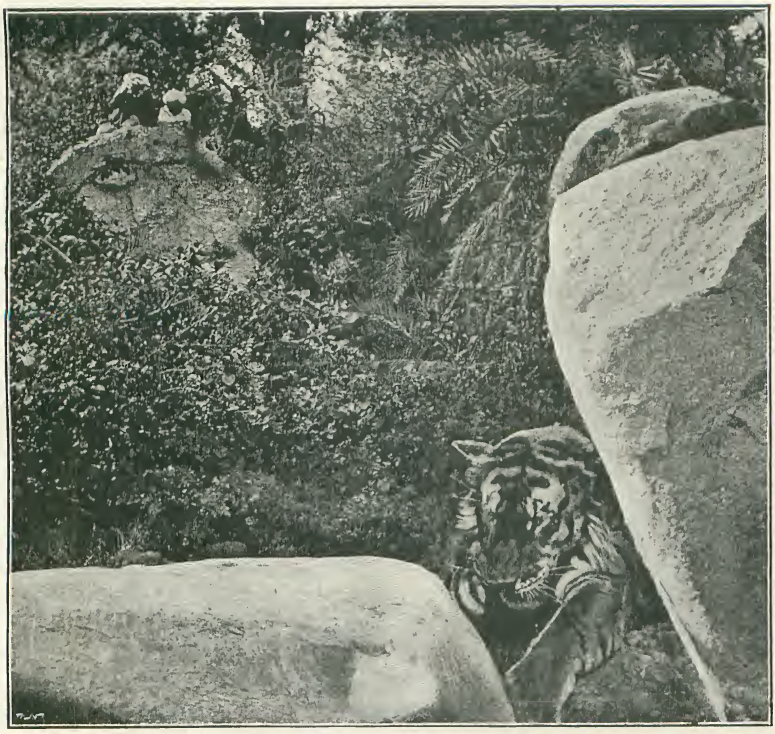
"I also inclose a photo.," writes Mr. Greenfield, "of the lion that very nearly killed me in Somaliland in 1894." Here is that once



From a] THE LION WHICH NEARLY KILLED MR. GREENFIELD IN SOMALILAND. *[Photograph.*

dreaded man-eater. The story of his death, as recorded in the hunter's diary, is wonderfully thrilling, but I am compelled to condense it.

"Goobet Goon, Somaliland, May 17th, 1894.—Soon after daybreak, some Somalis from a neighbouring zereba came galloping up to tell me that a lion had carried off a boy. I at once ordered the ponies to be saddled, and off I went with Kalinby, Yusuf Adan, and my syce. We had only to go a few miles, and found what they said to be true; the boy was still alive, but his entrails were hanging out on his thigh, and it was only a question of an hour or two before he died; I could do nothing for him. We at once took up the spoor, which was rather difficult for the first mile or two on account of the long grass. After tracking for three hours I heard the lion break away close to us, but could not get a glimpse of him. We went on for another hour, when we reached a long, thick bit of grass and bush, which I thought would be sure to hold the brute. I told my men to wait and let me get to the bottom end, and then they could beat down to me. They had hardly started when out bounded the lion close to me, but turned directly he saw me, into some thick grass. I had time to let him have one barrel, however. He answered to the shot with a growl. My men ran up, and I said I had hit him, but as there was no blood about they insisted I had missed. After going a little way we came on one spot of blood. I then said we would wait a bit to let him get sick, and this we did. When half an hour had elapsed we took the spoor up again, and came on him suddenly after going about 500 yards. He was lying down within twenty-five yards, with his head and shoulders behind a stump of a tree. I hesitated to fire, not being able to get a shot at his head, but Kalinby let drive from behind me, and hit him far back. He was up on his legs in an instant, and came straight at me. I fired two barrels in his face, but he hardly faltered, and over we went together. He had seized my left hand, and, pinning me down with his paw on my chest, he commenced chewing away at my arm. Then he made a grab at my stomach, first biting my thigh, but I managed to turn over on my face. I next felt his claws go into my back, and then he left me



A TIGER LYING IN WAIT FOR THE BEATERS
From a Photograph.

and seized Yusuf Adan by the shoulder. Yusuf, with Kalinby, had driven the lion off me, and now another of my men ran up and shot the monster dead on Yusuf Adan; not, however, before he had given the poor fellow some nasty bites.

"Although my arm was broken in two places, I never felt the slightest pain. What I *could* feel was the lion's hot breath on my face, and the blood pouring from my arm on to my thigh. After five weeks of fever, and suffering indescribable agonies, I reached the coast, having experienced tetanus for fifteen days, and other complications."

I next proceed to deal with Sir William Gordon Cumming, Bart.,—a famous name, suggestive of the explorer and great game hunter. The album which Sir William was kind enough to send me from Altyre, his seat in Forres, contained some of the most extraordinary photographs I ever beheld. All of them were taken during the baronet's sporting trips.

For example, look at the next photo., which depicts a magnificent tiger hiding from, or lying in wait for, some of Sir William's beaters. The royal brute's cunning availed him nothing, however, for the photo. reproduced below shows the triumphal procession to the camp, with the great tiger slung on poles between some native bearers.

Talking of tigers reminds me of some astonishing records I saw quoted in a letter from Sir Edmund Giles Loder, of Leonardslee, Horsham—himself one of the best-known big-game hunters. Sir Edmund, writing from India, mentions a Colonel Fraser, who had bagged sixty tigers, and a Colonel Baigrie, who had killed the enormous number of 195.

From a] THE TABLES TURNED—BRINGING HOME THE DEAD TIGER. *[Photograph.*

Much has been said about the gradual disappearance of big game in Africa, but few people have any idea of the havoc wrought during a fairly lengthy trip. The well-known big-game hunter, Mr. J. Gardiner Muir, of Hillcrest, Market Harborough, called at these offices and left me the following amazing list of his "bag":—

Game killed by J. Gardiner Muir, British East Africa, from January 26th to May 20th, 1893.

VARIOUS.		ANTELOPE.	
Rhinoceri	67	Hartebeeste	73
Hippopotami	13	Impala	22
Lions	5	Water Buck	26
Leopards	2	Oryx	1
Zebras	11	Klipspringer	6
Hyenas	4	Kirkii	2
Giraffes	2	Harveyi	1
Wart Hogs	7	Steinbuck	5
Crocodile	1	Granti	25
Pythons	3		
Wild Cat	1	GAZELLE.	
Foxes	2	Thomsoni	14
Bustards	3		
Monkey	1	Total	297

Mr. Gardiner Muir took 175 men with him, and all demanded three months' pay in advance. His diary is by my side as I write, and at the end are his pay-sheets and accounts. There are imposing lists of armed Askaris, porters, gun-bearers, cooks, and headmen—all with numbers and the amounts advanced on account of pay. Thus: "Said Ben Abdallah—7422—20 Rps. advance." The hastily-scribbled notes are full of suggestions as to the anxiety given by so large a force, and they also serve to give an idea of the magnitude of these undertakings. Thus: "Hamis Ben Haji (Invalided at Tzavo); Athmani (No. 2) (Belongs another caravan—money returned); Tafik (Ran away and was caught again); Muftaha (Died of dysentery at Kibwezi)."

Three were porters who "never turned up," others who ran away, and several who drew their pay in "pieces of cloth, as requested." Truly, if Mr. Gardiner Muir had his "bag" full, his hands were, colloquially speaking, in a like condition. Zebras had to be shot for shoe (or sandal) leather, and unpleasant people with bows and poisoned arrows kept making inquiries as to the business of the caravan.

Let us now pass to a very different form of sport. Nugger, or alligator, shooting is a favourite pastime on the rivers and backwaters near Calicut, in Malabar. The nuggers are found lying on the mud-banks at low tide, but they are very wary and difficult to approach, and when hit nearly always gain the water and sink at once. To bag five and a large dog otter into the bargain (see photo.) was therefore an unusually lucky day's sport. The boats in which one goes out are fashioned in pre-historic style from huge trees such as are found in the dense forests of the Western Ghauts.

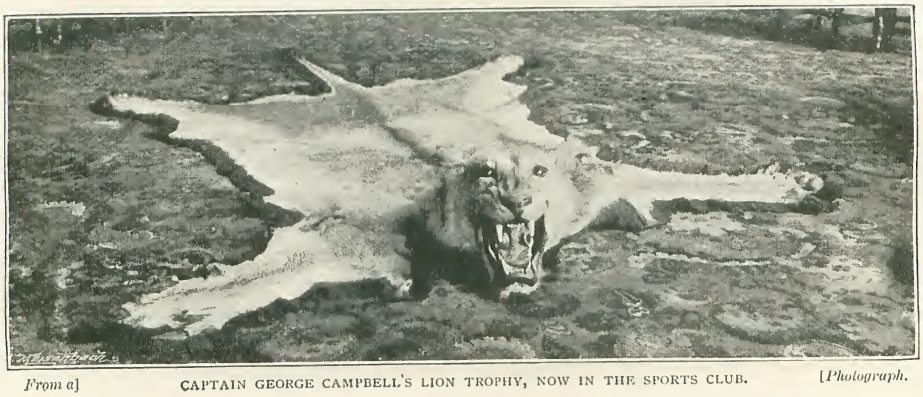
ALLIGATOR-SHOOTING NEAR CALICUT, IN MALABAR.
From a Photo. by Mr. Woolley.

There is a really thrilling and extraordinary story to be told about the killing of the maneless lion whose trophy is shown in the next illustration. The lion was shot by Captain George Campbell, in Somaliland, and the trophy now adorns the Sports Club, in St. James's Square.

The gallant captain's camp was pitched near three or four native zerebas; and presently complaints were made of a lion who wrought great havoc among the flocks and herds. One evening an old Somali ran in with the news that the lion had actually attacked a herd of camels under his care, but had been driven off. The ponies were at once saddled, and away went Captain Campbell and his attendants. After much search, the chase was abandoned for the night; but as the hours wore on unmistakable sounds were heard of a battle between the lion and a lot of hyenas, over a camel which the latter had pulled down. At dawn Captain Campbell was off again, and after a long stern chase, he and his party came up with the majestic brute, who was sitting under a tree "facing straight away from us, with ears cocked, watching the caravan route to Harrar." The lion, on receiving a well-placed shot from the captain's 8-bore, lurched unsteadily through the bushes, saw his assailants, and then charged "at full gallop, roaring in his stride."

Into the next six or eight seconds a vast deal of exciting incident was crammed. Captain Campbell just had time to give the oncoming lion another shot over the eye, and was then bowled over in the great brute's last tremendous stride. "I felt a sharp pain in my arm," he writes, "and I *thought* he had seized me there. The next thing I was *sure* of was that the lion was lying right across my legs, pinning me down, his huge head resting against my hip."

Then comes the extraordinary action of the captain's head hunter, Kalindleh, who well sustained the reputation for bravery which Somali servants have acquired. The man rushed up and actually seated himself astride the lion, who in turn had Captain Campbell beneath him. The latter was presently able to wriggle from under the terrible beast, whose throat and left ear were tightly gripped by the heroic Kalindleh, and who was "chewing my 12-bore and growling horribly." The lion, however, was dazed and dying, and while Kalindleh was imploring his master not to fire lest he should be hit, "his majesty gave in—lowered his head and passed peacefully away. Then the reaction came, and our nerves went to pieces. . . . . Shortly afterwards he (Kalindleh) was weeping and exhorting his two friends to suck a thorn scratch, which he then believed to be a wound from the lion's claw."



From a] CAPTAIN GEORGE CAMPBELL'S LION TROPHY, NOW IN THE SPORTS CLUB. *[Photograph.*

An African Millionaire

No. V

Episode of the Drawn Game

By Grant Allen.

THE Twelfth of August saw us, as usual, at Seldon Castle, Ross-shire. It is part of Charles's restless, roving temperament that, on the morning of the eleventh, wet or fine, he must set out from London, whether the House is sitting or not, in defiance of the most urgent three-line whips; and at dawn on the Twelfth, he must be at work on his moors, shooting down the young birds with might and main, at the earliest possible legal moment.

He goes on like Saul, slaying his thousands, or, like David, his tens of thousands, with all the guns in the house to help him, till the keepers warn him he has killed as many grouse as they consider desirable; and then, having done his duty, as he thinks, in this respect, he retires precipitately with flying colours to Brighton, Nice, Monte Carlo, or elsewhere. He must be always "on the trek"; when he is buried, I believe he will not be able to rest quiet in his grave: his ghost will walk the world to terrify old ladies.

"At Seldon, at least," he said to me, with a sigh, as he stepped into his Pullman, "I shall be safe from that impostor!"

And indeed, as soon as he had begun to tire a little of counting up his hundreds of brace per *diem*, he found a trifling piece of financial work cut ready to his hand, which amply distracted his mind for the moment from Colonel Clay, his accomplices, and his villainies.

Sir Charles, I ought to say, had secured during that summer a very advantageous option in a part of Africa on the Transvaal frontier, rumoured to be auriferous. Now, whether it was auriferous or not before, the mere fact that Charles had secured some claim on it, naturally made it so; for no man had ever the genuine Midas-touch to a greater degree than Charles Vandrift: whatever he handles turns at once to gold, if not to diamonds. Therefore, as soon as my brother-in-law had obtained this option from the native vendor (a most respected chief, by name Montsioa) and promoted a company of his own to develop it, his great rival in that region, Lord Craig-Ellachie (formerly Sir David Alexander Granton), immediately secured a similar option of an adjacent tract, the larger part of which had pretty much the same geological conditions as that covered by Sir Charles's right of pre-emption.

We were not wholly disappointed, as it turned out, in the result. A month or two later, while we were still at Seldon, we received a long and encouraging letter from our prospectors on the spot, who had been hunting over the ground in search of gold-reefs. They reported that they had found a good auriferous vein in a corner of the tract, approachable by adit-levels; but, unfortunately, only a few yards of the lode lay within the limits of Sir Charles's area. The remainder ran on at once into what was locally known as Craig-Ellachie's section.

However, our prospectors had been canny, they said; though young Mr. Granton was prospecting at the same time, in the self-same

ridge, not very far from them, his miners had failed to discover the auriferous quartz, so our men had held their tongues about it, wisely leaving it for Charles to govern himself accordingly.

"Can you dispute the boundary?" I asked.

"Impossible," Charles answered. "You see, the limit is a meridian of longitude. There's no getting over that. Can't pretend to deny it. No buying over the sun! No bribing the instruments! Besides, we drew the line ourselves. We've only one way out of it, Sey. Amalgamate! Amalgamate!"

Charles is a marvellous man! The very voice in which he murmured that blessed word "Amalgamate!" was in itself a poem.

"Capital!" I answered. "Say nothing about it, and join forces with Craig-Ellachie."

Charles closed one eye pensively.

That very same evening came a telegram in cipher from our chief engineer on the territory of the option: "Young Granton has somehow given us the slip and gone home. We suspect he knows all. But we have not divulged the secret to anybody."

"Seymour," my brother-in-law said, impressively, "there is no time to be lost. I must write this evening to Sir David—I mean to My Lord. Do you happen to know where he is stopping at present?"

"The *Morning Post* announced two or three days ago that he was at Glen-Ellachie," I answered.

"Then I'll ask him to come over and thrash the matter out with me," my brother-in-law went on. "A very rich reef, they say. I must have my finger in it!"

We adjourned into the study, where Sir Charles drafted, I must admit, a most judicious letter to the rival capitalist. He pointed out that the mineral resources of the country were probably great, but as yet uncertain. That the expense of crushing and milling might be almost prohibitive. That access to fuel was costly, and its conveyance difficult. That water was scarce, and commanded by our section. That two rival companies, if they happened to hit upon ore, might cut one another's throats by erecting two sets of furnaces or pumping plants, and bringing two separate streams to the spot, where one would answer. In short — to employ the golden word—that amalgamation might prove better in the end than competition; and that he advised, at least, a conference on the subject.

I wrote it out fair for him, and Sir Charles, with the air of a Cromwell, signed it.

"This is important, Sey," he said. "It had better be registered, for fear of falling into improper hands. Don't give it to Dobson; let Césarine take it over to Fowlis in the dog-cart."

"CÉSARINE TOOK IT AS DIRECTED."

It is the drawback of Seldon that we are twelve miles from a railway station, though we look out on one of the loveliest Firths in Scotland.

Césarine took it as directed—an invaluable servant, that girl! Meanwhile, we learned from the *Morning Post* next day that young Mr. Granton had stolen a march upon us. He had arrived from Africa by the same mail with our agent's letter, and had joined his father at once at Glen-Ellachie.

Two days later, we received a most polite reply from the opposing interest. It ran after this fashion:—

"Craig-Ellachie Lodge,
"Glen-Ellachie,
"Inverness-shire.

"DEAR SIR CHARLES VANDRIFT, — Thanks for yours of the 20th. In reply, I can only say I fully reciprocate your amiable desire that nothing averse to either of our companies should happen in South Africa. With regard to your suggestion that we should meet in person, to discuss the basis of a possible amalgamation, I can only say, my house is at present full of guests—as is doubtless your own—and I should therefore find it practically impossible to leave Glen-Ellachie. Fortunately, however, my son David is now at home on a brief holiday from Kimberley; and it will give him great pleasure to come over and hear what you have to say in favour of an arrangement which certainly, on some grounds, seems to me desirable in the interests of

both our concessions alike. He will arrive to-morrow afternoon at Seldon, and he is authorized, in every respect, to negotiate with full powers on behalf of myself and the other directors. With kindest regards to your wife and sons, I remain, dear Sir Charles, "Yours faithfully,

"CRAIG-ELLACHIE."

"Cunning old fox!" Sir Charles exclaimed, with a sniff. "What's he up to now, I wonder? Seems almost as anxious to amalgamate as we ourselves are, Sey." A sudden thought struck him. "Do you know," he cried, looking up, "I really believe the same thing must have happened to *both* our exploring parties. *They* must have found a reef that goes under *our* ground, and the wicked old rascal wants to cheat us out of it!"

"As we want to cheat him," I ventured to interpose.

Charles looked at me fixedly. "Well, if so, we're both in luck," he murmured, after a pause; "though *we* can only get to know the whereabouts of *their* find by joining hands with them and showing them ours. Still, it's good business either way. But I shall be cautious—cautious."

"What a nuisance!" Amelia cried, when we told her of the incident. "I suppose I shall have to put the man up for the night—a nasty, raw-boned, half-baked Scotchman, you may be certain."

On Wednesday afternoon, about three, young Granton arrived. He was a pleasant-featured, red-haired, sandy-whiskered youth, not unlike his father; but, strange to say, he dropped in to call, instead of bringing his luggage.

"Why, you're not going back to Glen-Ellachie to-night, surely?" Charles exclaimed, in amazement. "Lady Vandrift will be *so* disappointed! Besides, this business can't be arranged between two trains, do you think, Mr. Granton?"

Young Granton smiled. He had an agreeable smile—canny, yet open.

"Oh, no," he said, frankly. "I didn't mean to go back. I've put up at the inn. I have my wife with me, you know—and, I wasn't invited."

Amelia was of opinion, when we told her this episode, that David Granton wouldn't stop at Seldon because he was an Honourable. Isabel was of opinion he wouldn't stop because he had married an unpresentable young woman somewhere out in South Africa. Charles was of opinion that, as representative of the hostile interest, he put up at the inn, because it might tie his hands in some way to be the guest of the chairman of the rival company. And *I* was of opinion that he had heard of the Castle, and knew it well by report as the dullest country-house to stay at in Scotland.

However that may be, young Granton insisted on remaining at the Cromarty Arms, though he told us his wife would be delighted to receive a call from Lady Vandrift and Mrs. Wentworth. So we all returned with him to bring the Honourable Mrs. Granton up to tea at the Castle.

She was a nice little thing, very shy and timid, but by no means unpresentable, and an evident lady. She giggled at the end of every sentence: and she was endowed with a slight squint, which somehow seemed to point all her feeble sallies. She knew little outside South Africa; but of that she talked prettily; and she won all our hearts, in spite of the cast in her eye, by her unaffected simplicity.

"SHE WAS ENDOWED WITH A SLIGHT SQUINT."

Next morning, Charles and I had a regular debate with young Granton about the rival options. Our talk was of cyanide processes, reverberatories, pennyweights, water-jackets. But it dawned upon us soon that, in spite of his red hair and his innocent manners, our friend, the Honourable David Granton, knew a thing or two. Gradually and gracefully he let us see that Lord Craig-Ellachie had sent him for the benefit of the company; but that *he* had come for the benefit of the Honourable David Granton.

"I'm a younger son, Sir Charles," he said; "and therefore I have to feather my nest for myself. I know the ground. My father will be guided implicitly by what I advise in the matter. We are men of the world. Now, let's be business-like. *You* want to amalgamate. You wouldn't do that, of course, if you didn't know of something to the advantage of my father's company—say, a lode on our land—which you hope to secure for yourself by amalgamation. Very well; *I* can make or mar your project. If you choose to render it worth my while, I'll induce my father and his directors to amalgamate. If you don't, I won't. That's the long and the short of it!"

know you haven't bargained already in the same way with your father? You may have settled with *him*, and be trying to diddle me."

The young man assumed a most candid air. "Look here," he said, leaning forward. "I offer you this chance. Take it or leave it. *Do* you wish to purchase my aid for this amalgamation by a moderate commission on the net value of my father's option to yourself—which I know approximately?"

"Say five per cent.," I suggested, in a tentative voice, just to justify my presence.

He looked me through and through. "*Ten* is more usual," he answered, in a peculiar tone and with a peculiar glance.

Great heavens, how I winced! I knew

"TEN IS MORE USUAL."

Charles looked at him admiringly.

"Young man," he said, "you're deep, very deep—for your age. Is this candour—or deception? Do you mean what you say? Or do you know some reason why it suits your father's book to amalgamate as well as it suits mine? And are you trying to keep it from me?" He fingered his chin. "If I only knew that," he went on, "I should know how to deal with you."

Young Granton smiled again. "You're a financier, Sir Charles," he answered. "I wonder, at your time of life, you should pause to ask another financier whether he's trying to fill his own pocket—or his father's. Whatever is my father's goes to his eldest son—and *I* am his youngest."

"You are right as to general principles," Sir Charles replied, quite affectionately. "Most sound and sensible. But how do I

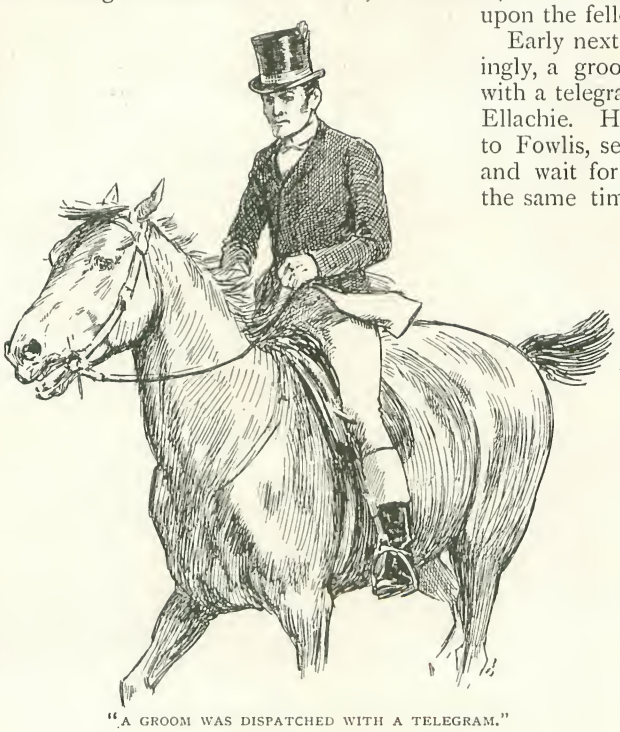
what his words meant. They were the very words I had said myself to Colonel Clay, as the Count von Lebenstein, about the purchase-money of the Schloss—and in the very same accent. I saw through it all now. That beastly cheque! This was Colonel Clay; and he was trying to buy up my silence and assistance by the threat of exposure!

My blood ran cold. I didn't know how to answer him. What happened at the rest of that interview I really couldn't tell you. My brain reeled round. I heard just faint echoes of "fuel" and "reduction works." What on earth was I to do? If I told Charles my suspicion—for it was only a suspicion—the fellow might turn upon me and disclose the cheque, which would suffice to ruin me. If I didn't, I ran a risk of being considered by Charles an accomplice and a confederate.

The interview was long. I hardly know how I struggled through it. At the end, young Granton went off, well satisfied, if it was young Granton: and Amelia invited him and his wife up to dinner at the Castle.

Whatever else they were, they were capital company. They stopped for three days more at the Cromarty Arms. And Charles debated and discussed incessantly. He couldn't quite make up his mind what to do in the affair: and *I* certainly couldn't help him. I never was placed in such a fix in my life. I did my best to preserve a strict neutrality.

Young Granton, it turned out, was a most agreeable person; and so, in her way, was that timid, unpretending South African wife of his. She was naïvely surprised Amelia had never met her mamma at Durban. They both talked delightfully, and had lots of good stories—mostly with points that told against the Craig-Ellachie people. Moreover, the Honourable David was a splendid swimmer. He went out in the boat with us, and dived like a seal. He was burning to teach Charles and myself to swim, when we told him we could neither of us take a single stroke; he said it was an accomplishment incumbent upon every true Englishman. But Charles hates the water; while, as for myself, I detest every known form of muscular exercise.



"A GROOM WAS DISPATCHED WITH A TELEGRAM."

However, we consented that he should row us on the Firth; and made an appointment one day with himself and his wife for four the next evening.

That night, Charles came to me with a very grave face in my own bedroom. "Sey," he said, under his breath, "have you observed? Have you watched? Have you any suspicions?"

I trembled violently. I felt all was up. "Suspicions of whom?" I asked. "Not surely of Simpson?" (he was Sir Charles's valet).

My respected brother-in-law looked at me contemptuously.

"Sey," he said, "are you trying to take me in? No, *not* of Simpson: of these two young folks. My own belief is—they're Colonel Clay and Madame Picardet."

"Impossible!" I cried.

He nodded. "I'm sure of it."

"How do you know?"

"Instinctively."

I seized his arm. "Charles," I said, imploring him, "do nothing rash. Remember how you exposed yourself to the ridicule of fools over Dr. Polperro!"

"I've thought of that," he answered, "and I mean to ca' caller." (When in Scotland, as laird of Seldon, Charles loves both to dress and to speak the part thoroughly.) "First thing to-morrow, I shall telegraph over to inquire at Glen Ellachie; I shall find out whether this is really young Granton or not; meanwhile, I shall keep my eye close upon the fellow."

Early next morning, accordingly, a groom was dispatched with a telegram to Lord Craig-Ellachie. He was to ride over to Fowlis, send it off at once, and wait for the answer. At the same time, as it was probable Lord Craig-Ellachie would have started for the moors before the telegram reached the Lodge, I did not myself expect to see the reply arrive much before seven or eight that evening. Meanwhile, as it was far from certain we had not the real David Granton to deal with, it was necessary to be polite to our friendly rivals. Our experience in the Polperro incident had taught us both that too much zeal may be more dangerous than too little. Nevertheless, taught by previous

misfortunes, we kept watching our man pretty close, determined that on this occasion at least he should neither do us nor yet escape us.

About four o'clock the red-haired young man and his pretty little wife came up to call for us. She looked so charming and squinted so enchantingly, one could hardly believe she was not as simple and innocent as she seemed to be. She tripped down to the Seldon boat-house with Charles by her side, giggling and squinting her best, and then helped her husband to get the skiff ready. As she did so, Charles sidled up to me. "Sey," he whispered, "I'm an old hand, and I'm not readily taken in. I've been talking to that girl, and upon my soul I think she's all right. She's a charming little lady. We may be mistaken after all, of course, about young Granton. In any case, it's well for the present to be courteous. A most important option! If it's really he, we must do nothing to annoy him or let him see we suspect him."

I had noticed, indeed, that Mrs. Granton had made herself most agreeable to Charles from the very beginning. And as to one thing he was right. In her timid, shrinking way, she was undeniably charming. That cast in her eye was all pure piquancy.

We rowed out on to the Firth, or, to be more strictly correct, the two Grantons rowed while Charles and I sat and leaned back in the stern on the luxurious cushions. They rowed fast and well. In a very few minutes they had rounded the point and got clear out of sight of the Cockneyfied towers and false battlements of Seldon.

Mrs. Granton pulled stroke. Even as she rowed she kept up a brisk undercurrent of timid chaff with Sir Charles, giggling all the while, half forward, half shy, like a school-girl who flirts with a man old enough to be her grandfather.

Sir Charles was flattered. He is susceptible to the pleasures of female attention, especially from the young, the simple, and the innocent. The wiles of women of the world he knows too well; but a pretty little *ingénue* can twist him round her finger. They rowed on and on, till they drew abreast of the Seamew's Island. It is a jagged stack or skerry, well out to sea, very wild and precipitous on the landward side, but shelving gently outward; perhaps an acre in extent, with steep, grey cliffs, covered at that time with crimson masses of red valerian. Mrs. Granton rowed up close to it. "Oh, what lovely flowers," she cried, throwing her head back and gazing at them. "I wish I could get some! Let's land here and pick them. Sir Charles, you shall gather me a nice bunch for my sitting-room."

Charles rose to it innocently, like a trout to a fly.

"By all means, my dear child," he said. "I—I have a passion for flowers." Which was a flower of speech itself, but it served its purpose.

They rowed us round to the far side, where is the easiest landing-place. It struck me as odd at the moment that they seemed to know it. Then young Granton jumped lightly ashore; Mrs. Granton skipped after him. I confess it made me feel rather ashamed to see how clumsily Charles and I followed them, treading gingerly on the thwarts for fear of upsetting the boat, while that artless young thing just flew over the gunwale. So like White Heather! However, we got ashore at last in safety, and began to climb the rocks as well as we were able in search of the valerian.

Judge of our astonishment when next moment those two young people bounded back into the boat, pushed off with a peal of merry laughter, and left us there staring at them!

They rowed away, about twenty yards, into deep water. Then the man turned, and waved his hand at us gracefully. "Good-bye!" he said, "good-bye! Hope you'll pick a nice bunch! We're off to London!"

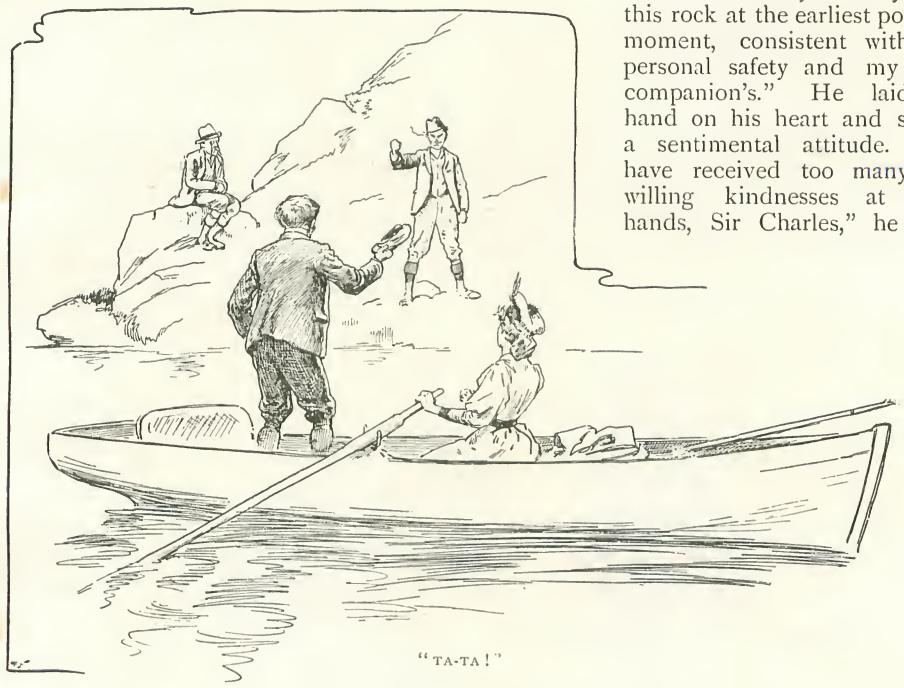
"Off!" Charles exclaimed, turning pale. "Off! What do you mean? You don't surely mean to say you're going to leave us here?"

The young man raised his cap with perfect politeness, while Mrs. Granton smiled, nodded, and kissed her pretty hand to us. "Yes," he answered; "for the present. We retire from the game. The fact of it is, it's a trifle too thin: this is a *coup manqué*."

"A *what?*" Charles exclaimed, perspiring visibly.

"A *coup manqué*," the young man replied, with a compassionate smile. "A failure, don't you know; a bad shot; a fiasco. I learn from my scouts that you sent a telegram by special messenger to Lord Craig-Ellachie this morning. That shows you suspect me. Now, it is a principle of my system never to go on for one move with a game, when I find myself suspected. The slightest symptom of distrust, and—I back out immediately. My plans can only be worked to satisfaction when there is perfect confidence on the part of my patient. It is a well-known rule of the medical profession. I *never* try to bleed a man who struggles. So now we're off. Ta-ta! Good luck to you!"

He was not much more than twenty yards away, and could talk to us quite easily. But the water was deep; the islet rose sheer from I'm sure I don't know how many fathoms of sea; and we could neither of us swim. Charles stretched out his arms imploringly. "For Heaven's sake," he cried, "don't tell me you really mean to leave us here."



"TA-TA!"

He looked so comical in his distress and terror that Mrs. Granton—Madame Picardet—whatever I am to call her—laughed melodiously in her prettiest way at the sight of him. "Dear Sir Charles," she called out, "pray don't be afraid! It's only a short and temporary imprisonment. We will send men to take you off. Dear David and I only need just time enough to get well ashore and make—oh!—a few slight alterations in our personal appearance." And she indicated with her hand, laughing, dear David's red wig and false sandy whiskers, as we felt convinced they must be now. She looked at them and tittered. Her manner at this moment was anything but shy. In fact, I will venture to say, it was that of a bold and brazen-faced hoyden.

"Then you *are* Colonel Clay!" Sir Charles cried, mopping his brow with his handkerchief.

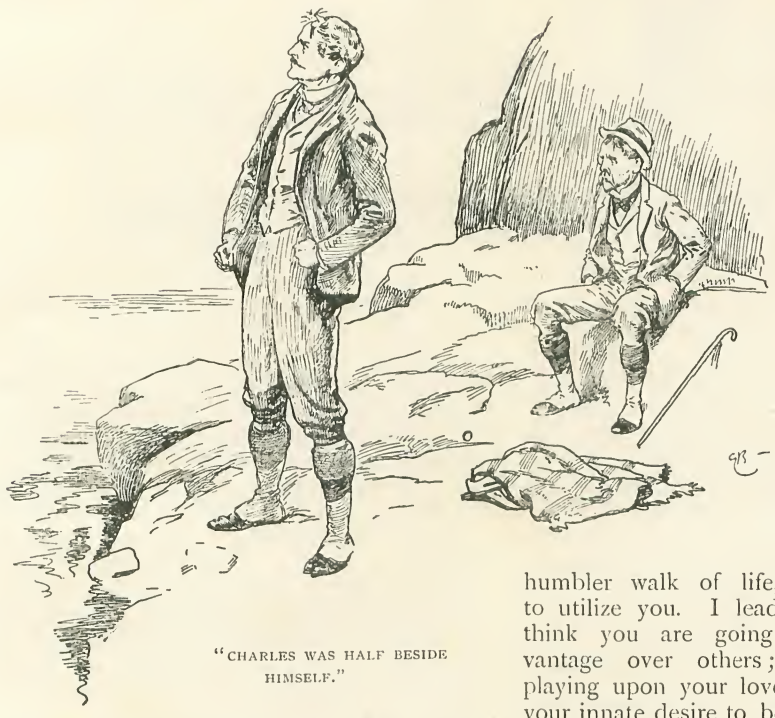
"If you choose to call me so," the young man answered, politely. "I'm sure it's most kind of you to supply me with a commission in Her Majesty's Service. However, time presses, and we want to push off. Don't alarm yourselves unnecessarily. I will send a boat to take you away from this rock at the earliest possible moment, consistent with my personal safety and my dear companion's." He laid his hand on his heart and struck a sentimental attitude. "I have received too many unwilling kindnesses at your hands, Sir Charles," he continued, "not to feel how wrong it would be of me to inconvenience you for nothing. Rest assured that you shall be rescued by midnight at latest. Fortunately the weather just at present is warm, and I see no chance of rain; so you will suffer, if at all, from nothing worse than the pangs of temporary hunger."

Mrs. Granton, no longer squinting—'twas a mere trick she had assumed—rose up in the boat and stretched out a rug to us. "Catch!" she cried, in a merry voice, and flung it at us, doubled. It fell at our feet; she was a capital thrower.

"Now, you dear Sir Charles," she went on, "take that, to keep you warm! You know I am really quite fond of you. You're not half a bad old boy, when one takes you the right way. You have a human side to you. Why, I often wear that sweetly pretty brooch you gave me at Nice, when I was Madame Picardet! And I'm sure your goodness to me at Lucerne, when I was the little curate's wife, is a thing to remember. We're so glad to have seen you in your lovely Scotch home you were always so proud of! *Don't* be frightened, please. We wouldn't

hurt you for worlds. We *are* so sorry we have to take this inhospitable means of evading you. But dear David—I *must* call him dear David still—instinctively felt that you were beginning to suspect us; and he can't bear mistrust. He *is* so sensitive! The moment people mistrust him, he *must* break off with them at once. This was the only way to get you both off our hands while we make the needful little arrangements to depart: and we've been driven to avail ourselves of it. However, I will give you my word of honour, as a lady, you shall be fetched away to-night. If dear David doesn't do it, why, I'll do it myself." And she blew another kiss to us.

Charles was half beside himself, divided between alternate terror and anger. "Oh, we shall die here!" he exclaimed. "Nobody'd ever dream of coming to this rock to search for me."



"CHARLES WAS HALF BESIDE HIMSELF."

"What a pity you didn't let me teach you to swim!" Colonel Clay interposed. "It is a noble exercise, and very useful indeed in such special emergencies! Well, ta-ta! I'm off! You nearly scored one this time; but, by putting you here for the moment, and keeping you till we're gone, I venture to say I've re-dressed the board, and I think we may count it a drawn game, mayn't we? The match stands at *three love*—with some thousands in pocket."

"You're a murderer, sir!" Charles shrieked out. "We shall starve or die here!"

Colonel Clay on his side was all sweet reasonableness. "Now, my dear sir," he expostulated, one hand held palm outward, "*do* you think it probable I would kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, with so little compunction? No, no, Sir Charles Vandrift; I know too well how much you are worth to me. I return you on my income-tax paper as five thousand a year, clear profit of my profession. Suppose you were to die! I might be compelled to find some new and far less lucrative source of plunder. Your heirs, executors, or assignees might not suit my purpose. The fact of it is, sir, your temperament and mine are exactly adapted one to the other. *I* understand *you*; and *you* do not understand *me*—which is often the basis of the firmest friendships. I can catch you just where you are trying to catch other people. Your very smartness assists me; for I admit you *are* smart. As a regular financier, I allow, I couldn't hold a candle to you. But in my humbler walk of life, I know just how to utilize you. I lead you on, where you think you are going to gain some advantage over others; and by dexterously playing upon your love of a good bargain, your innate desire to best somebody else—I succeed in besting you. There, sir, you have the philosophy of our mutual relations."

He bowed and raised his cap. Charles looked at him and cowered. Yes, genius as he is, he positively cowered. "And do you mean to say," he burst out, "you intend to go on so bleeding me?"

The Colonel smiled a bland smile. "Sir Charles Vandrift," he answered, "I called you just now the goose that lays the golden eggs. You may have thought the metaphor a rude one. But you *are* a goose, you know, in certain relations. Smartest man on the

Stock Exchange, I readily admit; easiest fool to bamboozle in the open country that ever I met with. You fail in one thing—the perspicacity of simplicity. For that reason, among others, I have chosen to fasten upon you. Regard me, my dear sir, as a microbe of millionaires, a parasite upon capitalists. You know the old rhyme:

Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
And these again have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum!*

Well, that's just how I view myself. *You* are a capitalist and a millionaire. In *your* large way, you prey upon society. *You* deal in Corners, Options, Concessions, Syndicates. You drain the world dry of its blood and its money. You possess, like the mosquito, a beautiful instrument of suction—Founders' Shares—with which you absorb the surplus wealth of the community. In *my* smaller way, again, *I* relieve you in turn of a portion of the plunder. I am a Robin Hood of my age; and, looking upon *you* as an exceptionally bad form of millionaire—as well as an exceptionally easy form of pigeon for a man of my type and talents to pluck—I have, so to speak, taken up my abode upon you."

Charles looked at him and groaned.

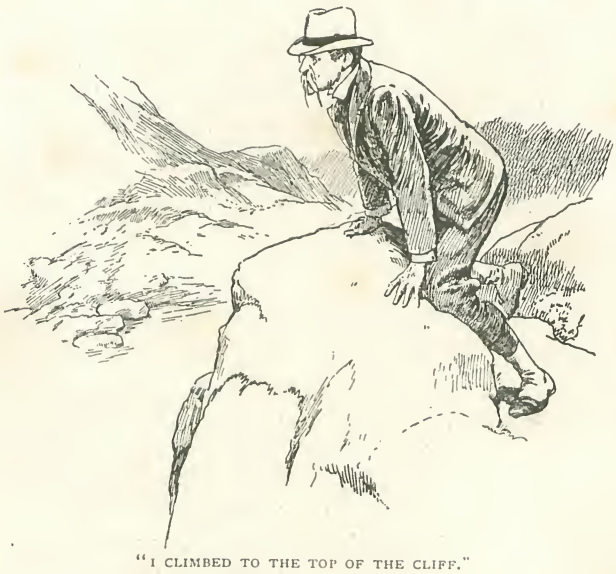
The young man continued, in a tone of gentle badinage. "I love the plot-interest of the game," he said; "and so does dear Jessie here. We both of us adore it. As long as I find such good pickings upon you, I certainly am not going to turn away from so valuable a carcass, in order to batten myself at considerable trouble upon minor capitalists, out of whom it is difficult to extract a few hundreds. It may have puzzled you to guess why I fix upon you so persistently. Now you know, and understand. When a fluke finds a sheep that suits him, that fluke lives upon him. You are my host: I am your parasite. This *coup* has failed. But don't flatter yourself for a moment it will be the last one."

"Why do you insult me by telling me all this?" Sir Charles cried, writhing.

The Colonel waved his hand. It was small and white. "Because I *love* the game," he answered, with a relish; "and also because, the more prepared you are beforehand, the greater credit and amusement is there in besting you. Well, now, ta-ta once more! I am wasting valuable time. I might be cheating somebody. I must be off at once . . . . . Take care of yourself, Wentworth. But I know you *will*. You always do. Ten per cent. *is* more usual!"

He rowed away and left us. As the boat began to disappear round the corner of the island, White Heather—so she looked—stood up in the stern and shouted aloud through her pretty hands to us. "By-bye, dear Sir Charles!" she cried. "Do wrap the rug around you! I'll send the men to fetch you as soon as ever I possibly can. And thank you so much for those lovely flowers!"

The boat rounded the crags. We were alone on the island. Charles flung himself on the bare rock in a wild access of despondency. He is accustomed to luxury, and cannot get on without his padded cushions. As for myself, I climbed with some difficulty to the top of the cliff, landward, and tried to make signals of distress with my handkerchief to some passer-by on the mainland. All in vain; Charles had dismissed the crofters on the estate; and as the shooting party that day was in an opposite direction, not a soul was near to whom we could call for succour.



"I CLIMBED TO THE TOP OF THE CLIFF."

I climbed down again to Charles. The evening came on slowly. Cries of sea-birds rang weird upon the water. Puffins and cormorants circled round our heads in the grey of twilight. Charles suggested that they might even swoop down upon us and bite us.

They did not, however, but their flapping wings added none the less a painful touch of eeriness to our hunger and solitude. Charles was horribly depressed. For myself, I will confess I felt so much relieved at the fact that Colonel Clay had not openly betrayed me in the matter of the commission, as to be comparatively comfortable.

We crouched on the hard crag. About eleven o'clock we heard human voices. "Boat ahoy!" I shouted. An answering shout aroused us to action. We rushed down to the landing-place and cooee'd for the men, to show them where we were. They came up at once, in Sir Charles's own boat. They were fishermen from Niggarey, on the shore of the Firth opposite.

A lady and gentleman had sent them, they said, to return the boat and call for us on the island; their description corresponded to the two supposed Grantons. They rowed us home almost in silence to Seldon. It was half-past twelve by the gatehouse clock when we reached the Castle. Men had been sent along the coast each way to seek us. Amelia had gone to bed, much alarmed for our safety. Isabel was sitting up. It was too late, of course, to do much that night in the way of apprehending the miscreants, though Charles insisted upon dispatching a groom, with a telegram for the police at Inverness, to Fowlis.

Nothing came of it all. A message awaited us from Lord Craig-Ellachie, to be sure, saying that his son had not left Glen-Ellachie Lodge; while research the next day and later showed that our correspondent had never even received our letter. An empty envelope alone had arrived at the house, and the postal authorities had been engaged meanwhile, with their usual lightning speed, in "investigating the matter." Césarine had posted the letter herself at Fowlis, and brought back the receipt; so the only conclusion we could draw was this—Colonel Clay must be in league with somebody at the post-office. As for Lord Craig-Ellachie's reply, that was a simple forgery—though, oddly enough, it was written on Glen-Ellachie paper.

However, by the time Charles had eaten a couple of grouse and drunk a bottle of his excellent Rudesheimer, his spirits and valour revived exceedingly. Doubtless he inherits from his Boer ancestry a tendency towards courage of the Batavian description. He was in capital feather.

"After all, Sey," he said, leaning back in his chair, "this time we score one. He has *not* done us brown; we have at least detected him. To detect him in time is half-way to catching him. Only the remoteness of our position at Seldon Castle saved him from capture. Next set-to, I feel sure, we will not merely spot him, we will also nab him. I only wish he would try on such a rig in London."

"HIS SPIRITS REVIVED."

But the oddest part of it all was this, that from the moment those two people landed at Niggarey, and told the fishermen there were some gentlemen stranded on the Seamew's Island, all trace of them vanished. At no station along the line could we gain any news of them. Their maid had left the inn the same morning with their luggage, and we tracked her to Inverness; but there the trail stopped short, no spoor lay further. It was a most singular and insoluble mystery.

Charles lived in hopes of catching his man in London.

But for my part, I felt there was a show of reason in one last taunt which the rascal flung back at us as the boat receded: "Sir Charles Vandrift, we are a pair of rogues. The law protects *you*. It persecutes *me*. That's all the difference."

Fables

Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd

THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

A FOX, IN LIFE'S EXTREME DECAY,
WEAK, SICK, AND FAINT, EXPIRING LAY;
ALL APPETITE HAD LEFT ITS MAW,

AND AGE DISARM'D HIS MUMBLING JAW.
HIS NUM'ROUS RACE AROUND HIM STAND,
TO LEARN THEIR DYING SIRE'S COMMAND:

HE RAIS'D HIS HEAD WITH WHINING MOAN,
AND THUS WAS HEARD THE FEEBLE TONE.

"AH, SONS! FROM EVIL WAYS DEPART:
MY CRIMES LIE HEAVY ON MY HEART.

SEE, SEE, THE MURDER'D GEESE APPEAR!
WHY ARE THOSE BLEEDING TURKEYS THERE?

WHY ALL AROUND THIS CACKLING TRAIN,
WHO HAUNT MY EARS FOR CHICKENS SLAIN?"

THE HUNGRY FOXES ROUND THEM STAR'D,

AND FOR THE PROMIS'D FEAST PREPAR'D.

"WHERE, SIR, IS ALL THIS DAINTY CHEER?
NOR TURKEY, GOOSE, NOR HEN IS HERE.
THESE ARE THE PHANTOMS OF YOUR BRAIN,
AND YOUR SONS LICK THEIR LIPS IN VAIN."

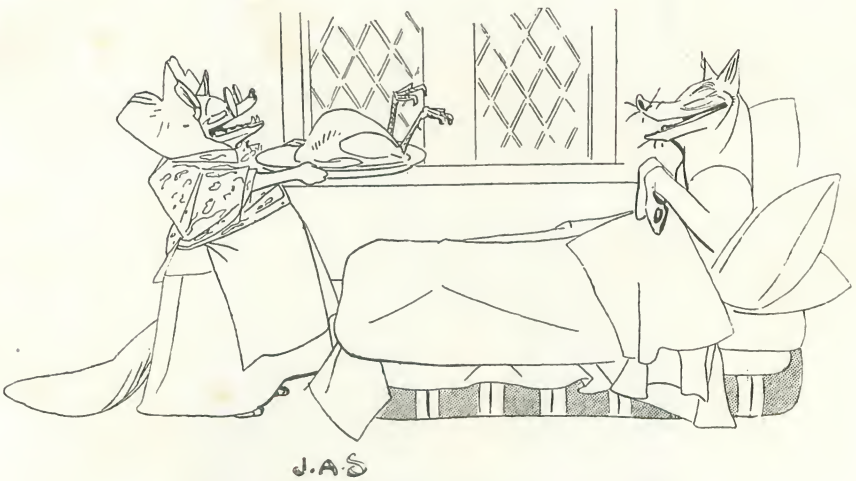
"O GLUTTONS!" SAYS THE DROOPING SIRE,
"RESTRAIN INORDINATE DESIRE.
YOUR LIQU'RISH TASTE YOU SHALL DEPLORE,
WHEN PEACE OF CONSCIENCE IS NO MORE.
DOES NOT THE HOUND BETRAY OUR PACE,
AND GINS AND GUNS DESTROY OUR RACE?
THIEVES DREAD THE SEARCHING EYE OF POW'R,
AND NEVER FEEL THE QUIET HOUR.
OLD AGE (WHICH FEW OF US SHALL KNOW)
NOW PUTS A PERIOD TO MY WOE.
WOULD YOU TRUE HAPPINESS ATTAIN,
LET HONESTY YOUR PASSIONS REIN;
SO LIVE IN CREDIT AND ESTEEM,
AND THE GOOD NAME YOU LOST, REDEEM."

"THE COUNSEL'S GOOD," A FOX REPLIES,
"COULD WE PERFORM WHAT YOU ADVISE.
THINK WHAT OUR ANCESTORS HAVE DONE;
A LINE OF THIEVES FROM SON TO SON:
TO US DESCENDS THE LONG DISGRACE,
AND INFAMY HATH MARK'D OUR RACE.

THOUGH WE, LIKE HARMLESS SHEEP, SHOULD FEED,
HONEST IN THOUGHT, IN WORD, AND DEED,
WHATEVER HENROOST IS DECREAS'D,
WE SHALL BE THOUGHT TO SHARE THE FEAST.
THE CHANGE SHALL NEVER BE BELIEV'D.
A LOST GOOD NAME IS NE'ER RETRIEV'D."

"NAY, THEN," REPLIES THE FEEBLE FOX—

"(BUT HARK! I HEAR A HEN THAT CLOCKS)
GO, BUT BE MOD'RATE IN YOUR FOOD;
A CHICKEN, TOO, MIGHT DO ME GOOD."



Leaders of the Bar.

I.

By E.

HAVING, in previous numbers of this Magazine, dealt with the fortunate beings who are already established on the high judicial Bench, it now becomes fitting to treat of those who should, in their own estimation, at least, be also positioned in that lucrative office. To do so will not be especially exhausting, the sole difficulty residing in the large number of candidates for the posts.

Had I only lived and written in the days when a stuff-gownsman sniffed at a Recordership and a "silk" breathed contempt on a county-court Judgeship, things would have been smoother; but nowadays, when every barrister, from the brilliantly unsuccessful Chancery leader to the local J.P., whom a diet of "Inn dinners" and Stone's "Justice's Manual" has qualified for the Bar, considers himself a "likely appointment" in the multitude of applicants for treatment, there is the element of confusion. However, one can but do one's best, and that is the least I shall do.

Technically speaking, "leader" is either another term for chief of a circuit or synonymous with "Queen's Counsel" or "silk," but I interpret the term in its widest sense, and as conveying the notion of prominence. Although I shall have occasion, now and again, to indicate by it the head or chief of a circuit, generally by leader I mean anyone of good professional standing at the Bar; and in dealing with the leaders, I shall first write of the law officers, and then of the leaders of the various circuits, introducing here and there some of the exclusively London men. In this way I shall at all events be able to treat of a number of representative barristers.

SIR RICHARD WEBSTER, Q.C., M.P.
From a Photo. by Charles Knight, Newport.

The head of the whole Bar is the Attorney-General for the time being, and as Sir Richard Webster, Q.C., occupies that position to-day, he will necessarily be the first subject. Now, "Dick" Webster, as he is invariably called in the Temple, is a very learned lawyer, whom no one could truthfully reproach with undue levity of conduct or excessive jocosity of conversation. He once bitterly reprimanded the present Chief Justice when he was at the Bar for making a joke at his expense, and this characteristic is partly the reason why he stands so high in the estimation of his fellows. Years ago he was a 'Varsity athlete of renown, and even now takes a great interest in runners and such-like.

"I knows yer, Mr. Webster," a witness whom he was treating with scant ceremony is reported to have once retorted, "and many's the time I've given yer a hand when ye've been steppin' it round the track like a grey-'ound; so let's down easily, like a good cove which ye are."

What was the result of the appeal history doesn't say, but Sir Richard was hardly deaf to such a skilfully-worded entreaty.

To the British mind, a brilliant man is a madman and unreliable, and a witty man is trivial and incapable of attending to serious work. Sir Richard is safe and strong, and just the very sort of person John Bull idolizes; and to sum up, he is very nice, very polite, and urbanity personified, and when, in the fulness of time, he goes to preside, as Master of the Rolls, over Court of Appeal No. 1, his appointment will be generally applauded, and he will do his work admirably.

SIR ROBERT B. FINLAY, Q.C., M.P.
From a Photo. by D. Whyte, Inverness.

Sir Robert Finlay, Q.C., the Solicitor-General is a counsel of whom I personally have a very high opinion, and not because he began his career with little or no money, for as Mark Twain remarked about Franklin, "nothing is easier," but because he has of himself overcome the tremendous difficulties a young man with no legal connection encounters at the Bar. Like his predecessor in his high office, he has worthily fought the battle of life, and is a shrewd, hard-headed Scotchman, who can address a jury well, and argue clearly a knotty point of law. At present, with the exception of an occasional trip to the Courts Criminal and a Revenue case or two, our Solicitor-General enjoys a perpetual vacation. He has been known to shine in a big divorce case, though commercial work is his forte. A capital lawyer, he looks stolid, but in reality is versatile. Not so very long ago he had occasion to cross-examine a highly disreputable lady, who refused to say where she lived. At last, however, she gave way, stated her address, and wound up by inviting her cross-examiner to "drop in and have a cup of tea sometimes." Sir Robert did not laugh when the Court did, for, without a ray of humour in his nature, he does not appreciate a joke. He is not seen at his best on horseback, but he rides to his chambers of a morning on a curious composite creature, which could subserve many useful purposes in a travelling menagerie. It would be rash to attempt to predicate the breed of the quadruped, but it is understood that, together with an animal belonging to Mr. Justice Day, it forms a complete though limited species, on which the Inns of Court Mounted Infantry have cast longing eyes. In the event of either of the creatures being sold at Christie's, the adjutant of that corps has instructions to attend and bid up to the value of the regimental accoutrements for a possession which would add materially to the attractiveness of the "Devil's Own."

Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., is tiny in physique, but intellectually enormous. I think him, in all cases where the advocate has to rely on neither passion nor prejudice, far and away the best advocate at the Bar. He can engineer a "company" case to perfection, wither a libeller with satire, and delicately cross-examine the most obstinate of her sex. Too precise and lacking in humour to excel as a defender of prisoners, in the whole class of "sensational" actions he is excellent. It is only when he has to laugh a case out of court or take an *ad misericordiam* line that he is not pre-eminently good.

At present his success is financially astounding, but not even the most cantankerous could grudge him one jot of it, for he has made his way in the world, not by matrimonial ventures or unmerited windfalls, but by good, sterling hard work, which, conjoined with unswerving rectitude and unvarying determination, has been the architect of his fortunes. His political friends have treated him none too well, even once passing him by to satisfy the legal cravings of Sir John Gorst.

In the summer, Sir Edward besports himself on the river at Staines, in skiff and punt,

and comes down to Chambers in a frock-coat and suit of light texture and startling hue, with hat and gloves to match. When, arrayed in these, and other summery attire, he a short time ago was leaving the Law Courts, the following conversation was overheard between an American and a friend, who was evidently showing him round:—

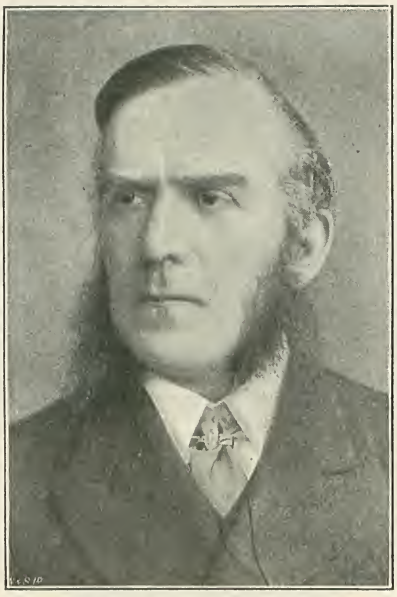
"Waal; see thar. Say, who might he be?"

"Lord Chesterfield, at least I think it must be," the Englishman answered; "but I'll ask," and he asked a cabman, who, in the hoarse tones peculiar to his calling, replied: "Luv' yer for an innercent—why, that's Teddy Clawk! that is; ain't he a fighter, eh!" and burst into irreverent guffaws.

The Englishman explained his mistake to his friend, adding: "He doesn't look like a prize-fighter after all, does he? But I suppose the cabby knows."

"Waal, I dunno," said the American, "but I lay he ain't altogether raal professional."

When Lord Salisbury's present Government took office, he declined to act as Solicitor-General, very properly objecting to the silly rule which prevents the law officers of the Crown taking private practice. There is no reason why the rule should exist, and it might as reasonably be argued that a Groom of the Bedchamber should be debarred from accepting private invitations as that the law officers should give their exclusive services to the Government. Now, the rule being in force, unfortunate "Mr. Attorney" and "Mr. Solicitor" General have little to do, and even that little some third person generally does for them!



SIR EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C., M.P.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

In very truth, these high officials have degenerated into a kind of "every man his own lawyer" answerers of questions in the House of Commons, fulfilling at the same time the post of standing counsel to the Treasury at the Old Bailey. It is really astonishing nowadays what shifts the Government are forced to make to provide work for their "Attorney" and "Solicitor." They coerce some stupid stipendiary into stating a case on the Adulteration of Food Acts, and send their "Exclusive Property" to argue the point up to the House of Lords.

But even stipendiaries are not always pliable, and, like the worm, who will stand anything but being trodden upon, they turn, so instead of "souping" out prosecutions at two guineas a case to the unemployed juniors at the Old Bailey, the Government select some of the more sensational, and send down one of their "Property" at a fee of a hundred or more guineas a day to spin out the trivial details.

By such means work is provided, but the country has to pay for the luxury, which is charged for at exotic rates! In this pass, the ordinary man queries: "Why don't the Government act sensibly and throw the rule to the winds?" It will have to go sooner or later, but probably *not* until a law officer falls a victim to professional inanition.

When Sir Robert Reid, Q.C. — familiarly and generally known as "Bob" Reid — was appointed Attorney-General by Lord Rosebery, Conservative and Liberal Templars alike rejoiced. There was a surprising unanimity of approval betokened in a matter which frequently produces division. Metaphysically it was hard to understand all this, but practically it is easy of explanation. The late "Mr. Attorney" had stuck to his political party through thick and thin, storm and calm, and in addition had a considerable practice, and had never fought a shady case or done a mean thing. Besides, he is a scholar of repute and has played cricket well. The explanation is complete.

I think the absurdest scene imaginable happened in a case in which Sir Robert appeared for the Incorporated Law Society, and a certain learned counsel for a solicitor who had shamefully defrauded a confiding client.

I fancy the judges were Hawkins and Wills, J.J. The representative of the

solicitor, in addressing the Court on his client's behalf, made a speech which, for fire and fury, exceeded anything ever heard in a court of justice within the memory of living man.

The peroration was something after this sort: "My lords, I appeal to you for mercy, mercy, my lords, the gift of Heaven, for my unhappy client. To-night you will go home to your silken luxury; liveried servants will hasten to pull off your boots; turtle soup and champagne will be your fare. But" (with great dramatic force, and a shake of the hand at the sleeping figure of Mr. Justice Wills) "I warn you, if you strike my client off the rolls, what will be in front of him: a garret and not even a crust. My lords, I warn you, ere it is too late, to be merciful. Don't, I beg, I pray, I entreat you, drive a ruined man to desperation."

After about an hour of this sort of thing, Sir Robert was observed to shake his head mournfully and whisper to the inflamed orator that the judges were not listening. This had the desired effect: he tremblingly sat down, and the judges woke to strike the solicitor off the rolls. I am told that the situation was ludicrous, and it must have been, as those who know Sir Robert Reid and the learned judges in question will at once perceive.

I remember once attending a meeting in Sir Robert's chambers. There were a score or so of us, and each man as he came in attempted to sit down in a broken, three-legged chair, which was placed alluringly in the doorway. Each man was warned off by Sir Robert, who, treating the first offender mildly, advanced to so rough a tone that he frightened the last comer—a learned counsel who divides with Mr. Gibson Bowles the duty of amusing the House of Commons—to such a pitch that, despite himself, he sank down and overwhelmed the chair with his weight. Sir Robert first carefully picked up the pieces, and afterwards solemnly commenced the business of the meeting. It was an awe-inspiring proceeding; but why was the chair placed right in the doorway?

SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P.
From a Photo. by Walery.

Sir Frank Lockwood, Q.C., is a most exuberantly cheerful man, who is more humorous than witty, and a *bon camarade* to boot. He is probably the most-debated man at the Bar. No two people seem to be able to agree about him. I have a definite opinion on the subject, and it is that Sir Frank is unrivalled in the art of laughing a case out of court. On broadly humorous lines he brings home to his jury the absurdity of his opponent's position, and has won more verdicts in this way than any other living advocate. His habit of constantly interrupting and making *sotto-voce* remarks is one of his by no means numerous weak points. As a defender of prisoners I rate him highly, and in the Divorce Court he is remarkably good, having the advantage of knowing the world by experience, and not by hearsay or newspaper paragraphs.

No man can better utilize prejudice than he, and although his delivery is very slow, and his elocutionary method laboured and somewhat halting, Sir Frank's words carry with them conviction. His appearance is greatly in his favour: jurors like the look of him, and he invariably wears the aspect of one who, actuated by benevolent motives, has undertaken to defend his innocent client from the attacks of the hireling advocate opposed to him. Bluff and breezy, humorous and impatient, Sir Frank Lockwood has won many memorable victories, and made many good speeches. His reply in Regina *v.* Wilde was one of the best efforts I have ever heard made. The materials were good,

but they were handled with great dramatic effect and uncommon skill. It was a fine bit of oratory, a splendid piece of acting.

A certain unnamable luminary once said that the only sure and certain road to success at the Parliamentary Bar was a sandwich one, or in other words, that the essential of such success was the capacity for doing nothing and the ability to gain sufficient strength to do it by eating sandwiches.

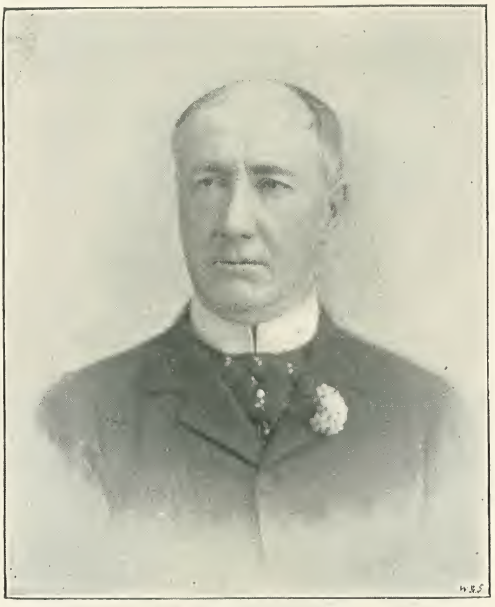
Into the truth of this story I am not concerned to inquire, but it may be true, and so may the following account of a consultation at the Parliamentary Bar:—

Scene: Leading Q.C.'s Chambers. Present three other Q.C.'s. and two juniors, solicitors and clients. Enter the leader, who glances at his brief, marked 500 guineas, and says, inquiringly: "This is the X Railway Bill day, isn't it?" Chorus of assent.

"I suppose you fellows will look in there to-day?" Murmurs of qualified assent.

"Well, I sha'n't; I'm going fishing; good-bye to you."

Company slowly and mournfully disperse, and leader's clerk books five guineas consultation fee. Of course, all this may be untrue, and genial Samuel Pope, Q.C., leader of the Parliamentary Bar and Prince of Election Petition Counsel, may take exception to its accuracy.



J. F. OSWALD, Q.C., M.P.
From a Photo. by Alfred Knott, Oldham.

But even if it be true, it doesn't exclude the possibility of there being able Parliamentary men. Indeed, how could it, when their ranks are led by "Sam" Pope, who is known to be clever, admitted to be popular, and in the first flight of large income-makers at the Bar?

In the course of some remarks on the judges in this Magazine, I ridiculed the want of smartness which betokened the ordinary Chancery man, and the other day I was called to order for so doing by no less eminent a Chancery leader than James Francis Oswald, Q.C. Now, no one who has seen this learned Queen's Counsel escorting ladies to the "Terrace," and reviving their drooping spirits with tea and other insipid luxuries, can doubt that he has a legitimate cause of complaint, and I hasten to assure the author of "Oswald on Contempt of Court" that when I wrote those very true words, his form was momentarily absent from my mental gaze. For, of a surety, he is as smart in appearance as he is intellectually, and that implies something calculated to soothe anyone's ruffled spirits.

Oswald has been said to be the darling of the solicitors' clerks, and certain it is that he brings into the dreary regions of Chancery a breezy eloquence which has the same effect on his fellow-barristers as an electric shock would have on an unswathed mummy.

"My Lord," he concluded one day, "I say let justice be done," and at that moment, a piece of the ceiling falling down, Mr. Justice Chitty very wittily observed: "*Justitia fiat, ruat cœlum.*"

It was Oswald who, when a judge, tired of reproving him, wearily said, "Very well; I can't teach you manners," coolly rejoined, "That is so, m' lud: that is so." But it was not Oswald who said that a certain Chancery Q.C., of great Parliamentary reputation, looked like a sheep and spoke like an ass. It ought to have been, but it wasn't.

However, as a set-off, it is understood that once, on being told by a judge that if he persisted in his line of conduct in court he would be committed for contempt, he replied, suavely: "That, m' lud, raises another question: as to your lordship's power to commit a counsel engaged in arguing a case before your lordship." Just as Napoleon, when he saw the Skibbereen Militia at Waterloo, threw up the sponge and wept for his legions, so do the judges admit defeat when Oswald tackles them.

It is as well known that he is bad to beat as it is that he is a clever and eloquent counsel.

In dealing with the leaders of the various circuits I shall take them in the order of their importance, and so I give the first place to the Welsh Circuit, which is composed of the South Wales and North Wales (Sub) Circuits, and is at present the only satisfactory representative of a great institution. For while other circuits have, in the course of a process of deterioration, become mere fragmentary associations, the Welsh Circuit remains an embodiment of the permanent Brotherhood, which before erring enthusiasts tried their prentice hand at reform was so thoroughly Conservative and declaratory of the spirit of the Bar.

Both in South and North Wales there are very few local barristers, and thus it happens that the large number of men who are attracted by the huge amount of work in Glamorganshire to South Wales, both at assizes and at sessions, live in common, and are subject to the strict rules and traditions which the devastating influence of those who would root the obligations of the Bar, not in honour, but in positive legal ordinances, has destroyed in the majority of the circuits. On the Welsh Circuit, the Bar is a profession; on other circuits it is a trade. Apart from the fact that it is overgrown, the Welsh Circuit is a worthy type of one of the old-time circuit systems.

That system, engendering in barristers independence of fear or favour, devotion to duty, and reliance on truth, was in itself truly admirable, and it is matter for deep regret that some of those who sit in high places have striven to overturn it, alas, too often successfully, with the avowed intention of subordinating honourable tradition to mercantile gain. Since sentiment in any mundane relationship is in this epoch held to be tawdry and sham, the principle of the old circuit system is condemned, and the system, though seen working on the Welsh Circuit, for the most part lives only in the monuments of the bygone great.

When Sir Hardinge Giffard became Lord Halsbury and Lord High Chancellor, William Bowen Rowlands, Q.C., succeeded him as "leader" of the South Wales Circuit, and is now leader of the joint Welsh Circuits. He was recently described as "the most popular man at the Bar," but whether that is a correct description or not I don't know; but of a surety, the learned Recorder of Swansea is too tolerant of the faults of others, and too prone to underrate his own ability, to make many enemies. A very eloquent speaker, he is an admirable defender of prisoners, and knows as much about Charter party and short delivery cases as most men. Always a High Churchman, and now a member of the Catholic Church, he represented in Parliament for many years the intensely Nonconformist constituency of Cardiganshire.

W. BOWEN ROWLANDS, Q.C.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

One or two anecdotes which I have gathered from him I think will, *in the circum-*

stances, be better than a detailed criticism by me of this learned Q.C. The truth of the general applicability of the phrase, *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, was never better illustrated than by the following story he tells of the great Chief Justice, Sir Alexander Cockburn :—

In a case in which he appeared for the Crown, a man was being tried for bigamy. In summing up, Chief Justice Cockburn said to the jury: "Gentlemen, one very significant fact arises in connection with this extraordinary prosecution; and I wish emphatically"—anyone who ever heard the learned judge will understand what that meant—"to mark my sense of the unfairness with which this case has been conducted on the part of the Crown; the fact to which I allude is the failure to put in the box one very important witness. Gentlemen: *Why was not the first, the real wife of the prisoner called?* She should have been called; it is monstrous to think that the prosecution——"

The counsel for the Crown here rose and pointed out that the Law of Evidence prevented the wife being called.

The judge at once perceived his mistake, and the jury unhesitatingly found the prisoner guilty.

The mention of this celebrated judge brings me back, over many years, to the time when I attended, in the character of spectator, my first case. It was a trial for murder, and at that time, though now almost forgotten, was equal in notoriety to almost any non-State trial. An Army doctor named Alder, stationed at Hubberston Fort, Milford, was charged with the wilful murder of a young officer named Walker, at the Fort in question. The Treasury were represented by a once-celebrated local Q.C., named B. T. Williams, and a junior, Francis-Williams. The present Lord Halsbury (then Hardinge Giffard, Q.C.) and Bowen Rowlands defended. Chief Justice Cockburn was the judge. The most elaborate precautions had been taken to insure the safety of the prisoner, whom the populace had twice tried to lynch, and the picture he presented in the dock, as he sat, white-haired, trembling, his face buried in a pocket-handkerchief, was one that is not easily effaced. The facts were shortly these: Dr. Alder and (Lieutenant) Walker had, after a long-existing quarrel, been reconciled, and the doctor invited his sometime enemy to dine in barracks with him. Walker accordingly dined, and after mess went with Dr. Alder to his quarters to play cards. Early in the morning, a non-commissioned officer heard a scream, and ran to Alder's quarters. He opened the door, and found Walker bleeding from a wound in the side, and on the ground a large (Indian) knife. Alder at once said, "He has fallen on the knife"; but Walker cried, "That devil has murdered me."

During the days that followed Walker alternately charged and exculpated Alder, and just before his death—accelerated by putting on a vest and so re-opening the wound—he declared Alder had not killed him. The medical evidence was to the effect that the defence, that Walker had fallen on the knife, was worthless. From the direction of the wound it was clear it was done by a *downward blow*. The judge summed up dead against the prisoner, but the jury found him not guilty. The witnesses for the Crown were so bitter and the judge so determined to convict, that the jury, as often happens, went the other way. Alder died a few years after the trial, and left a fortune to Walker's widow and her son, but this, I believe, Mrs. Walker refused to take.

The late Lord Bramwell was once trying a case of libel at Chester, in which the late Judge McIntyre, Q.C., appeared for the defence. The plaintiff was a farmer, and it so happened that every man on the jury followed the same calling. McIntyre, in addressing the jury, asked them to find "no libel," and, alternatively, that if they were compelled to find for the plaintiff, they should give him for his loss of character what in his opinion would be sufficient, namely, "the smallest coin known to the English law." Mr. Justice Bramwell, as he then was, summed up as follows :—

"Gentlemen of the jury, it is hardly disputed that this publication constitutes a libel on the plaintiff. Therefore the case resolves itself into a question of damages. The plaintiff is a farmer, and I see you all are farmers also. The learned counsel for the defence says that the value of the plaintiff's character is one farthing; he therefore estimates your collective characters as worth exactly threepence. Consider your *verdict*." They did, and gave their brother £1,500 damages.

In all his wide experience in cases in which he has been engaged, our leader considers that even putting aside such an extraordinary case as that of the dynamitards heard by three judges at the Old Bailey, Whitehead, Gallagher, and others, and the locally termed "Borth murder"—a case teeming with romantic situations, and which

told how a ship's captain, coming, after a long voyage, into Swansea Harbour, in the twilight of a summer's evening, saw standing out to sea a vessel, on board of which he espied the husband of a woman who had insulted his child; how, stung by the recollection of the injury done to him, he left his ship, took train to Aberystwith, caught a pony grazing in the fields, and rode him through the night to Borth, and how finally he reached the woman's house, and there brutally strangled her—even beyond these the most terribly interesting case was the High Legh poaching case, heard before Mr. Justice Watkin Williams at Chester, fourteen years ago.

The facts were shortly these: Four poachers on a night in November went armed in pursuit of game in High Legh preserves. They were surrounded by a party of twenty, composed of gamekeepers and young men of the district, and were called upon to surrender. They refused, and three fired; there was a general *mêlée*, and some of the keepers were seriously wounded, and one of the poachers was killed. At the inquest, the head-keeper, and two others of the surprise party, a farmer and a person denominated in the charge-sheets as "gentleman," swore that *neither they nor any of their party carried firearms* that night. Therefore, as it was proved that the dead poacher had been killed by a shot, it was clear that the poachers, being on the land for a felonious purpose, and three guns having been fired, were technically guilty of wilful murder and substantially of manslaughter. The poachers were then charged before the magistrates with murder, and the gamekeeper, the farmer, and the "gentleman" swore again that neither they nor their party were armed with firearms. However, one of the three finally determined to tell the truth, and, a *post-mortem* examination being made, a *revolver* bullet was found in the dead poacher's body. The three men then confessed that the keepers' party did have arms; and not only that they had arms, but that they each had revolvers and—discharged them.

FRANCIS-WILLIAMS, Q.C.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

The upshot was that at the same assizes the poachers were put on their trial for night poaching and firing on the keepers with intent to murder, and the keeper and his two fellows in crime were tried for perjury, and one of them for the manslaughter of the poacher. Both batches were convicted, and they were brought up on the same day to be sentenced, when poachers and keepers were sent down for eighteen months' hard labour apiece.

It is hard to realize that, as the judge said in his charge to the grand jury, three men should have "deliberately arranged to perjure themselves, when the consequences of their conspiracy might have been the gallows for three innocent men, although the perjurers denied that they contemplated any such serious consequences." But the whole facts of the case: the scene of the fight, the reckless indiscriminacy of the firing, the desperation of the poachers, and the final result, bear out the learned Q.C.'s statement that it was the most enthralling case he had ever been engaged in, and could not call to mind in book or fact one more pregnant with exciting details.

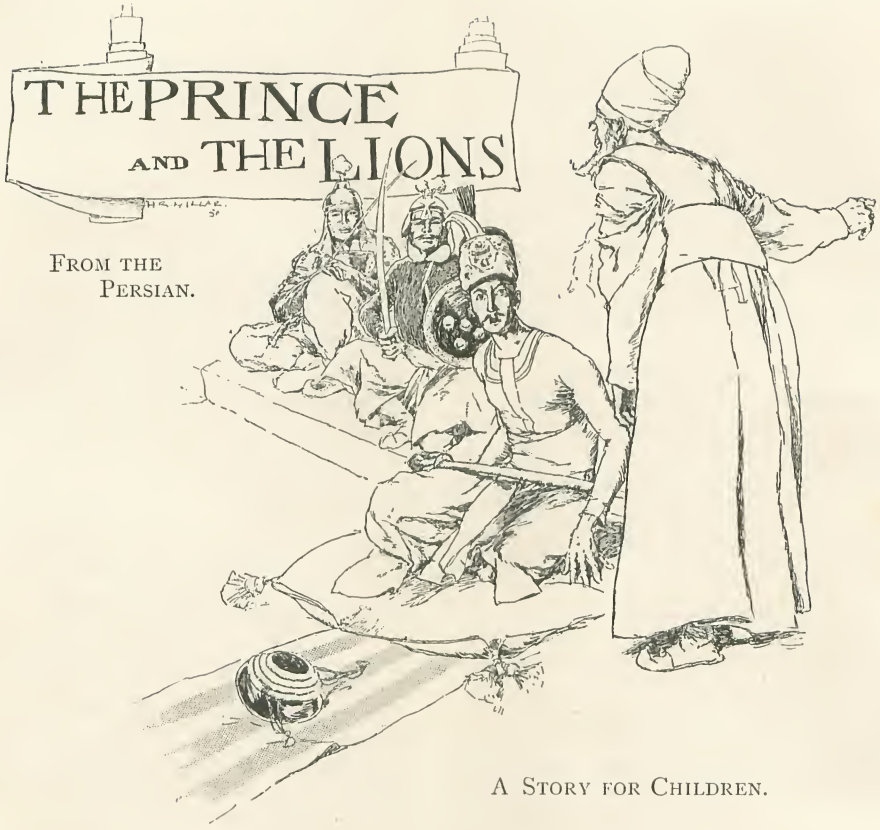
Benjamin Francis-Williams, Q.C., is the Recorder of Cardiff, and a very powerful and reliable advocate. Excellent both at Nisi Prius and in the criminal courts, he is, if not so eloquent as his leader, even more intensely dramatic. Highly popular with many of his brethren, he possesses some very good enemies and some very bad friends. He is a Bencher of the Middle Temple, detests a snob, and is well on the road to promotion.

A story illustrative of one of his chief characteristics is that once a very peppery Colonial judge came up to him, and asked him if, in using a certain phrase, he meant to insult him.

"My dear ——," said the learned Recorder, "when I do mean to insult you, rest assured you won't have any reason for doubt on the subject."

THE PRINCE AND THE LIONS

FROM THE PERSIAN.



A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

IN an Eastern city there once lived a young Prince named Azgid. He was virtuous and accomplished, but had one fault—he was a bit of a coward!

Prince Azgid's father had recently died, and he was looking forward to his coronation. A few days before the day fixed for the ceremony, the old Vizier called upon the Prince and informed His Royal Highness that before he could ascend the throne he must, in accordance with an ancient custom, fight a certain huge red lion which was kept in a den within the precincts of the palace.

The Prince, upon hearing this, was so frightened that he made up his mind to run away. He rose in the night, dressed himself hastily, mounted his horse, and left the city. Thus he journeyed for three days.

In the course of the third day, as he rode through a beautiful, thickly-wooded country, he heard the sound of exquisite music, and presently overtook a handsome youth, who was leading a few sheep, and playing upon a flute.

The young man having courteously saluted the stranger, Prince Azgid begged him to go on playing, for never in his life before, said the Prince, had he listened to such enchanting strains.

The player then told Azgid that he was the slave of a wealthy shepherd named Oaxus, to whose abode, which was close at hand, he offered to conduct the traveller.

The Prince gladly accepted this invitation, and in a few moments was entering the house of Oaxus, who accorded him a hearty welcome, and placed food and drink before him. When Azgid had finished his meal, he felt it incumbent upon him to make some sort of explanation to his host.

"Doubtless," said he, "you wonder who I am, and what is my errand in coming hither? I can tell you this much—that I am a Prince whom trouble has driven from home. Pardon me if I do not divulge my name; that is a secret which must be securely locked within

my own breast. If convenient to you, I would gladly remain in this delightsome spot. I have ample means, and can remunerate you for your kindness."

Oaxus assured his guest that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to entertain him for as long a period as he cared to stay, and he begged him not to think of offering any remuneration.

"And now, Isdril," added Oaxus, addressing his slave, "show the Prince our fountains and waterfalls, our rocks and vales, for I perceive that he is one who can appreciate Nature's beauties."

The youth took up his flute, and went out with the Prince.

After wandering awhile amidst romantic scenery, the two young men sat down to rest upon a rock in a shady valley. The slave put his flute to his lips, and began to play. The Prince loved music passionately, and the idea had already occurred to him that, if ever he left this fair retreat, he would like to purchase from Oaxus his accomplished slave.

"HE ROLLED UP HIS SLEEVE AND REVEALED A BIG SCAR."

Suddenly Isdril broke the spell of the Prince's enjoyment by rising to his feet, with the words: "It is time for us to be going."

"Wherefore?" queried the Prince. "Why should we quit this delicious spot so soon?"

"Because," replied the other, "the neighbourhood is infested with lions. It is well, therefore, to retire early within our abodes, and close the gates. Upon one occasion I lagged behind, and see the consequence!"

He rolled up his sleeve and revealed a big scar upon his arm. Azgid turned pale, and, upon reaching the house, informed his host that he had changed his mind, and found himself obliged to ride on further. He thanked Oaxus, bade farewell to him and to Isdril, and galloped off.

Again he journeyed for three days, and came to a vast desert, in the midst of which he beheld an Arab encampment.

Thankfully he rode up to the black tents, for both he and his horse were worn out with hunger and fatigue.

He was received by a dignified Sheik, to whom he made the same speech that he had made to the kindly Oaxus.

Sheik Hajaar, like the shepherd, answered to the effect that he desired no other remuneration than the pleasure of the Prince's society, and that he should be delighted to keep his guest for ever, if so it might be. He introduced Azgid to a large number of his friends, and provided for his use a magnificent steed.

A week passed. Day by day the Prince accompanied the Sheik in his antelope-hunting expeditions, which he enjoyed exceedingly. He quite thought that he was now happily settled for life, when one night, after he had retired to rest, Sheik Hajaar approached his couch, and said:—

"My son, I have come to tell you how pleased my people are with you, more especially with the spirit you have shown in the chase. But our life is not wholly taken up in such easy recreations; we

frequently engage in hard fighting with other tribes. All my men are seasoned warriors, and before they can have perfect confidence in you it is necessary that they should have some proof of your prowess. Two leagues to the south is a range of hills infested with lions. Go, then, early in the morning, mounted upon your horse, and armed with sword and spear. Slay one of these fierce beasts, and bring us his skin; so shall we know that we may rely upon you in the day of battle."

When the Sheik had left him, Azgid rose, dressed himself, slipped quietly out of his tent, and bade a sorrowful, affectionate farewell to the horse which the Sheik had allowed him to use, now tethered with the others. Then he mounted his own steed, and rode forth into the night.

By the middle of the next day, he was rejoiced to find that he was leaving the desert, and entering a fair region of hill and dale, meadows and streams. Soon he came to a splendid palace, built of porphyry, and standing in the midst of a magnificent garden.

The owner of the palace, a rich Emir, was sitting in the porch, with his golden-haired daughter, Perizide.

Here, again, the Prince was most kindly received. The interior of the building proved to be even more beautiful than the exterior. The rooms blazed with gold and precious stones; walls and ceilings were covered with valuable paintings; the windows were of the costliest stained glass. The Emir set before his guest a collection of delicate viands.

The Prince made his accustomed speech, avowing his rank, but concealing his name. He added also his customary request, that he might be allowed to remain for a time in the house of his present entertainer.

The Emir replied politely that the Prince was heartily welcome to remain until the end of his life, if he chose to do so. Then he begged his guest to excuse him for a few minutes, as he was expecting some friends, and wished to make preparations for their reception.

Thus Azgid was left alone with Perizide, with whom he was already in love. She took him into the garden, after exploring the beauties of which the pair returned to the house.

The palace, now illuminated from top to bottom, was full of company. The evening passed merrily. Observing a lute which lay upon a couch, the music-loving young Prince begged Perizide to play to him. In the midst of his enjoyment, however, he was startled by a strange, loud sound, and asked his fair companion what it might be.

"Oh!" replied she, with a laugh, "that is only Boulak, our black porter, indulging in a yawn."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Azgid; "what uncommonly good lungs he must have!"

After the other guests had left, and Perizide had gone to bed, the Emir and the Prince chatted and smoked together for some time. By-and-by, the former offered to conduct the latter to his sleeping apartment. When they came to the foot of the grand staircase, which was of white marble, Azgid, looking up, was horrified to behold an enormous black lion stretched upon the topmost landing.

"What is that?" faltered he.

"That," returned his host, "is Boulak, our black porter. He is a tame lion, and will not harm you if you are not afraid of him. He knows when anyone fears him, and then becomes ferocious."

"I fear him greatly!" whispered the Prince.

As he could not be persuaded to mount the stairs, he had to return to the saloon, and repose upon one of the divans.

After the Emir had left him, Azgid carefully locked the door and fastened the windows. Then he lay down, but not to sleep. For he could hear the lion walking about, and once the beast actually came to the door, and, uttering a terrific roar, sprang against it with his fore-paws.

The poor Prince made sure that the door would burst open, and that he should be devoured. Nothing of the kind happened, however. In a few moments, Boulak went upstairs, and came down no more that night.

Azgid lay thinking. Evidently he had flown in the face of Providence when he had fled from the lion at home. Since then, lions had met him at every turn. He resolved to submit to what was so clearly his destined duty—to return home and fulfil the condition required.

In the morning, therefore, he told the Emir the whole truth. The kind old man had been acquainted with Azgid's father, the King Almamoun. He highly approved of the young man's resolution, and, with a parting blessing, sped him on his way. But the Prince had no opportunity of making his adieus to the fair Perizide.

Then Azgid rode back to the Arab camp, and confessed all to the good Sheik Hajaar. He also inquired after the beautiful horse.

"He is well," replied the other, "and I should be gratified if you could stay with us, and use him again. But it would be wrong to hinder you in your pious undertaking. Return to your home, and do your duty like a man!"

Azgid next visited Oaxus, to whom, as to the others, he revealed his name and parentage,

"I FEAR HIM GREATLY!"

confessed his fault, and expressed his repentance.

"Go, my friend!" said the kindly shepherd, "and may Heaven give you strength to persevere in your laudable resolution!"

"Farewell!" answered Azgid; "greet Isdril from me, and tell him that I hope some day to return and listen to his sweet music, in spite of the lions."

Without further interruption, the Prince rode straight home, and announced to the old Vizier his intention to fight the lion.

The old man wept tears of joy at his Prince's return, and it was arranged that the combat should take place in a week's time.

When the hour came, and the Prince entered the arena, the lion gave a loud roar, and approached his opponent slowly, with fierce looks. Azgid did not quail. With steady gaze he advanced, spear in hand. Suddenly the lion bounded forward, and, with another roar, sprang clean over the Prince's head. Then he ran joyously up to him, and began licking his hands with every demonstration of affection.

The Vizier called out to the Prince that he had conquered, and bade him leave the arena. The lion followed like a dog.

"As you now see, Prince Azgid," said the old Minister, "the lion is a tame one, and would injure no one. You, however, were ignorant of this fact, and have satisfactorily proved your courage and valour by your readiness to fight him. Now, all will know that you are worthy to ascend the throne of your heroic ancestors."

Two men—one old, the other very young—came forward to congratulate the Prince. They were Oaxus and Isdril.

"THE LION SPRANG CLEAN OVER THE PRINCE'S HEAD."

"Prince Azgid," said the old shepherd, "as a memento of this happy day, allow me to make you a present." So saying, he pushed forward his slave, Isdril.

"I heartily thank you, Oaxus!" said the Prince, "and you, Isdril, are no longer a slave. From this moment you are free; but you shall be my companion, and delight me with your skill upon the flute."

Presently another little group presented itself. It was composed of Sheik Hajaar, some of his Arabs, and the horse which the Prince had learned to love.

"Azgid!" said the Sheik, "I congratulate you heartily, and beg your acceptance of this steed."

The Prince thanked and embraced the Sheik, and kissed the beautiful creature, who returned his caresses.

The Emir was the next person to appear upon the scene. He was surrounded by a brilliant retinue, with music and banners.

"I have come to congratulate you," said he to the Prince. "I have brought you no present, but I and all my belongings are yours."

"I am rejoiced to see you, noble Emir!" replied Azgid. "And how is your lovely daughter? As soon as I am crowned, I intend to set off at lightning-speed to visit her!"

"That will be needless," said the Emir; "come with me." And he led the young man to a veiled lady, who sat upon a white horse. It was Perizide!

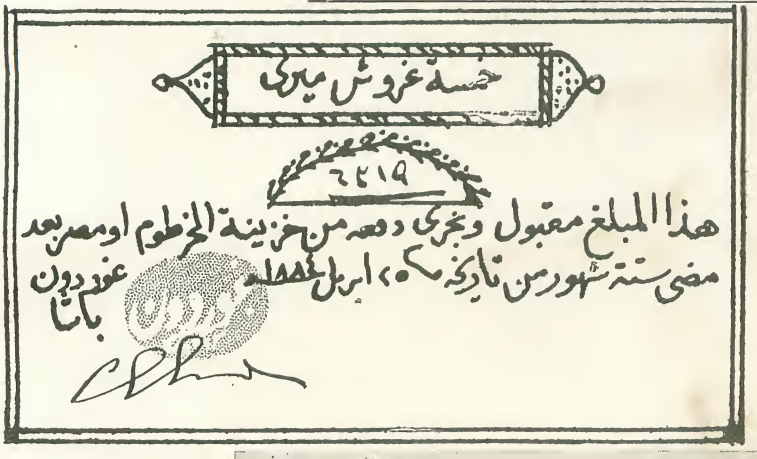
Then, by order of the Vizier, the whole procession wended its way towards the palace.

Many thoughts and emotions stirred within the breast of the young Prince. "When I fled from duty," reflected he, "everything went against me; now that I have fulfilled it, fresh happiness meets me at every step."

The coronation—and also a wedding—took place on the same day. Azgid and Perizide reigned long and happily. By the King's command, his adventures were recorded in the annals of the kingdom. And over the door of his palace were inscribed, in golden letters, these words: "*Never run from the lion.*"

"KNEE PARADE" AT A SOUTHERN INDIAN MISSION STATION.

An interesting and amusing photograph. The missionary in charge has just dined, and is inspecting the knees and legs of six "little nigger boys," whose snow-white tunics contrast oddly with their dusky skins. Two native attendants are present to lend additional gravity to the scene. The little fellows belong to the mission school, and have been allowed out to play just before bed-time. "Knee parade" is a nightly function, and one greatly feared by the more frolicsome among the boys, upon whose restless limbs the eagle-eyed inspector occasionally discerns much "matter out of place."



GENERAL GORDON'S PAPER MONEY.

This unique relic is in the possession of Sir William Gordon Cumming, Bart., whose exploits as a big-game hunter are chronicled elsewhere in this issue. Sir William writes to say that he procured this note (issued by Gordon in Khartoum) from a soldier while serving with the Camel Corps at Metemmeh, in 1885. Notice Gordon's autograph as bank manager at the bottom left-hand corner. The reproduction is actual size.

A TERRIFIC HAIL-STORM.

On the night of the 3rd of May last, a truly appalling hailstorm broke around the Dholi Indigo factory in the province of Behar, India. The storm lasted only ten minutes, yet terrific destruction was wrought. Even the corrugated iron roofing was riddled with holes, made by hailstones as big as oranges. The outhouse here shown was photographed next day. Observe the utter demolition of the tiled roof, and the holes in the plastered wall.

PLAZA DE TOROS DE ALGECIRAS

PRIMERA TARDE

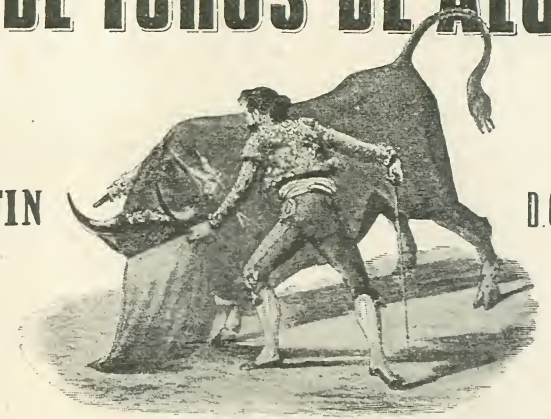
SE LIDIARAN SEIS TOROS

DE LA CANADERIA

DE

D ANASTASIO MARTIN

DE SEVILLA



SEGUNDA TARDE

SE LIDIARAN SEIS TOROS DE LA CANADERIA

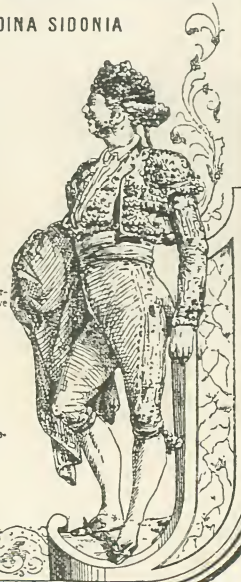
DE LA

SEÑORA VIUDA DE VARELA

hoy de

D.GERONIMO MARTINEZ ENRILES

DE MEDINA SIDONIA



VVITH THE PERMISSION OF AUTORITY IF THE VVEATHER IS NOT CONTRARY.

TWO BULL

FIGHT 'S WILL HAVE IN THE AFTER-NOONS

OF 8 TH & 9 TH JUIN 1873.

The undertakings wich have taken these spectacles at theirs expences have made all short of sacrifices for make them correspondents to this city and the bor-der 's greaters affected. For it they have pickwit out twoelve bulls a very good ,s TRAPIO, in the belters flocks wich to day are knowns in Spain and they have contracted also the betters bull fighters.

ESPADAS,

MANUEL FUENTES (a) BOCANEGRA, DE CÓRDOBA,

Y JOSE SANCHEZ CAMPOS (a) CARA ANCHA, DE ALGECIRAS.

PICADORES.—José Fuentes (a) Pipi, de Córdoba, Juan Trigo, José Gomez (a) Canales, y Emilio Bartolesi, todos de Sevilla.

BANDERILLEROS.—Antonio Herrera (a) Anillo, José Sanchez Laborda, José Martin, Manuel Mejias (a) Bienvenida, todos de Sevilla, y Pedro Sanchez Campos (a) el Niño, de Algeciras.—CACHETERO.—Manuel Bustamante (a) la Pulga, de Sevilla.

AUTORITY S HAND.

It is forbidden wich any one descend into the place during the fight and to dart the fighters anything for their mischief. The fire 's dart will have been used for the bulls wich was impossible to take spears.

ADVERTENCES.

The tickets close will be situated at the Convento 's street and in the others places of-costum and after two o ' clock int the bull fight 's place. The after-noons of 7 th et 8 th the dock correspondent to 8 th et 9 th will be in the Féria 's manchones. The public can not inquire after any others fighters if any one of them was wound and bull s' reste was not fighted.

TARIFA.—Palco sin entrada, 80 rs.—Sillones, 25.—Delanteros de balcon, 20.—Vallas, 16.—Tertulia alta primera fila, 30.—Segunda id., 20.—Tercera id., 20.—Tertulia baja primera fila, 30.—Segunda id., 16.—Tercera id., 16.—Balconcillos, 20.—Sombra, 12.—Sol, 7.—Medias entradas de sombra para niños y soldados, 7.—Id. de sol, 4.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS WRITTEN."

The above bill of a bull-fight was specially "done in English" for the benefit of the British garrison at Gibraltar.

THE NEW SWITCHBACK STEEPLECHASE.

Here we have a sectional view of Cawdery's Patent Switchback Steeplechase. Instead of cars, the inventor has chosen life-sized horses, mounted on an iron framing, and running on steel rails fixed to iron standards placed at certain distances apart. A continuous railroad is thus formed, with the additional security of guide rails, which prevent any accident in the event of the impetuous steed leaving the top rail. It will be seen that the scenery heightens the steeplechase illusion. Each complete steeplechase costs £2,000, there being eighteen horses of various hues, so that the moment one set of six has reached the winning-post, another set can be instantly started. It is proposed to establish these switchbacks at most of our popular seaside resorts.

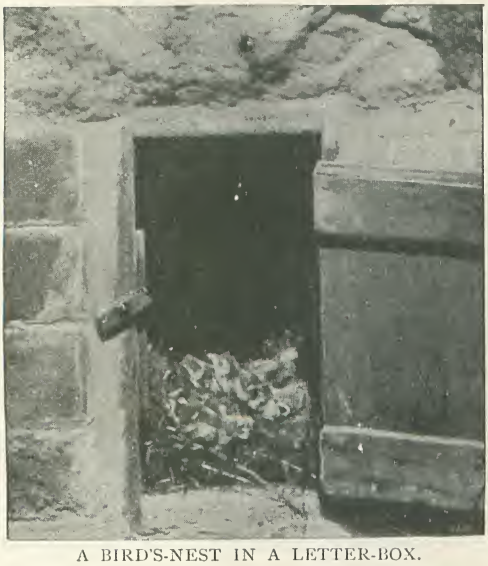
From a Photo. by Bauer, Copenhagen.

CARRYING TWENTY-FIVE PERSONS ON A BICYCLE.

The hero of this exploit (it is a little difficult to locate him among so many) is Maurice Pardo—the "Herculean Human Motor," as he modestly styles himself. This wonderful cyclist balances and propels, solely by his own power and skill, twenty-five persons on his specially-made machine, which is unquestionably of the two-wheeled variety; whether or not it may be styled a "safety," however, is rather for the human cargo to say. The total weight on the bicycle is a little more than 4,000lb.

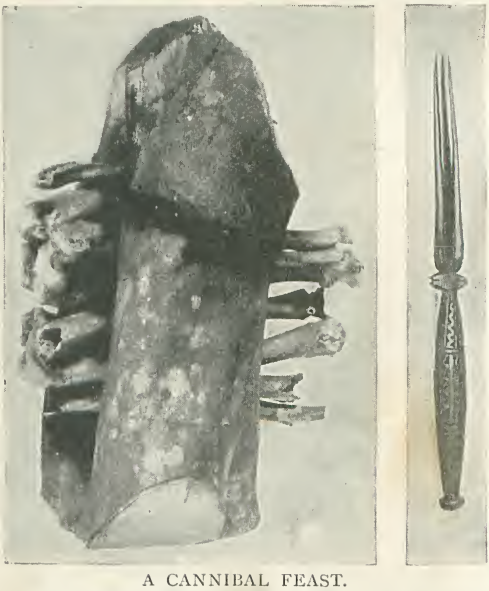
PRIESTS OR LLAMAS OF THE HILL-TRIBES OF THE HIMALAYAS.

This decidedly effective group was photographed near Darjeeling. The holy men know nothing of Drury Lane pantomime, though their highly original costumes irresistibly suggest that gorgeous pageant. They are the priests who minister unto the hardy hill-men. Fortunately for their wearers, the masks are not for every-day use ; this is evidenced by the more ordinary head-gear held by the pastor on the extreme right. These dignitaries have, as it were, merely assumed for the occasion their episcopal robes.



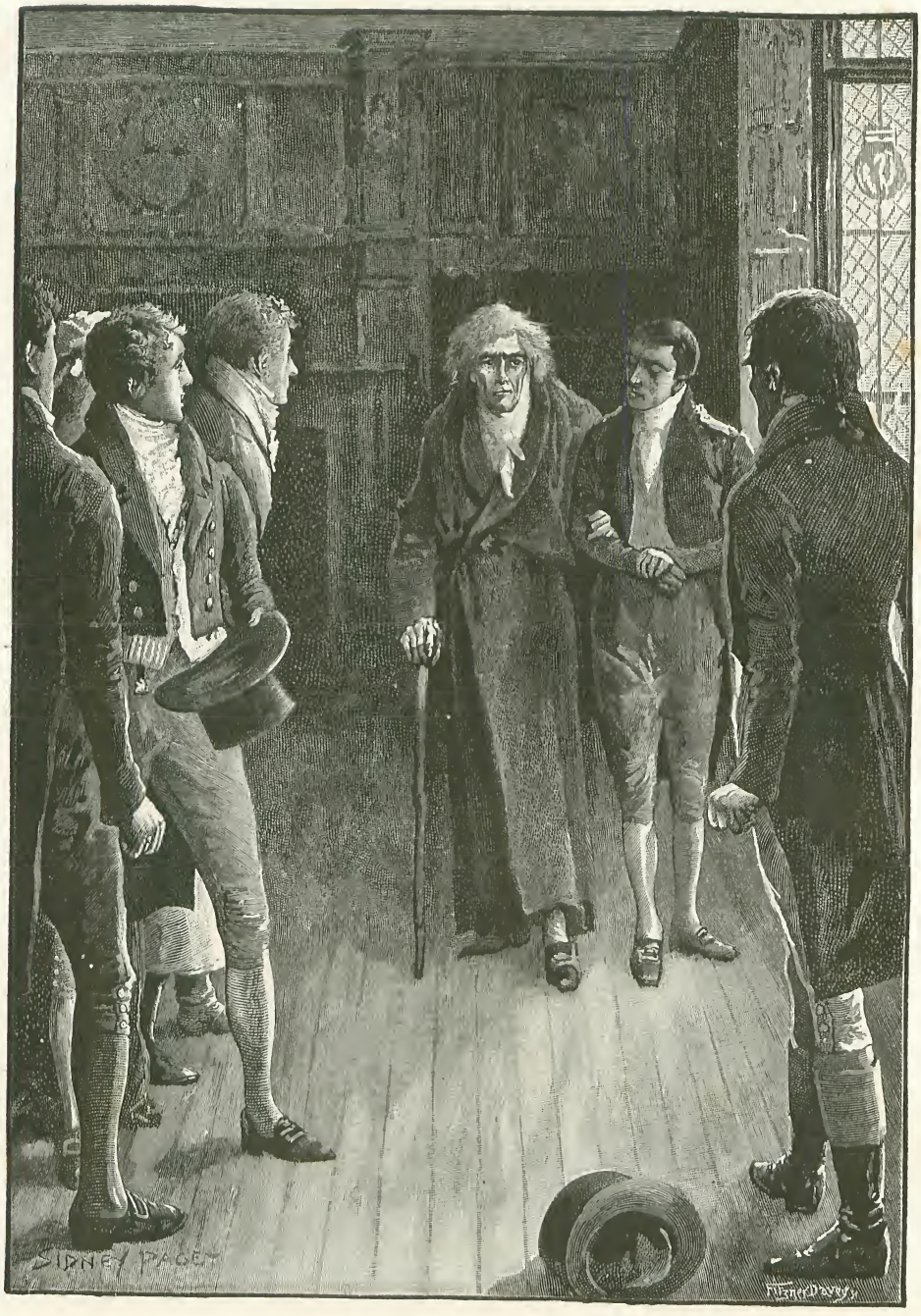
A BIRD'S-NEST IN A LETTER-BOX.

This letter-box is built into one of the pillars of the gate approaching the residence of the Rev. J. P. Evans, Naes-y-Byn, near Conway. The nest is that of a long-tailed titmouse, and it contained twelve eggs, which were successfully hatched. During the time of incubation the postman deposited his letters as usual, and these falling through the slot were often found on top of the sitting bird. The photograph was sent by Mr. J. H. Travis, of Plas Tirion, Pant-y-Tan.



A CANNIBAL FEAST.

This gruesome discovery was made by a traveller in Fiji. The fork (now in the British Museum) is 11½in. long, and was one of the implements set aside exclusively for human flesh. It seems the cannibals use forks because human flesh when cooked emits in the dark a weird, phosphorescent lustre, of which the natives are afraid, and which is communicated to anything that touches the fearsome "joint."



"'LORD AVON, BY HEAVENS!' HE CRIED."

(*See page* 487.)

Rodney Stone.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER XIX.

CLIFFE ROYAL.

MY uncle was humanely anxious to get Harrison to bed as soon as possible, for the smith, although he laughed at his own injuries, had none the less been severely punished.

"Don't you dare ever to ask my leave to fight again, Jack Harrison," said his wife, as she looked ruefully at his battered face. "Why, it's worse than when you beat Black Baruk, and if it weren't for your top-coat, I couldn't swear you were the man who led me to the altar. If the King of England ask you, I'll never let you do it more."

"Well, old lass, I give my davy that I never will. It's best that I leave fightin' before fightin' leaves me." He screwed up his face as he took a sup from Sir Charles's brandy-flask. "It's fine liquor, sir, but it gets into my cut lips most cruel. Why, here's John Cummings, of the Friar's Oak Inn, as I'm a sinner, and seekin' for a mad doctor, to judge by the look of him."

It was certainly a most singular figure who was approaching us over the moor. With the flushed, dazed face of a man who is just recovering from recent intoxication, the landlord was tearing madly about, his hat gone, and his hair and beard flying in the wind. He ran in little zig-zags from one knot of people to another, whilst his peculiar appearance drew a running fire of witticisms as he went, so that he reminded me irresistibly of a snipe skimming along through a line of guns. We saw him stop for an instant by the yellow barouche and hand something to Sir Lothian Hume. Then on he came again, until at last, catching sight of us, he gave a cry of joy and ran for us full speed with a note held out at arm's length.

"You're a nice cove, too, John Cummings," said Harrison, reproachfully. "Didn't I tell you not to let a drop pass your lips until you had given your message to Sir Charles?"

"I ought to be pole-axed, I ought," he cried, in bitter repentance. "I asked for you, Sir Charles, as I'm a livin' man I did, but you weren't there, and what with bein' so pleased at gettin' such odds when I knew Harrison was goin' to fight, an' what with the landlord of the 'George' wantin' me to try his own specials, I let my senses go clean away from me. And now it's only after the fight is over that I see you, Sir Charles, an'

"'I OUGHT TO BE POLE-AXED,' HE CRIED."

Copyright, 1896, by A. Conan Doyle, in the United States of America.

if you lay that whip over my back, it's only what I deserve."

But my uncle was paying no attention whatever to the voluble self-reproaches of the landlord. He had opened the note, and was reading it with a slight raising of the eyebrows, which was almost the very highest note in his limited emotional gamut.

"*What make* you of this, nephew?" he asked, handing it to me.

This was what I read:—

"Sir Charles Tregellis,—For God's sake come at once when this reaches you to Cliffe Royal, and tarry as little as possible upon the way. You will see me there, and you will hear much which concerns you deeply. I pray you to come as soon as may be, and until then I remain him whom you knew as James Harrison."

"Well, nephew?" asked my uncle.

"Why, sir, I cannot tell what it may mean."

"Who gave it to you, sirrah?"

"It was young Jim Harrison himself, sir," said the landlord; "though, indeed, I scarce knew him at first, for he looked like his own ghost. He was so eager that it should reach you, that he would not leave me until the horse was harnessed and I started upon my way. There was one note for you and one for Sir Lothian Hume, and I wish to God he had chosen a better messenger."

"This is a mystery indeed," said my uncle, bending his brows over the note. "What should he be doing at that house of ill-omen? And why does he sign himself, 'him whom you knew as James Harrison'—by what other style should I know him? Harrison, you can throw a light upon this! You, Mrs. Harrison, I see by your face that you understand it!"

"Maybe we do, Sir Charles, but we are plain folk, my Jack and I, and we go as far as we see our way, and when we don't see our way any longer, we just stop. We've been goin' this twenty year, but now we'll draw aside and let our betters go to the front; so if you wish to find what that note means, I can only advise you to do what you are asked, and to drive over to Cliffe Royal, where you will find out."

My uncle put the note into his pocket.

"I don't move until I have seen you safely in the hands of the surgeon, Harrison."

"Never mind for me, sir. The missus and me can drive down to Crawley in the gig, and a yard of stickin'-plaster and a raw steak will soon set me to rights."

But my uncle was by no means to be persuaded, and he drove the pair into Crawley, where the smith was left under the charge of his wife in the very best quarters which money could procure. Then, after a hasty luncheon, we turned the mares' heads for the south.

"This ends my connection with the ring, nephew," said my uncle. "I perceive that there is no possible means by which it can be kept pure from roguery. I have been cheated and befooled, but a man learns wisdom at last, and never again do I give countenance to a prize-fight."

Had I been older or he less formidable, I might have said what was in my heart, and begged him to give up other things also, to come out from those shallow circles in which he lived, and to find some work that was worthy of his strong brain and his good heart. But the thought had hardly formed itself in my mind before he had dropped his serious vein, and was chatting away about some new silver-mounted harness which he intended to spring upon the Mall, and about the match for a thousand guineas which he meant to make between his filly, Ethelberta, and Lord Doncaster's famous three-year-old Aurelius.

We had got as far as Whiteman's Green, which is rather more than midway between Crawley Down and Friar's Oak, when, looking backwards, I saw far down the road the gleam of the sun upon a high, yellow carriage. Sir Lothian Hume was following us.

"He has had the same summons as we, and is bound for the same destination," said my uncle, glancing over his shoulder at the distant barouche. "We are both wanted at Cliffe Royal—we, the two survivors of that black business. And it is Jim Harrison, of all people, who calls us there. Nephew, I have had an eventful life, but I feel as if the very strangest scene of it were waiting for me among those trees."

He whipped up the mares, and now from the curve of the road we could see the high, dark pinnacles of the old manor-house shooting up above the ancient oaks which ring it round. The sight of it, with its blood-stained and ghost-blasted memories, would in itself have been enough to send a thrill through my nerves, but when the words of my uncle made me *suddenly* realize that this strange summons was indeed for the two men who were concerned in that old-world tragedy, and that it was the playmate of my youth who had

sent it, I caught my breath as I seemed vaguely to catch a glimpse of some portentous thing forming itself in front of us. The rusted gates between the crumbling heraldic pillars were folded back, and my uncle flicked the mares impatiently as we flew up the weed-grown avenue, until he pulled them on their haunches before the time-blotched steps. The front door was open, and Boy Jim was waiting there to meet us.

But it was a different Boy Jim from him whom I had known and loved. There was a change in him somewhere, a change so marked that it was the first thing that I noticed, and yet so subtle that I could not put words to it. He was not less comely, for his training had left him the very model of what a man should be. And yet there was a change, a touch of dignity in the expression, a suggestion of confidence in the bearing, which seemed, now that it was supplied, to be the one thing which had been needed to give him harmony and finish. Somehow, in spite of his prowess, his old school name of "Boy" had clung very naturally to him until that instant, when I saw him standing in his self-contained and magnificent manhood in the doorway of the ancient house. A woman stood beside him, her hand resting upon his shoulder, and I saw that it was Miss Hinton, of Anstey Cross.

"You remember me, Sir Charles Tregellis?" said she, coming forward, as we sprang down from the curricle.

My uncle looked hard at her, with a puzzled face.

"I do not think that I have the privilege, madam. And yet——"

"Polly Hinton, of the Haymarket. You surely cannot have forgotten Polly Hinton!"

"Forgotten! Why, we have mourned for you in Fops' Alley for more years than I care to think of. But what in the name of wonder——!"

"I was privately married, and I retired from the stage. I want you to forgive me for taking Jim away from you last night."

"It was you then?"

"I had a stronger claim even than you could have. You were his patron. I was his mother!" She drew his head down to hers as she spoke, and there with their cheeks together were the two faces, the one stamped with the waning beauty of womanhood, the other with the waxing strength of man, and yet so alike in the dark eyes, the blue-black hair, and the broad, white brow, that I marvelled that I had never read her secret on the first days that I had seen them together. "Yes," she cried, "he is my own boy, and he saved me from what is worse than death, as your nephew Rodney could tell you. Yet my lips were sealed, and it was only last night that I could tell him that it was his mother whom he had brought back by his gentleness and his patience into the sweetness of life."

"A WOMAN STOOD BESIDE HIM."

"Hush, mother," said Jim, turning his lips to her cheek. "There are things which are between ourselves. But tell me, Sir Charles, how went the fight?"

"Your uncle would have won it, but the roughs broke the ring."

"He is no uncle of mine, Sir Charles, but he has been the best and truest friend, both to me and to my father, that ever the world could offer. I only know one as true," he continued, taking me by the hand, "and dear old Rodney Stone is his name. But I trust he was not much hurt?"

"A week or two will set him right. But I cannot pretend to understand how this matter stands, and you must allow me to say that I have not heard you advance anything yet which seems to me to justify you in abandoning your engagements at a moment's notice."

"Come in, Sir Charles, and I am convinced that you will acknowledge that I could not have done otherwise. But here, if I mistake not, is Sir Lothian Hume."

The yellow barouche had swung into the avenue, and a few moments later the weary, panting horses had pulled up behind our curricle. Sir Lothian sprang out, looking as black as a thunder-cloud.

"Stay where you are, Corcoran," said he, and I caught a glimpse of a bottle-green coat which told me who was his travelling companion. "Well," he continued, looking round him with an insolent stare. "I should vastly like to know who has had the insolence to give me so pressing an invitation to visit my own house, and what the deuce you mean by daring to trespass upon my grounds!"

"I promise you that you will understand this and a good deal more before we part, Sir Lothian," said Jim, with a curious smile playing over his face. "If you will follow me, I will endeavour to make it all clear to you."

With his mother's hand in his own he led us into that ill-omened room, where the cards were still heaped upon the sideboard and the dark shadow lurked in the corner of the ceiling.

"Now, sirrah, your explanation!" cried Sir Lothian, standing with his arms folded by the door.

"My first explanations I owe to you, Sir Charles," said Jim, and as I listened to his voice and noted his manner, I could not but admire the effect which the company of her whom he now knew to be his mother had had upon a rude country lad. "I wish to tell you what occurred last night."

"I will tell it for you, Jim," said his mother. "You must know, Sir Charles, that though my son knew nothing of his parents, we were both alive and had never lost sight of him. For my part, I let him have his own way in going to London and in taking up this challenge. It was only yesterday that it came to the ears of his father, who would have none of it. He was in the weakest health, and his wishes were not to be gainsaid. He ordered me to go at once and to bring his

"'NOW, SIRRAH, YOUR EXPLANATION!' CRIED SIR LOTHIAN."

son to his side. I was at my wits' end, for I was sure that Jim would never come unless a substitute were provided for him. I went to the kind, good couple who had brought him up, and I told them how matters stood. Mrs. Harrison loved Jim as if he had been her own son, and her husband loved mine, so they came to my help, and may God bless them for their kindness to a distracted wife and mother. Harrison would take Jim's place if Jim would go to his father. Then I drove to Crawley. I found out which was Jim's room, and I spoke to him through the window—for I was sure that those who had backed him would not let him go. I told him that I was his mother. I told him who was his father. I said that I had my phaeton ready, and that he might, for all I knew, be only in time to receive the dying blessing of that parent whom he had never known. Still the boy would not go until he had my assurance that Harrison would take his place."

"Why did he not leave a message with Belcher?"

"My head was in a whirl, Sir Charles. To find a father and a mother, a new name and a new rank, in a few minutes, might turn a stronger brain than ever mine was. My mother begged me to come with her, and I went. The phaeton was waiting, but we had scarcely started when some fellow seized the horse's head, and a couple of ruffians attacked us. One of them I beat over the head with the butt of the whip, so that he dropped the cudgel with which he was about to strike me; then, lashing the horse, I shook off the others and got safely away. I cannot imagine who they were or why they should molest us."

"Perhaps Sir Lothian Hume could tell you," said my uncle.

Our enemy said nothing, but his little, keen eyes slid round with a most murderous glance in our direction.

"After I had come here and seen my father I went down——"

My uncle stopped him with a cry of astonishment.

"What did you say, young man? You came *here* and you saw your father! Here at Cliffe Royal?"

"Yes, sir."

My uncle had turned very pale.

"In God's name, then, tell us who your father is!"

Jim made no answer save to point over our shoulders, and glancing round we became aware that two people had entered the room through the door which led to the bedroom stair. The one I recognised in an instant. That impassive, mask-like face and demure manner could only belong to Ambrose, the former valet of my uncle. The other was a very different and even more singular figure. He was a tall man, clad in a dark dressing-gown, and leaning heavily upon a stick. His long, bloodless countenance was so thin and so white that it gave the strangest illusion of transparency. Only within the folds of a shroud have I ever seen so wan a face. The brindled hair and the rounded back gave the impression of advanced age, and it was only the dark brows and the bright, alert eyes glancing out from beneath them which made me doubt whether it was really an old man who stood before us.

There was an instant of silence, broken by a deep oath from Sir Lothian Hume.

"Lord Avon, by heavens!" he cried.

"Very much at your service, gentlemen," answered the strange figure in the dressing-gown.

CHAPTER XX.

LORD AVON.

My uncle was an impassive man by nature, and had become more so by the tradition of the society in which he lived. He could have turned a card upon which his fortune depended without the twitch of a muscle, and I had seen him myself driving to imminent death on the Godstone Road with as calm a face as if he were out for his daily airing in the Mall. But now the shock which had come upon him was so great that he could only stand with white cheeks and staring, incredulous eyes. Twice I saw him open his lips, and twice he put his hand up to his throat as though a barrier had risen betwixt himself and his utterance. Finally, he took a sudden little run forward, with both his hands thrown out in greeting.

"Ned!" he cried.

But the strange man who stood before him folded his arms over his breast.

"No, Charles," said he.

My uncle stopped and looked at him in amazement.

"Surely, Ned, you have a greeting for me after all these years?"

"You believed me to have done this deed, Charles. I read it in your eyes and your manner on that terrible morning. You never asked me for an explanation. You never considered how impossible such a crime must be for a man of my character,

At the first breath of suspicion, you, my intimate friend, the man who knew me best, set me down as a thief and a murderer."

"No, no, Ned."

"You did, Charles. I read it in your eyes. And so it was that, when I wished to leave that which was most precious to me in safe hands, I had to pass you over and to place him in the charge of the one man who from the first never doubted my innocence. Better a thousand times that my son should be brought up in a humble station and in ignorance of his unfortunate father, than that he should learn to share the doubts and suspicions of his equals."

"Then he is really your son!" cried my uncle, staring at Jim in amazement.

For answer the man stretched out his long, withered arm, and placed a gaunt hand upon the shoulder of the actress, whilst she looked up at him with love in her eyes.

"I married, Charles, and I kept it secret from my friends, for I had gone outside my own circle for my wife. You know the foolish pride which has always been the strongest part of my nature. I could not bear to avow that which I had done. It was this neglect upon my part which led to an estrangement between us, and drove her into habits for which it is I who am to blame, and not she. Yet, on account of these same habits, I took the child from her and gave her an allowance on condition that she did not interfere with it. I had feared that the boy might receive evil from her, and had never dreamed in my blindness that she might get good from him. But I have learned in my miserable life, Charles, that there is a power which fashions things for us, though we may strive to thwart it, and that we are in truth driven by an unseen current towards a certain goal, however much we may deceive ourselves into thinking that it is our own sails and oars which are speeding us upon our way."

My eyes had been upon the face of my uncle as he listened, but now, as I turned them from him, they fell once more upon the thin, wolfish face of Sir Lothian Hume. He stood near the window, his grey silhouette thrown up against the square of dusty glass, and I had never seen such a play of evil passions, of anger, of jealousy, of disappointed greed, upon a human face before.

"Am I to understand," said he, in a loud, harsh voice, "that this young man claims to be the heir of the peerage of Avon?"

"He is my lawful son."

"I knew you fairly well, sir, in our youth, but you will allow me to observe that neither I nor any friend of yours ever heard of a wife or a son. I defy Sir Charles Tregellis to say that he ever dreamed that there was any heir except myself."

"I have already explained, Sir Lothian, why I kept my marriage secret."

"You have explained, sir, but it is for others in another place to say if that explanation is satisfactory."

Two blazing dark eyes flashed out of the pale, haggard face with as strange and sudden an effect as if a stream of light were to beat through the windows of a shattered and ruined house.

"You dare to doubt my word?"

"I demand a proof."

"My word is proof to those who know me."

"Excuse me, Lord Avon, but I know you, and I see no reason why I should accept your statement."

It was a brutal speech, and brutally delivered. Lord Avon staggered forward, and it was only his son on one side and his wife on the other who kept his quivering hands from the throat of his insulter.

Sir Lothian recoiled from the pale, fierce face with the black brows, but he still glared angrily about the room.

"A very pretty conspiracy this," he cried, "with a criminal, an actress, and a prize-fighter all playing their parts. Sir Charles Tregellis, you shall hear from me again! And you also, my lord!" He turned upon his heel and strode from the room.

"He has gone to denounce me," said Lord Avon, a spasm of wounded pride distorting his features.

"Shall I bring him back?" cried Boy Jim.

"No, no, let him go. It is as well, for I have already made up my mind that my duty to you, my son, outweighs that which I owe and have at such bitter cost fulfilled to my brother and my family."

"You did me an injustice, Ned," said my uncle, "if you thought that I had forgotten you or that I had judged you unkindly. If ever I have thought that you had done this deed—and how could I doubt the evidence of my own eyes?—I have always believed that it was at a time when your mind was unhinged, and when you knew no more of what you were about than the man who is walking in his sleep."

"What do you mean when you talk about the evidence of your own eyes?" asked Lord Avon, looking hard at my uncle.

"I saw you, Ned, upon that accursed night."

"LORD AVON STAGGERED FORWARD."

"Saw me? Where?"

"In the passage."

"And doing what?"

"You were coming from your brother's room. I had heard his voice raised in anger and pain only an instant before. You carried in your hand a bag full of money, and your face betrayed the utmost agitation. If you can but explain to me, Ned, how you came to be there, you will take from my heart a weight which has pressed upon it for all these years."

No one now would have recognised in my uncle the man who was the leader of all the fops of London. In the presence of this old friend, and of the tragedy which girt him round, the veil of triviality and affectation had been rent, and I felt my gratitude towards him deepening for the first time into affection whilst I watched his pale, anxious face, and the eager hope which shone in his eyes, as he awaited his friend's explanation. Lord Avon sank his face in his hands, and for a few moments there was silence in the dim, grey room.

"I do not wonder now that you were shaken," said he, at last. "My God! what a net was cast round me! Had this vile charge been brought against me, you, my dearest friend, would have been compelled to tear away the last doubt as to my guilt. And yet, in spite of what you have seen, Charles, I am as innocent in the matter as you are."

"I thank God that I hear you say so."

"But you are not satisfied, Charles. I can read it on your face. You wish to know why an innocent man should conceal himself for all these years?"

"Your word is enough for me, Ned, but the world will wish this other question answered also."

"It was to save the family honour, Charles. You know how dear it was to me. I could not clear myself without proving my brother to have been guilty of the foulest crime which a gentleman could commit. For eighteen years I have screened him at the expense of everything which a man could sacrifice. I have lived a living death, which has left me an old and shattered man when I am but in my fortieth year. But now, when I am faced with the alternative of telling the facts about my brother or of wronging my son, I can only act in one fashion, and the more so since I have reason to hope that a way may be found by which what I am now about to disclose to you need never come to the public ear."

He rose from his chair and, leaning heavily upon his two supporters, he tottered across the room to the dust-covered side-board. There in the centre of it was lying that ill-boding pile of time-stained, mildewed cards, just as Boy Jim and I had seen them years before. Lord Avon turned them over with trembling fingers, and then, picking up half-a-dozen, he brought them to my uncle.

"Place your finger and thumb upon the

left-hand bottom corner of this card, Charles," said he. "Pass them lightly backwards and forwards, and tell me what you feel."

"It has been pricked with a pin."

"Precisely. What is the card?"

My uncle turned it over.

"It is the king of clubs."

"Try the bottom corner of this one."

"It is quite smooth."

"And the card is?"

"The three of spades."

"And this one?"

"It has been pricked. It is the ace of hearts."

Lord Avon hurled them down upon the floor.

"There you have the whole accursed story!" he cried. "Need I go further, where every word is an agony?"

"I see something, but not all. You must continue, Ned."

The frail figure stiffened itself as though he were visibly bracing himself for an effort.

"LORD AVON HURLED THEM DOWN UPON THE FLOOR."

"I will tell it you then, once and for ever. Never again, I trust, will it be necessary for me to open my lips about the miserable business. You remember our game? You remember how we lost? You remember how you all retired and left me sitting in this very room and at that very table? Far from being tired, I was exceedingly wakeful, and I remained here for an hour or more thinking over the incidents of the game and the change which it promised to bring about in my fortunes. I had, as you will recollect, lost heavily, and my only consolation was that my own brother had won. I knew that owing to his reckless mode of life he was firmly in the clutches of the Jews, and I hoped that that which had shaken my position might have the effect of restoring his. As I sat there, fingering the cards in an abstracted way, some chance led me to observe the small needle-pricks which you have just felt. I went over the packs and found, to my unspeakable horror, that anyone who was in the secret could hold them in dealing in such a way as to be able to count the exact number of high cards which fell to each of his opponents. And then, with such a flush of shame and disgust as I had never known, I remembered how my attention had been drawn to my brother's mode of dealing: its slowness, and the way in which he held each card by the lower corner.

"I did not condemn him precipitately. I sat for a long time calling to mind every incident which could tell one way or the other. Alas, it all went to confirm me in my first horrible suspicion, and to turn it into a certainty. My brother had ordered the packs from Ledbury's, in Bond Street. They had been for some hours in his chambers. He had played throughout with a decision which had surprised us at the time. Above all, I could not conceal from myself that his past life was not such as to make even so abominable a crime as this impossible to him. Tingling

with anger and shame, I went straight up that stair, the cards in my hand, and I taxed him with this lowest and meanest of all the crimes to which a villain could descend.

"He had not retired to rest, and his ill-gotten gains were spread out upon the dressing-table. I hardly know what I said to him, but the facts were so deadly that he did not attempt to deny his guilt. You will remember, as the only mitigation of his crime, that he was not yet one-and-twenty years of age. My words overwhelmed him. He went on his knees to me, imploring me to spare him. I told him that out of consideration for our family I should make no public exposure of him, but that he must never again in his life lay his hand upon a card, and that the money which he had won must be returned next morning with an explanation. It would be social ruin, he protested. I answered that he must take the consequence of his own deed. Then and there I burned the papers which he had won from me, and I replaced in a canvas bag which lay upon the table all the gold pieces. I would have left the room without another word, but he clung to me and tore the ruffle from my wrist in his attempt to hold me back, and to prevail upon me to promise to say nothing to you or Sir Lothian Hume. It was his despairing cry when he found that I was proof against all his entreaties which reached your ears, Charles, and caused you to open your chamber door and to see me as I returned to my room."

My uncle drew a long sigh of relief. "Nothing could be clearer!" he murmured.

"In the morning I came, as you remember, to your room, and I returned your money. I did the same to Sir Lothian Hume. I said nothing of my reasons for doing so, for I found that I could not bring myself to confess our disgrace to you. Then came the horrible discovery which has darkened my life, and which was as great a mystery to me as it has been to you. I saw that I was suspected, and I saw also that even if I were to clear myself it could only be done by a public confession of the infamy of my brother. I shrank from it, Charles. Any personal suffering seemed to me to be better than to bring public shame upon a family which had held an untarnished record through so many centuries. I fled from my trial, therefore, and disappeared from the world.

"But first of all it was necessary that I should make arrangements for the wife and the son of whose existence you and my other friends were ignorant. It is with shame, Mary, that I confess it, and I acknowledge to you that the blame of all the consequences rests with me rather than with you. At the time there were reasons, now happily long gone past, which made me determine that the son was better apart from the mother, whose absence at that age he would not miss. I would have taken you into my confidence, Charles, had it not been that your suspicions had wounded me deeply —for I did not at that time understand how strong the reasons were which had prejudiced you against me.

"On the evening after the tragedy I fled to London, and arranged that my wife should have a fitting allowance on condition that she did not interfere with the child. I had, as you may remember, had much to do with Harrison, the prize-fighter, and I had often had occasion to admire his simple and honest nature. I took my boy to him now, and I found him, as I expected, incredulous as to my guilt, and ready to assist me in any way. At his wife's entreaty he had just retired from the ring, and was uncertain how he should employ himself. I was able to fit him up as a smith, on condition that he should ply his trade at the village of Friar's Oak. My agreement was that James was to be brought up as their nephew, and that he should know nothing of his unhappy parents.

"You will ask me why I selected Friar's Oak. It was because I had already chosen my place of concealment, and if I could not see my boy it was, at least, some consolation to know that he was near me. You are aware that this mansion is one of the oldest in England, but you are not aware that it has been built with a very special eye to concealment, that there are no fewer than two habitable secret chambers, and that the outer or thicker walls are tunnelled into passages. The existence of these rooms has always been a family secret, though it was one which I valued so little that it was only the chance of my seldom using the house which had prevented me from pointing them out to some friend. Now I found that a secure retreat was provided for me in my extremity. I stole down to my own mansion, entered it at night, and leaving all that was dear to me behind, I crept like a rat behind the wainscot to live out the remainder of my weary life in solitude and misery. In this worn face, Charles, and in this grizzled hair, you may read the diary of my most miserable existence.

"Once a week Harrison used to bring me up provisions, passing them through the

pantry window, which I left open for the purpose. Sometimes I would steal out at night, and walk under the stars once more with the cool breeze upon my forehead, but this I had at last to stop, for I was seen by the rustics, and rumours of a spirit at Cliffe Royal began to get about. One night two ghost-hunters——"

"*It was I, father*," cried Boy Jim; "I and my friend, Rodney Stone."

"I know it was. Harrison told me so the same night. I was proud, James, to see that you had the spirit of the Barringtons, and that I had an heir whose gallantry might redeem the family blot which I have striven so hard to cover over. Then came the day when your mother's kindness, her mistaken kindness, gave you the means of escaping to London."

"Ah, Edward," cried his wife, "if you had seen our boy like a caged eagle beating against the bars, you would have helped to give him even so short a flight as this."

"IT WAS I, FATHER; I AND MY FRIEND, RODNEY STONE."

"I do not blame you, Mary. It is possible that I should. He went to London, and he tried to open a career for himself by his own strength and courage. How many of our ancestors have done the same, save only that a sword-hilt lay in their closed hands, but of them all I do not know that any have carried themselves more gallantly!"

"That I dare swear," said my uncle, heartily.

"And then, when Harrison at last returned, I learned that my son was actually matched to fight in a public prize-battle. That would not do, Charles! It was one thing to fight as you and I have fought in our youth, and it was another to compete for a purse of gold."

"My dear friend, I would not for the world——"

"Of course you would not, Charles. You chose the best man, and how could you do otherwise? But it would not do! I determined that the time had come when I should reveal myself to my son, the more so as there were many signs that my most unnatural existence had seriously weakened my health. Chance—or shall I not rather say Providence?—had at last made clear all that had been dark, and given me the means of establishing my innocence. My wife went yesterday to bring my boy at last to the side of his unfortunate father."

There was silence for some time, and then it was my uncle's voice which broke it.

"You've been the most ill-used man in the world, Ned," said he. "Please God, we shall have many years yet in which to make up to you for it. But, after all, it seems to me that we are as far as ever from learning how your unfortunate brother met his death."

"For eighteen years it was as much a mystery to me as to you, Charles. But now, at last, the guilt is manifest. Stand forward, Ambrose, and tell your story as frankly and as fully as you have told it to me."

(To be continued.)

Pictures in Fireworks.

By William G. FitzGerald.

From a Photo. by] 1.—GIGANTIC WHEEL, STREAMS OF FIRE, AND FLIGHT OF ROCKETS. *[C. T. Brock & Co.*

BEYOND all question, it is now correct to speak of the pyrotechnic "art." It is not proposed, however, to trace the evolution of fireworks in this article, but merely to reproduce a number of unique photographs, and give a few necessarily brief, but interesting, facts about each. A word is also very necessary about the photos. themselves. They were, all of them, actually taken solely by the light of the fireworks they depict. The very first photo. reproduced here (1) was specially taken for this article by Mr. Brock, than whom no one understands better the difficult art of firework photography by night. This illustration shows a great wheel of fire, with fiery streams and whirling rockets, which have been photographed with particularly brilliant effect.

It is not too much to say that the history of fireworks in general, and pyrotechnic pictures in particular, is merely the history of the famous firm of Messrs. C. T. Brock and Co. It is likewise pretty safe to assume that the vast majority of "the people" would rather witness one of Brock's big set-pieces than inspect the rarest "old master" in the Uffizzi or the Louvre. Accordingly, these things are prepared on a colossal scale, the subjects chosen being cunningly devised, so as to appeal with peculiar force to the British race. Observe, for example, that unique firework picture, "Man the Lifeboat" (2), which is reproduced on the next page. In order to procure this photo. for us Mr. Brock stopped the mechanism of the great picture for about four seconds.

Amazing as it may seem, the original of this was 700ft. long, and covered an area of no less than 50,000 square feet. I don't know whether it would be correct to describe these as "living pictures"; certainly, they tell a thrilling story, and are instinct with life and motion during the brief minute and a half or so of their brilliant existence. The fiery sea in this particular picture is agitated in an extraordinary manner; the wailing wind is imitated by whistling rockets, and dazzling revolving lights throw their powerful beams from the stately lighthouse. The hapless vessel is vividly outlined in fire (it is not seen

From a Photo. by] 2.—"MAN THE LIFEBOAT." *[C. T. Brock & Co.*

in the photo., however, owing to "the light that failed"), and so is the village on the headland. The rocket apparatus is got to work, and the lifeboat moves in switch-back fashion along a tram-road about 300ft. long. Doubtless, this last sentence destroys the illusion; but we are privileged to peep behind the scenes. In this picture, real signal distress-rockets are used, and the regulation Lifeboat Association lights are burned.

An interesting fact in connection with these vast firework pictures is, that occasionally the original design is furnished by an artist of some standing. For example, when the Messrs. Brock produced the "Battle of Trafalgar," the original sketch was intrusted to Thomas Dutton, the well-known marine artist, who was paid about £35 for the rough outline. Dutton consulted the plans at Greenwich, and obtained the actual position of the ships from the British Museum. Furthermore, the exact signal given by Nelson was reproduced in fiery code flags: such is the craze for realism in these days!

The above-mentioned artist also prepared the working drawings for the "Siege of Gibraltar," a fire-picture 500ft. in length. On this occasion the famous "turtle-decked" floating batteries were depicted, and the historical red-hot shot flew about in appalling volleys. Yet again, Mr. Harrison Weir, the popular bird-artist, designed a picture in fireworks, entitled "A Lark Rising from a Bed of Violets." This was in 1877; the picture was 200ft. broad by 60ft. high, but was not, pyrotechnically speaking, conspicuously successful. In all cases the subject must be simple and obvious. Much detail cannot be given; hence it is that famous land battles are impossible as fire-work pictures.

"Great historical conflagrations are also impossible," remarked Mr. Brock; "otherwise we would have reproduced long ago the fire at the Tower of London. We find it impracticable," he added, "to make *the* fire perfectly distinguishable from the ordinary fiery outlines."

The next enormous set-piece, of which a photograph is reproduced here, is one called "The Avalanche" (3); and this also tells a stirring tale. From the right-hand side of the picture, one of the Swiss trains emerges from a tunnel, and passes swiftly along at the foot of towering mountains; needless to say, the prosaic tramway is again brought into requisition here. On the left is seen a beautiful fiery cascade tumbling over a sheer precipice. No sooner has the train vanished from sight, than a great rumbling is heard, and a terrific avalanche of fire thunders

From a Photo. by] 3.—THE AVALANCHE. *[Negretti & Zambra.*

From a Photo. by] 4.—THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD. *[Negretti & Zambra.*

down from the mighty peaks, obliterating the *châlet* as well as the fair (and fiery) landscape. The Alps in this picture are 75ft. high; and the train passes along a full minute before the avalanche descends.

After thinking out a new piece in his mind, Mr. Brock consults his brother as to the mechanical part of it; and, later on, the staff artists give their advice and prepare drawings.

"The Naval Review at Spithead" (4) is a particularly successful photograph. That ancient Royal yacht, *Osborne*, is seen passing down between lines of mighty battleships. This picture was 600ft. long and 100ft. high; it was photographed from the Royal box at the Crystal Palace, on September 8th, 1887.

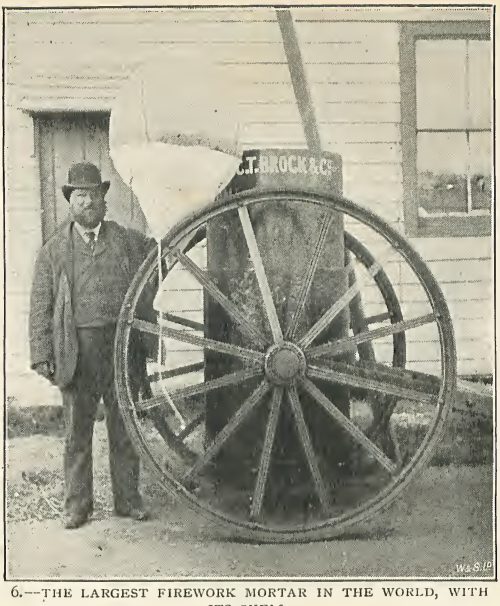
"These big pictures in fireworks," remarked Mr. Brock to me, "really date from the year of the Franco-Prussian War. The well-known historical incident of the blowing-up of the Bridge of Creil by the Germans was the very first subject selected. Next came Strasburg Cathedral, with a fiery spire, no less than 150ft. in height. In those days it used to take thirty-two men about four hours to hoist one of the set-pieces, whereas, nowadays, four men can raise a firework picture to a height of 95ft. in little more than one minute."

The original of the photograph here reproduced (5) is extremely beautiful, by reason of the lovely effects on the water. It represents a large number of Roman candles, fired in opposite directions, from an enormous raft, which was moored in the River Elbe, on the occasion of the Lubeck Exhibition. This huge raft cost £600 to construct.

5.—ROMAN CANDLES FIRED TRANSVERSELY FROM A HUGE RAFT.
From a Photo. by Julius Rogall, Lubeck.

It is impossible to dwell too emphatically upon the pains, and ingenuity, and enterprise manifested in the production of these colossal pictures. In the early days of the Chino-Japanese War, Mr. Brock foresaw that, sooner or later — when the "British of the Far East" succeeded in "drawing" their retiring opponents — a great pitched battle must inevitably take place. We all know that it *did* take place — at the mouth of the Yalu River.

For many weeks before this decisive action was fought, the Messrs. Brock were collecting photographs and other data, preparatory to the production of a huge topical picture. "We thought," remarked Mr. Brock, "that the theatre of war would be Port Arthur, and we set to work accordingly. The moment details of the great engagement were telegraphed, however, we commenced altering the scene, and, ten days after the engagement, the "Battle of the Yalu River" was reproduced at the Crystal Palace: the picture was about 600ft. long."



6.—THE LARGEST FIREWORK MORTAR IN THE WORLD, WITH ITS SHELL.
From a Photo. by A. E. Griffiths, South Norwood.

"What does it actually cost," I asked, "to reproduce one of these great pictures in the very first instance?"

"About £350," replied Mr. Brock. "Subsequent reproductions," he added, "cost about £50 each."

I am here reminded that the great firm of Messrs. C. T. Brock and Co. have given exhibitions in all parts of the world. One of the greatest of these displays was that given in 1886 at Lisbon, on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Braganza. Some idea of the grandeur with which this event was celebrated may be gathered from the fact that the Portuguese Government placed at the disposal of the firm a fleet of thirteen vessels, comprising troop-ships, transports, and other warships, for the purposes of the display. For the firing of the shells alone, 580 mortars were required, and more than eighty tons of material were used.

Two years later the same Government gave an even larger display in honour of the visit of the King of Sweden. On this particular occasion something like £5,000 sterling vanished into smoke in the short space of two hours.

The accompanying illustration (6) shows one of the big mortars which were used at this display. This is the largest firework mortar in the world. The shell, which is also shown in the photograph, weighs 2¼ cwt. and measures over 6ft. in circumference. Mr. Brock himself tested this mortar and shell on the race-course at Croydon. The result of the experiment proved that the height attained by the shell is about 1,000ft., and the *débris* from it will cover an area of half a mile. It costs about £30 every time one of these shells is fired.

The "Bombardment of Canton" (7) is the next firework photo. reproduced here. Not the least interesting and peculiar feature of this photograph is the number of exploding

7.—THE BOMBARDMENT OF CANTON: SHELLS BEING EXCHANGED BETWEEN THE SHIPS AND THE FORTS.
From a Photo. by Negretti & Zambra.

shells, which are seen passing through the air, between the forts and the ships: altogether about 500 shells were exchanged. While this gigantic set-piece was going off, there were continual explosions in all parts of the bombarded city, as well as on the heights to the right. Joss-houses were hurled into the air from time to time, and the city was gradually diminished—literally to vanishing point. This same picture portrayed in lines of fire the scene in Canton and on the river, which was in progress during one of the Opium Wars between our country and China. Mr. Brock tells me it was designed from sketches actually taken during the operations. While the fire-picture was being shown, boats from the British warships were seen chasing and destroying the Chinese junks.

I pause here to speak of a certain notable display, which was given in honour of the Australian cricketers, in May, 1893, by the Earl of Sheffield. The weather was perfect—a very dark night, and not so much as a suspicion of rain. The display was given in Sheffield Park, on the shores of an ornamental lake. Here is shown a really beautiful photograph (8) of a great flight of 2,400 Roman-candle stars. This photograph was secured at the Sheffield Park display, the artist having his camera set up on the other side of the lake.

At the top of the next page is reproduced the magnificent greeting which was given to the Australians (9): the words were chosen by the noble Earl himself. This, as one may imagine, is not only a warm, but also a costly form of greeting. As a matter of fact, its cost was something like £20! The total length was 150ft., each letter being 4ft. high. Here it may be remarked that this huge pyrotechnic device required to be lighted in three or four different places at once. This was done by means of rockets.

From a Photo. by] 8.—GREAT FLIGHT OF OVER 2,000 ROMAN-CANDLE STARS. *[Hawkins, Brighton.*

Apparently, there is nothing that Messrs. Brock cannot portray in fireworks, from paintings by famous artists to comic cartoons, nursery rhymes, and fire-portraits.

It is a well-known fact that every Oriental potentate who comes to this country is, as a matter of course, taken to see the Crystal Palace fireworks. It also follows naturally that these great and impressionable people are—to put it mildly—utterly staggered by the

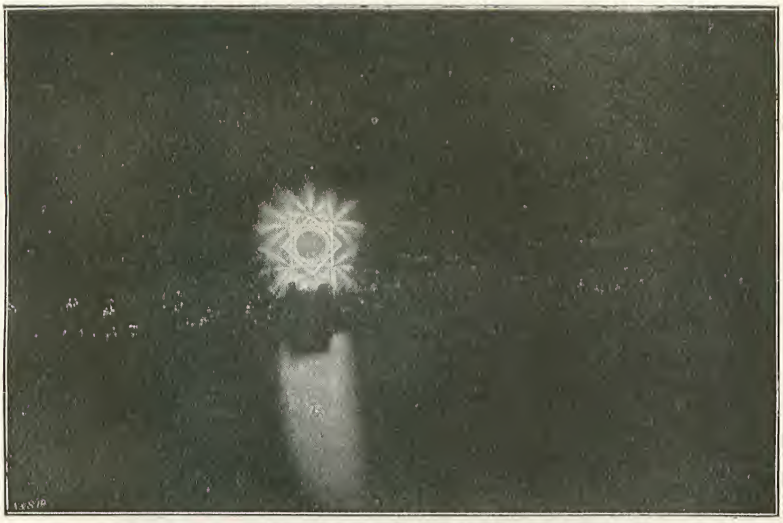
9.—THE EARL OF SHEFFIELD'S GREETING TO THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.
From a Photo. by Hawkins, Brighton.

magnitude and beauty of the famous displays. The late Shah of Persia, who has witnessed Messrs. Brock's display on two separate occasions, was really quite overcome. He fired off his own portrait, whereupon his admiration knew no bounds; he could only wring Mr. Brock's hand dumbly. In July, 1891, the German Emperor was an interested spectator; and it is characteristic of that wonderful young man that, in conversing afterwards with Mr. Brock, he was able to tell the great pyrotechnist all about the chemicals and salts that were used in the various fireworks.

The irrepressible Li was the very latest distinguished spectator of these pictures in fireworks; and, of course, he wanted to know all about them. "He himself fired the Chinese Greeting," remarked Mr. Brock. "The wording was: 'We Wish Your Excellency a Long Life!' Li was, of course, highly delighted; but he was also very inquisitive as to who drew up the proper characters for us." The Chinese are said to have originated fireworks, but Li has no admiration for Celestial pyrotechnists. "You must come over to China in the tenth month," he said to Mr. Brock, gravely, "and give us some of your displays there."

Talking of firing off portraits reminds me of a number of interesting things. Royalties frequently fire off each other's portraits at the Crystal Palace; and occasionally even the great set-pieces are let off by these exalted personages. "The Battle of the Nile" was fired by the German Emperor. Naturally, the results at such times are anxiously awaited by Mr. Brock himself, who controls the real switches; rarely, if ever, though, does anything go wrong. At the same time, an extraordinary incident did take place on one

10.—A SERIES OF HORIZONTAL WHEELS: SOME THROWING ROCKETS.
From a Photo. by Hawkins, Brighton.



11.—GIGANTIC GEOMETRICAL DESIGN SEEN FROM ACROSS THE LAKE.
From a Photo. by Hawkins, Brighton.

occasion. The portrait of a certain redoubtable and Royal warrior was to be fired off; and as His Royal Highness's familiar features flared out upon an admiring multitude, it was seen that he was depicted *with a green nose!* It might have been worse, however: it might have been red. Of course, mistakes like these are simply the result of using accidentally "lances" of the wrong colour. Or it may be, as in the above droll instance, that the portrait was evolved from a bouquet, and that one colour of the latter lingered too long.

We next show a series of horizontal wheels revolving with gorgeous effect (10); some of them are throwing up superb rockets of various hues to a height of 400ft. or 500ft. This photograph was taken during the Sheffield Park display, as also was the following one (11), which will be found reproduced at the top of this page, and which shows very perfectly a monstrous square piece, measuring about 60ft. I must here acknowledge gratefully the kindness of Lord Sheffield, whose courteous letter, giving us permission to reproduce these photos., is before me as I write.

I am here reminded of another extraordinary instance of Mr. Brock's interesting work. Last year an exhibition was given before the Iron and Steel Institute, at the Crystal Palace. On this occasion there were shown, in fire, a first-class modern locomotive of the London and North-Western Railway, and also one of the very earliest of Stephenson's engines. All the parts were working. In the case of the primitive engine, a special artist was sent to Darlington to make

12.—THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS AND DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.
From a Photograph.

original sketches there of one of the great inventor's "Puffing Billies."

We are indebted for the illustration on preceding page (12) to Messrs. James Pain and Sons, the pyrotechnists; it depicts the ever-popular "Eruption of Vesuvius." This photograph was taken at the Alexandra Palace; and the set-piece was produced on an open-air stage, 450ft. long. The mountain was 52ft. high, and was constructed of sheet-iron and wood. There was a regular built-up city of Pompeii, with palaces, baths, and the like; and the way it was gradually obliterated by the lava streams and explosions was as interesting as it was ingenious. Streams of gold fire represented the lava, and as these reached certain points of the doomed city, they caused terrific explosions, which demolished certain buildings. The mountain was also constructed in such a way that the crater itself slowly collapsed. Of course, the "property" city had to be rebuilt almost immediately, as the spectacle was presented three times a week, at a cost of £200 on each occasion.

Comical pieces are, of course, very popular at all times. Observe this coster and his barrow (13)—which, by the way, is a real barrow. This set-piece was also shown by Messrs. Pain; it measures 15ft. by 7ft., and contains two fixed levers—one at the coster's feet and the other near the donkey's hind-quarters. After progressing peacefully, if rather hilariously, for about 200ft., the trouble commences, which is shown in the second illustration (14). There is a terrific explosion, and one lever causes the fiery donkey to kick up, while the other brings utter destruction to the barrow and its contents.

13.—COMING FROM COVENT GARDEN.

14.—THE ACCIDENT.

A Carpet of Flowers.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY W. N. REID.

NOT many of the butterfly visitors to Teneriffe have had an opportunity of witnessing the great *fiesta*, which is very justly the pride of the natives. It is in the Villa Orotava that the festival of flowers takes place — that beautiful, picturesque, and aristocratic old town which clings to the slope of the valley, right under the protecting wing of the majestic Peak.

It has been the custom for many years, on the feast of Corpus Christi, to bear the Sacred Host in procession through the streets, returning to the quaint little church by a slightly different route. The streets traversed by this solemn procession are literally carpeted with flower-petals by the devout natives, whose extraordinary skill in working elegant designs is evidenced by the photographs reproduced in this article. For several weeks before the great day, flowers of all kinds are assiduously collected in baskets from the inexhaustible gardens round about. After these have been sorted, according to colour, they are torn to pieces and converted into opulent heaps of fragrant petals.

At dawn, on the morning of the *fiesta*, moulds of wood and cardboard are placed in position; and, later on, the baskets of petals are brought forward by scores of willing workers. Then, patiently and skilfully, the practised "artists" begin to fill in the designs with glowing petals. The background—the full width of each street excepting the foot-paths—is usually of an effective dark-green, composed of chopped heather. The carpet-designs differ each year; and, as a rule, one design runs the whole length of a street, carried out in many combinations of colour.

From a] MAKING A PATTERN. *[Photograph.*

The street corners are adorned with larger and more ambitious pictures, such as that seen in the second photograph. Several houses *en route*, too, are noted for their own

From a] ADMIRING A DESIGN. *[Photograph.*

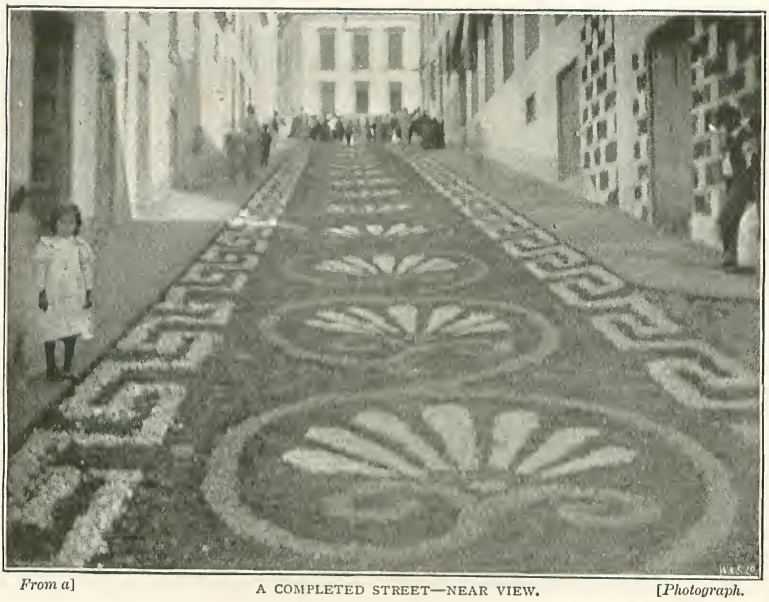
individual efforts—notably, the residence of the Monteverde family, before which, on the great day itself, may be seen an admiring crowd, studying the beautiful allegorical and religious devices wrought in flower-petals on the ground. When all the colouring is deftly filled in, the moulds are withdrawn, leaving the always picturesque streets carpeted with many-coloured flowers. The artists' handiwork is then carefully sprinkled with water, so as to keep it fresh until the procession shall come and tread it almost out of existence. Of course, the steepness of the streets adds materially to the unique beauty of the entire spectacle, because many of the floral "carpets" seem to be hung, so to speak, before one's eyes.

For two or three hours or so an invariably well-conducted crowd, in gala dress, streams up and down the pavements, halting here and there to admire the more striking designs. Among these good folk one searches in vain for a single heavy-booted barbarian, longing to run amuck among the lovely flower-carpets.

The clever designers never dream of the possibility of such ebullitions among the gentle, pious holiday-makers; nor need they fear inclement weather.

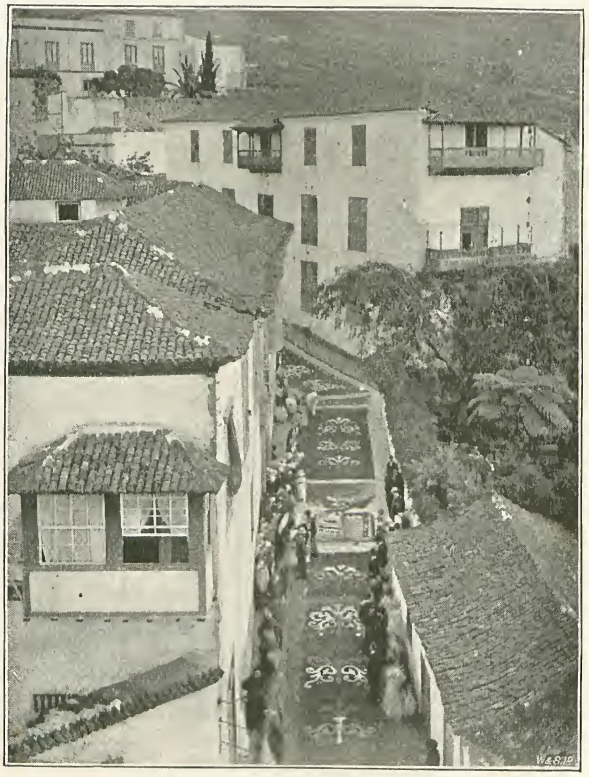
As the hour approaches, most of the spectators betake themselves to the church, while the handful of strange visitors seek points of vantage—flat roofs and balconies—from which to view the procession and consequent immolation of the "carpets." The view of the whole function from above is truly lovely; the streets stretching away on every hand in the guise of gorgeous strips of variegated colour. At the little "broadway" beyond, perhaps, is an irregular square, on which is vividly shown, in flower petals, a white cock, a monstrous cross, a crown of thorns, a golden chalice wonderfully shaded, and many other emblems of the Passion—all standing out against a pure-white back-ground. At last, just as the light begins to fade and the air becomes somewhat cooler, jingling bells announce that the procession has left the little church.

From a] A HALF-COMPLETED STREET. *[Photograph.*



From a] A COMPLETED STREET—NEAR VIEW. *[Photograph.*

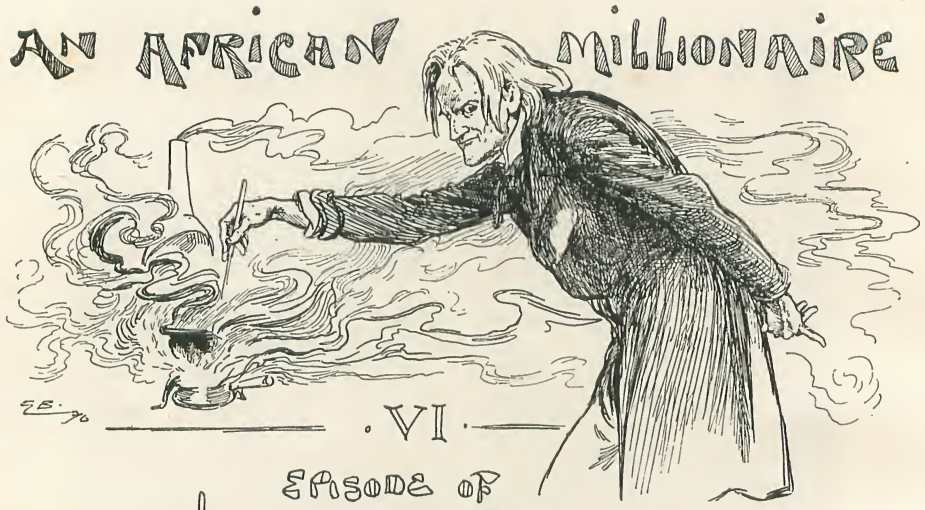
Presently the entire pageant comes into view —white-robed boys, priests in splendid vestments, and serried lines of chanting, crimson-robed "Brothers of the Lord." At this moment the different effects of colour are very striking, as the procession moves through the flower-carpeted street. Seen from above, the red kerchiefs which cover the women's heads form a glowing mass, rivalling the widespread petals in variety, if not in beauty, of colouring.



A COMPLETED STREET—SEEN FROM ABOVE.
From a Photograph.

But the procession has faded in the distance now; the band strikes up a march, and the crowd surges into its wake. Coachmen rush off by side-streets to get their vehicles, and then one realizes, swiftly, the full extent of the floral holocaust. Nothing remains but a scattered, pitiful covering of bruised petals, from which a faint perfume is wafted up appealingly to those who have witnessed the strange scene.

AN AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE



VI

EPISODE OF

THE GERMAN PROFESSOR.

By Grant Allen.

THAT winter in town, my respected brother-in-law had little time on his hands to bother himself about trifles like Colonel Clay. A thunderclap burst upon him. He saw his chief interest in South Africa threatened by a serious, an unexpected, and a crushing danger.

Charles does a little in gold, and a little in land; but his principal operations have always lain in the direction of diamonds. Only once in my life, indeed, have I seen him pay the slightest attention to poetry, and that was when I happened one day to recite the lines:—

> Full many a gem of purest ray serene
> The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear.

He rubbed his hands at once and murmured, enthusiastically, "I never thought of that. We might get up an Atlantic Exploration Syndicate, Limited." So attached is he to diamonds. You may gather, therefore, what a shock it was to that gigantic brain to learn that science was rapidly reaching a point where his favourite gems might become all at once a mere drug in the market. Depreciation is the one bugbear that perpetually torments Sir Charles's soul; that winter he stood within measurable distance of so appalling a calamity.

It happened after this manner.

We were strolling along Piccadilly towards Charles's club one afternoon—he is a prominent member of the Crœsus, in Pall Mall—when, near Burlington House, whom should we happen to knock up against but Sir Adolphus Cordery, the famous mineralogist, and leading spirit of the Royal Society? He nodded to us pleasantly. "Halloa, Vandrift," he cried, in his peculiarly loud and piercing voice; "you're the very man I wanted to meet to-day. Good morning, Wentworth. Well, how about diamonds now, Sir Gorgius? You'll have to sing small. It's all up with you Midases. Heard about this marvellous new discovery of Schleiermacher's? It's calculated to make you diamond kings squirm like an eel in a frying-pan."

I could see Charles wriggle inside his clothes. He was most uncomfortable. That a man like Cordery should say such things, in so loud a voice, on no matter how little foundation, openly in Piccadilly, was enough in itself to make a sensitive barometer such as Cloetedorp Golcondas go down a point or two.

"Hush, hush!" Charles said, solemnly, in that awed tone of voice which he always assumes when Money is blasphemed against. "*Please* don't talk quite so loud! All London can hear you."

Sir Adolphus ran his arm through Charles's most amicably. There's nothing Charles hates like having his arm taken.

"Come along with me to the Athenæum,"

he went on, in the same stentorian voice, "and I'll tell you all about it. Most interesting discovery. Makes diamonds cheap as dirt. Calculated to supersede South Africa altogether."

Charles allowed himself to be dragged along. There was nothing else possible. Sir Adolphus continued, in a somewhat lower key, induced upon him by Charles's mute look of protest. It was a disquieting story. He told it with gleeful unction. It seems that Professor Schleiermacher, of Jena, "the greatest living authority on the chemistry of gems," he said, had lately invented, or claimed to have invented, a system for artificially producing diamonds, which had yielded most surprising and unexceptionable results.

Charles's lip curled slightly. "Oh, I know the sort of thing," he said. "I've heard of it before. Very inferior stones, quite small and worthless, produced at immense cost, and even then not worth looking at. I'm an old bird, you know, Cordery; not to be caught with chaff. Tell me a better one!"

Sir Adolphus produced a small cut gem from his pocket. "How's that for the first water?" he inquired, passing it across, with a broad smile, to the sceptic. "Made under my own eyes—and quite inexpensively!"

Charles examined it close, stopping short against the railings in St. James's Square to look at it with his pocket-lens. There was no denying the truth. It was a capital small gem of the finest quality.

"Made under your own eyes?" he exclaimed, still incredulous. "Where, my dear sir?—at Jena?"

The answer was a thunderbolt from a blue sky. "No, here in London; last night as ever was; before myself and Dr. Gray; and about to be exhibited by the President himself at a meeting of Fellows of the Royal Society."

Charles drew a long breath. "This nonsense must be stopped," he said, firmly—"it must be nipped in the bud. It won't do, my dear friend; we can't have such tampering with important Interests."

"How do you mean?" Cordery asked, astonished.

Charles gazed at him steadily. I could see by the furtive gleam in my brother-in-law's

"'THIS NONSENSE MUST BE STOPPED,' HE SAID."

eye he was distinctly frightened. "Where *is* the fellow?" he asked. "Did he come himself, or send over a deputy?"

"Here in London," Sir Adolphus replied. "He's staying at my house; and he says he'll be glad to show his experiments to anybody scientifically interested in diamonds. We propose to have a demonstration of the process to-night at Lancaster Gate. Will you drop in and see it?"

Would he "drop in" and see it? "Drop in" at such a function! Could he possibly stop away? Charles clutched the enemy's arm with a nervous grip. "Look here, Cordery," he said, quivering; "this is a question affecting very important Interests. Don't do anything rash. Don't do anything foolish. Remember that Shares may rise or fall on this." He said "Shares" in a tone of profound respect that I can hardly even indicate. It was the crucial word in the creed of his religion.

"I should think it very probable," Sir Adolphus replied, with the callous indifference of the mere man of science to financial suffering.

Sir Charles was bland, but peremptory. "Now, observe," he said, "a grave responsibility rests on your shoulders. The Market depends upon you. You must not ask in any number of outsiders to witness these experiments. Have a few mineralogists and experts, if you like; but also take care to invite representatives of the menaced Interests. I will come myself—I'm engaged to dine out, but I can contract an indisposition; and I should advise you to ask Mosenheimer, and, say, young Phipson. They would stand for the mines, as you and the mineralogists would stand for science. Above all, don't blab: for Heaven's sake, let there be no premature gossip. Tell Schleiermacher not to go gassing and boasting of his success all over London."

"We are keeping the matter a profound secret, at Schleiermacher's own request," Cordery answered, more seriously.

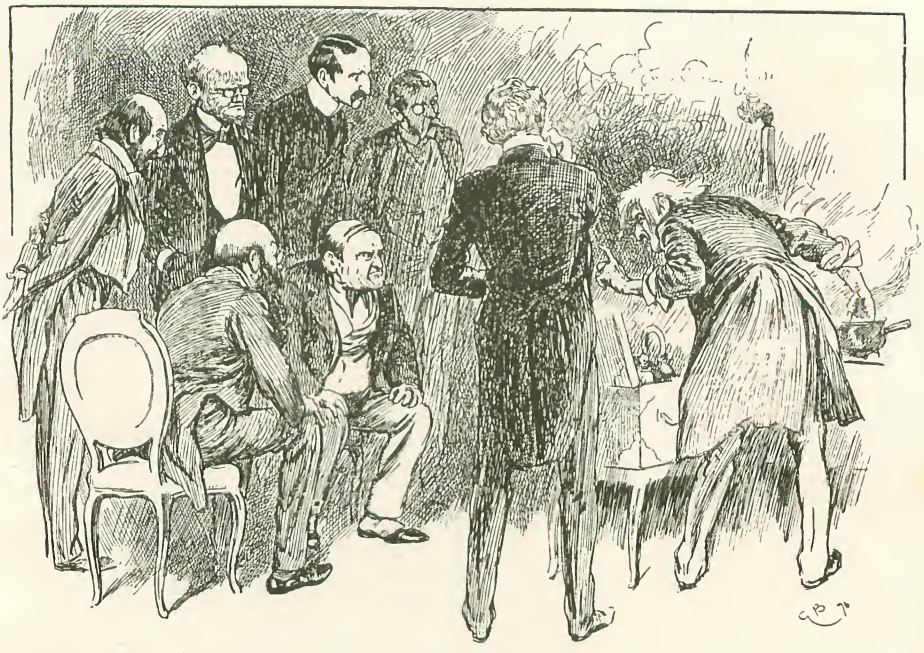
"Which is why," Charles said, in his severest tone, "you bawled it out at the very top of your voice in Piccadilly!"

However, before nightfall, everything was arranged to Charles's satisfaction; and off we went to Lancaster Gate, with a profound expectation that the German professor would do nothing worth seeing. He was a remarkable looking man, once tall, I should say, from his long, thin build, but now bowed and bent with long devotion to study and leaning over a crucible. His hair, prematurely white, hung down upon his forehead, but his eye was keen and his mouth sagacious. He shook hands cordially with the men of science, whom he seemed to know of old, whilst he bowed somewhat distantly to the South African interest. Then he began to talk, in very German English, helping out the sense now and again, where his vocabulary failed him, by waving his rather dirty and chemical-stained hands demonstratively about him. His nails were a sight, but his fingers, I must say, had the delicate shape of a man's accustomed to minute manipulation. He plunged at once into the thick of the matter, telling us briefly in his equally thick accent that he "now brobosed by his new brocess to make for us some goot and sadisfactory tiamonds."

He brought out his apparatus, and explained—or, as he said, "eggsblained"—his novel method. "Tiamonds," he said, "were nozzing but pure crystalline carbon. He knew how to crystallize it—zat was all ze secret." The men of science examined the pots and pans carefully. Then he put in a certain number of raw materials, and went to work with ostentatious openness. There were three distinct processes, and he made two stones by each simultaneously. The remarkable part of his methods, he said, was their rapidity and their cheapness. In three-quarters of an hour (and he smiled sardonically) he could produce a diamond worth at current prices two hundred pounds sterling. "As you shall now see me berform," he remarked, "viz zis simple abbaradus."

The materials fizzed and fumed. The Professor stirred them. An unpleasant smell like burnt feathers pervaded the room. The scientific men craned their necks in their eagerness, and looked over one another; Vane-Vivian, in particular, was all attention. After three-quarters of an hour, the Professor, still smiling, began to empty the apparatus. He removed a large quantity of dust or powder, which he succinctly described as "by-broducts," and then took between finger and thumb from the midst of each pan a small white pebble, not water-worn apparently, but slightly rough and wart-like on the surface.

From one pair of the pannikins he produced two such stones, and held them up before us triumphantly. "Zese," he said, "are genuine tiamonds, manufactured at a gost of fourteen shillings and siggspence abiece!" Then he tried the second pair. "Zese," he said, still more gleefully, "are broduced at a gost of eleffen and ninebence!" Finally, he



"THE SCIENTIFIC MEN CRANED THEIR NECKS IN THEIR EAGERNESS."

came to the third pair, which he positively brandished before our astonished eyes. "And zese," he cried, transported, "haff gost me no more zan tree and eightbence!"

They were handed round for inspection. Rough and uncut as they stood, it was, of course, impossible to judge of their value. But one thing was certain. The men of science had been watching close at the first, and were sure Herr Schleiermacher had not put the stones in; they were keen at the withdrawal, and were equally sure he had taken them honestly out of the pannikins.

"I vill now disdribute zem," the Professor remarked in a casual tone, as if diamonds were peas, looking round at the company. And he singled out my brother-in-law. "One to Sir Charles!" he said, handing it; "one to Mr. Mosenheimer; one to Mr. Phibson—as representing the tiamond interest. Zen, one each to Sir Atolphus, to Dr. Gray, to Mr. Fane-Fiffian, as representing science. You will haff zem cut and rebort upon zem in due gourse. We meet again at zis blace ze day afder do-morrow."

Charles gazed at him reproachfully. The profoundest chords of his moral nature were stirred. "Professor," he said, in a voice of solemn warning, "*are* you aware that, *if* you have succeeded, you have destroyed the value of thousands of pounds' worth of precious property?"

The Professor shrugged his shoulders. "Fot is dat to me?" he inquired, with a curious glance of contempt. "I am not a financier! I am a man of science. I seek to know; I do not seek to make a fortune."

"Shocking!" Charles exclaimed. "Shocking! I never before in my life beheld so strange an instance of complete insensibility to the claims of others!"

We separated early. The men of science were coarsely jubilant. The diamond interest exhibited a corresponding depression. If this news were true, they foresaw a slump. Every eye grew dim. It was a terrible business.

Charles walked homeward with the Professor. He sounded him gently as to the sum required, should need arise, to purchase his secrecy. Already Sir Adolphus had bound us all down to temporary silence—as if that were necessary; but Charles wished to know how much Schleiermacher would take to suppress his discovery. The German was immovable.

"No, no!" he replied, with positive petulance. "You do not unterstant. I do not buy and sell. Zis is a chemical fact. We must bublish it for the sake off its seoretical falue. I do not care for wealse. I haff no time to waste in making money."

"What an awful picture of a misspent life!" Charles observed to me afterwards.

And, indeed, the man seemed to care for nothing on earth but the abstract question—not whether he could make good diamonds or not, but whether he could or could not produce a crystalline form of pure carbon!

On the appointed night, Charles went back to Lancaster Gate, as I could not fail to remark, with a strange air of complete and painful preoccupation. Never before in his life had I seen him so anxious.

The diamonds were produced, with one surface of each slightly scored by the cutters, so as to show the water. Then a curious result disclosed itself. Strange to say, each of the three diamonds given to the three diamond kings turned out to be a most inferior and valueless stone; while each of the three intrusted to the care of the scientific investigators turned out to be a fine gem of the purest quality.

"THREE UNCOMFORTABLE, UNHAPPY-FACED MEN."

I confess it was a sufficiently suspicious conjunction. The three representatives of the diamond interest gazed at each other with inquiring side-glances. Then their eyes fell suddenly: they avoided one another. Had each independently substituted a weak and inferior natural stone for Professor Schleiermacher's manufactured pebbles? It almost seemed so. For a moment, I admit, I was half inclined to suppose it. But next second I changed my mind. Could a man of Sir Charles Vandrift's integrity and high principle stoop for lucre's sake to so mean an expedient?—not to mention the fact that, even if he did, and if Mosenheimer did likewise, the stones submitted to the scientific men would have amply sufficed to establish the reality and success of the experiments!

Still, I must say, Charles looked guiltily across at Mosenheimer, and Mosenheimer at Phipson, while three more uncomfortable or unhappy-faced men could hardly have been found at that precise minute in the City of Westminster.

Then Sir Adolphus spoke—or, rather, he orated. He said, in his loud and grating voice, we had that evening, and on a previous evening, been present at the conception and birth of an Epoch in the History of Science. Professor Schleiermacher was one of those men of whom his native Saxony might well

be proud; while as a Briton he must say he regretted somewhat that this discovery, like so many others, should have been "Made in Germany." However, Professor Schleiermacher was a specimen of that noble type of scientific men to whom gold was merely the rare metal Au, and diamonds merely the element C in the scarcest of its manifold allotropic embodiments. The Professor did not seek to make money out of his discovery. He rose above the sordid greed of capitalists. Content with the glory of having traced the element C to its crystalline origin, he asked no more than the approval of science. However, out of deference to the wishes of those financial gentlemen who were oddly concerned in maintaining the present price of C in its crystalline form—in other words, the diamond interest—they had arranged that the secret should be strictly guarded and kept for the present; not one of the few persons admitted to the experiments would publicly divulge the truth about them. This secrecy would be maintained till he himself, and a small committee of the Royal Society, should have time to investigate and verify for themselves the Professor's beautiful and ingenious processes—an investigation and verification which the learned Professor himself both desired and suggested. (Schleiermacher nodded approval.) When that was done, if the process stood the test, further concealment would be absolutely futile. The price of diamonds must fall at once below that of paste, and any protest on the part of the financial world would, of course, be useless. The laws of Nature were superior to millionaires. Meanwhile, in deference to the opinion of Sir Charles Vandrift, whose acquaintance with that fascinating side of the subject nobody could deny, they had consented to send no notices to the Press, and to abstain from saying anything about this beautiful and simple process in public. He dwelt with horrid gusto on that epithet "beautiful." And now, in the name of British mineralogy, he must congratulate Professor Schleiermacher, our distinguished guest, on his truly brilliant and crystalline contribution to our knowledge of brilliants and of crystalline science.

Everybody applauded. It was an awkward moment. Sir Charles bit his lip. Mosenheimer looked glum. Young Phipson dropped an expression which I will not transcribe. (I understand this magazine circulates among families.) And after a solemn promise of death-like secrecy, the meeting separated.

I noticed that my brother-in-law somewhat ostentatiously avoided Mosenheimer at the door; and that Phipson jumped quickly into his own carriage. "Home!" Charles cried, gloomily, to the coachman as we took our seats in the brougham. And all the way to Mayfair he leaned back in his seat, with close-set lips, never uttering a syllable.

Before he retired to rest, however, in the privacy of the billiard-room, I ventured to ask him: "Charles, will you unload Golcondas to-morrow?" Which, I need hardly explain, is the slang of the Stock Exchange for getting rid of undesirable securities. It struck me as probable that, in the event of the invention turning out a reality, Cloetedorp A's might become unsaleable within the next few weeks or so.

He eyed me sternly. "Wentworth," he said, "you're a fool!" (Except on occasions when he is *very* angry, my respected connection *never* calls me "Wentworth"; the familiar abbreviation, "Sey"—derived from Seymour—is his usual mode of address to me in private.) "*Is* it likely I would unload, and wreck the confidence of the public in the Cloetedorp Company at such a moment? As a director—as Chairman—would it be just or right of me? I ask you, sir, *could* I reconcile it to my conscience?"

"Charles," I answered, "you are right. Your conduct is noble. You will not save your own personal interests at the expense of those who have put their trust in you. Such probity is, alas! very rare in finance!" And I sighed involuntarily; for I had lost in Liberators.

At the same time I thought to myself, "*I* am not a director. No trust is imposed in *me*. *I* have to think first of dear Isabel and the baby. Before the crash comes, *I* will sell out to-morrow the few shares I hold, through Charles's kindness, in the Cloetedorp Golcondas."

With his marvellous business instinct, Charles seemed to divine my thought, for he turned round to me sharply. "Look here, Sey," he remarked, in an acidulous tone, "recollect, you're my brother-in-law. You are also my secretary. The eyes of London will be upon us to-morrow. If *you* were to sell out, and operators got to know of it, they'd suspect there was something up, and the company would suffer for it. Of course, you can do what you like with your own property. I can't interfere with *that*. I do not dictate to you. But as Chairman of the Golcondas, I am bound to see that the interests of widows and orphans whose All is invested

with me should not suffer at this crisis." His voice seemed to falter. "Therefore, though I don't like to threaten," he went on, "I am bound to give you warning: *if* you sell out those shares of yours, openly or secretly, you are no longer my secretary; you receive forthwith six months' salary in lieu of notice, and — you leave me *instantly*."

"Very well, Charles," I answered, in a submissive voice; though I debated with myself for a moment whether it would be best to stick to the ready money and quit the sinking ship, or to hold fast by my friend, and back Charles's luck against the Professor's science. After a short, sharp struggle within my own mind, I am proud to say, friendship and gratitude won. I felt sure that, whether diamonds went up or down, Charles Vandrift was the sort of man who would come to the top in the end in spite of everything. And I decided to stand by him!

I slept little that night, however. My mind was a whirlwind. At breakfast, Charles also looked haggard and moody. He ordered the carriage early, and drove straight into the City.

There was a block in Cheapside. Charles, impatient and nervous, jumped out and walked. I walked beside him. Near Wood Street a man we knew casually stopped us.

"I think I ought to mention to you," he said, confidentially, "that I have it on the very best authority that Schleiermacher, of Jena——"

"Thank you," Charles said, crustily, "I know that tale, and—there's not a word of truth in it."

He brushed on in haste. A yard or two further a broker paused in front of us.

"Halloa, Sir Charles!" he called out, in a bantering tone. "What's all this about diamonds? Where are Cloetedorps to-day? Is it Golconda, or Queer Street?"

Charles drew himself up very stiff. "I fail to understand you," he answered, with dignity.

"Why, you were there yourself," the man cried. "Last night at Sir Adolphus's! Oh, yes, it's all over the place; Schleiermacher of Jena has succeeded in making the most perfect diamonds—for sixpence apiece—as good as real—and South Africa's ancient history. In less than six weeks, Kimberley, they say, will be a howling desert. Every costermonger in Whitechapel will wear genuine Koh-i-noors for buttons on his coat; every girl in Bermondsey will sport a *rivière* like Lady Vandrift's to her favourite music-hall. There's a slump in Golcondas. Sly, sly, I can see; but *we* know all about it!"

Charles moved on, disgusted. The man's manners were atrocious. Near the Bank we ran up against a most respectable jobber.

"Ah, Sir Charles," he said; "you here? Well, this is strange news, isn't it? For my part, I advise you not to take it too seriously. Your stock will go down, of course, like lead this morning. But it'll rise to-morrow, mark my words, and fluctuate every hour till the discovery's proved or disproved for certain. There's a fine time coming for operators, I feel sure. Reports this way and that. Rumours, rumours, rumours. And nobody will know which way to believe till Sir Adolphus has tested it."

We moved on towards the House. Black care was seated on Sir Charles's shoulders. As we drew nearer and nearer, everybody was discussing the one fact of the moment. The seal of secrecy had proved more potent than publication on the housetops. Some people told us of the exciting news in confidential whispers; some proclaimed it aloud in vulgar exultation. The general opinion was that Cloetedorps were doomed; and that the sooner a man cleared out, the less was he likely to lose by it.

Charles strode on like a general; but it was a Napoleon brazening out his retreat from Moscow. His mien was resolute. He disappeared at last into the precincts of an office, waving me back, not to follow. After a long consultation, he came out and rejoined me.

All day long the City rang with Golcondas, Golcondas. Everybody murmured, "Slump, slump in Golcondas." The brokers had more business to do than they could manage; though, to be sure, almost everyone was a seller and no one a buyer. But Charles stood firm as a rock; and so did his brokers. "I don't want to sell," he said, doggedly. "The whole thing is trumped-up. It's a mere piece of jugglery. For my own part, I believe Professor Schleiermacher is deceived, or else is deceiving us. In another week the bubble will have burst, and prices will restore themselves." His brokers, Finglemores, had only one answer to all inquiries: "Sir Charles has every confidence in the stability of Golcondas, and doesn't wish to sell or to increase the panic."

All the world said he was splendid, splendid! There he stationed himself on 'Change like some granite stack against which the waves roll and break themselves

in vain. He took no notice of the slump, but ostentatiously bought up a few shares here and there so as to restore public confidence.

"I would buy more," he said, freely, "and make my fortune; only as I was one of those who happened to spend last night at Sir Adolphus's, people might think I had helped to spread the rumour and produce the slump, in order to buy in at panic rates for my own advantage. A chairman, like Cæsar's wife, should be above suspicion. So I shall only buy up just enough, now and again, to let people see I, at least, have no doubt as to the firm future of Cloetedorps."

He went home that night, more harassed and ill than I have ever seen him. Next day was as bad. The slump continued, with varying episodes. Now, a rumour would surge up that Sir Adolphus had declared the whole affair a sham, and prices would steady a little; now, another would break out that the diamonds were actually being put upon the market in Berlin by the cart-load, and timid old ladies would wire down to their brokers to realize off-hand at whatever hazard. It was an awful day. I shall never forget it.

The morning after, as if by miracle, things righted themselves of a sudden. While we were wondering what it meant, Charles received a telegram from Sir Adolphus Cordery:—

"The man is a fraud. Not Schleiermacher at all. Just had a wire from Jena saying the Professor knows nothing about him. Sorry unintentionally to have caused you trouble. Come round and see me."

"Sorry unintentionally to have caused you trouble." Charles was beside himself with anger. Sir Adolphus had upset the share-market for forty-eight mortal hours, half-ruined a round dozen of wealthy operators, convulsed the City, upheaved the House; and now—he apologized for it as one might apologize for being late ten minutes for dinner! Charles jumped into a hansom and rushed

"CHARLES WAS BESIDE HIMSELF WITH ANGER."

round to see him. How had he dared to introduce the impostor to solid men as Professor Schleiermacher? Sir Adolphus shrugged his shoulders. The fellow had come and introduced himself as the great Jena chemist; he had long white hair, and a stoop in the shoulders. What reason had *he for doubting* his word? (I reflected to myself that on much the same grounds Charles in turn had accepted the Honourable David Granton and Graf von Lebenstein.) Besides, what reason could the creature have for this extraordinary deception? Charles knew only too well. It was clear it was done to disturb the diamond market, and we realized, too late, that the man who had done it was—Colonel Clay, in "another of his manifold allotropic embodiments!" Charles had had his wish, and had met his enemy once more in London!

We could see the whole plot. Colonel Clay was polymorphic, like the element carbon! Doubtless, with his extraordinary sleight of hand, he had substituted real diamonds for the shapeless mass that came out of the apparatus, in the interval between handing the pebbles round for inspection, and distributing them piecemeal to the men of science and representatives of the diamond interest. We all watched him closely, of course, when he opened the crucibles; but when once we had satisfied ourselves that *something* came out, our doubts were set at rest, and we forgot to watch whether he distributed those somethings or not to the recipients. Conjurers always depend upon such momentary distractions or lapses of attention. As usual, too, the Professor had disappeared into space the moment his trick was once well performed. He vanished like smoke, as the Count and Seer had vanished before, and was never again heard of.

Charles went home more angry than I have ever beheld him. I couldn't imagine why. He seemed as deeply hipped as if he had lost his thousands. I endeavoured to console him. "After all," I said, "though Golcondas have suffered a temporary loss, it's a comfort to think that you should have stood so firm, and not only stemmed the tide, but also prevented yourself from losing anything at all of your own through panic. I'm sorry, of course, for the widows and orphans; but if Colonel Clay has rigged the market, at least it isn't *you* who lose by it this time."

Charles withered me with a fierce scowl of undisguised contempt. "Wentworth," he said once more, "you are a fool!" Then he relapsed into silence.

"But you declined to sell out," I said.

He gazed at me fixedly. "Is it likely," he asked at last, "I would tell *you* if I meant to sell out? or that I'd sell out openly through Finglemore, my usual broker? Why, all the world would have known, and Golcondas would have been finished. As it is, I don't desire to tell an ass like you exactly how much I've lost. But I *did* sell out, and some unknown operator bought in at once, and closed for ready money, and has sold again this morning; and after all that has happened, it will be impossible to track him. He didn't wait for the account: he settled up instantly. And he sold in like manner. I know now what has been done, and how cleverly it has all been disguised and covered; but the most I'm going to tell you to-day is just this—it's by far the biggest haul Colonel Clay has made out of me. He could retire on it, if he liked. My one hope is, it may satisfy him for life; but, then, no man has ever had enough of making money."

"*You* sold out!" I exclaimed. "*You*, the chairman of the company! *You* deserted the ship! And how about your trust? How about the widows and orphans confided to you?"

Charles rose and faced me. "Seymour Wentworth," he said, in his most solemn voice, "you have lived with me for years and had every advantage. You have seen high finance. Yet you ask me that question! It's my belief you will never, never understand business!"

Idols.

II.

TURN we now to India, that land of gods, with its vast and tangled mythology, into the details whereof one can scarcely venture without bewilderment and confusion of brain. By far the chief religion of India is Brahmanism, Buddhism being much less prevalent than it used to be. The chief deities of the complicated Brahmanic system are a trinity, called the Trimurti, consisting of Brahman, Vishnu, and Siva. Brahman, although originally head of the trinity, has now become an abstraction merely, and Vishnu and Siva are the chief gods of the Hindus, some placing Vishnu first, others chiefly honouring Siva or his wife, Durga. Vishnu is always a benevolent and friendly god, but Siva is the Destroyer. By a seeming contradiction, which, however, has its meaning, he is also the Creator. Siva is of comparatively recent invention, and was first, in the Middle Ages, simply Rudra, the god of storms and such destructive agencies.

We reproduce a photograph (1) of a rather fine bronze figure of Rudra, wherein he is represented in the congenial occupation of dancing on a corpse. Rudra is said to have sprung from the forehead of Brahman, a grown youth. With a certain babyish inconsistency he immediately began crying for a name. Brahman called him Rudra, but the Destroyer was inconsolable, and kept up his blubbering till Brahman had given him seven more names to pacify him, when he mopped up his tears and set about his regular occupation as a purveyor of disease, tempest, battle, murder, and sudden death. The seven extra names are Bhara, Sarva, Isana, Pasupati, Bhima, Ugra, and Maha-diva, and these now form part of the outfit of names (there are a thousand altogether) which Siva uses, or which are used for him. Rudra, in fact, *is* Siva as he was first invented.

1.—RUDRA DANCING ON A CORPSE.

But Siva is an unpleasant sort of person, while Vishnu (the Preserver) is a beneficent and kindly deity. His history tells us that he became especially the friend of men in his various "avatars" or incarnations. Some reckon ten of these incarnations, others twenty-two. Sometimes he was a fish, sometimes a boar, sometimes a tortoise, sometimes a hero. By far the chief and most celebrated of his incarnations were the seventh and eighth, as Rama and as Krishna respectively, both heroes. But the guise wherein he is, perhaps, most celebrated in this country is that of Juggernaut, or, more precisely, Jagannatha, "Lord of the World."

This idol represents Vishnu in a general sort of way, and its story is this. Krishna was killed by a hunter, and the body was left under a tree. Some time after, a pious Hindu found the bones and carried them to the king of the country. This king felt himself impelled by direct inspiration from Vishnu to set up the image of Juggernaut and place the bones inside it. So he gave the job to one Viswa-Karma, who held the responsible situation of architect to the gods, and who undertook to complete the image in a workmanlike manner on condition of being left entirely undisturbed until the contract was finished. But the king was an impatient gentleman, and turned up in fifteen days to see how the work was going

on. The result was disastrous. Viswa-Karma organized himself into a strike, "chucked up" the job, and picketed the premises; the consequence being that Juggernaut remained for ever incomplete, having neither hands nor feet.

The king appealed to Brahman to act as arbitrator, but Brahman, wise in his generation, declined the thankless task, and compromised matters by giving Juggernaut eyes and a soul and consecrating it personally.

At the great Temple of Juggernaut, at Puri, twenty-four annual festivals are held, the chief, of course, being the famous car festival, when crowds of pilgrims drag Juggernaut in his car to his country house, a mile away. The car is 45ft. high and 35ft. square, and has sixteen wheels, each 7ft. in diameter. The distance is not far, and there are plenty to pull, but the sand is so deep that the journey takes several days. The world-famous smashing of devotees under the wheels never actually took place, except as a result of accident. Sir W. W. Hunter and Mr. H. H. Wilson, after exhaustive researches, have effectually disposed of that myth.

The specimens we present (2) are small copies of the great Juggernaut, made of wood and plaster, and rather suggestive of a good-tempered, armless lady in a penny show.

3.—RÁMA.

The most famous, perhaps, of all the incarnations of Vishnu was that of Ráma, the hero of the Rámáyana (3). Ráma was eldest son of a king called Dasa-ratha, and a near relation of the sun. Dasa-ratha had long prayed for sons, and was promised four by the gods. Just at this time Ravana, the demon king of Ceylon, was terrifying the gods by his atrocities and his threats, and Vishnu determined to descend to earth in the person of Dasa-ratha's son, to put a spoke in the wheel of that same Ravana. Consequently he was born Ráma. A certain sage supplied him with magical arms, and he went about assaulting and battering Rakshasas or demons.

2.—JUGGERNAUT.

In course of his travels he came to the court of Janaka, king of Videha. Janaka had a lovely daughter, called Sita, who was put up as a matrimonial prize for anybody who could bend a certain bow. Ráma not only bent the bow, but broke it, and so walked off with the princess. Soon after this a dispute arose as to Ráma's right to be installed heir-apparent, and his step-mother had him sent into exile for fourteen years with his wife and one brother. While he

was away his father died, and another of his brothers acted as regent.

During the exile a hermit recommended Ráma to live at Panchavati, which turned out to be anything but a desirable district for a family residence, owing to the prevalence of devils. One of these was a sister of Ravana, the aforesaid demon king of Ceylon, and this lady fell in love with Ráma. Ráma virtuously drove her away, whereupon she "went for" Sita. This so enraged Ráma's brother, that he cut off her ears and nose; whereupon she naturally went away and brought all her big brothers and an army of Rakshasas to avenge her. The upshot was a noble scrimmage, wherein all the demons were destroyed.

4.—RAVANA.

Not to be done, the lady repaired to her powerful brother Ravana, and persuaded him to steal Ráma's wife. This he did in Ráma's absence, who, on his return, set out after Ravana as fast as he could go, accompanied by his brother. On the way they killed a headless monster, whose disembodied spirit, harbouring no malice, advised them to ask the aid of the monkeys. They took this advice and gathered all the monkeys together, under the generalship of Hanuman, king of all the monkeys, who is now a most important Hindu god himself. Then ensued the most wonderful and complicated shindy recorded in all the mythology of India.

But before describing it, we shall find it most convenient to give some description of the wicked god Ravana, and the friendly Hanuman, representations of both of whom accompany this article. Ravana (4) was a sly and calculating person. First he did the extremely pious, and by a series of severe penances and austere subservience to Brahman, he attained extraordinary and previously unheard-of power. Once having secured this, he changed entirely, and became the most shockingly disreputable criminal in the whole Indian mythology. By his natural talents, combined with a strict attention to business, he managed to attain the very utmost degree of wickedness possible, and in time ably fulfilled the honourable post of the incarnation of all evil. Being the fortunate possessor of ten heads and twenty arms, he was able to fulfil the duties of the situation with workmanlike thoroughness. His eyes, too, were a little startling, being copper-coloured, and his teeth are not very definitely described as being "like the young moon." In addition to this, he was quite a tall person, since he was able to reach up and stop the sun and moon in their courses. Naturally terrified by such surprising interference, the sun temporarily suspended business, and the winds retired into private life. Our portrait of this amazing creature is from a carving in ivory.

Hanuman was also a powerful person for a monkey, and much more respectably disposed. He was the son of Pavana, "the wind," and he had high monkey connections on the mother's side. He could fly—or at least, what was much the same, he could jump one or two thousand miles at a time whenever inclined for active exercise. His personal description, if not quite so astounding as that of Ravana, is at least sufficient to distinguish him in an ordinary crowd. His size is somewhat inexactly described as equal to that of a mountain. His complexion is "yellow and glowing like molten gold," although the same account describes his face as "red as the brightest ruby"; but all

5.—HANUMAN.

accounts agree that there is simply no end to his tail.

Our illustration (5) is from a carving in wood, wherein Hanuman adopts the attitude of an unpractised after-dinner speaker, delicately coughing behind his hand while trying to remember his next sentence.

Such, then, were the great powers, one hostile and the other friendly, who joined with Ráma, and any number of thousands of monkeys and miscellaneous fiends, in the most destructively mixed scrimmage in all Indian records.

On being appealed to by Ráma, Hanuman took a little jump from India into Ceylon, and began a search for the lost wife. He found Sita there in captivity, and came back with the report. At once the monkeys began work, and Hanuman tore up trees and pitched them, with select mountains lifted from the Himalayas, into the sea between India and Ceylon, so as to form a bridge for the monkeys to pass over. There is no doubt possible of this fact, for there is the remnant of the bridge to this day, sunk below the surface of the water, and called Adam's Bridge. All the monkeys, reinforced by the bears, swarmed over to Ceylon and, the demons coming out to meet them, a gorgeous fight ensued, lasting for weeks. The combat went against the monkeys, till Hanuman bounced over to the Himalayas and fetched back the Herb of Life to resuscitate all the killed.

Still the fight went on, and Ravana and his son Indrajit were very hard nuts to crack. The advantage went sometimes one way and sometimes another, and the monkeys looked like being badly beaten, when the gods themselves, Brahman and Vishnu, rushed into the stramash, and bowled over Indrajit. Some malignant fiend greased Hanuman's tail and set fire to it; but that was a sad mistake, for the conflagration utterly burnt up the demon city Lanka.

Hanuman, stimulated by his burnt tail, went into the scramble like mad, and hurled the devils over right and left, till at last he was killed by Ravana himself. Then up came Ráma, and a royal fight ensued between the two principals. Ráma knocked off Ravana's heads one at a time with arrows, but new heads popped up every time. So the fight went on, till at last Ráma fired an extra special arrow, of Brahman's own manufacture, which went clean through Ravana, plunged into the ocean, washed itself, and came intelligently back to Ráma's quiver. And so the row ended in the total defeat and destruction of the Ravana faction and the return of Sita to her husband.

Only the barest outlines of the fight are given here—a complete description would have filled a whole volume of the magazine. As to Hanuman, being killed was no great inconvenience to him, since the Herb of Life soon put that right, and secured him perpetual

6.—GANESA.

youth in addition, by way of bonus. And the Hanuman or Entellus monkey is sacred in India to this day.

Of the innumerable inferior Indian deities Ganesa is the chief. We reproduce a photograph of a finely executed black wood carving of Ganesa (6). He is especially the god of wisdom, and his aid is invoked at the beginning of every undertaking. Every Hindu book begins with the words: "Namo Ganesaya," which means "Honour to Ganesa." He is the son of the great Siva, and is represented as a short and portly yellow person, with a good deal of stomach, from four to ten hands, and an elephant's head with one tusk cut off. He is also sometimes represented riding on a rat, which would seem to be rather hard on the rat.

He carries in his hands a shell, a discus, a club, a lily, and other miscellaneous property. The elephant's head is very simply and plausibly accounted for. Ganesa's mother, Parvati, naturally proud of her bouncing boy, showed him to Sani, quite forgetting the terrible effects of that deity's glance. Sani looked and burnt the baby's head off, and Parvati, rushing to replace it with the first head she could find, happened on an elephant's and used that. Quite an easily explained accident, you see, which might have happened to anybody. Ganesa is leader of his mighty father's retainers, and has a number of complimentary names, which, translated, savour rather of street Arab courtesy. For instance, "Long-eared," "Elephant-faced," "Boastful," and "Pot-bellied."

The religions of China are the famous three: Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism. Of these Taoism is the religion of superstition, and a specimen of the innumerable Taoist idols is here illustrated (7). It is that of Peh-ko, a goddess, whose attributes, though confused, and differing by different accounts, are mild and pleasant, notwithstanding the lapful of snakes wherewith she is here represented. The specimen is from the Brandt collection; is nearly two feet high, and is a handsome piece of work.

7.—THE CHINESE GODDESS PEH-KO.

Buddhism is very prevalent in Japan, though Shintoism is the State religion. Japan boasts the greatest and perhaps the most beautiful idol in the world—if any image of Buddha may strictly be called an idol — namely, that at Kamakura, which was set up in the year 1250. This immense seated image is more than 50ft. high, and nearly 100ft. in circumference of waist; the circumference of a single thumb is between 3ft. and 4ft. It was cast in bronze by Ono Goroyemon, a famous worker in metal, and in the alloy there is a quantity of gold which exceeds 500lb. in weight, and imparts much of its beautiful colour to the bronze.

But most familiar among Japanese household gods are the Shichi-fuku-jin, or seven gods of prosperity; though, as has already been hinted, they are not gods in the proper acceptation of the term, but rather embodiments of ideas.

These are a pleasant and jolly set of people, and the Japanese artist of every sort delights to represent them all in circumstances of undignified comicality, in a spirit quite foreign to the reverence shown for a god proper. The seven are: Fukuroku-jin, the god or genius of longevity; Hotei, he of contentment and the friend of children; Daikoku, who presides over wealth; Yebisu, who embodies commercial honesty and is

8.—FUKUROKU-JIN.

patron of fishermen; Juro-jin, the jolly old patron of learning; Bishamon, genius of military glory; and last, but certainly not least, Benten, the one lady of the seven, and perhaps the greatest favourite of all, chiefly regarded as presiding over marriage, but whose patronage is also claimed by music, the sea, dancing, and all the arts.

We reproduce a photograph of Fukuroku-jin (8) from a beautiful old piece of Japanese porcelain. Here he is shown accompanied by the aged stag, but his more usual companions are the crane and the hairy tortoise, emblems of long life. His tremendously tall head is in sign of his accumulated wisdom and experience, and the artist often uses the peculiarity to cut his little jokes—making him vainly attempting to reach a wicked mosquito who is busy on the very top, far out of reach, and so forth. All the seven gods are indulgent to children, and Fukuroku-jin sometimes ties a cloth over his slippery pate (as he is, in fact, here represented), and allows good and industrious children to climb on top.

But the prime friend of children is Hotei (9), genius of contentment. He is said originally to have been a Chinese priest of the tenth century, remarkable for his obesity, his love of children, and the bag he carried on his shoulder. His name, indeed, translated into English, is simply Cloth-bag. His bag contained many wonderful things, including the Hut of Invisibility, the Sacred Key, the Inexhaustible Purse, the Lucky Rain Coat, and a number of other symbols of prosperity. He makes toys, kites, pictures, and dolls for children, and is, generally speaking, a jolly, slovenly, lovable, but drunken old vagabond, to whom children look as to their greatest friend.

9.—HOTEI.

Daikoku (10), in a general way the patron of wealth, is more particularly patron of cereals; rice, of course, forming a prime factor of wealth in old Japan. He is represented as a good-tempered black gentleman, very short in the legs (which are wholly hidden in immense boots), and carrying a hammer, symbolical of the hard work necessary to attain wealth. He is shown either sitting or standing on fat round bales of rice, and sometimes he is attended by a rat, because the day set apart in his honour is called, in the Japanese calendar, the day of the rat. He usually, as in the representation before us, carries a sack loosely over his left shoulder. He and Fukuroku-jin are great friends, and in their hours of relaxation indulge in many friendly bouts of wrestling.

10.—DAIKOKU.

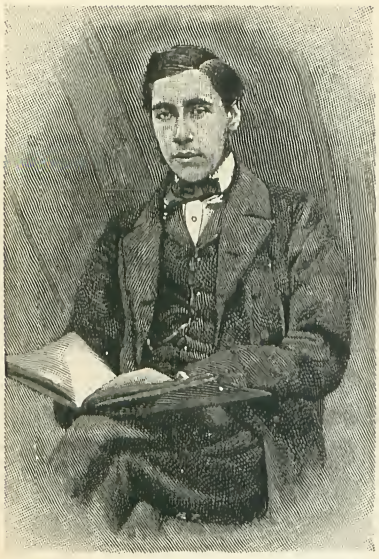
Daikoku usually wins, because he is so extremely short that Fukuroku-jin, reaching down to take hold of him, is apt to lose his balance by the weight of his head, and be tumbled over; unless, indeed, Fukuroku-jin can manage to catch hold of Daikoku's enormous ears, when they both roll over together in a grinning heap. Our illustration is taken from a carving in wood, gilded and lacquered.

Benten is a comely and pleasant lady, usually represented as playing some musical instrument. The beautiful carving, which we illustrate (11), shows her with ten arms and a halo—a most unusual representation. On one side of her stands Bishamon, patron of military glory, with his spear, and the usual pagoda held in his left hand; and on the other we find our old friend Daikoku, mallet, rice-bales, and all complete. Below the rock whereon Benten sits, her fifteen sons stand, each representative of some trade or occupation, and each carrying his particular trade-mark—the mill-stone, the pestle and mortar, or what not. Benten has especial guardianship of the sea and all the world under it. Snakes and dragons are represented as following and serving her.

A meeting of all the genial seven takes place once a year, when they banquet and tell each other their adventures since the last meeting. After this they proceed, under the special advice of Benten, to arrange all marriages for the ensuing year. They bring out a number of skeins of red and white silk, each representing the fate of some person to be married—white for the men, red for the women. To begin with, the threads are very carefully selected and tied together, with the result of happy marriages. Soon, however, the operators grow tired and inclined to amuse themselves. So they hurry and tumble carelessly over the work and finish up with a general tangle. This is the reason of so many unhappy marriages—a thing otherwise difficult to account for.

After the wedding business is scrambled through, the jovial seven amuse themselves. Benten plays on the *samisen* or the *biwa*, and perhaps dances. Hotei drinks too much *saké*, and Daikoku and Fukuroku-jin begin their usual wrestle, while Bishamon lies on the floor and enjoys the spectacle. The others eat fish and play games, and the party usually breaks up in several days' time with bad headaches, each of the members setting about his appointed business with as much energy as is left. They are a jolly family, these seven, and, indeed, all Japanese religion, Shinto or Buddhist, seems to be impressed with a spirit of kindness, charity, and good-fellowship. The Japanese are a cheerful people, and they have religions fitted to their dispositions. The gloomy, pessimistic form even of Buddhism is unknown among them.

11.—BENTEN, WITH HER FIFTEEN CHILDREN.



From a] AGE 26. *[Photograph.*

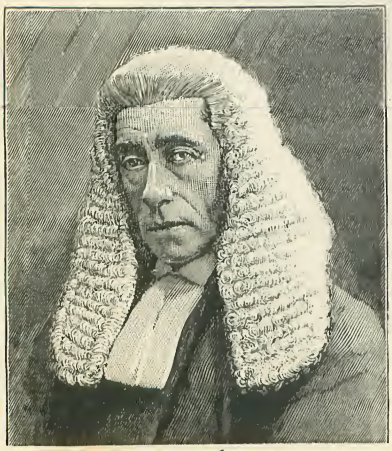
THE HON. SIR GAINSFORD BRUCE.

BORN 1834.

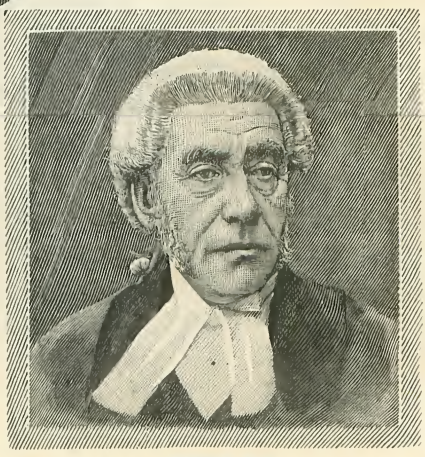
MR. JUSTICE BRUCE was called to the Bar in 1859, and joined the Northern Circuit in the same year. In 1883 he became a Q.C., and in 1887 a Bencher. He was Solicitor-General for the County Palatine of Durham from 1879 to 1886, Attorney-General from 1886 to 1887, and Temporal Chancellor from 1887 to 1892, when he was appointed a Judge of the High Court of Justice (Queen's Bench Division) and received the honour of knighthood. He was for fifteen years Recorder of Bradford. In April, 1880, he unsuccessfully contested Gateshead; but in November, 1888, he was elected for the Holborn Division of Finsbury, and sat till July, 1892, as a Conservative. He is part-author of "Williams' and Bruce's Admiralty Practice" and of "Maude and Pollock on Shipping." In 1868 he married Sophia, daughter of Francis Jackson, of Chertsey.

AGE 58.
From a Photo. by Debenham, Cowes.

AGE 39.
From a Photo. by C. H. Braithwaite, Leeds.



AGE 46.
From a Photo. by H. S. Mendelssohn, Newcastle-on-Tyne.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Brown, Barnes, & Bell, Liverpool.

From a] AGE 40. *[Photograph.*

ADMIRAL SIR FRANCIS L. McCLINTOCK.

BORN 1819.

ADMIRAL McCLINTOCK, K.C.B., D.C.L., LL.D., etc., of Arctic exploration fame, entered the Navy in 1831. After some years of foreign service, Lieutenant McClintock returned to England about the time when great anxiety began to be felt for the safety of Sir John Franklin's Arctic expedition. He went out on two occasions

From a Photo. by] AGE 51. *[Chancellor, Dublin.*

in Arctic expeditions sent by the Admiralty, and it was his fortune in 1850 to see at Cape Riley the first traces of the missing expedition. Soon after the rescue of the McClure expedition, McClintock was made a captain, and in 1857 he accepted the command of Lady Franklin's own search expedition. He returned in 1859, having discovered a record of the death of Sir John Franklin and the sad fate of the expedition. He was knighted and overwhelmed with honours on his return. He became Naval Aide-de-Camp to the Queen

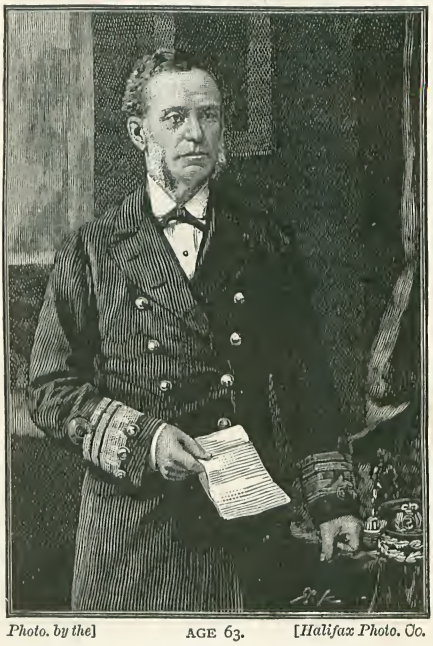


Photo. by the] AGE 63. *[Halifax Photo. Co.*

in 1868, Rear-Admiral in 1871, Vice-Admiral in 1877, was made a full Admiral in 1884, and became a K.C.B. in 1891. He is the author of "The Voyage of the *Fox* in the Arctic Seas," a book which has met with great success.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *Mayall & Co.*

From a] AGE 4. *[Daguerreotype.*

THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON WILLIAM McDONALD SINCLAIR.

BORN 1850.

ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR is a late scholar of Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a second class in 1873. He was formerly domestic chaplain to the late Bishop Jackson, of London, and was vicar of St. Stephen's, Westminster, from 1880–89. He took his degrees in very quick succession, namely, his B.A. in 1873, M.A. in 1875,

From a] AGE 13. *[Photograph.*

From a] AGE 24. *[Photograph.*

B.D. in 1888, and his D.D. in 1892. Archdeacon Sinclair has had the honour of being the Hon. Chaplain to Her Majesty for four years (1889–93). He is the author of several works, of which the following are best known: "The Psalms," "The Authorised Version in the Original Rhythm," "Lessons on the Gospel of St. John," "The Servant of Christ," "Christ and Our Times," and "Words to the Laity."

From a] AGE 34. *[Photograph.*

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Martin & Sallnow, Strand.

From a] AGE 6. *[Daguerreotype.*

MISS GENEVIÈVE WARD.

MISS WARD is the daughter of the late Colonel Samuel Ward. Her mother was a daughter of Gideon Lee, a Mayor of New York City (where she was born), and was a lady of high artistic attainments, who enjoyed the friendship of such men as Clay and Webster, and General Jackson. When Miss Ward was fifteen she elected to become a singer, and had lessons from the great composer, Rossini, and from other famous men. When she became a member of Miss Louisa Payne's company at Covent Garden, she was offered the choice of the leading *rôles* in "I Puritani" and "La Favorita." She made her *début* in the late Sir George McFarren's "Robin Hood"; her voice, however, soon gave way, and she determined to try the stage. Her *Stephanie*, in "Forget-Me-Not," was a veritable triumph: the character suited her admirably, and she gave one of the most powerful and artistic pieces of acting which the present generation has seen. Provincial, Colonial, and American tours followed, with frequent appearances at the Lyceum,

AGE 30.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

From a Daguerreotype.] AGE 15

and in the autumn of 1890 she created the lead in "A Struggle for Life," at the Avenue. She is now at the Lyceum once more, where she takes the part of the *Queen* in "Cymbeline," and is, as usual, exceedingly impressive.

From a] AGE 20. *[Photogra...*

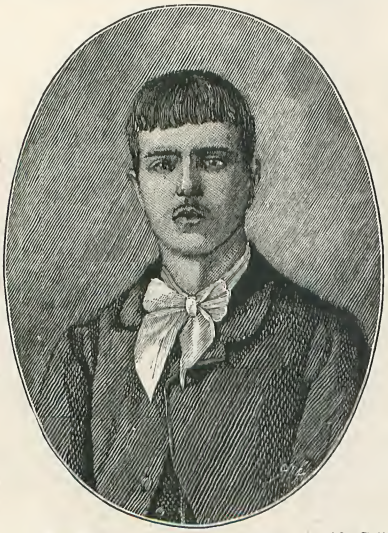
From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Alfred Ellis.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 4. *[C. Cini, Leghorn.*

PIETRO MASCAGNI.

BORN 1863.

THIS popular young composer is the son of a baker, but his father intended him to adopt a learned profession. As a child, he showed such exceptional taste for music that his father was at length induced to send



From a Photo. by] AGE 17. *[U. Bettini.*

him to the Conservatoire of Milan. Here he failed to agree with his teachers, and joined a travelling opera company. In 1886 he married and settled in Cerignola, where he was bandmaster and organist at a salary of £4 a month! His first important opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," was written here, and soon made him famous the world over, although the score

From a Photo. by] AGE 21. *[Giulio Rossi.*

had previously been in the hands of all the leading theatrical managers in Italy—and refused. In many European cities he has personally conducted the opera, which has been performed in the principal European languages, including Russian. His later operas have been "L'Amico Fritz," "I Rantzau," and "Ratcliffe." "I Rantzau" was performed for the first time at Florence, in November, 1892, and, in June, 1893, it was put on the stage in London, when Signor Mascagni himself conducted. In the following month he conducted selections from his compositions before the Queen at Windsor.

From a] PRESENT DAY. *[Photograph.*

Campaign Buttons.

By George Dollar.

CONTESTS for the Presidency of the United States — in American parlance, "Presidential campaigns"— take place every four years. They begin in June or July, when the different parties meet in convention to "nominate" or choose their candidates, and end at an early date in November, when the election is held. The campaign is entered into with great enthusiasm by the people. The Press pays little attention to any topic except the issue of the day, and partisan papers are filled with accounts of the merits of their own candidate and the demerits of all others. Citizens march thousands strong in torchlight processions to the music of countless brass bands; gay banners, with portraits of the candidates and the catchwords of the campaign, are hung across the principal streets; and "campaign buttons" adorn the lapels of voters all over the land.

These buttons are circular bits of ornamented or cloth-covered tin. Sometimes they are embellished with the portraits of the candidates, as in the button at the right, which represents Governor William McKinley, of Ohio, the candidate of the Republican party; or in the button at the beginning of this article, which shows the clean-cut features of William J. Bryan, the Nebraskan orator, who has sprung from obscurity to fame, as the nominee of the Democratic party. Sometimes, as in 1888, when election buttons first caught the popular fancy, a button simply shows the name of the candidate, printed in plain lettering, on a pretty background of stars and stripes. At other times, it shows the issue between the parties. In the elections of four and eight years ago, for instance, when the parties were divided on the tariff question, many of the buttons had "Free Trade" or "Protection" printed on the surface. This year the parties are in bitter controversy over the currency question, and several of the buttons reproduced in this article give evidence that this question, at the moment of writing, is absorbing the attention of the United States, to the exclusion of all other issues.

The so-called "silver-bug button," reproduced at the left, will serve as a hook upon which to hang a brief exposition of the abstruse question which has stirred the Americans to fever-heat. The noticeable thing about this button is not the bug itself, but the lettering on its spacious back. It is a Democratic button, for the words "Free unlimited" represent what the Democrats are fighting for in this campaign, namely, the coinage by the United States mints of all silver offered, free of charge to the owners of the bullion, into legal tender money. The "16 to 1" expresses the Democratic desire that the ratio between silver and gold should be legally maintained by the Government in the proportion of sixteen grains of silver to one grain of gold; or, in other words, that sixteen ounces of silver should always be equivalent in value to one ounce of gold. The designer of this button has tried to express the troublesome point in a graphic manner, by silvering the entire bug, with the exception of the small patch upon which the figure 1 stands, shown in our reproduction. This patch, in the original, is done in gilt, and probably if one had the time to measure the relative quantities of silver and gilt shown on the surface, including the feelers and the legs, one would find sixteen parts of silver to one of gilt. It may be remarked that, in the United States, the word "bug" is used in a general way to express any insect, and conveys no special meaning, as it does in England. Its use in the catchwords "silver-bug" and "gold-bug" may be taken as an evidence that Americans have not yet forgotten Edgar Allan Poe, from whose famous story, "The Gold-Bug," the current expression is probably derived.

The "silver-bug" also figures in a less attractive button, which, besides the inevitable "16 to 1," contains the words "No Com-

promise." Here is one just below. "No Compromise" expresses the determination of the "silverites," or Democrats, to resist to the last any attempt to make the ratio between silver and gold anything but sixteen to one. It can easily be seen that the use of these expressions on campaign buttons forms an appreciable factor in the education of the people to an understanding of the intricate points of the currency question. For no American in his right senses would go about with a button unless he could explain what it meant.

The Republican, of course, hoots at the "silver-bug" button, and refuses to wear it. To him the idea of a constant ratio between silver and gold is mere poppycock. It is his belief that the quantity of silver in the world is constantly fluctuating, and that the total amount of gold is nearly always the same. That is to say, the Republican party believes in a "sound money," which does not depreciate in value, and does not believe in an "unsound money," which tends to depreciate in value, the more the metal of which it is made is produced. Consequently the Republican wears upon his jacket a "sound money button," like that at the left. This button, with its bug and lettering in beautiful gilt on a blue background, is a deadly enemy to the pretensions of the "free coinage fiends," who, so the Republicans say, want to make the Government purchase silver at a price far beyond its value. It is, perhaps, not so striking as the two preceding buttons, because there is not so much on it. But the Republicans say there's a lot in it.

Sometimes on the buttons there is a sparkle of fun. Take, for example, this "G.O.P." button at the right. The "G.O.P." stands for "Grand Old Party," and is a term applied to the Republican party, which for many years after the Civil War remained in power undefeated. The words "good as gold" may be taken in a double sense, though what the elephant represents, no one except the designer can tell. Someone has suggested that the life of an elephant is long, and that the button prophesies an equally long existence for the "Grand Old Party." Possibly this is the correct explanation. At all events, it is a striking button.

Naturally, the buttons showing the physiognomies of the different candidates are the most popular, and hence the most widely worn. If you wear a "McKinley button" or a "Bryan button," your friends know at once who your candidate is, and there is no unnecessary quizzing as to your stand upon the money question. But if you wear a "sound money button," it is a toss-up whether you are going to vote for McKinley or for the candidate of the "gold Democrats." It may be said, in passing, that since the nomination of Bryan, the "silverite," by the Democratic party, a large number of Democrats, who are opposed to the theories of the "silverites," have broken away from their party and have nominated candidates of their own. Hence they are called "gold Democrats," and the "sound-money button" is as much a favourite with them as with the Republicans. But the portrait buttons are the most effective. Here is one, at the right, which does a double duty in expressing your own preferences and asking a question at one and the same time. The portrait of McKinley is very good.

The use of a flag for a background, although not at all a new idea, is always popular. Knowing this, the manufacturers, in order to meet the demand of all parties, prepare large quantities of flag buttons, showing the different candidates, usually on the same background. In the accompanying portrait button of Joshua Levering, who has been nominated by the Prohibition, or "no liquor," party, the flag is the same as that used in the McKinley button reproduced in the second paragraph of this article. This Levering button illustrates a peculiarly disagreeable detail in flag buttons. The hasty manufacture of buttons allows little time to be spent in perfecting the details, and the chances of getting the portrait exactly in the middle of the flag, or the flag exactly round the portrait, are few and far between. When not properly in the centre, the portrait looks odd, and the whole button shows slovenly manufacture. When buttons are bought by the dozens and hundreds, as they often are by dealers in knick-knacks, there is nothing more annoying than to find imperfect ones in the lot. No

dealer can sell them when perfect ones are to be obtained, and loss naturally results.

The question of loss to the manufacturer is interesting. It is very evident that the life of a campaign button is a few months at the most, and once an election is settled, the buttons are forgotten. The manufacturers, therefore, are very careful not to make too large a quantity, for fear that, at the end of the campaign, they will have a lot of useless stock upon their hands. As it is, they usually find that they have an overstock. People will have the best buttons; and if a rival firm gets out a unique and taking sample, that button is bought, almost to the extinction of others. In the last campaign one Eastern firm, which had prepared a large quantity of buttons, suddenly found itself outstripped by a smarter firm with prettier designs. The result was that, at the end of the campaign, about ten thousand buttons were tossed into the ash-heap.

Sometimes, for several reasons, a button does not "catch on," and this fact means more loss. The "Free Cuba" button is one of the daintiest of the lot. It was evidently designed in the expectation that the attitude of the United States towards the Cuban insurgents would be one of the chief issues of the campaign. The parties, however, have had no time to woo the Cuban goddess, and it is said by one dealer that the "Cuba Libre" cry has fallen flat, so far as the sale of the buttons is concerned.

It is amazing, too, how cheap campaign buttons are in the closing days of a Presidential fight. The ordinary or popular price for a button is five cents, or 2½d., although some of the more elaborate designs cost fivepence. In large quantities, good discounts are made to dealers. But just before election, the price suddenly drops, and good buttons can be bought for almost nothing. This sudden fall in price is due to an overstock in the market, and a desire on the part of the manufacturers to realize their money before it is too late. Even then, the manufacturers make money, for, in large quantities, campaign buttons may be manufactured for a fraction of a halfpenny apiece.

In the present campaign, the Democratic buttons, showing the portraits of the Democratic candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, Bryan and Sewall, have sold very widely, especially in the west. The demand is due to a general desire to see "what Bryan looks like." The nomination of "the young orator of the Platte," after a stirring speech in the convention, surprised the country, and the button manufacturers found no small difficulty in getting photographs of Bryan to put upon their buttons. But when the buttons came out, they were readily bought. The clean-shaven, good-natured face attracted everybody. The reproductions, moreover, were very successful, and the dark face on the white background, as in the accompanying picture, made a pretty contrast. The same photograph has also been reproduced upon the Stars and Stripes background; but, as in the case of the Levering button, the effect is ragged. A smaller Bryan button has also been popular. Here is one of them at the right, with the simple inscription "For President Wm. J. Bryan" over the head.

There are also buttons showing the candidates of each party for President and Vice-President looking at each other. The candidates of each party for the two highest offices are called a "ticket," and in the present campaign there are several "tickets." The Republicans have nominated McKinley and Hobart—the latter a New Jersey man with money. The Democrats have nominated Bryan and Sewall. The "gold-Democratic ticket" is made up of two generals who fought against each other in the Civil War—Palmer and Buckner. The "Populists" or "Popocrats" have nominated Bryan and Watson for their ticket. The Prohibition candidates are Levering and Johnson; and the Labour party have put forth a ticket too. But neither of these latter two parties is of much account in the present campaign.

With so many men to handle, it is no wonder that the number of different buttons this year is very great. It is a difficult problem, too, to get two photographs on the surface of a button without crowding. In the Harrison-Cleveland campaign of 1892, one of the Republican buttons represented Harrison and Reid nose to nose, so small was the surface of the button and so large the space swallowed up by Harrison's beard.

But in the Bryan-Sewall button at the right of this column, much has been done in a little space, and the likenesses of the Democratic candidates are fairly distinct and true. The McKinley and Hobart button at the left is quite as successful, although the Stars and Stripes again partly spoil the total effect. The presence of McKinley and Hobart together must not, however, be taken as a proof that they sat together for their photograph. It is said that the Republican candidate never saw his colleague until they met together at McKinley's home in Canton, Ohio, after the convention. In the button, however, they look as if they had been bosom friends for years.

A campaign in which two different Vice-Presidents are nominated by two different parties, with the same candidate for President, adds variety to campaign buttons. This year the silver Democrats nominated Bryan, a poor man, and Sewall, a rich man. The Populist party, which contains a goodly number of silverites, were willing to accept Bryan as their candidate for President, but they would have none of Sewall and his wealth—the hatred of wealth being one of the idiosyncrasies which descend from Populist father to son. The present situation, which is unusual in American politics, has caused consternation among the silver Democrats, and no little inconvenience to the button manufacturers. The latter have been compelled to design a new button, representing Bryan shoulder to shoulder with Watson, the Populist candidate for Vice-President. On this button, Bryan wears a frown, as if he cared little for his associate, and wanted Sewall.

This is the shield pattern, which is very popular. The shield is an old-time design, and figured prominently in the campaign of eight years ago, when Harrison defeated Cleveland. The different results obtained in photographs of the same man may be seen by comparing the face on the shield with the face on the button at the left of the column. The right-hand button represents Mr. Levering, the Prohibitionist candidate, as a neat and dapper man, with a keen sense of fun. The one at the left has none of these characteristics, the candidate looks tired.

The "clock-button," here reproduced, is, without doubt, the cleverest of the year. The dial, hands, and numbering are of silver. Nothing could be more striking than this design. It is profitable, too, for Republicans are buying it as a pretty curiosity, and Democrats wear it from conviction. It will doubtless be well to the front in the next campaign when the battle of silver and gold is fought again.

THE "FAVOURITE."

The Adventures of a Man of Science.

By L. T. Meade and Clifford Halifax, M.D.

We have taken down these stories from time to time as our friend, Paul Gilchrist, has related them to us. He is a man whose life study has been science in its most interesting forms—he is also a keen observer of human nature and a noted traveller. He has an unbounded sympathy for his kind, and it has been his lot to be consulted on many occasions by all sorts and conditions of men.

V.—AT THE STEPS OF THE ALTAR.

THERE were few cleverer surgeons in London than my friend, Edward Wesseley, and when I called at his house in Harley Street on a certain morning early in the March of last year, I scarcely expected to be able to secure the five minutes of his attention which were essential to my purpose. I was anxious to consult him with regard to a certain point on brain paralysis, about which I was then making some interesting investigations. A word from his vast store of experience would set a small difficulty straight, and I scribbled a message to that effect on my card. The servant quickly reappeared, asking me to come immediately into his master's presence. I entered Wesseley's consulting-room—he came forward with his accustomed eagerness to greet me.

"No apologies, my dear Gilchrist," he cried. "It so happens that you have come in the very nick of time. I am just about to operate on a patient who is awaiting me in my home for cases next door. His illness has arisen from the following cause: He received a bad fall on the left side of the head when playing polo about a month ago. Since then he has been paralyzed in the right arm and leg, with anæsthesia in the leg almost complete, and hyperæsthesia in the arm. I have not the slightest doubt that paralysis is due to pressure on the angular gyrus of the left side of the brain, and am about to trephine immediately. My operation will explain away your difficulties better than any amount of discussion; and if you care to lend me a hand I shall be only too pleased to have your suggestions, and, if necessary, your help."

"Of course I shall be delighted," I answered.

I accompanied Wesseley next door, and we waited for a moment or two in a room next the one in which the operation was to take place.

"I will not call you in until the patient is unconscious," he said. "I am only waiting now until Rivington, the anæsthetist, has arrived."

Wesseley had scarcely said the latter words before the door was flung open, and a slender, young-looking man was ushered into the room—he had a thin, dark face, and deeply-set eyes with a somewhat nervous expression. Wesseley introduced him to me as Dr. Rivington, and the two men immediately withdrew into the adjoining apartment. The door between the two rooms was slightly ajar, and I could hear their voices murmuring in consultation. I could also get a glimpse of the figure of a tall man lying on a sofa. A nurse, in a conventional dress, was flitting backwards and forwards. The doctors continued to consult together in a distant part of the room; the patient lay motionless. I was just beginning to wonder why the man was not put under the influence of the anæsthetic, when Wesseley hurriedly re-entered the room where I was sitting, shutting the door behind him.

"WESSELEY INTRODUCED HIM TO ME AS DR. RIVINGTON."

Copyright, 1896, by L. T. Meade, in the United States of America.

"What is to be done?" he said, in a voice which betrayed some slight irritation. "Rivington is behaving in the most extraordinary manner—he absolutely refuses to administer the anæsthetic."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. He is one of the best anæsthetists in London, and I never saw him hesitate before. He came into the room behind the patient, gave him a glance, changed colour quite perceptibly, and motioned to me to accompany him to the other end of the room. He then explained in a whisper that Colonel Normanton happens to be an acquaintance of his own, that he has a strong personal dislike to him, that he considers him to be a bad subject for anæsthetics, and that, under the circumstances, nothing will induce him to administer the chloroform. I had no time to over-ride his ridiculous scruples, for I am due at another operation within an hour; he was obstinate as a mule, and has just left the house. The unfortunate Colonel is wondering at the unaccountable delay."

"Can I not help you?" I asked. "You remember that I was anæsthetist at my hospital for the last year of my residence. I think I can manage the case, if you are inclined to trust me."

"Capital, Gilchrist," cried Wesseley, relief and delight now beaming over his countenance. "Once again I repeat that you have come in the very nick of time. Will you come with me into the next room?"

I willingly complied, and entered the operating-room with the surgeon.

The patient was still lying perfectly quiet, with a drawn, anxious expression very perceptible on his face. The nature of the operation about to be performed was of the deepest interest to me, but the matter I had in hand was to produce unconsciousness, and when I had got Colonel Normanton into that condition, to watch him with the most undeviating attention.

He was a large, heavily built, somewhat florid man, and I was not surprised that he took some time to get thoroughly under the influence of the anæsthetic. At last, however, the moment arrived when Wesseley could begin to perform the very delicate operation on the side of the head, which was to save the patient's life. A small portion of the skull was removed by the trephine, with that skill and rapidity for which the great surgeon was famous—the usual *toilette* was then completed, and the operation was over. During that time I scarcely felt myself at liberty to remove my eyes from the patient's face—he had taken the anæsthetic with difficulty, and I now perceived by a blue tinge over his face and the coldness of his extremities that he was in extreme danger of collapse.

"We must get him out of his unconscious state as quickly as possible," I said, turning to Wesseley; "Rivington was right, he is a bad subject for anæsthetics."

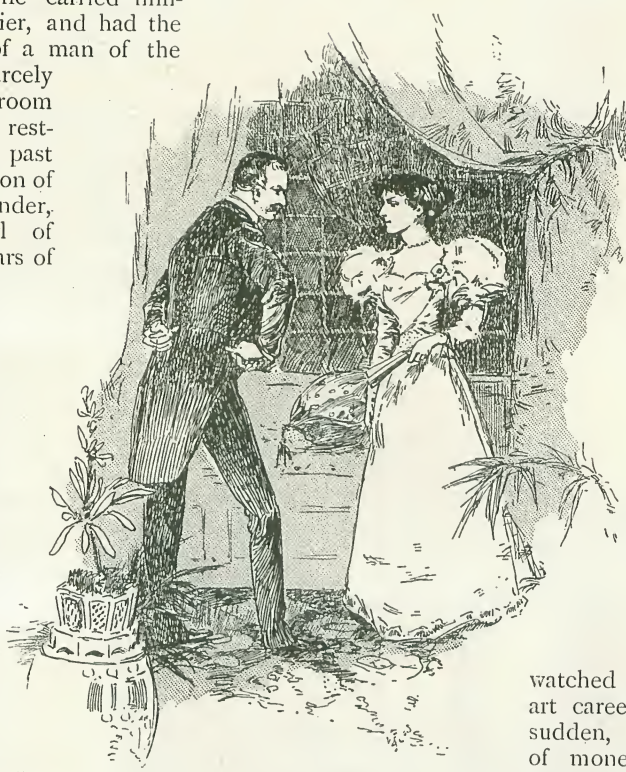
The surgeon and I instantly began to use the usual restoratives, artificial respiration, injections of ether, nitrite of amyl, and the rest; and, in order to expedite matters, we opened the flannel shirt which the patient was wearing, and exposed his chest to full view.

Momentous as the present occasion was, when we did this I could not but give a perceptible start: in the neighbourhood of the man's left breast was a large violet patch nearly the size of the palm of the hand; it was red near the edges, and looked inclined to ulcerate. Before I had time to utter a word or to draw Wesseley's attention to it, the patient uttered a sigh and opened his eyes; I hastily fastened his shirt, and Wesseley began to talk to him in an encouraging tone. After a very short period he was sufficiently recovered to be removed to his bed in the adjoining room. Wesseley had to hurry off to his next operation, and I returned to continue the experiments which I was making in my laboratory. The clue I required was now in my hands, and I hoped to produce results of some importance. I was scarcely likely to see Colonel Normanton again—he had unconsciously rendered me a service; and I had, by the merest chance, made a discovery with regard to him which I was scarcely likely to forget.

In my travels over the world I have visited China and other Eastern places, and have therefore had opportunities of going into the subject of the special and terrible disease with which the unfortunate Colonel was infected—how he had contracted it, whether he knew himself of the sure but awful fate which awaited him, whether Wesseley had after all done well to rescue him from a less terrible death, were questions which I could not help asking myself from time to time. From the little I had seen of the patient, he looked like a man who had lived hard and fast—his record was doubtless not the best in the world. Rivington, the well-known anæsthetist, must have had reasons for his extraordinary refusal to administer the anæsthetic.

In the rush of other work and other interests, however, the memory of Normanton began gradually to fade from my mental horizon, and I might, doubtless, have forgotten him altogether had not the following events taken place.

On a certain afternoon in the month of June of the same year I entered a friend's drawing-room just before dinner, and saw Normanton standing by an open window. I recognised him immediately, and as my eyes met his I saw him glance in my direction. He looked now in all respects a different person from the helpless patient whom I had seen a couple of months ago. He was a strikingly handsome man, of between forty and fifty years of age, very tall and broad in proportion—he carried himself like a soldier, and had the suave manner of a man of the world. I had scarcely entered the room when I saw his restless eyes look past me in the direction of the door: a slender, dark-eyed girl of about twenty years of age had come in. She was dressed very simply, in white, and gave an instant impression of great purity and innocence. Our hostess and host came up to speak to her, and then Colonel Normanton advanced to her side; he and she withdrew into the window together, and the next moment dinner was announced. There was something about this girl's face which attracted me, and I had a sort of undefinable feeling that I had seen her before. At dinner, I asked my next-door neighbour her name.



"HE AND SHE WITHDREW INTO THE WINDOW TOGETHER."

"Oh, she is so charming," was the instant reply; "do you not know her? She is the famous Miss Rivington, the artist—her picture made quite an impression in this year's Academy; she is scarcely twenty yet, and everyone is talking about her; they say she is engaged to that very handsome Colonel Normanton, with whom we are all more or less in love—you see, he is talking to her now. Don't you admire him immensely?"

I glanced across the dinner-table—Colonel Normanton was saying something to the young girl by his side; she looked up at him in a shy, sweet manner, then the long lashes fell over her pale but beautifully moulded cheeks.

"There is no doubt whatever of the engagement," said the lady whom I had taken in to dinner, "and, for my part," she added, "I am very glad of it, for Hilda really requires someone to look after her."

"I fancy that I once saw her brother," I replied. "Is not he Dr. Rivington, the famous anæsthetist?"

"Yes, yes, of course — and, oh, Mr. Gilchrist, there is quite a romantic story about the pair—they were left orphans at a very early age and grew up together, quite devoted, you know. Hilda insisted on making a home for him while he was walking the hospitals; he, on his part, watched her through her art career. Then, all of a sudden, she was left a lot of money, something between two and three thousand a year. He refused to touch a penny of it, and, report says, they are not quite so friendly now. I have even heard it whispered that he does not approve of her engagement; but surely nothing could be more suitable. Colonel Normanton belongs to a crack regiment, and is a man of very good family; his being a little older than his bride is too ridiculous a reason for objecting to the match."

I muttered something very like an oath

under my breath. In any case such a union would be a desecration; with the knowledge which I possessed of the unfortunate Colonel it would be too horrible to contemplate.

Mrs. Singleton told me some more particulars with regard to Hilda Rivington—she was a philanthropist—she was daring to a degree, not a scrap conventional—utterly fearless, and with a latent obstinacy in her character which caused her on every occasion to carry out her own will, with special tenacity, when once her mind was fully made up.

"I see by your face, Mr. Gilchrist, that you do not approve of the match," said my neighbour at last; "but don't imagine now that you can do anything to make or mar in the matter. Hilda might have been induced to give Colonel Normanton up had Arthur, her brother, not been so set against the union. That fact put her on her mettle, and it is useless to deny that she is desperately in love with the Colonel. For my part, I don't think she could do better."

"As a fact, I believe that discrepancy of age is a mistake in marriage," I answered.

Just then the signal was given for the ladies to retire; soon afterwards we joined them in the drawing-room, where I was introduced to Miss Rivington. She was standing under a tall lamp, which was shaded with rose-coloured silk. Whether the reflection caused by the light or the approach of her lover made the colour to flame into the girl's cheeks, I do not know, but her beauty became more apparent than ever, and I knew that the torch had been already applied which would set a strong but passionate nature on fire.

She motioned me to a seat near her side, and began to talk in a cultivated and intelligent way on many subjects. There was a dash and go about her least word which attracted me much: the sensitive curves of her beautiful lips, the flashing gleams from her teeth, which were as regular and even as a row of pearls; the sympathetic and varying expression which came and went in her full, deep eyes, told me that I was talking to a girl of no ordinary capacity and depth of soul.

"And yet she is going to throw herself away, with her youth, her beauty, her talent," I could not help muttering. "Such a marriage ought never to be contemplated. Yes, I can see that she is in love with Colonel Normanton, and I am a total stranger—it is also true that I have got possession of his more than ghastly secret through an accident, but I very much doubt whether I ought to allow this marriage to proceed."

"WE JOINED THEM IN THE DRAWING-ROOM."

"Colonel Normanton tells me that you were instrumental in saving his life not very long ago," she said.

"He lays too much stress upon the circumstance," I replied. "I happened to be with Wesseley when he was about to operate on the Colonel for a somewhat serious accident."

"Yes, yes, I know all about it," she continued; "and my brother refused to give the anæsthetic"—her

voice underwent a complete change as she uttered the last words. "You met Arthur on that occasion," she continued. "Was that the first time you made his acquaintance?"

"I had heard of your brother, of course, but I had never had the pleasure of meeting him before," I replied.

"I wish he were your friend," she continued, with great earnestness—"I wish he would confide in you, and"—she lowered her voice until it sank almost to a whisper—"I have heard of you before," she said; "you like to do kindnesses for people who are in difficulties. Now, at the present moment, I am in a serious one—I love Colonel Normanton; I respect him more than any other living man—in less than two months' time I hope to be his wife; and yet"—she paused—"he is coming," she said, "and I must be quick. Arthur will not write to me nor see me. He is angry because—because I give myself to the man whom I love. Once Arthur and I had all our thoughts, all our hopes, our loves in common. The idea of this estrangement makes me miserable, notwithstanding that I have the best of all causes for bliss."

"Can I do anything for you?" I asked.

"If you would, you could help me. Would you go and see Arthur?—oh, I know it is too much to ask, but——"

"Give me a message to your brother, and I will take it, with pleasure," I answered.

"That is just it—I cannot give you a direct message"; she rose abruptly as she spoke—Colonel Normanton had almost reached her side.

"I leave it to your judgment," she said, turning round abruptly and facing me—then she held out one of her long, delicate, artistic hands. I clasped it for an instant.

"You are the friend of some friends of mine," she said; "you have had more difficult tasks than this to execute before now." She smiled at me and turned aside. The next instant she was bidding her hostess good-night, and a moment later she and Colonel Normanton had left the room.

When I returned to my flat I sat for some time absorbed in anxious reflection. Miss Rivington had given me a difficult task to execute. She and I were total strangers, and yet she had asked me to interfere in her affairs. She wished me to effect a reconciliation between her brother and herself. This I might accomplish, but not in the way she thought. From time to time I have called myself a bit of a fool for meddling so much in the business of other people; nevertheless, when the next occasion arises, I always rush into the fray with the same absorbing interest. The thought of this girl, and the really awful fate which awaited her, truly appalled me. I felt now that even if she had not asked me to interfere I must have done so—I must have taken some step to try and save her from herself.

I went to bed in the small hours, and called the following morning early at Rivington's house in Queen Anne Street. I sent in my card, and was admitted at once into his presence. He was a man of extraordinary nervous force and power; very young, not only in appearance but in fact, to have obtained the high position which he had now secured. He came forward to meet me, and shook hands with cordiality.

"I do not apologize for this intrusion," I said; "I met your sister last night at General Sommers's house, in Curzon Street."

When I mentioned his sister's name, Rivington's face underwent a change, not in colour, but in expression—it grew hard and firm, the eyes suddenly appeared sullen. His manner now to me was distinctly distant, not to say cold.

"Sit down, Mr. Gilchrist, pray," he said. "Has my—has Miss Rivington commissioned you to bring me a message?"

"Not exactly," I said. I favoured him with a long glance, and then all of a sudden I resolved to throw prudence to the winds.

"Good heavens! Rivington," I cried, "if you and I are to save that girl from a fate about the most appalling in the world, we must each throw aside our masks, and talk together as man to man."

He stared at me for an instant in astonishment too great for words, then his eyes seemed to lighten—emotion trembled on his fine lips; he sprang up and approached me.

"Your name has not been unknown to me in the past," he said. "I believe you are a good fellow. If you will help me now, you will lift a load which is crushing me to the earth. But what do you mean? You talk strangely."

"You must give me your full confidence before I give you mine," I answered. "Your sister is engaged to Colonel Normanton—you dislike the engagement to such an extent that you have left your only sister, a young girl, a beautiful one, without your protection, at the most critical moment of her life. You dislike Colonel Normanton personally, to such an extreme degree, that you refused, at a critical moment in his life, to use your medical skill for his benefit. What are your reasons?"

"You are an extraordinary man to ask me, but I will tell you," replied Rivington; "and I will reply to your last question first. I refused to administer the anæsthetic because I hate Normanton as I never thought to hate human being, because I dared not, under the circumstances, give the anæsthetic. Do not ask me further."

"I must," I retorted. "You have yet to reply to my first question—why do you desert your only sister at this crisis?"

"Good heavens! Gilchrist, you are forcing my confidence to an extraordinary degree. Why do I desert Hilda? I think of her morning, noon, and night; but I have no control over her. You cannot even imagine what she has been to me, what I have been to her. We were both poor, and we struggled. God only knows how we struggled, and how we worked. In those days we knew what real happiness meant; we both tasted the sweets of success, and all went well until a cursed fool thought to interfere by leaving Hilda money. She is rich; an heiress, in fact. She made the acquaintance of Colonel Normanton—he is a very demon with women—and he soon contrived to win her affections. At first I tolerated him, disliking the man, mind you, all the time instinctively; but when Hilda told me of her preference I began to make inquiries, and, oh, heavens! the revelations which were disclosed to me. It is enough to state to you that the man is bad through and through. I told Hilda everything. I went metaphorically on my knees to her—she would not listen to a word, she would believe nothing—in short, she is infatuated. There was a time when I was certain that she loved me; but I am now forced to believe that her affection for me has utterly ceased to exist—she is a different woman. She is completely her own mistress. Normanton wants her for her money; he is deeply in debt, and believes that her fortune will resuscitate his affairs. Hilda is placed in the extraordinary position of being absolutely able to do what she likes with her money. She has no nearer relation than myself, and as she is just of age I am powerless to interfere. She has chosen between us—she cares nothing more for me—I wish to forget her, I struggle to forget her. Why did you come this morning to torment me without cause?"

"You make at least one vast mistake," I interrupted, when I could stay the torrent of words which seemed wrung from the poor fellow by an emotion which he could not restrain. "Your sister is in love. In that extraordinary condition people are, in my opinion, not quite sane. I mean, of course, on the one point. But she still cares for you, Rivington; listen, I will convince you of this." I then related briefly the interview which had taken place between us on the previous evening.

I think I told my story well, for Rivington, who had been staring fixedly at me, suddenly sprang to his feet and walked to the window,

"RIVINGTON SUDDENLY SPRANG TO HIS FEET."

doubtless to conceal feelings which were too strong for him. He came back after a moment and stood facing me.

"If you see her again you can repeat to her what I have already said," he began. "She has chosen between us; she knows my mind. I can, when occasion offers, be as obstinate as herself. If she insists on marrying that scoundrel, I will never look at her face again. Beautiful and clever as she is, she cannot have everything. She wants us both. She shall not have us. One or other—yes, one or other—but, before God, not both. Gilchrist, I could not breathe the same air as that wretch."

He grew so excited now that he could not contain himself, and began to pace rapidly up and down the room. Suddenly he stopped and faced me.

"I cannot understand why I am placing so much confidence in you," he said, "but I think I have answered your questions to the best of my ability. It is now your turn to speak to me. Why did you use the words you did when you entered the room? Why did you speak of an awful fate hanging over my sister? Do you know a still blacker side to that man's character?"

"I know nothing whatever about Colonel Normanton's character," I replied; "but, all the same, I know something about him which, in my opinion, will raise an insuperable obstacle to the marriage."

Rivington turned white to his lips and stared fixedly at me, then he spoke abruptly.

"You mean that the scoundrel is already married?" he said.

"He may or may not be, but his past has nothing to do with me," I replied. "I discovered what you might have discovered had you controlled yourself sufficiently to administer the anæsthetic." I rose as I spoke, and whispered a word in Rivington's ear. He started back as if I had shot him.

"No! Impossible! You must be wrong," he said.

"I am right; I cannot make a mistake. I have studied the disease in the East—there is not the faintest shadow of doubt."

"But surely such a thing could not happen to an Englishman?"

"In this case there is no doubt."

"And Hilda knows nothing, my innocent, beautiful girl!"

"She knows nothing whatever."

"Gilchrist, does the man know it himself?"

"That I cannot tell you, Rivington. I only repeat that, bad as the man is morally, his state of health absolutely precludes marriage. Your sister must break off her engagement, and at once."

Rivington flung himself into a chair and covered his face with his hands. After a moment or two he looked up.

"I am not myself just now," he said; "with your permission I will call to see you this evening, then we can discuss what is best to be done."

I rose at the hint.

"Don't forget," I said, "that from what you have told me of the man, and from what I myself gather, he is capable of almost anything to win his purpose. He wants your sister's money, and will marry her in spite of everything if we are not too quick for him."

"I know, I know," he answered. "I will come to see you to-night, without fail."

Rivington shook hands with me, and I left the house.

During all that long day's work my thoughts were much occupied with the brother and sister. I found myself as deeply interested in the man as the girl. Providence, without doubt, was guiding this affair, and even at the risk of a broken heart Hilda Rivington must be saved from the scoundrel who meant to ruin her, body and soul.

Rivington had arranged to call at my rooms at seven in the evening. He would doubtless be punctual, and I waited somewhat impatiently for him; but seven o'clock, eight o'clock, nine o'clock went by, and he had not put in an appearance. I grew restless at last, and resolved to call at his house. I ran up the steps and rang the bell. The servant opened the door, and I immediately inquired for his master.

"Have you not heard, sir?" he asked.

"No—what? Has anything happened?"

"It is bad news, sir; we are all in great trouble. Mr. Rivington has had a serious carriage accident, and was taken straight to St. George's Hospital. He is very ill indeed, and quite unconscious, and no one is allowed to see him except the nurses and the doctors who are attending him."

"Do you happen to know," I asked, "if his sister, Miss Rivington, is aware of the occurrence?"

"I cannot tell you, sir," was the answer.

I turned and went down the steps. I resolved to call at St. George's Hospital in the morning, but in the meantime something must be done. It was quite possible that, owing to the absolute break between the brother and sister, Miss Rivington might not know of the terrible calamity which really hung over her. I went to General Sommers's house in Curzon Street, saw Mrs. Sommers, who happened to be at home, told her briefly what had happened, and asked for Miss Rivington's address.

Hailing the first hansom I came across, I then drove straight to Fortescue Mansions. Miss Rivington was in, and I was admitted at once into her presence. The rooms which she occupied were handsome and furnished artistically. A smart page flung open the drawing-room door and announced my name. Hilda was seated on a sofa, and Colonel Normanton was standing by her side. An elderly lady, who evidently acted as a sort of companion, left the room by another door as I entered. I could not but perceive that Colonel Normanton's face flushed with some annoyance when he saw

"I WENT UP TO MISS RIVINGTON."

me. I nodded to him, and then went up to Miss Rivington.

"Can I see you alone for a moment?" I asked.

She glanced up at her lover.

"I think not," she said, with a smile—"for George and I have no secrets"; she gave him another look, then her dark eyes, deep as wells, confronted me frankly.

"I guess what you have come to say," she said. "You have fulfilled my commission—thank you in advance. Have you news for me, pleasant news?"

"I have disastrous news for you," I said. I spoke abruptly, for at that moment I had no pity for her; she changed colour, but still looked at me steadily.

"You have failed?" she said, and I detected, with pleasure, a tremor in her voice. "Then you and I, George," she cried, looking back at her lover, "must be all in all to each other, for Arthur will not relent. He will not have us both, and I will not give you up for him. Let it be so, then."

She began to hum a gay air under her breath, and approached an open piano.

"Stay for a moment: you quite misunderstand me," I said. "I may have something further to tell you presently with regard to my interview with Rivington this morning—but you have not heard of the accident which has happened to him?"

"What?" she cried, pausing and turning her head.

"He has had a bad carriage accident, and is lying insensible at St. George's Hospital."

She stood quite silent for a moment, her tall figure swaying faintly; then she clutched at a chair to steady herself.

"A bad accident?" she said. "Then I will go to him immediately."

"No, no, Hilda," interrupted Colonel Normanton; "you must think of your own health, and——"

"Folly!" she replied—then she smiled at him. "Forgive me, George," she said, "I don't quite know what I am saying. Please repeat your news again, Mr. Gilchrist—a *bad* accident?"

"A bad carriage accident; but I really cannot tell you all particulars—Mr. Rivington must have fallen on his head, for he is unconscious—he was taken to St. George's Hospital, and his servant tells me that no one is to see him except the nurses and the doctors."

"And his only sister," she continued. "Thank you, thank you; yes, I will go to him at once—nothing can keep me from his side—I am greatly obliged to you." She turned to leave the room, not even glancing at Colonel Normanton.

The Colonel walked as far as the door, then seemed to hesitate, and turning, came up to where I was standing.

"I must demand some explanation of this interference," he said; "will you come with me to my club?"

I left the house with him without replying—he hailed a hansom, and we both got in; in a few moments we found ourselves in his club in St. James's Street. He led me at

once into an empty room, rang the bell, ordered some refreshments, and then stood on the hearthrug facing me.

"Now," he said, "you have something to explain, pray do it in as few words as possible. Until last evening you did not even know Miss Rivington by name. By what right do you interfere in her private affairs?"

"By the right she herself gave me, and by the common right of humanity," I replied, standing up in my turn. "Colonel Normanton, I hesitated to come to you, but you yourself have now forced the situation. I will speak frankly. Have you any right to marry that innocent girl?"

He raised his brows in well-acted surprise.

"As much right as any other man," he said, with fierceness; "the girl loves me—she wishes to be my wife."

"It is quite impossible that you can love her back again."

"What in the world do you mean?"

"I will explain myself presently. I have heard reports, and they are doubtless true, that you are marrying Miss Rivington for her money."

"Beware, what you are saying, sir; you may go a step too far."

"Colonel Normanton, I must speak out," I answered. "I began to interfere in this affair with unwillingness, but that moment has long passed. I saw Miss Rivington's brother this morning, and but for an unforeseen accident the matter would now be in his hands. As it is, I take it up for him. Is it possible that you are in ignorance of your own condition? Do you not know that there is a fate hanging over you which ought to preclude all thought of marriage?"

In spite of his self-control, he changed colour and shuffled from one foot to the other uneasily.

"Explain yourself," he said, in a voice of ice.

"I mean to do so. When you were under the influence of the anæsthetic I discovered that you are the victim of a very terrible disease, which seldom or never attacks Englishmen—that fact alone precludes your marriage." I bent forward as I spoke and whispered two words in his ear.

He dropped on to the nearest chair—took out a handkerchief and wiped the moisture from his brow.

"I have known it," he said, after a pause. "God knows the insupportable, hideous thing could not be a secret from its unhappy victim; but I, at least, thought that the secret was all my own, that no one on earth shared it with me. You have got possession of this skeleton in my life through an accident: do you or do you not mean to use it against me?"

"I have already told Miss Rivington's brother. Unless you immediately acquaint her with the truth I must do so."

"Then let me tell you, sir"—Normanton now rose from his chair, white with passion—"let me tell you that you are acting the part of a scoundrel. You won this secret from me under a professional disguise. By all that is holy you are bound to respect it."

"YOU ARE ACTING THE PART OF A SCOUNDREL."

"There are exceptions to every rule," I replied, "and in this case I do not feel that I am bound. You are about to do a dastardly thing, and as Rivington is too ill to take up the cudgels in his sister's behalf, I feel that it is my duty to take his place."

The Colonel swore a round oath and began to pace up and down before the fire.

"Break off your engagement to Miss Rivington under any plea you care to employ," I continued, "and the secret I have just whispered to you shall never again pass my lips."

"Do you mean what you say?" he asked.

"I do."

"Then give me until to-morrow morning to think matters over. You shall have my answer then. This is my private address." He took out his visiting-card and put it in my hand.

I promised to call upon him, and soon afterwards left the club.

The next morning, at an early hour, I went to St. George's Hospital. The news with regard to Rivington was the reverse of reassuring; he was still quite unconscious, and the doctors entertained serious fears of his ultimate recovery. Miss Rivington had spent the greater part of the night with her brother, but was not just then at St. George's Hospital. As there was nothing further that I could do, I got into a hansom and drove to Colonel Normanton's flat in Bayswater. There I was met with the surprising intelligence that the Colonel had left London the evening before, and had told the hall porter to forward all letters to his club, leaving no other address.

Wondering what this could possibly mean, I went back to my own house. In the course of the afternoon I called to see Miss Rivington at Fortescue Mansions. The young lady herself was absent, but her companion, Miss Curtice, told me that Miss Rivington was with her brother at the hospital, that she was in very great and genuine distress, and that as far as she could tell had had no news whatever from Colonel Normanton. For a brief moment I wondered if the man really meant to quit London, and to give Miss Rivington up in the most effectual way by deserting her. As this, however, would be quite foreign to his probable character, I resolved to watch matters closely.

In about a week's time, although Rivington was not pronounced out of danger, Miss Rivington, greatly to my surprise, ceased to visit the hospital. I called one day at Fortescue Mansions, and heard that she, with her companion, had also left London. My uneasiness now grew greater — I felt convinced that Colonel Normanton was not acting straight, and that Miss Rivington ought to be watched. The Colonel's object would be, if report told true, to hurry on the marriage on any pretext, after which he could snap his fingers at us all.

Feeling anxious and uneasy, I called one day at the hospital, and had my first interview with Rivington—he was quite conscious, but was only allowed to speak a few words. The moment he saw me he motioned me to draw near.

"You are the man I want," he said, in a low whisper, and with the ghost of a smile; "your image has been stamped on my brain all through my delirium. Now that you are here, will you take an oath?"

"What about?" I asked.

"I am too weak, and my faculties too scattered," he continued, "to say many words, but a promise from your lips will content me."

"Rest assured that I will do anything for you, my dear fellow," I replied. "You allude, of course, to your sister and Colonel Normanton?"

"Yes, yes," he nodded, and his face grew more ghastly.

"You must not agitate the patient, sir," said the nurse, coming forward.

"Leave us for a moment, nurse," said the sick man. "Stoop lower, Gilchrist. I want you to take an oath to me that you will stop that marriage."

"You authorize me to act for you, then?" I said.

"I do, I do—I put you in my place. Satisfy me with your promise, your oath."

"Rest assured that I will do my utmost, Rivington—I swear it before Heaven."

He sighed and closed his eyes contentedly, and a moment later the nurse hurried me from the ward.

My duty now was plain, and I owned to a certain sense of relief. That day I visited a well-known private detective, and instructed him to shadow Normanton forthwith. I now spent most of my time in Bloomsbury, anxiously awaiting the result. The detective sent me reports from day to day, but a week and then a fortnight went by, and I had no tidings whatever of either Normanton or Miss Rivington.

Meanwhile, Rivington's condition remained extremely precarious, and as my visits had always the effect of exciting him, the nurse at last forbade me to see him.

One evening, three weeks after the accident, I found, on returning home, a telegram. It was from Deacon, the detective, and ran as follows:—

"Polworthy, Cornwall.—Have discovered my man; come down by next train if you wish to stop wedding.—J. Deacon."

I hunted up time-tables, and found that I could just catch the night mail from Waterloo. I wired to the detective to tell him I was coming, and by a close shave secured the train to the West of England. To my dismay, however, I also discovered that Polworthy was off the main line, and that I must leave the train at St. Ives, and take a small local train for this out-of-the-way part of the country.

At seven o'clock on the following morning, I arrived at the large junction where I was

to part company with the express. On making inquiries, I was told that Polworthy was twenty-five miles away, and the unpleasant news was also conveyed to me that the train to this secluded hamlet would not be due for an hour and a half. Could I have obtained horses I would have driven the remainder of the distance at any risk. I thought the time would never pass, and became restless and excited to an extraordinary degree. Presently, however, the local train crawled in. I took my seat and endeavoured to hope for the best. My principal fear was that Normanton, in his anxiety to secure his bride, would have the marriage solemnized at an early hour. Even now I might be too late. To add to my perplexities the train broke down just outside a tunnel, within a few miles of the little Cornish town. This last mishap was more than I could stand, and, leaving the carriage, I resolved to walk the remainder of the distance. Fortunately a carter, in a smock-frock, who was driving a waggon-load of hay, saw me and offered me a lift, and in this fashion I got over the remaining miles.

"IN THIS FASHION I GOT OVER THE REMAINING MILES."

Knowing that Deacon would be sure to meet me at the railway-station I went straight there, and was relieved to see him standing on the platform. He gave a start of surprise and pleasure when I touched him on the arm.

"I did not wait for the train," I said; "there was a slight accident just outside Rundle tunnel. Now, what is up? Tell me quickly."

"You are barely in time, if that, sir," replied the man. "And now that you have come down I do not quite know what you will be able to do. I had a pretty hunt after that Colonel, but I found him at last. Talk of scoundrels! But I had best give you the history later on."

"Yes," I said, impatiently. "Is Miss Rivington here?"

"She is in the neighbourhood, staying with a lady of the name of Curtice."

"Ah, the companion," I muttered. "I might have guessed that she would be in Normanton's pay. Well, Deacon, relieve my anxiety on this point at least—are they married yet?"

"Not quite; but they are almost in church by this time."

"Then get a cab or a vehicle of some kind without a moment's delay, and let us follow them as quickly as possible."

"I thought you would want a carriage the moment you came, sir," answered the man, "and I have a trap with a fleet little pony outside; come this way."

I followed him, and we were soon spinning over the road. But further and vexatious delay was inevitable—the marriage was not to be solemnized at Polworthy, but at a country church two miles distant.

"A sovereign if you do it in twenty minutes, my man," said Deacon to the driver, taking out his watch as he spoke.

Under this incentive the worthy Cornishman doubled his efforts, and the smart little pony flew over the ground.

"The wedding was to be at ten, and sharp the word," said Deacon to me. "Why, I declare it is almost that now," he cried. He stood up in the trap.

"Look here, my lad," he said to the driver, "two sovereigns if you gain the church door in ten minutes—three, if you do the job in five."

The man nodded, took out his whip, and began still further to stimulate the pony's efforts.

The church stood on the summit of a hill, and we could see it for some little time in the distance. The driver cracked his whip and talked encouragingly to the pony, and the distance between us and the church grew less. At last we had drawn up with a jerk outside the gates. A small crowd of people, such as

always collect to witness even the quietest sort of wedding, were loitering outside.

I sprang from the trap, and Deacon accompanied me up the narrow path which led to the porch. The church door was shut.

"There is a wedding going on inside, sir," said a man, dressed as a verger. "If you will kindly wait a few moments I can show you the church when it is over."

"Pardon me," I replied, "but I have a message for the bridegroom, and must go in at once."

I pushed him aside, turned the handle of the door, and, Deacon following me, we entered the sacred edifice. It was a little, dark church, in the Early Norman style, and just for a moment I could not see distinctly. Then my vision cleared, and I perceived a small group standing before the altar: two ladies—one elderly, one young, a tall man with a handsome presence, a priest in the white robes of his office. A slanting ray of sunshine from a painted window shone athwart the faces of priest, bride, and bridegroom, the other lady stood completely in shadow.

The bride was dressed in a quiet, grey travelling costume, and wore a large hat with plumed feathers on her head. She was very pale, her beautiful profile stood out in strong relief accentuated by the sunshine. My blood boiled hotly within me. I walked quickly up the church and joined the group. Was I in time? Was I too late? Had the fatal words, which were to join this ill-assorted couple together for all time, yet been spoken? No, I was not too late, I might still do my terrible part

"I require and charge you both," said the priest, bending forward as he spoke, "as ye will answer at the dreadful Day of Judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it. For be ye well assured that so many as are coupled together otherwise than God's Word doth allow, are not joined together by God; neither is their matrimony lawful."

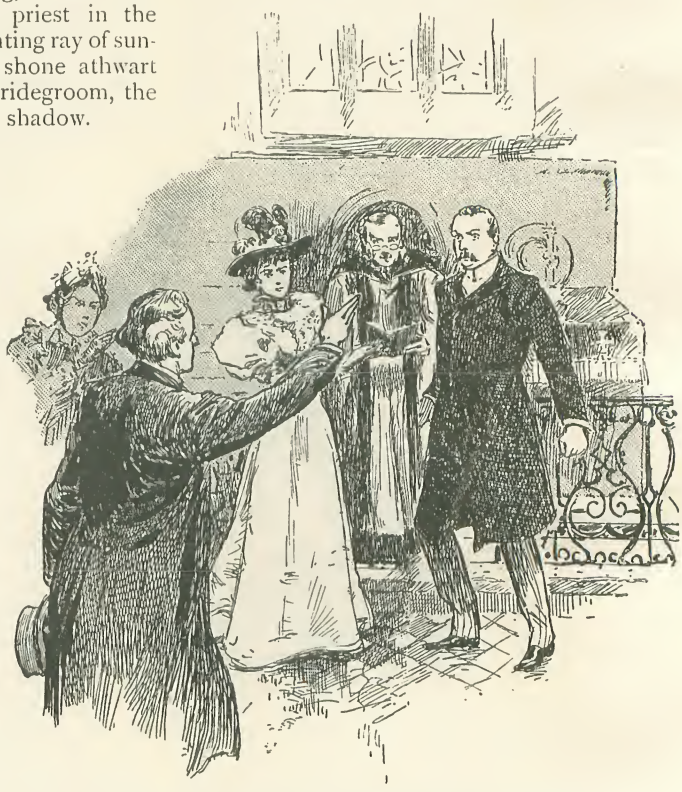
He paused at the end of this solemn charge, as is the invariable custom, and was then about to proceed when I stepped a little nearer.

"There is an impediment to this marriage," I said, "and it ought not to proceed."

My words fell upon the little group like a thunder-clap. Hilda Rivington turned and faced me—her beautiful eyes blazed with indignation. I looked past her, however, to the bridegroom—his face, usually so florid, had turned to the colour of grey ashes, his lips twitched, his prominent dark eyes became bloodshot.

"What does this mean?" said the clergyman, turning to me. "Speak out, sir."

"There is an impediment," I said, boldly; "and in the name of the bride's brother, who is too ill to attend here himself, I declare that



"'THERE IS AN IMPEDIMENT TO THIS MARRIAGE,' I SAID."

the marriage ought not to proceed."

"Of what nature is the impediment?" asked the priest.

"The marriage ought not to be solemnized," I said, "because"—I felt a momentary reluctance to deal the blow, to say the

dreadful words, but they must come out—"*because the bridegroom is a leper!*"

Horror fell upon every face. The bride backed two or three paces away; she grew white to her lips—then, suddenly, there rang through the building a pitiful woman's cry.

"George, say it is not true—he is mad, he must be mad; George, speak!" she said.

"Come into the vestry, all of you, good people," said the clergyman. He hurried us away from the altar rails, and opened the door of a small vestry at one side of the church. Normanton staggered as he walked. Hilda Rivington clung to him, pitiably.

"It is all false," she repeated. "It is a monstrous charge, and the man who has brought it against you must be mad."

She flashed her beautiful eyes at me with indescribable scorn.

"Ask him, Miss Rivington," I said. "Ask him to tell you the truth. If, knowing all, you still wish to proceed with the marriage, I have done my part, and can say nothing further. I have come here at your brother's request. He made me take an oath that I would stop this wedding, or at least see that you knew the truth."

"My brother?" she said, looking bewildered, "my brother! But I thought he did not care, that he was indifferent now. You told me so, George."

"Never mind, it is all over, Hilda," said the Colonel. He sank down on a chair; and once again, as I had seen him do before, wiped the moisture from his forehead.

"But it is not all over," she said, recovering both her courage and her firmness. "I must know the truth—this is too bewildering. You remember, George, that you sent for me suddenly; you must remember. I came to you because you said you were ill and in trouble, but you did not tell me that you suffered from—from this horror. Not that I should have minded even that, if you had told me the whole truth yourself. I came to you, I left my brother who was only just out of danger. Do you remember when you went back to London, and the message you brought me from him—that he was well again, that he had left the hospital, that he cared nothing for us, that he had cut me off from him for ever, that I might do as I pleased with my life as far as he was concerned? Even then I could scarcely believe it, and wanted to see him; but you said that he had left London—giving no address. Then I gave him up."

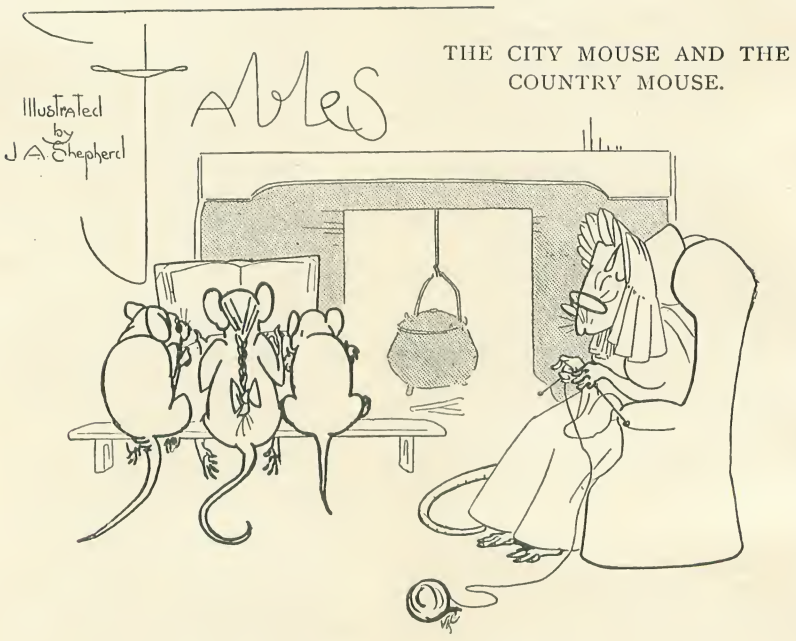
"It was false," I said. "Your brother, Miss Rivington, is still at St. George's Hospital, and even yet lies under the shadow of death. He is better, but not out of danger."

"Then the marriage is indeed broken off," said Miss Rivington. "I can bear much, and I can forgive much, but deceit, deceit, never. Come, Mr. Gilchrist, let us go."

She left the church, leaning on my arm.

The rest of this story is briefly told. Miss Rivington proved to be as inexorable in her anger as she had been firm in her love. Normanton had grossly deceived her—her eyes were at last opened—she refused even to see him again. Seeing that his game was up, the unfortunate Colonel thought it best to leave Polworthy by the next train, and I took Hilda Rivington back to London. The proud girl was shaken, miserable, ill; angry with herself, with me, and the rest of the world. When time brought softening to her feelings, however, I hoped that she would forgive me, and be at least thankful that she had been spared a fate too horrible even to contemplate.

As to Colonel Normanton, he may or may not be alive at the present moment, but I have neither heard of him nor seen him again.



THE CITY MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

1.—A COUNTRY MOUSE—

2.—RECEIVED A VISIT FROM A TOWN FRIEND—

3.—AND ENTERTAINED HER WITH THE BEST THE COTTAGE AFFORDED. THE VISITOR WAS *SO WELL BRED* AS SEEMINGLY TO TAKE ALL IN GOOD PART.

4.—BUT YET AT LAST: "SISTER," SAYS SHE, "WHY WILL YOU BE MISERABLE WHEN YOU MAY BE HAPPY? WHY WILL YOU LIE PINING AND PINCHING YOURSELF IN SUCH A LONESOME, STARVING COURSE OF LIFE AS THIS IS, WHEN IT IS BUT GOING TO TOWN ALONG WITH ME TO ENJOY ALL THE PLEASURES AND PLENTY THAT YOUR HEART CAN WISH?"

5.—THIS WAS A TEMPTATION THE COUNTRY MOUSE WAS NOT ABLE TO RESIST

6.—SO AWAY THEY TRUDGED TOGETHER.

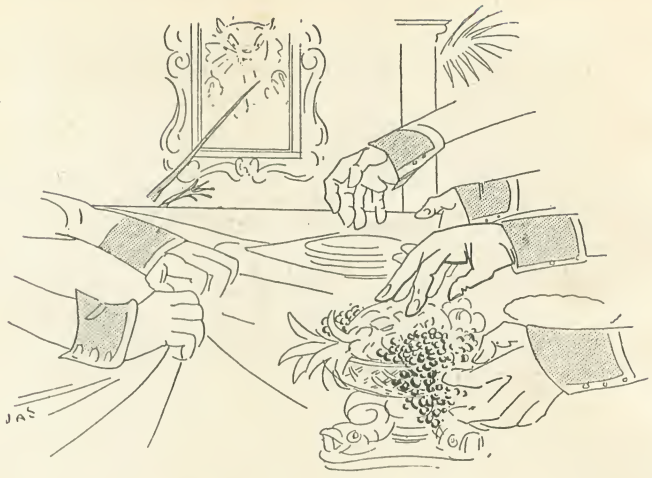
7.—THE CITY MOUSE SHOWED HER FRIEND ALL THE SPLENDOURS OF HER TOWN RESIDENCE—

8.—AND THEN THEY SAT THEM DOWN TO FEAST.

9.—THEY HAD HARDLY BEGUN WHEN THEY WERE ALARMED AT THE BARKING OF A LAP-DOG.

10.—WHEN SCARCELY RECOVERED FROM THEIR FRIGHT—

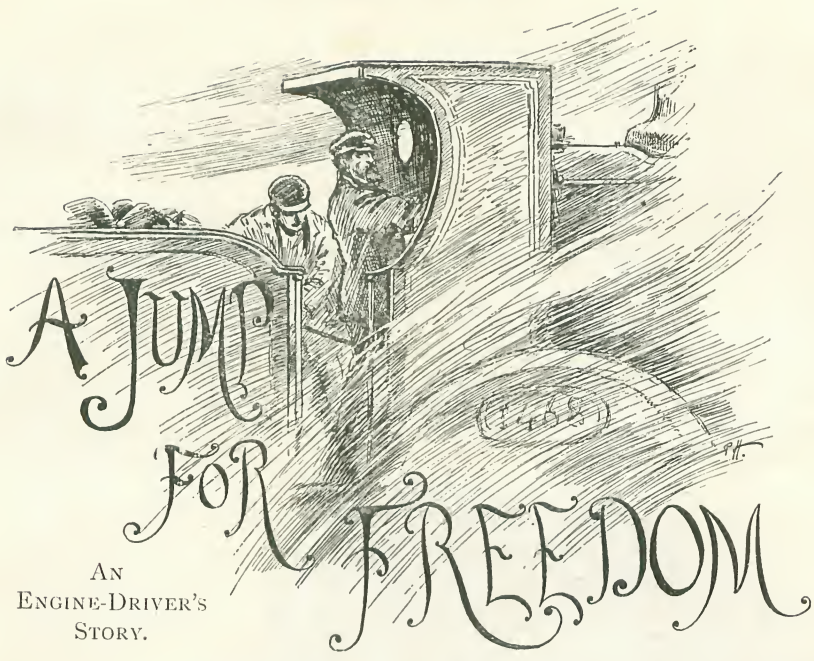
11.—THEY WERE SCARED TO DEATH BY THE MEWING OF A CAT.



12.—BY-AND-BY, A WHOLE TRAIN OF SERVANTS BURST INTO THE ROOM, AND EVERYTHING WAS SWEPT AWAY IN AN INSTANT.

13.—"WELL, CITY SISTER," SAYS THE COUNTRY MOUSE, "IF THIS BE THE WAY OF YOUR TOWN GAMBOLS, I'LL BACK TO MY COTTAGE AND MY MOULDY CHEESE AGAIN; FOR WHAT IS ELEGANCE WITHOUT EASE, OR PLENTY WITH AN ACHING HEART?"

14.———



A JUMP FOR FREEDOM

AN ENGINE-DRIVER'S STORY.

BY THE REV. V. L. WHITECHURCH.

STEADY lot, us drivers? Well, we have to be, there's no choice in the matter. Driving wants a clear head, and a man who can make up his mind what to do in a moment. The majority of people don't half realize the work there is to do, or the responsibilities of the "foot-plate."

I often think, myself, the difference there is between us chaps and the captain of a Channel-boat. I used to think of it more when I was on the "Sou'-Western," running the Continental train to Southampton. Maybe I had a couple of hundred lives in tow; but I'll venture to say very few of them thought of the man who had them and the train in sole charge, for though the fireman's along with you, the driver is responsible for everything, including him. Yet when the passengers stepped aboard the Channel-boat, if they got a glimpse of the captain they'd look at him with a kind of awe.

I don't say all this out of jealousy, but I've often thought if we had a uniform, with gold lace round our caps and collars and an engine worked on our shoulders, folks who were going a long journey would think more of us, and say: "That's our driver," just as you hear them remark "That's our captain."

Still, as I say, I wouldn't change. There's a charm about the "foot-plate" and a pride in your engine that only a driver knows. Why, I've seen men get quite affectionate over a favourite engine, and almost cry when they were changed to another. Adventures? Well, the life's full of adventures, more or less; not very interesting to the general public, perhaps, but exciting enough to us. Stop, though. I can tell you one adventure I had years ago, which will interest you—about the most remarkable thing that ever happened to me, and about as curious an affair as you could find in the history of the line, I reckon. It was when I was on the Sou'-Western, and before I became a regular express driver.

Before you can quite understand it, I must tell you something about the line itself. From Clapham Junction to Hampton Court there are four lines of rails, two of them used for up and down "fast" trains, and the others for up and down "slow." You have the same sort of thing on some of the other lines: the London and North-Western, for instance, has four lines as far as Roade, beyond Bletchley, only they are worked differently to the South-Western.

The London and North-Western run their up and down fast trains on the two left-hand lines of rails from Euston, and the up and down slow on the two right-hand, so that, when two trains are going in the same direction, there is always a line of metals

between them. But from Clapham to Hampton Court Junction the outer left-hand rail is used for slow, and the next to it, the inner left-hand, for fast, the outer right and inner right being used for up-slow and fast respectively. The "up-slow" extends all the way to Woking, but this has nothing to do with my story.

Thus, you see, if one train passes another going in the same direction, the trains are close together. Sometimes I have known two trains travel alongside each other at the same rate for two or three minutes, and more than once I have spoken from my engine to the driver of another train, and given or received a bit of 'baccy when we were going

"A BIT OF 'BACCY."

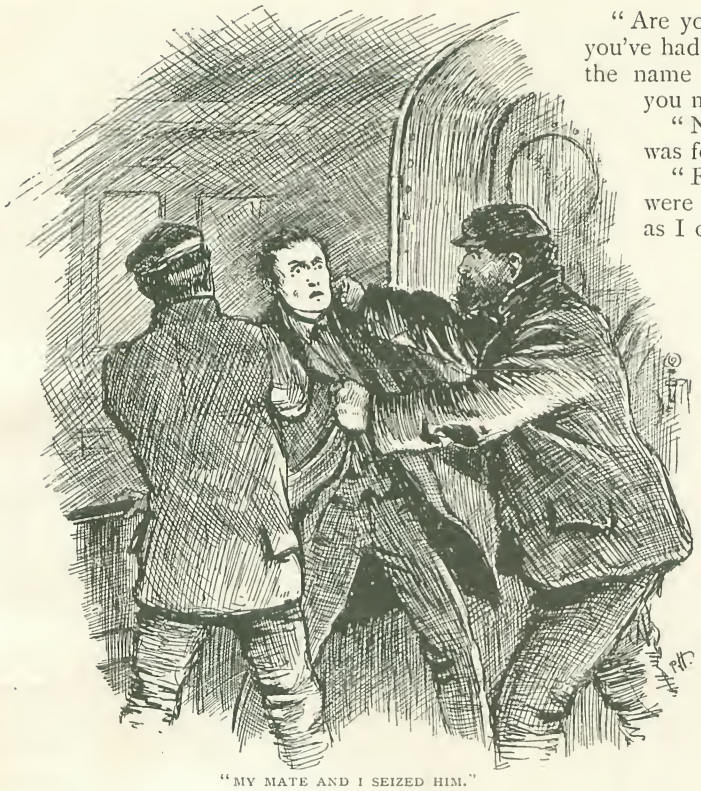
at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour. The Northern system is generally considered to be the better of the two, but the South-Western still stick to the other plan.

One day, in the winter of 188—, there had been a special cheap excursion from Portsmouth to Waterloo: I forget what the occasion was; but, anyhow, I was detailed on duty to take this train back to Portsmouth. We were to start at 9.27, and as far as Hampton Court Junction to run on the outer, or slow, line. The last train before us was the nine o'clock, so you see we expected a clear run. We were not to stop anywhere before reaching Portsmouth.

The train was a heavy one, as a good number of people had taken advantage of the excursion, and it seemed that we should hardly get off to time. As a matter of fact, however, we were only two minutes late in starting, and were soon bowling away merrily towards the south.

The boat-express to Southampton leaves Waterloo at 9.35, and runs from there to Basingstoke without a stop, travelling to Hampton Court Junction on the fast line. We had just passed Rayne's Park when I heard the approaching roar of the express coming down behind us. We were travelling a good forty miles an hour at the time, and the other train began to pass ours very slowly. Presently the express engine was alongside ours, and the driver sang out a cheery "What ho! mate," as the two "cabs" came together. Creeping gradually past us, the carriages of the boat-train became visible, and as I glanced at them I could distinguish the passengers plainly. Five coaches had already passed us, when I stood well on the left-hand side of the foot-plate, furthest from the other train, to allow my fireman to perform his office.

At this moment my engine put on a little spurt, and the two trains were running almost exactly at the same pace, the other just slightly gaining. I happened to glance over my shoulder, when, to my astonishment, I saw a man in the other train deliberately opening the door of his compartment, which was just drawing opposite to the "cab" of my engine. Before I could recover from my surprise he had stepped out on the foot-board of the carriage, and in another second he sprang upon the foot-plate of my engine, clutching at the rail on the cab, while the door of the carriage he had left,



"MY MATE AND I SEIZED HIM."

obeying the motion of the train, shut with a slam.

In an agony of terror, my mate and I seized him and dragged him into a position of safety, while the other train spurted forward and passed us. For a moment or two neither of us spoke. I was the first to recover my presence of mind, and the habit of duty mastered my curiosity for the instant.

"Hold on here," I shouted. "Jim, fire her up, man; wait till we get through Woking—then we'll see to him. Steady, sir! Keep over in that corner, please, and thank Providence you're not a dead man."

"Mad, I should think," said my fireman, as he set to work again shovelling on the coals, while I riveted my attention to the mass of red and green lights we were ever and anon approaching and passing.

At Hampton Court Junction we were switched on to the "fast" line, following the boat-express by about six minutes, and in half an hour or so we were through Woking, and then I turned to the stranger. He was a young man, clean shaven, and well dressed; deadly pale and trembling, clutching hard at the support. The foot-plate's a bit shaky to a novice.

"Are you mad, sir? Do you know you've had a fearful escape? What, in the name of all that's wonderful, do you mean by it?"

"N-no; I'm not mad. I—I was forced to do it."

"Forced to do it? Why, you were alone in the carriage, as far as I could see."

"Yes, yes, I know that. But I was desperate. I'll explain everything."

"Wait a minute or two; I can't attend now. Tell me when we're through Guildford."

How he started as we entered the Guildford tunnel just beyond the station! I thought he'd fall at first, and my mate had to hold on to him for a minuté. When we were clear of the tunnel, I asked him for his explanation.

"I wanted to escape," he said, "and it was the only way."

"Escape? Who from? The police, I suppose? Well, don't you think you've done that, my friend."

"No, no, no! Not from the police. I'm not a criminal. Listen, and I'll tell you. I've got mixed up with a terrible secret society—a set of people composed of the very worst sort of Anarchists—men of several nations. It would be too long a story to tell you how I came to join it, but when once among such people, there is no drawing back. We were pledged with the most awful oaths to secrecy, and terrible penalties were ordained for those who proved traitors. I would have given anything to set myself free, but it was impossible.

"Well, one evening last week, we held a meeting to determine the performance of an awful act. I can't tell you exactly the truth, but I will go so far as to say it was the assassination of a certain great personage on the Continent. We drew lots, in order that the assassin might be chosen. The lot fell upon me. In vain I begged to be excused, the others were relentless, and the president said to me:—

"'George Felton, you have sworn obedience, and obey you must. The lot has fallen upon you, and you must perform the deed. If you refuse, or if you even hesitate,

there is only one penalty, and that you know. It is death, and it is useless for you to try to escape from it. This is how you will proceed: Until Thursday you will be carefully watched. The evening of that day you will take the boat-train *viâ* Southampton and Havre for Paris. You will travel by that route because it is the less frequented. You will go absolutely alone, but every step you will be watched. The "brethren" will be posted all along the line of route. At Waterloo two of them will watch you into the train. At Basingstoke two others will keep their eyes on you while the train is stopping there. At Southampton you will be watched on board the boat, and the same thing will happen at Havre and Rouen, your only stopping-places. At Paris you will be met by two comrades, who will keep you in view until the final arrangements have been made, when you will be told how to act. So do not think to escape, as every movement will be watched.'"

The train flew on; my mate and I were interested, as you may well guess. He paused for a moment to allow of the engine being coaled once more, then I said:—

"But you might have stopped the train by pulling the communicator, and——"

"I'm coming to that. I had thought of trying to escape thus, but just as the train moved out of the station a little note was thrown in at the window by a 'comrade,' who had been watching me. I opened it and read as follows: 'We never thought the other night that perhaps you might try to escape by stopping the train *en route* and jumping off. In case such an idea has entered your head, you may as well know that the "brothers" are on the train. You know what that means. You are helpless. Be brave for the sake of the "cause."'"

"Have you got that letter?" said the fireman.

"No; I tore it up. Well, I tell you, I was desperate. I had half made up my mind to jump and risk it, when we gradually began to pass your train. I was alone in my compartment, and could see the well-filled carriages close to me. I sat looking at them mechanically, when the idea suddenly seized me, and I asked myself the question, 'Why shouldn't I change trains?' By this time I was opposite to the guard's van in the front, and there was not a moment to be lost. It was too late to try for that when I opened the door, and my only course was to jump on to your engine. Thank God, I did so safely!"

"Aye, you've had a lucky escape, and you may well thank God. Well, what's to be done now?"

"Where are you bound for?"

"Portsmouth."

"Do you stop anywhere first?"

"No."

"Well, look here. Can't I slip off on the outer side as we come into the station?"

"I don't know so much about that. You've come on the foot-plate uninvited, and you ought to give an account of it to the authorities. If I let you get off without, I'm liable for a row myself. Besides, how are we to know your story's true?"

"Before God I swear it's true. And no one need ever know I was here. I'll make it well worth your while. Besides," he added, piteously, "it's my only chance. When they know I've escaped they'll search high and low. If this isn't kept quiet they'll know about it before I have the start of them, and that means certain death. I couldn't escape. As it is, I've got money enough to get well out of the country before they know."

Well, it seemed rough enough on the poor chap, but my mate stuck out against letting him go. I argued the matter out with him as well as I could, and he was beginning to come round to my point of view when I suddenly exclaimed:—

"Look out, mate, there's a block at Petersfield."

The distant signal was shining with a red light instead of a green, and we put on the brakes until the train was almost at a standstill.

"For God's sake, let me get off," begged the stranger.

My mate and I looked at one another. The train came to a stop close to the signal.

"Don't refuse me. See here," and he held out five sovereigns and literally pressed them into my hand. I looked at Jim again. He nodded.

"All right, get off and keep quiet till we've gone on. Good luck to you. Here, I don't want your money."

But he was gone in a moment. Then the semaphore arm fell with a crash, the green light shone out, and we started once again; nor did we stop till we had reached Portsmouth. Later on, my mate and I talked the matter over between us, and agreed that we would not mention it to anyone, as it was better for all that it should be kept quiet. Then I offered him half the money.

"No," said he, "I won't take it. If his story's true, it's something like the price of

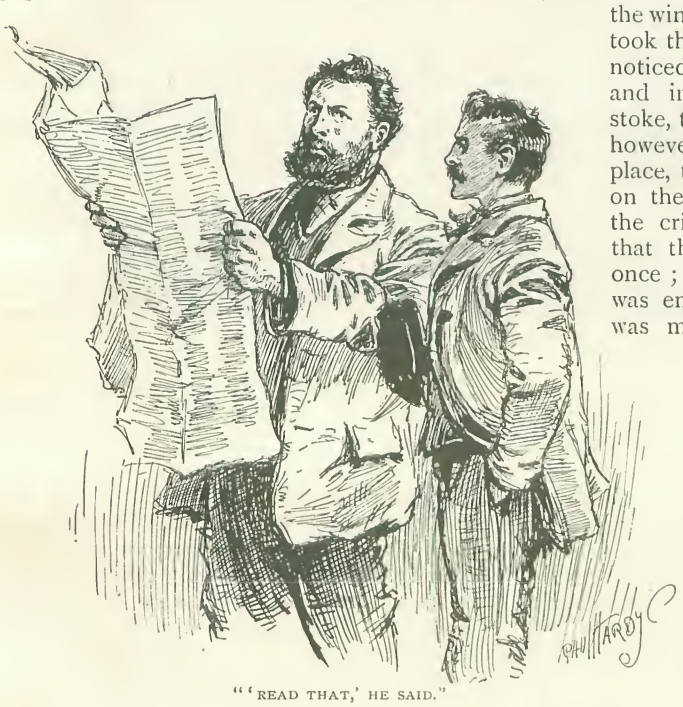
blood. They must have given him the cash for his journey and expenses."

I hadn't seen it in that light.

"Well, mate, I believe you're right. I never thought of that. I sha'n't touch it either, I couldn't bring myself to do it. But what shall we do with it?"

Finally, we agreed to send it anonymously to a railway charity, and the next morning we did so.

Two days after that, I was off duty, when the fireman came round to my house, with a curious expression on his face and a newspaper in his hand. "Read that," he said,



"'READ THAT,' HE SAID."

quickly, pointing to a paragraph. I read as follows:—

"MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF A CRIMINAL.

"On Thursday evening last, a strange occurrence, the facts of which are unknown, must have taken place somewhere on the main line of the South-Western Railway between Waterloo and Basingstoke. Our readers will remember the case of embezzlement and forgery at the head offices of the 'Amalgamated General European and Colonial Exchange,' a forgery on a large scale, in which the under cashier, Charles Winfield, a clever, and unfortunately well-trusted young man, was deeply implicated. Winfield, by some means, managed to escape arrest, and the police have been assiduously following his track since. On the evening in question, Detective Baxter, of Scotland Yard, recognised Winfield in a first-class compartment of the 9.35 boat-train from Waterloo to Southampton. The train was just moving out of the station, and it was impossible for the detective to get in, but he ran along the platform by the side of the window, clearly identified his man, took the number of the carriage, and noticed which compartment it was, and immediately wired to Basingstoke, the first stopping-place. When, however, the train arrived at this place, the police, who had assembled on the platform, found no trace of the criminal. It was ascertained that the train had not pulled up once; the particular compartment was empty, but a thorough search was made throughout the train, it being thought that he might have changed carriages by the foot-board. It is supposed that Winfield recognised the fact that he had been discovered at the last moment on his way to the Continent, and guessing that he would be arrested at Basingstoke, must have jumped off the train in a moment of desperation. Whether the unhappy man was killed or escaped remains a mystery, no trace of him having been discovered."

"What do you think of that?" said my mate.

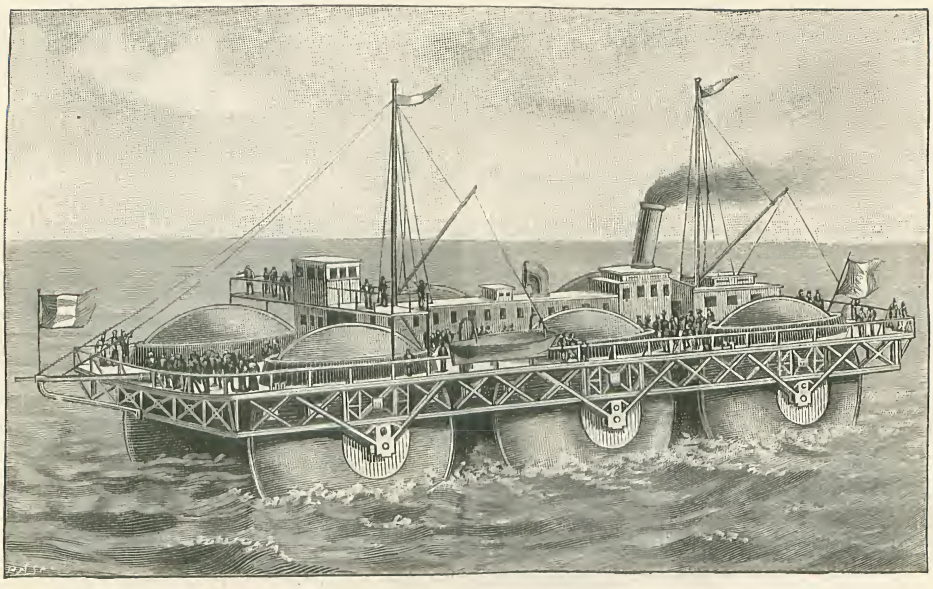
"Well," I said, "I think he half deserved to escape on account of his pluck. And—well, he was the finest liar I've ever met!"

The fireman nodded his head slowly, and then said:—

"Well, I had my doubts most of the time. He was too fine a liar for me!"

A Steamer on Wheels.

By James Walter Smith.



THE ROLLER-BOAT CROSSING THE CHANNEL.

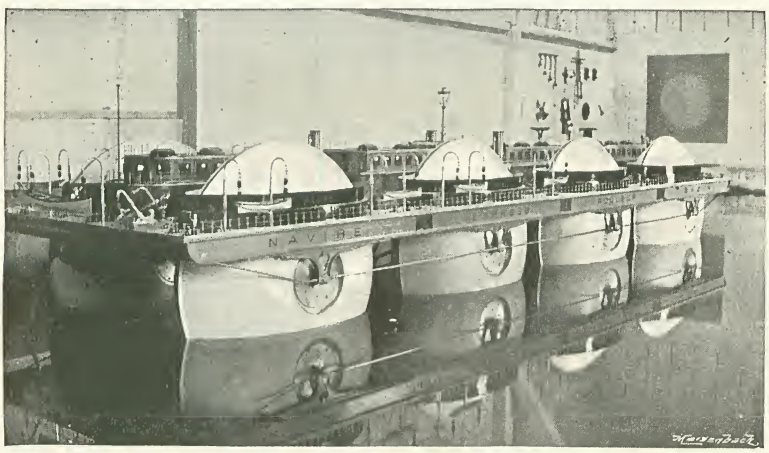
BY squandering a few shillings you might fairly satisfy yourself whether M. Ernest Bazin, the French engineer, who has just constructed a packet on rollers, is a dreamer or a genius. Two things are necessary for the experiment—a sizable tank of water, and a large tin button, or wheel, hollow inside, and sharp at the edge. The latter might cost two or three shillings to make. The water can be found in the family bath.

Now for the experiment. First put your wheel in the tank. It will float in an upright position, with about one-third of its bulk in the water. Now give it a sudden twirl with the fingers, and be careful not to push it forward. You will find that the wheel will continue to revolve for some time, and will remain in the same spot in the water. Now give the wheel a forward movement, but do not twirl it, and you will notice that, like the keel of an ordinary toy boat, it will toss the water in front and leave a wake behind. It will show no tendency to revolve, and will stop suddenly after it has advanced a short distance through the water. The next stage of the experiment will give you a shock of delighted surprise. By skilful manipulation, give to the wheel at one and the same time a twirl and a push forward. The wheel will dash across the tank in the twinkling of an eye, and the water will remain almost unruffled.

Some time ago, in a magnificent workshop in Levallois-Perret, a northern suburb of Paris, those simple experiments were performed by M. Ernest Bazin before a crowd of French engineering experts, and among them were numbered some of the most eminent admirals of the French navy. Naturally, there were scoffers in the lot, but it is said that these remained to pray—for the successful application to ocean navigation of a great principle involved in the simple manipulation of a hollow wheel upon water. The lesson which the experts drew from the experiments was the same lesson that M. Bazin had drawn years before when, after a long series of naval inventions, his attention had been turned to the problem of increased speed at the least cost upon the ocean. His experiments told him that for the propulsion of a boat on rollers, he could not depend simply on the revolution of the wheels, but would have to unite the revolving movement with a movement forward. The fact that the water remained undisturbed when he united the movements showed that, with a sharp-edged roller, the friction ordinarily met with in a

keel was reduced almost to a minimum ; and that as friction is one of the great hindrances to speed upon the ocean, there was a probability that a steamship constructed on wheels, and in accordance with the principles shown in the experiments, would revolutionize ocean navigation.

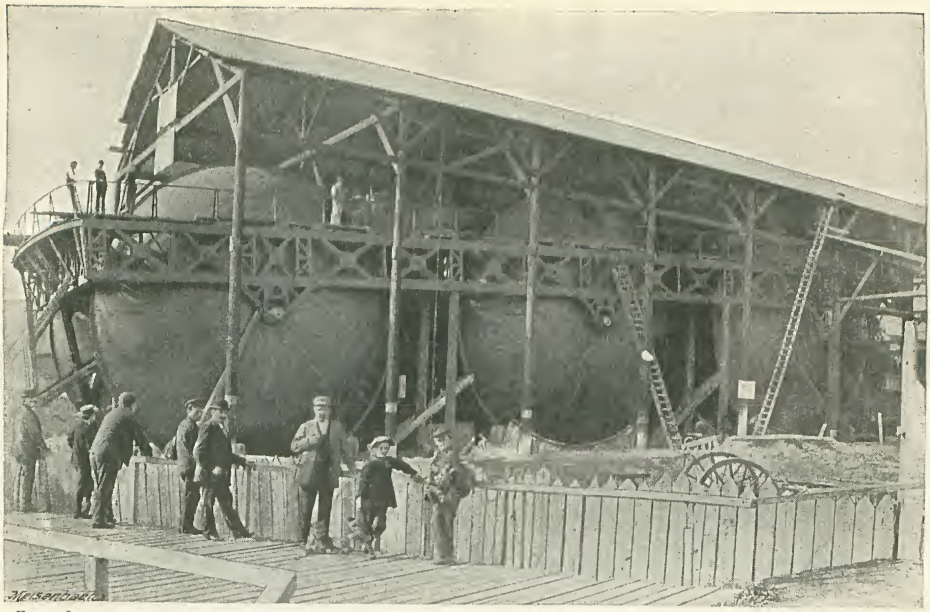
M. Bazin lately told me in Paris that if he had had enough money he would have constructed his ocean steamship outright. The enormous cost, however, of such an undertaking compelled him to be content with a model, and with the preliminary construction of a small roller-boat for the Channel service. The model was accordingly made, and from the photograph reproduced below one can see that it is a beautiful piece of work. It rests in a large tank at Levallois, and, in itself, it is a complete answer to the



MODEL OF TRANSATLANTIC STEAMSHIP, EXHIBITED IN A TANK AT LEVALLOIS, BY M. BAZIN.
From a Photograph.

often-made comment that a roller-boat *must* be an ugly and rickety contrivance. From the side of the tank, where one gets a complete view of the wheels, one is immediately struck with the oddity of its appearance, but a glance along the deck from the end of the boat shows little that is different from the deck of an Atlantic "liner." The front view, with the deck extending over the open water, reminds one of a New York ferry-boat, and the rollers are very similar to the paddle-wheel boxes of a penny steamer on the Thames. The state-rooms, bridge, and funnels enforce this similarity. The model is one-twenty-fifth the size of the projected "liner," which will be over 390ft. long. It shows eight wheels, four on each side, and, like the disc with which M. Bazin made his original experiments, they are convex in form with smooth surfaces. Such a form can offer but little resistance to the wind, while under the decks, which are to be constructed with powerful girders, the head winds will have an open passage. The formation of the decks in the model shows an enormous carrying capacity. This is naturally a desideratum, for in the fast ocean steamships of to-day very little freight is carried, on account of the space occupied by the fuel necessary for great speed. When the "liner" is built, M. Bazin hopes to show that he can attain a greater speed than is now attained, with a less expenditure of fuel, and that, in consequence, a great deal of the space occupied by coal will be given over to merchandise.

To the experts gathered round the tank at Levallois, the experiments with the single wheel were interesting, but the actual working of the model gave rise to the highest hopes in the French breast. The motive-power was obtained from dynamos. One of these dynamos turned the screw or propeller, and gave the boat its forward motion; while four other dynamos, one to each pair of wheels, supplied the power to turn the wheels. When the power was turned on the screw began to move with rapidity, and the wheels moved slowly, but in a moment or two the boat began to move through the tank at surprising speed. Then, in order to exhibit the conduct of the model in rough weather, the water was stirred up until the waves reached the level of the deck. Yet the boat rode steadily, and showed that passengers would get little motion in a stormy sea. It may be said in passing that, when the "liner" is constructed, it will be without a



From a] THE ROLLER-BOAT JUST BEFORE LAUNCHING, AT ST. DENIS, ON THE SEINE. *[Photograph.*

rudder, and that the steering power will be given by a column of water ejected from the stern by means of a pump. By this means, the vessel, instead of being retarded by the resistance to an ordinary rudder, will be advantageously assisted by the water thrown out at the stern.

So much for the pretty model at Levallois. Not only on account of the cost, but owing to the fact that Paris is on a very narrow and shallow river, it was manifestly impossible for the inventor to construct at the French capital a trans-Atlantic steamer. It was, therefore, decided to build the smaller boat with six wheels, just large enough to go through the locks of the Seine, and at Rouen, where the river is wide and deep, and shipyards plentiful, to put in engines and heavy machinery, and prepare the boat finally for its maiden trip from Havre to London. It took some time at first to find an establishment in Paris where such a unique boat could be constructed with dispatch and with a willing co-operation between inventor and maker, but in the old establishment of Cail, on the banks of the Seine, at Saint-Denis, about five miles from Paris, the right place was found and work was begun.

While the myrmidons of the Cail Works are putting the inventor's idea into shape, and the enormous wheels in skeleton form are bringing the Parisians from far and wide to gaze at the shed and its cumbrous contents, let us turn for a moment to the inventor Bazin, and see what manner of man he is. When I first met him in his home in the Rue Guillaume Tell, in Paris, I was surprised to find him, not a man of thirty or thirty-five—an age which, for some reason or other, we often attribute to inventors with great untried ideas—but a man of sixty or thereabouts, with iron-grey hair. But M. Bazin does not show his age; he talks with great rapidity, and moves as actively as a man of twenty. In face he is very like the late Napoleon, with a tuft of greyish beard on his chin, and a splendid forehead. Behind him the inventor has left a fine record, and around his rooms, which, at the time of my first visit, were strewn with newspaper clippings, piles of letters from all parts of the world, and magazines in all languages, regarding the "bateau rouleur," were pictures and mementos connected with the incidents of a long career in science. One of the pictures represents the Emperor Napoleon III. and the Empress visiting the works of the inventor, in 1866. Another represents MacMahon, at the Maritime Exposition of 1875, studying a curiously constructed boat exhibited by M. Bazin; and still another shows the King and Queen of the Belgians, at the Brussels Exposition of 1876, interrogating the inventor about his different works. In a far-off corner of one of the walls hung a long metal chain, which had been dredged out of the Neva by one of M. Bazin's dredgers, and above it was a photograph of the late Czar of Russia, who had sent the photograph

with the chain and his compliments. When I asked the inventor for permission to reproduce some of his mementos, he refused. "They are of no interest," he said, "and mean little except to me." Then, with great modesty, he added, "They are souvenirs of the past."

It would be impossible to catalogue all the notable inventions of this interesting "past." They are the direct result of a love for things maritime nurtured by a youthful study of science and a long service on the Indian Ocean. They include an apparatus for indicating the distance travelled by vessels, an hydraulic rudder, a submarine electric light, a dredging machine, a long-distance projectile, and a hydrostatic coffee-pot. The last two inventions on the list show that M. Bazin has not confined himself exclusively to inventions of a naval nature, but has touched upon all things. An ingenious machine for spinning hemp brought him years ago the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and the roller-steamship will probably put him among the Stephensons and Watts who have given spur to the progress of the world. It is the long record of success that has lent weight to the project of a roller-boat, and has drawn the experts to Levallois to see.

Let us now go back to the banks of the Seine to witness the launching of the *Ernest Bazin*—the name already given to this queer structure, which looks more like a gigantic plaything, or a Brobdingnagian trolley, than a plain, everyday steamboat. The inventor said it was like the bottom of a tram-car with a shed over it, and possibly this is the better simile. But photographs throw light on places which words weakly describe, and the accompanying illustrations will tell in a second just how the "roller-boat" looked "before and after" it felt the thrill of life along its six keels. For it is evident that each roller is a keel in itself. But the photographs give little idea of the immense crowd that lined the banks of Saint-Denis on August 19th—what a French writer has called "a red-letter day in the history of France." There were fully 20,000 people present at the launching, and among those were admirals and naval officers, and newspaper men in all

From a Photo. by] AFLOAT ON THE SEINE. *[H. Mairet, Paris*

languages. The boat slid off the ways as easily as if it had had a year's practice, and, after a slight slump in the water, settled gracefully and successfully on the placid bosom of the Seine. Cries of "Vive le Bazin!" mingled with cries of "Vive la France!" and the few who expected the boat to sink or topple over reconsidered their arguments, and concluded that, after all, there might be something in those sharp and hollow wheels. The launching was the first real evidence that the boat was not a dream, and although one man said, "Wait until the trial trip!" the majority of spectators were fairly convinced that the outlook for ultimate success on the Channel was bright.

For some weeks after the launching, the roller-boat lay in front of the Cail Works in St. Denis. During this time, the flooring

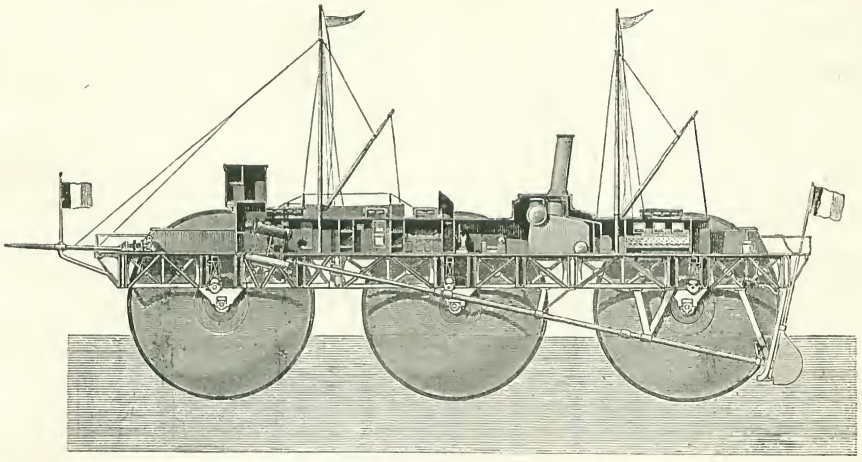
From a] THE ROLLER-BOAT IN FRONT OF THE CAIL WORKS AT ST. DENIS. *[Photograph.*

was laid across the iron deck-frame, the lighter machinery was put in place, and the interior of the rollers, which through the little openings at the top looked very like the interior frame-work of two big umbrellas, was firmly strengthened. About the middle of September the boat was towed to Rouen, where it was quickly changed in appearance from a mere platform on wheels into a most imposing craft.

For the benefit of those who understand things when they are expressed in cold numbers, a few facts may not be out of place. The platform is about 126ft. long and about 40ft. wide. Each wheel has a diameter of slightly over 32ft., and its greatest width is 10ft. The wheels are covered with plate about a quarter of an inch thick. The boat weighs 280 tons. The screw is moved by a machine of 550 horse-power, and each pair of wheels, as in the Levallois model, is rotated by an engine of 50 horse-power, making, for the three pairs, a force of 150. As may be seen from the end view, reproduced from the original drawing by M. Bazin, and lent to me by the *Revue Encyclopedique* of Paris, the rollers turn upon their own axes. The position of the screw is also shown, and the cross-section on the same page shows the position of the rudder, the arrangement of the machinery, the cabins, engine-room, and ventilators. The compactness of the total arrangement is striking, and nothing that experience has proved needful has been omitted in the construction.

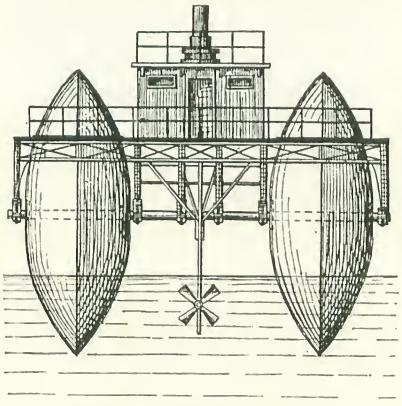
When the news was first spread abroad that a boat on wheels had been successfully launched, there was great doubt as to what "wheels" meant. Some said that they were little, and others said they were big. Some said that they were totally submerged; others that they rested on the water and skimmed along it; and still others imagined that the wheels were ordinary paddles. Any doubt as to their exact nature has, we may venture to say, already been cleared up by the photographs in this article. But the doubts regarding the feasibility of the invention are still many. Wouldn't the boat sink if struck? Wouldn't it toss wretchedly on the bosom of the deep? Wouldn't it this, and wouldn't it that? Well, a few trips on the Channel will be the best answer to those questions. But we may here recall the experiments made in the tank at Levallois. At that time, as we have said, M. Bazin, by stirring the water in

the tank, showed that the model would ride lightly on a turbulent sea. He also showed that the boat was practically unsinkable. He pulled out plugs in two of the wheels and the water rushed in immediately. When the water, moreover, had risen to a certain height in the roller, the wheel turned round and brought



CROSS-SECTION OF THE ROLLER-BOAT.

the hole where the plug had been to the top. In case of an accident to one of the rollers, it would, therefore, be plainly possible to repair damages in a very convenient fashion. In order to make plain the more abstruse argument that there is little friction or resistance in a revolving wheel, M. Bazin placed two wooden sticks on the surface of the tank, and without turning the wheel gave it a forward movement against the obstruction. The bit of wood was forced back for a moment, but on account of the new friction, the wheel quickly stopped. The inventor revolved the wheel and sent it against the wood. The wheel passed over the obstruction, which sank in the water, passed under the wheel, and immediately returned to the surface, in almost the identical place. So far, indeed, as could be proved by the action of the model, every objection to the roller-boat was considered as satisfactorily answered.



END VIEW OF THE ROLLER-BOAT.
From a Drawing by M. Bazin.

It is, however, in the matter of speed that the boat may do wonders. Here, again, the arguments of M. Bazin, based upon practical experience, and put forth with a pleasing modesty, seem flawless. The inventor does not claim for the boat a medium speed of over eighteen knots, or more than twenty knots when the engines are pushed. Those who have studied the construction of the rollers, and who know a little navigation arithmetic, say that the boat will be capable of thirty-two knots. By means of several experiments with the model, the inventor obtained results which seem to show that the enthusiasts are correct in their belief. A cord attached to a framework on six wheels was passed over a pulley, carrying a weight of 200 grammes. The boat was then put in position at the end of the tank, and was drawn forward by the gradual fall of the weight at the end of the cord. The passage across the tank occupied twenty-three seconds. Then, in addition to the propulsive movement given by the weight, the wheels were put into rotation by clockwork, and the boat went across the tank in eleven seconds. It has since been estimated—and for the moment a technical sentence is necessary—that when the correct co-relation between the propelling and rotary forces is established, 60 per cent. of the movement in the wheel will be forward motion. Upon

this basis, Admiral Coulombeaud, a scientific authority of the highest importance, who has followed the theories and experiments of M. Bazin from the beginning, has stated that a boat with wheels 69·08 mètres in circumference, revolving at the rate of twenty-four revolutions per minute, would cover over thirty-two knots an hour; and in a hundred hours would cover more than the distance from Havre to New York.

This, so far as it can be rid of technicalities and confusing numerical calculations, is the basis for the prophecy that we are on the eve of a great revolution in navigation. In 1895, the fleet *Lucania* crossed the Atlantic at the rate of 22 knots an hour, and her sister-ship, the *Campania*, has made 560 knots in one day. An average fast steamer rarely goes more than 20 knots an hour; although the Russian torpedo-boat destroyer *Sokol*, which is said to be the fastest steamer in the world, has made over 30 knots. But in the case of ocean liners such as are built to-day, a like speed will probably never be obtained. One authority has lately said that it costs thousands of pounds to add an extra half-knot on a fast steamer's speed, and that the limit has probably even now been reached. The power wasted in overcoming the friction and resistance of the water is enormous; and as the horse-power needful to force a ship through the seas increases tremendously with every knot sought for, it is little to be marvelled at that the "roller-boat," with its asserted economy and quickness, has caught the attention of the world.

M. ERNEST BAZIN.
From a Photo. by Berger, Paris.

The promises held out stir the mind and move the pen with enthusiasm. The prospect that the present voyage between Queenstown or Southampton and New York may be cut down to four, and, possibly, three and a-half days, makes the invalid on the ocean "liner" raise his head in prayerful thanks. The business man sees that the success of the invention puts him into communication with his customers more quickly than the merchants of Phœnicia could have dreamed. The steamship companies, looking at it from a food standpoint, see that the saving of a hundred hours from Havre to New York means the saving of tons of eatables, and, in consequence, increased dividends. The "globe-trotter" thrills with the idea that the records of Phineas Fogg and "Nellie Bly" will be extinguished, and that Puck's will be threatened. The hopes of all are rosy, but in them there is a basis of practicality. Why should we not go faster? It is evolution.

For France, the result is all-important. While other nations have been making steady progress in the speed of their vessels, the country across the Channel has lagged behind. There are only two great steamship companies flying the French flag, and the best boats on these lines have reached their limit of speed in eighteen knots. Under these conditions, Frenchmen have lost hope in the struggle for commerce. The appearance of M. Bazin has revived the hope that when the roller-boat takes its place in the Channel service, and the pretty model of the trans-Atlantic steamship becomes a reality, the supremacy in commerce will belong to France.

Leaders of the Bar.

II.

By E.

THE North-Eastern Circuit, in addition to a long list of notable men, including mellifluous Lawson-Walton, Q.C., and sound-headed Stuart Macaskie, boasts the possession of the first Home Secretary who, at the expiration of a period of "office," has returned to active practice at the Bar.

Herbert Henry Asquith, Privy Councillor and Queen's Counsel, it was who flew in the face of tradition and sought the dry land of counsel's fees. Now, I am among those who think that a slavish adherence to anachronistic custom is as indefensible as a reform-at-any-cost policy, and as there was no good reason to the contrary, consider that he was quite right in acting as he did.

The old notion that an ex-Home Secretary should not appear before the High Court judges, because during his term of office he might have had occasion to pronounce judgment on their sentences, is not only silly, but implies a bad compliment to the judges. The distrust of county-court judges, the belief that selfish motives can make them one and all partial, which animate some of our writers on things in general and law in particular, must be extended to High Court judges if Asquith's conduct is to be logically attacked.

RIGHT HON. H. H. ASQUITH, Q.C., M.P.
From a Photo. by J. Thomson.

Besides, apart from tradition, he was praiseworthy in determining to earn his own living. There are enough State pensioners already! Of course, it is unquestionable that the ex-Home Secretary has the very brightest political prospects, and with a little luck may one day or other become Prime Minister, and therefore it is possible that some solicitors may brief him in order to secure his future favours. Well, what if they do? So much the better for the briefee! This strictly human tendency on the part of solicitors constitutes no reason for relegating anyone to the background of inactivity.

Now, having assured him that his conduct is not disapproved by the wise, a word or two as to his capabilities. He is undeniably clever, but I cannot say that he is an exceptionally good advocate. He knows the law both in principle and detail, and reasons well, but he is too hard, and is gifted with too rich a sense of humour to treat a client's claim as though it were the one object of his constant attention. He is painstaking to a fault, and has never been caught in court or House unprepared. It is said that when he was in chambers with the present Mr. Justice Wright he used to take off his coat to a speech and burn a gallon of oil over a case, while his equally clever and, perhaps, more brilliant companion would, in three puffs of a cigar, solve the most tangled of legal complications, and then pooh-pooh the difficulty with a "Really, it is very simple, you know."

However, great as is my admiration for this learned judge, I do not think he could have made the ideal Home Secretary of his one-time colleague; and, on the other hand, it would be absurd to expect the far-seeing and admirable statesman to quite satisfactorily fill the judicial seat of the judge whose great learning and marvellous ability mark him out for the highest places in our judiciary. I don't say Asquith wouldn't make a good judge: indeed, I believe he would do well in any capacity; but, while recognising that at present he does a considerable amount of business, that his fees are large, and his prospects even larger, I cannot rid myself of the conviction that the House of Commons is his *métier*, and that he is seen to infinitely greater advantage when snubbing Mr. George Curzon, or satirizing Mr. Goschen, than when he is labouring to convince twelve unintelligent fellow-citizens that he is in the right. It is possible I may be wrong, but it is unlikely.

The leader of the Oxford Circuit is Arthur Richard Jelf, Q.C., the most pertinacious and one of the best all-round men at the Bar. A mild, placid-looking person in private life, he adopts a warlike expression and vigorous method in court, and even occasionally forgets the pleasing conventionalities of life in the delirious strife of a *nisi prius* action. He is not a *persona grata* in No. 1 Court of Appeal, but everywhere else he is very popular. He is the sort of man who, if his legs were shot away in battle, would first of all speculate on the aerial course of the ball, and then storm a breach on his stumps. Mainly microscopical, he is truly terrible in debate, and would be backed by the Bar to find a flaw in anything — even a Law Courts bun.

MR. A. R. JELF, Q.C.
From a Photo. by H. J. Whitlock.

In addition to his large London practice, he has the privilege of leading a circuit where merit is tested by slowness of speech, and ability by capacity for prolonging proceedings. This pleasant trait is as well known as an admitted fact can be, and has ofttimes provoked the sarcastic humour of the Master of the Rolls.

"Mr. Jelf," he said, one day, "we are not on the Oxford Circuit now, and we sha'n't be very angry if you do finish in the day." But the learned counsel was the depository of the great traditions of that circuit, and the second day just saw the last of the "preliminary objections."

The story goes in the Temple that some little time back a judge was lost; where he was no one could say; no ægrotat had been received from him, and speculation waxed keen on the subject of his lordship's disappearance. However, at last, anxious and continued inquiry brought to light the fact that—how long ago it is rash to say—he had started to "go" the Oxford Circuit. This was a clue, in all conscience, and the search was continued. Telegrams in costly profusion were dispatched, a meeting of the judges would have been held, but those who weren't on circuit were absent—"Ill." Mr. Labouchere directed attention to the matter in *Truth*, and a fond message was inserted in the agony column of the *Times*: "Fugitive Solon: Come back, all is forgiven. — Chancellor."

This last device—emanating, it was said, from the complex brain of Lord Justice Kay—was successful, and in due course of post a piteous letter, dated Shrewsbury, was received from the lost judge, setting forth how he had been occupied all the time in trying nine prisoners and three causes; how the fourth cause had just crawled into its sixteenth day, and the plaintiff's case was not yet concluded; and, finally, how agreeable as an alternative to the monotony of his surroundings would be some violent, unmerited death. This letter arrived not a minute too soon, and he was rescued in the nick of time; a Q.C., with little to earn and many to keep, being sent to do his work for him.

This, if true—and being unlikely it savours of the truth—is horrible enough; but what can be thought of a learned counsel, on the same circuit, who once on a time wasted half a day in confusing his judge by pronouncing "lien" "lion," with the "i" hard!

"My client could not take the sheep," he asserted, over and over again, "because there was a lion (lien) upon them."

"Dear me, what a terrible predicament!" was the judicial reply; and it wasn't until lunch-time that the judge began to understand, and then he occupied the rest of the afternoon in mentally disentangling himself from the meshes of the startling pronunciation. Of course, all this may be a libel; but certain it is that when on one side is

discerned Jelf, Q.C., and on the other Bousanquet, Q.C., the Court settles itself down for a period of long and unremitting repose.

Both these leaders will undoubtedly—and deservedly—attain the dignity of the Bench; but what an admirable attorney-general of a possible lotus-land either of them would have made in other and unhappier circumstances!

It was the leader of the Oxford Circuit who appeared for the respondent in the St. George's Election Petition, a trial rendered memorable by the fact that in its course the senior judge, Mr. Baron Pollock, stated that he didn't "care a dump"—whatever that peculiarly inexpressive word may mean—for anonymous letters. The learned Baron was, of course, quite right in his views, though his language does seem a little too fast and furious for the staid assembly over which he presided. Another noteworthy fact was the resuscitation of Mr. Justice Bruce. I say resuscitation, because in language and manner this very learned and courteous judge conveys the impression that when he is on the Bench he is just about to emerge from a state of suspended animation. It happened in this wise: William Willis, Q.C., had reached his thirtieth day of torrential eloquence, and having reduced Mr. Baron Pollock to silence, turned his attention to his opponent. It wasn't exactly what he said that aroused Mr. Justice Bruce, so it must have been the way he said it, for that learned judge called to his aid a mighty voice, and with gravity in his mien and anger in his words, he lashed out at the offending counsel. It was like the voice of Jove on a small scale: the whole Court trembled, and the attendant at the outside door was so affected that he forgot to refuse admittance to a small clerk who had business inside the court, and therefore, according to official law-court rules, ought clearly to have been kept out. Truly, it was an impressive scene, and those who missed it, missed a good deal.

MR. F. A. INDERWICK, Q.C.
From a Photo. by J. H. Bloomfield.

The advice of the celebrated Chancellor, Lord Westbury, to Mr. Justice Wright, when he first went to the Bar, was, never to admit—even to himself—that he could do wrong, and to consistently disregard the judges. I don't know whether, throughout his exceptionally brilliant career, the great judge, to whom, as a fresh-fledged junior, this advice was given, acted upon it; but I agree with Lord Westbury, and advise all juniors to make it a rule of conduct, unless they contemplate practising in the Divorce Court. For if they intend devoting themselves to the matrimonial side, they must tutor themselves to speak with all due humbleness, and to regard, for the time being, the judges of the division with veneration and awe.

Let them take the leader of the court as an example, and unswervingly to the best of their ability follow the path of F. A. Inderwick, Q.C. He is the most powerful counsel one could have in a divorce or probate action, and yet he speaks with the utmost diffidence, and scarcely ever presumes to question the utterances of his judge. In an apologetic whisper he suggests his argument; and a Mussulman gazing on the green flag of the Prophet in the Basilica of Saint Sophia could not express greater reverence in his face and manner than he does when he addresses the Court. Throughout the inspiriting scenes of a defended action he never raises his voice, and yet he works with really wonderful skilfulness on the materials that are to hand. "He knows the ropes better than any man living," an authority once

remarked, and truly he personifies the concentrated essence of the court to which he has devoted a long and successful career. Things amatory in literature are not despised of him, for has he not written a good novel of serious interest?—and he is a kind and distinctly popular man, with a practice which, in his court, has been never equalled.

The other leaders in the Divorce Court who contrive to absorb between them the entire bulk of the business are: Bayford, Q.C., W. T. Barnard, R. H. Pritchard, J. C. Priestley — all good men — and Bargrave Deane, who seems to be in every single case tried in the Divorce Court. Despite his large practice, the latter finds time to control the destinies of the 21st Middlesex V.B., and displays a fine military bearing—and the Volunteer decoration — at the head of his regiment. And, I am sure, I don't know why he shouldn't; for, as the historic crossing-sweeper said, "It's a 'obby"; and a decidedly useful one, too, since it is the means of turning out many well-trained soldiers, available in their country's defence.

Bargrave Deane is appropriately subdued and funereal in court; but I understand that his demeanour in the field is martial in the highest degree, and that his eye flashes with all due military ferocity when he shouts directions to his veteran followers and encourages his recruits in many a bloodless fight. What the end of his soldiering will be we cannot well predict, especially since the formation of a cyclist corps; but the most cautious would not fear to say that his professional career will terminate "on the Bench."

Socially, the Bar—it being, of course, always provided that it does not compete with the stage — is supposed to be the leading profession, but even in its ranks are found scattered about in unbeautiful profusion a few individuals whose lives are so many tussles with the letter H. Such a one—a very good fellow, whose name I suppress—was one day prosecuting, before Mr. Justice Lawrance, a man for stealing among other things a halter. Constantly and consistently he spoke of 'alter, and after an hour or so of this maltreatment of the English language, the judge summoned the clerk of assize, and seriously asked him:—

"Is this the Crown Court?"

"Yes, my lord; I believe so," was the answer of the wondering official.

"Thank you. I am relieved. I thought I had found my way into an ecclesiastical inquiry."

And this reminds me of a very amusing colloquy which once ensued between a prisoner and this learned judge.

"Why did you steal this horse?" the judge asked.

"To earn my living," was the sullen answer.

"Bad way of earning your living, isn't it?"

"Must do something!" the prisoner casually remarked.

"So you must," said the judge. "Try six months' hard labour."

The Northern Circuit contains many "locals," and very few London men, so *quà* circuit it is of no account. At Liverpool and Manchester the local Bar is numerically so strong that it almost defies outside competition, but in point of quality the whole circuit has only one exceptionally brilliant man, and two or three very able men, who are R. A. McCall, Q.C., a determined fighter and consistent advocate; W. Pickford, Q.C., who is deservedly and rapidly coming to the front in the London courts; H. G. Shee, Q.C., the only *first*-class defender of prisoners the circuit possesses; and Joseph Walton, Q.C., a clear-headed and sound commercial lawyer, whose future promises to be especially bright. The learned counsel whom I have

MR. J. C. BIGHAM, Q.C., M.P.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

styled "exceptionally brilliant" is John C. Bigham, Q.C., and I don't think many competent men would quarrel with the description.

In commercial causes, I unhesitatingly put him first in the list of the entire Bar, his sagacity, keenness, and capacity of grasping and mastering the facts of a case being such as to place him far above every other barrister. At times he allows a somewhat irritating petulance to run away with his discretion; but these occasions are few and far between. He is a good but not an eloquent speaker; and, possessed of an intimate knowledge of business affairs, it is not wonderful that he is the fashion in Liverpool and the leader of the Commercial Court in London. He hails from a circuit which is very rich in judges; and, if rumours are trustworthy, it will not be long before he is translated to a position where solicitors cease from worrying and counsel are at rest.

I am not certain, but I think that it was H. G. Shee who prosecuted in a very celebrated case tried before the late Lord Justice Bowen, at Liverpool. It will be remembered that the late judge had a keen appreciation of the humorous, and was a master of refined satire; and these characteristics form the keynote of the following anecdote, which will bear repetition although it is far from new:—

A man was captured very late one night on the roof of a house which had just been broken into. He was armed with a burglar's jemmy, and over his boots were drawn a pair of thick, ribbed stockings. He was tried for burglary; and, if I remember rightly, pleaded not guilty, putting forward as his defence that he hadn't any felonious intent. Lord Justice Bowen, in summing up, told the jury that the facts were uncontested, and that if they believed the prisoner's story, and reasonably thought that a man would draw stockings over his boots, arm himself with a jemmy, break into a house and climb on to the roof, not for the purpose of committing a felony, but merely in order to take the evening air, they would acquit the prisoner.

The jury failed to see through the delicate satire of the judge's address, and did acquit him. It is very seldom that juries go wrong; and on this occasion they might well be pardoned for mistaking the nature of the late Lord Justice's directions.

Another instance of an extraordinary defence being successful is afforded by a story which was told me by a certain barrister the other day. He desires me to keep his identity unrevealed, so I shall give no particulars likely to reveal the venue of the trial or the name of my authority.

A man was charged with stealing certain goods from the booking-office of the X. Railway Company, and witnesses were called by the prosecution to prove that prisoner had access to the office, and that some of the stolen property was found in a box in the room where he lodged, many miles away from the station. There was apparently no defence, and prisoner's counsel, having asked the station-master whether he and another person equally with the prisoner had access to the room, never put a question to any of the thirteen witnesses until the last—a policeman—appeared. He then asked the following questions:—

"Did you go into the bedroom of prisoner's mother and search her boxes?"

A.: "I did."

Q.: "In prisoner's room did you find a pair of brown shoes?"

A.: "I did."

Q.: "Did they correspond with shoes that had been stolen from the X. Railway Company?"

A.: "They did."

Q.: "Did you take them away as part of the stolen property, and did you afterwards find out that the prisoner had bought and paid for them?"

A.: "I did."

The case being apparently clearly proved against the prisoner, counsel for the Crown didn't sum up, and at once counsel for the defence began his speech.

He first of all called attention to the brown boots episode, and asked the jury whether that didn't show that, having conceived a grudge against the prisoner, and having led themselves to believe he was the culprit, the police thought everything he possessed was stolen property. He then denounced in high-flown language the conduct of the police in going into a "lady's bedroom," and finally turned his attention to the directors of the X. line.

"Would it not be better for them," he asked, "instead of trying to hound to ruin a poor, miserable, ill-paid employé, to look after the comfort of their passengers, and provide carriages properly lighted and comfortable?"

Here the judge intervened, and stated he would not allow such an attack to be made on men who had nothing to do with the case. The learned counsel persisted; the inevitable scene followed, to be terminated

by the foreman of the jury rising and saying they had agreed on their verdict.

"Of course, it is an undefended case," the judge replied, in derogation of the defence's right of speech.

"We find the prisoner not guilty," the foreman continued.

"Not guilty?"

The judge fell back in his chair and glared at the jury.

"Yes, my lord."

"Let him be discharged," was the feeble rejoinder of the astounded judge.

The badly lighted carriages had done it!

This is almost on a par with the case in which a man, charged with cutting and wounding a pony, got off by proving an alibi for the pony. This is, on the face of it, absurd, but it simply means that the prosecution had made a mistake as to the identity of the pony, and couldn't prove the facts laid in the indictment.

MR. H. M. BOMPAS, Q.C.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

The Western Circuit Bar list is a heavy, and in some respects a distinguished, one. Who the nominal leader is I do not know, but I should think that H. M. Bompas, Q.C., is not altogether unconnected with his identity. This learned counsel enjoys a large practice in the Privy Council, and is not unknown in humbler domains of law. Furthermore, he is Recorder of Plymouth, and in that capacity once terrified the sporting world by interpreting the word "resort" as a place to which telegrams are sent—he didn't exactly hold that; but no matter, it is sufficiently near for my purpose.

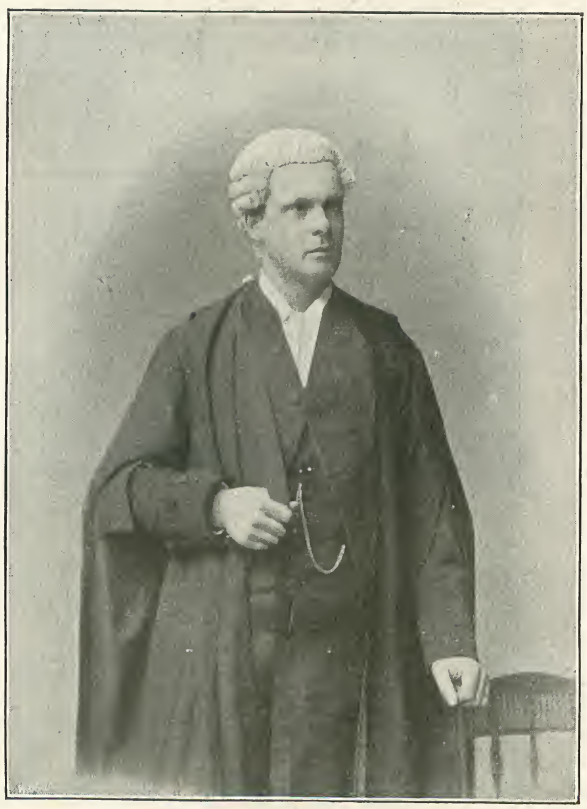
He occupies in the Tory Administration the same place that Mr. Speaker Gully occupied during Lord Rosebery's tenure of office. He is the perpetual candidate for any and every sort of post, and just as every vacancy was supposed to be a mere convenience for the present Speaker, so is it with Bompas, Q.C. It may not be his fault, and probably is not; but the fact remains that directly an office is open, people say: "Of course, Bompas will get it." Whether he will become a judge depends on the flight of fancy of the Chancellor, but the betting—I have no desire to shirk my subject, but it is the only way in which I can fully express myself—is odds on his taking his seat among the great ones of his profession.

When Gully, Q.C., was promoted to the Speakership of the House, I was not in the least surprised. I knew he must have something, and as, being a Liberal, he was not qualified for the Recordership of London, and there was no vacancy in the High Court Bench, it was quite right that he should take the thing that was handiest. He did take it, and has been conspicuously successful in the discharge of his irksome duties. And so may it fare with Bompas. At present he is balancing on the sharp edge of Probability. One day he is threatened with the chief justiceship of some almost uninhabitable island; another, a London police magistracy is his lot; another—if Jelf and Bousanquet would only contrive to start some question of equitable title, and lose themselves in the waste of circuit for a year or two—the next puisne judgeship is his; and so on, until you get to loathe the idea of Probability, and hate Butler for saying it was the rule of life.

For my part, Bompas being a very good sort of man, who has well upheld the dignity of his profession, I wish him all good fortune; but such are the changes of fortune that it would not startle me to learn that he had been appointed Perpetual Master of the Buckhounds, with a seat in the House of Lords!

But to return to the Western and its other members: Blake Odgers, Q.C., the greatest living authority on the law of libel and slander; Lord Coleridge, Q.C., who regretfully exchanged the fussiness of the Commons for the stupidity of the Lords; H. E. Duke, the "Attorney-General" of the Western Counties; and nominally Sir Walter Phillimore, leader of the Admiralty Bar, and Herbert Reed, Q.C., greatest of bankruptcy experts, are gathered within its fold. But the real leaders of the circuit are Thomas Townsend Bucknill, Q.C., and E. U. Bullen, of each of whom I will say a word or two.

The first is one of the most popular men going, and rightly so, for I much doubt whether anyone ever possessed a sweeter disposition than the man who has endeared himself to his professional brethren as "Tommy" Bucknill. "Don't call me 'Mr. Bucknill,'" he said to an awe-stricken junior once; "my name is plain Tommy Bucknill, stick to that," and the Bar has stuck to it ever since. He is simply adored by the younger juniors on "the Western"; and though he talks a great deal too fast, and doesn't accentuate his periods sufficiently, he is an effective speaker. In the Admiralty Court he has a very considerable practice, and although I can well understand his not devoting himself exclusively to that gloomy tribunal, had he cared to do so he would have "led" the Court. He is a man with his future in front of him, though he sometimes forgets that his gown is behind him, and hasn't yet grasped the fact that an enemy is infinitely more serviceable than a friend.



MR. T. T. BUCKNILL, Q.C., M.P.
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

E. U. Bullen is a very admirable representative of a celebrated legal family, and, in spite of his large business, he enjoys life as well as any man living. If in the Scriptural quotation, for "children" the word "pupils" were substituted, he would indeed be blessed, for his chambers are full of them. "Yes," said an imaginative person one day, "if I ever fetch up at the North Pole, I shall expect to find one of Ned Bullen's 'pups' there, smoking cigarettes and doing nothing else."

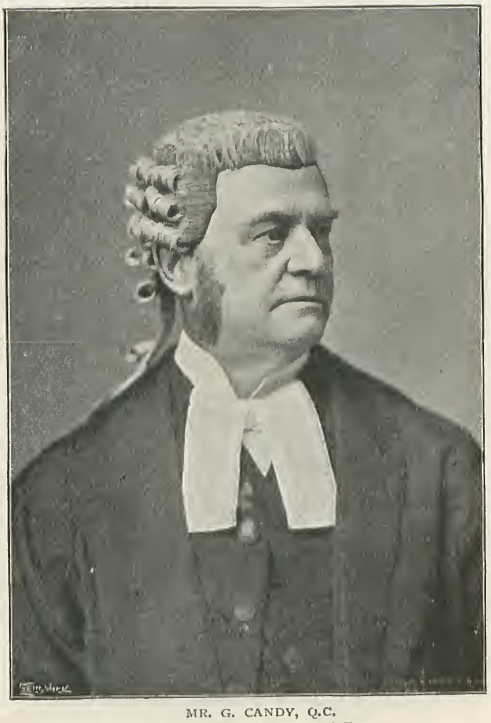
But lest the lay reader may think that such a pupil has anything in common with the charge of a tutor, or, more expressively, "bear leader," I hasten to explain that he really is a barrister who, after being called to the Bar, pays a hundred guineas to be allowed to sit in another barrister's chambers, look over his "papers," and follow him respectfully round the courts.

Occasionally the barrister, after the manner of the ancient jurisconsult, deigns to impart a little information to his pupil, but such a manifestation of kindly interest is not of frequent occurrence, and can be dismissed without comment. A "pup" is easily markable in the Temple. He always appears unruffled, and wears unsoiled cuffs and a shining hat. When his face doesn't reflect the burning adoration he invariably entertains for his "leader," it usually betokens vacancy.

I have never seen an intelligent-looking "pup," and somehow I don't think I am singularly unfortunate. Like the Temple laundress, who is so called because she never washes anything, the pupil studies nothing, is subject to no one, and passes his year in loudly venerating the man in whose

chambers he is, and arguing with other pupils about the respective merits of his and their leaders. In such a dispute the man in Bullen's chambers generally has an advantage. As an advocate Bullen is better than five-sixths of the "silks," and his manner of dealing with a jury is both droll and successful. Some day he will be compelled to allow the Lord Chancellor to append Q.C. to his name, and then the pupils will go, but not so his business. That, if anything, will increase.

When is a circuit not a circuit? When it is the "South-Eastern!" For this "circuit" is an *omnium gatherum* of those whom no other circuit can claim, and, as the late Mr. Austin would have said, is "improperly so called." Any barrister—not being of the Chancery brotherhood — who never means to "go circuit" at all, as a matter of course becomes one of the professional molecules composing the "S.-E.," and thus it happens that a number of distinguished men are nominally enrolled on its Bar list.



MR. G. CANDY, Q.C.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Among its numerous members are Alfred Cock, Q.C., who unites in himself the chief characteristics of the scholar and the art collector, and is, further, the terror of the fraudulent company promoter, and to my mind one of our very best advocates; William Willis, Q.C., noted for his learning and the zeal with which he personally identifies himself with his client; Fletcher Moulton, Q.C., incomparably the greatest of "Patent" counsel; J. P. Murphy, Q.C., whose pathetic manner a jury so often finds irresistible; George Candy, Q.C., beloved of brewers, and counsel-in-chief to the confiding fair; J. G. Witt, Q.C., useful in all cases, but exceptionally good in "References"; E. Cooper Willis, Q.C., the Bankruptcy Court leader; and to quote a few out of the many nominally of this circuit, such go-ahead juniors as Cosmo Rose-Innes, well known both in the Chancery and Common Law sides, and who can draw a conveyance and address a jury excellently and equally well; William Grantham, who does well on circuit and has got a sure footing at the Old Bailey; and W. P. Boxall, who takes a part in almost every Sussex case.

When the late member for Southampton was unseated on petition, Candy, Q.C., his counsel in these stirring proceedings, issued his address and strove to uphold Conservative principles in that varying borough. But success was not to be his: in vain did he dare: the publicans retreated before the Union Steamship Company, and Southampton, forgetting the principle that was behind and caring for the interest that was before, reverted to its faith in the Docks.

Many good Radicals were sorry, on purely personal grounds, for Candy is universally liked, is a fair opponent, and does his work very well. And, after all, another drop in the ocean of Toryism would not have done so very much harm in this Constantinopolitan time!

"Oh! Mr. Candy," said one of the many distressed ladies whom he has appeared for in breach of promise cases, "how dare they find he *didn't* promise to marry me? I told them he did."

"The jury thought you were mistaken," was the mild answer.

"Then they're fools," the fair plaintiff declared.

"They would probably take the same view of that statement," and with his usual good-humoured smile he turned away.

Another time, in a similar class of case, he was opposed by a learned counsel who is

celebrated for the strength of his voice and the manner in which he uses it. On this occasion, the said learned counsel had prepared a great oration in reply on the whole case; and, in order to make it emphatic and brilliant, he had written out a number of phrases and proverbs on numbered slips of paper, which he had handed to his junior with instructions to give them to him whenever he asked for them.

All went well until the end, when, having worked himself up to a fine pitch of oratorical frenzy, he said, "Her every chance of happiness is gone. Look at her, gentlemen, weeping there, a ruin of her former self. Gentlemen, you have hearts, and remember"—here he took a slip from his junior and looked at it—"'It's an ill wind that blows no one good.'"

Someone laughed; he turned fiercely round on his luckless junior and demanded the proper slip. This was given him, and with redoubled vigour he trolled forth, "Gentlemen, I adjure you in considering your verdict to bear in mind the glorious adage, 'Do unto others as you would others should do unto you,'" and sat down amidst unsuppressed applause.

Frederick Octavius Crump, Q.C., is also of this circuit, and the wonder attaching to him is that he does so many things so well. In the first place, he is the editor of the leading law paper, the *Law Times;* in the second, he is one of Her Majesty's counsel who is favoured of solicitors, and consequently does a large and lucrative practice; and in the third—to go no further—he is the creator of the Bar Council. Now that there is so much bother and fuss made over catechisms and School Board formulæ, I would suggest that the following questions be added to the official stock:—

"What is the great general council of the Bar?"

"Crump, Q.C."

"Who is Crump, Q.C.?"

"The great general council of the Bar."

This wouldn't nearly exhaust all the learned Q.C.'s salient features; but if the scholar were also taught that he is a successful advocate, a capital speaker both on the platform and to a jury, and a restless reformer, I think the description would about do.

MR. F. O. CRUMP, Q.C.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

The Central Criminal Court is in the public estimation represented by two men; for though no one can fail to admire the enthusiastic eloquence of Geoghegan and the thoroughness of Willie Mathews, and be struck by the ability of some of the younger men—such, for example, as William Clarke Hall, who is a capital prosecutor and good defender of prisoners, and whose skill in argument and knowledge of the criminal law were specially commended by the full Court for the Consideration of Crown Cases Reserved, not so long ago; still, Charles Gill and Horace Avory at present fill the public eye. Of these two, it may be truthfully said that both are very able men. Both have good practices outside the Criminal Bar, Avory especially being blessed with a heavy civil business, which leads him into the Privy Council, Ecclesiastical Court, and other fearsome places.

To speak of them individually: Gill, in

MR. C. F. GILL.
From a Photo. by Barrauds.

spite of a painfully slow utterance, is not only one of our most brilliant cross-examiners, but a very successful speaker. He prosecutes unerringly, but with extreme fairness, and for the defence has pulled off many apparently hopeless cases. His manner is very far from being showy, and the story is told of a burglar, whom he was asked by the judge to defend, leaning over the dock and asking a bystander who "the dreary bloke" speaking was!

It was not a pretty way of putting it, especially as, thanks to Gill's efforts, the criminal was restored to his friends; but it conveys a certain amount of truth. For Charles Gill is much livelier out of court than in it; but his total lack of humour and air of gloomy solemnity are more than compensated for by his many other admirable points. He is a host in the Divorce Court, and personally is a good-hearted, sensible man, who is seen to advantage pretty well everywhere but on horseback! He would make an admirable criminal judge, and must inevitably become one.

Horace Avory has the appearance of an athlete, and in reality bears it out. Since the days when he helped "Corpus" to keep its place at the head of the river, he has never lost sight of "Le Sport." A good shot, a straight rider to hounds, he can foot it merrily in the ball-room, and at his charming wife's garden parties strikes dismay into the hearts of would-be tennis champions. In his work, he is excelled by no one; a most erudite lawyer, he is excellent both in criminal and civil cases, and latent indeed must be the point that escapes him. His serene and imperturbable method of cross-examining is occasionally provocative of a scene; and one I can well remember. A villainous scoundrel, of the well-dressed swell mobsman type, was being taken in hand by Avory, and at last, worn out by the fierceness of the fire directed at him, he put his handkerchief to his eyes, and whimpered, "You'll accuse me of a murder next."

Horace Avory took up and scanned a sheet of paper in front of him, and laying it down said, coolly, "Which murder do you refer to? I have before me the details of four, which it is said you committed."

Like Charles Gill, he will one day certainly be entitled to judge where he presently prosecutes, and sentence where he now defends.

And here I must stop, with the consciousness that it would take fifty times the number of pages to do justice to my subject; but as I have before remarked, one can only do the best possible in the conditions which surround one—and to attempt more is mere waste of labour.

There are many men whose professional positions properly entitle them to notice in these pages, but it being impossible to deal with all of them, it was necessary to make a selection, and that I have done to the best of my ability.

MR. HORACE E. AVORY.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

Komfy and the Nino.

By G. Hawley.

PICTURE a long, rolling sea, and a low, stormy sky; light up the westward with a baleful glow as if a furnace door, leagues wide, were flung open; switch across a thin band of black purple where the lurid clouds join the sea; cover all the water with a sheet of rushing spray like steam; then imagine a hot, roaring wind, driving a tumbled old ship along with a snow-white bed of foam ever rolling from the bows; and you have the *Ariadne*, with Monte Video for the purple streak astern, and the hot "pampero" blowing.

The ship was the last afloat or in a wrecker's yard to take to herself such a name. She was a rusty, paint-begrudged old barque; hog-backed, too. Her sails were ill-fitting, and patched in every seam; at present she did not show much of them. Her inky-black spars were nearly stripped. She rolled and plunged, creaked and groaned, while the crew snugged her down for the gale. They matched the ship.

The men in the waist had stopped with the ropes half coiled on the pins. Something had happened. They were staring aft at the ship's officers, and they in their turn were staring over the captain's shoulders into the cabin. A little mite of a girl, not more than four years old, sat on the locker under the skylight, and soberly gazed back at the heads in the doorway. She had a bright blue cloak round her, and a vivid yellow handkerchief over her curls and tied under her chin. It was like the setting of a bunch of flowers in a marine store.

Now, this ship of all ships was branded "tramp," from her copperless keel to her paintless truck. Since daybreak all hands had been trimming the ship to run, and here was breakfast-time, and the ship snugged down—and a passenger! Never before had one crossed her deck or stowed a trunk in her cabin. And here was one below, and that one, of all people, a helpless child!

"Where did you come from? Who brought you here?" gasped the old man, at the little, yellow-decked head.

"Junie tooked me, an' I'm Belle Steve, d' injineer's nino," said the little one, with confidence.

The old man rubbed his nose and mopped his hot face. "Well!" turning to his officers, "this is a bare pole-sarcher. Nobody know? Here, Komfy, smart, you limb of the dark."

"Ise coming, sah," and the black cook hurried from the galley.

"Who's this?"

"Lady passenger, sah!"

"Can't I see? But who in thunder brought her on board?"

"Lady bro't her at daybreak. Said us take mos' big care of her. So promised, sah."

"You addle-headed nigger. Why didn't you tell her we arn't a passenger boat? Why didn't you fetch me?"

"'Scuse me, sah; you mighty busy in de dark, an' de lady said all her baggage in your cabin 'waiting her ma.'"

"Utter nonsense. Nobody brought any. It's a put-up—— Lord, I see it!" turning to the mates. "Some silly woman has mistaken us for the *Europa*, and here we are howling out to sea and not a ghost of a chance to put back. Whew! Let's think it out."

The court of inquiry adjourned to the deck and the nigger passed in.

The captain scowled at the spreading fire-coloured vapours rolling up astern. Then he cast a sour glance at the trailing foam in the wake.

He wagged his beard glumly. "Guess we'll have enough to do to hold our scalps on before dark. There's no putting back against *that!*"

The officers nodded in unison. He broke out again. "This is a fix! Why, she ain't any togs! Only a stand-up kit. Oh! if my old woman weren't in Bootle."

He moved to the skylight.

"Komfy! get the kid something to eat."

"Dat's what dis son's doing of, sah."

"And something to drink."

"LADY PASSENGER, SAH!"

"Yes, sah! How much water am I to put in d' rum?"

"None, you scallywag. Give it milk and water and some sugar, d'y hear?"

"Mos' certain, sah."

"And send the carpenter aft to fix a berth up for her."

The old man swung up and down, peering under the eaves of his eyebrows at the ever-spreading dull glow, as he paced aft, and at the straining, scant sail, as he paced forward. At every halt he shook his head and muttered: "No help now, she's got to go."

The day wore on and it came to night. The ship was far off the land, and racing over hills and through white phosphorescent valleys of water. She leapt, and reeled, and burst shuddering through the rolling seas. The "pampero" screamed and whistled through the weather-beaten cordage. Men splashed along the flooded decks in short runs, when the watch time came, to relieve the wheel; and the men from the wheel crept limp and aching to the fo'c'sle.

In the cabin the little nino lay in the berth watching with wide-open eyes the black shadows from the lamp crawl to and fro on the deck above. She heard the dull thuds of the sea breaking over the stern; now and again short rushes of heavy-booted men and the flinging down of ropes answered loud orders roared on deck. Ever and again wet oilskin-covered men came in. Then the nino's eyes closed, for the men came softly—though the old ship's timbers creaked and groaned terribly—and gently fastened the bedding more securely in the new bunk. At last the tired eyes closed in earnest, and Belle fell asleep without fear. She had been born on the Pampas, and the town child's little trick of questioning was not hers. She had only seen implicit obedience to her father's orders. And Belle had come down the noble Paraná river a thousand miles, with a kiss from her father, to sail with her mother.

Surely the little nino was not afraid to be among these sailors after passing down the river with half savages. And the wind and plunging ship! What were they after the dark, trackless forests brooding under the noonday sun? And the night time, when they were on fire for leagues, and wild things howled and screamed and fought on the banks, and swam round the boat with gleaming eyes? They

had told her to sleep then, and she had slept. "You must be a good nino," her father had said. So Belle was a good nino.

The morning broke, and the ship had outrun the "pampero." Aloft and on the decks men were busy covering the naked spars with swelling sails. The rising sun brightened the smoke eddying from the galley chimney. It rose higher, and crept under the foot of the foresail, and every time the ship stooped her old square bows a flash of light swept into the galley. Komfy was there resplendent in a soldier's red coat and white belt. It was Sunday morning.

He was scratching his wool in deep perplexity. The fresh milk had been finished last night, yet the nino must have breakfast. On the poop the captain and second mate tramped up and down; they were perplexed, too. The old man wagged his head. "Well, got points about her. My kids have to be coaxed and kissed and banged to make 'em go to bed. Why, bless me, after we shipped that big sea I slipped down to see if she were all right. Not turned a finger! Lay there a smiling in her sleep! However, the duty's to be done, captain, as you say, and more so as we're both married men and nippers of our own."

The two men pulled themselves together and gingerly entered the cabin. The skipper slipped his head out again and sent a square, forcible command to keep the ship steady.

Belle was sitting up in her berth.

"Please, may I get up?"

"Bless your heart, of course. Hold on, now." They helped her out and began to undertake their "duty." The lead-line cask was half filled with warm water, and they commenced to tub the child. The second

"THEY COMMENCED TO TUB THE CHILD."

McBinks, I take it that duty's duty, whether it's a woman's or a man's. Now, being no woman here, and the duty to be done—mind you, none of our bringing—why, we've got to do it. Lucky the little chip ain't sick."

The mate burst out enthusiastically: "Now, that's what I was thinking. This nipper's mate produced a "levy" of handkerchiefs to act as towels.

It was wonderful to see the big, knotted, brown hands of the skipper pat, patting so gently the little, rosy back. Belle was dried, and sat on a reefer waiting orders. The two old men were staring at one another and

then at the little heap of clothes. They were lost in dismay. The skipper whispered —at least he meant to, but it was a good-toned rumble—"Which came off last?"

"Dunno," said the mate, rubbing his chin. Belle said, "Please, may I put my things on?"

Both men slapped one another's knees.

"Now, there's a clipper for you!" and forthwith made a fence of their big fists round her, for the ship was still rolling.

The dressing difficulty was no sooner got over than another cropped up. Komfy reported "No milk!" But this was triumphantly got over in the same way. The little one could drink coffee, and eat bacon.

"Well," said the old man as he turned in, "things don't look so black windward now."

Belle went on deck in the cook's arms. She shouted with delight as the seas rolled up and swept along the old tramp's sides. And when duty called Komfy to his galley, wasn't there the whole fo'c'sle crowd waiting to train as nurses? — sea-nurses, that is.

That afternoon the sail-maker entered the cabin as a dressmaker. He had much advice, though but little material. However, there were some odd remnants of bunting lying in the lockers, and what was lacking in style was made up in colour.

The ship steadily ploughed her casting to get the S.E. trades. As the days went by the nino became a centre from which all things were ruled. It was a dirty day: well, the best hands were at the wheel dogging the old square bows through the seas, as dry as dry could be. It was a fine day: good; a swing was rigged up under the boom, and the nino swung and watched the blue seas run past and saw the clouds solemnly sailing up from the horizon.

But of all her new friends the negro was the chief. On a fine day, and work done, he would seat the nino on the galley locker and shut the weather door.

"Put on soldier," the nino would say, and Komfy presently strutted in with his red coat and white belt and saluted gloriously. Then, as the dusk fell, he and the nino would watch the purple deepening on the sea, and here and there a trembling star peep out from the sky, and watch and watch until the Southern Cross was glittering overhead.

"THERE GOES D' DRAGON."

"There goes d' dragon," the nino would say. Then the nigger's yellow eyeballs shone in the firelight as he eerily whispered, "Whof fo' you call de clou' d' dragon?"

"Dey swallow up de stars at night. See! dere he go, he's eaten half d' cross up!" The nigger would rumble a big, deep "O—oo—aye," and crane his head round the door and whisper in thrilling confidence to one of the watch smoking under the galley lee: "Dis chile in heah *Obee* chile, an' can put d' blight on yo—soh mind!"

Then the hoarse voice of the skipper would roll along the dark deck.

"Bed-time, Belle Steve's nino! Lay along, Komfy. Steady at the wheel while she comes." It was Komfy's part to march aft

and hand her to the skipper, solemnly salute, and return his coat to its box, ready for the next day.

It came to the last day of the casting, and sorrow came on board. The sky was full of dragons that night, and the nino was tired. In the morning her breakfast was untouched. Komfy was deep in woe.

"I'se made it clar an' juicy, whof fo' you no eat him?"

But the little head was weary. It was hot, too, and wanted to keep it down. That afternoon found the old man and the mates sitting round the berth, helpless as children to face the trouble.

The nino was delirious and talking fast in a strange tongue. The medicine-chest was open on the floor, and exposed its shameless array of empty holes and half-filled bottles.

The old man turned the leaves of the medicine-book with his big, rough thumb.

"Now, if it was only yellow-jack or cholera—see, we could just mix up for that—is there enough in that one? Yes."

"But it ain't," broke in the mate. "It's likely one of them cussed shore fevers."

He turned round and replaced the clothes the little, restless hands threw off. The old man closed the book and sat staring across the cabin, ruefully shaking his head.

There came a patter of bare feet, and Komfy's big frame loomed dark against the twilight streaming through the cabin door.

"Cap'n, ship way to wind'ud, big ship, an' mos' shuah of doctah!"

The old man seized the glasses, but the mate took them from him and sprang up the rigging in big lifts.

"Make sail, sir," he hailed down. "She's a passenger boat, dead true." And he came surging down the rigging.

Then the old man's voice broke out, and the hands below tumbled out and leaped aloft. "More sail! Another sweat on the sheet forward there. Stand along, you holy-grub scoffers! Another sweat on the main-tack! Smart now! altogether, make your bowline screech forward there I tell you. Lift it, lift it. That's the style.

"More sail yet! *She'll* stand it. Smart, boys. Hold on all. Home with the sheets. Let her have it! Let her have it! She's got to go. Soh! coil up, men, and get your wind." And the crowd of hot, panting men trimmed the loose ends, and hung on to the belaying-pins from sheer exhaustion.

The old barque leant over, and lifted and burst at the seas; the foam roared in her hawse and over the catheads. It swilled along the decks and burst at the poop-break.

The night-wind roared up with the dark. The reeling masts whipped at the dragons racing up between them and the distant ship. On, and on—there! the far ship had vanished in the darkness.

A rocket flamed up from the barque's deck—another, and yet another; until at last a faint streak of fire shot up on the horizon and burst into a little cluster of falling stars. The dragons could not swallow them, they were too quick. Komfy chuckled as he hung in the rigging, watching. On roared the barque through the dark seas; on, until a shadow began to grow ahead and twinkling lights break out. On, until she swept under the stern of the shadowy mass, from which came the surging volleys of beating sails and chafing gear. A hail came across the black sea.

"What d'you want?"

"Got a doctor?"

"Aye, aye."

"Stand by for our boat."

Komfy was the first man in the barque's boat as it left the side. Before another ten minutes had passed, a skilful hand was feeling the little wrist and smoothing the hot brow, while the grizzled old skipper and his mates gathered round the little ship that laboured so heavily in the sea of fever. Hope and fear, fear and hope, chased one another in the dingy cabin. Hope at last drove fear away to the dragons and the dark, wet night.

"We'll tow the little ship into port yet. Captain, some hot blankets."

"Aye, aye. Hot blankets 'tis, sir!" And away they rushed, and the sparks swirled up from Komfy's chimney. There was running of men like powder monkeys, with the blankets rolled tight and hot under their jackets.

"Captain," said the doctor, in a lull, "you've given us a terror of a chase. We're the *Europa*, and have this little one's mother on board. Don't signal who you are till we get this nino standing into port."

"Aye, aye."

And through the night the men sat round the doctor, and as the little brow grew moist and the little hands grew quiet, they nodded and slapped one another's knees. Komfy at the door, seeing this, passed the news forward in a howl of triumph. And from the Danes, Finns, Swedes, and English of the forecastle a rolling cheer went across the night to the

shadowy ship beyond. Back in its proper time came the answering echo, for it is the law of the Goth crowd that a cheer must be answered by a cheer, and a blow by a blow, the second one being heavier than the one received.

When the sun leapt up (there was not a dragon in the sky) the mother was on board the old tramp. She was kneeling by the little berth, crying and laughing by turns, and kissing the little brown hands.

The two ships were heading for San Roche together: the big clipper with shortened sail to keep pace with the old, square-bowed tramp. Three days thus, and then the *Ariadne's* rigging was covered with her crew cheering three times three to Belle as they carried her up the big ship's side. And all the time the little nino watched the red coat in the rigging, until it was lost amidst the patched and dingy huddle of the old tramp's sails dropping astern.

At sunset the clouds were packed on the horizon, and the distant ship seemed to lose its way among them and disappear. A cloud high up took on to itself a red glow from the setting sun.

The nino cried to her mother, "See, d' dragons have swallowed all but Komfy. See, see, he's climbed up the sky to fight dem. Fight, Komfy!"

"THE MOTHER."

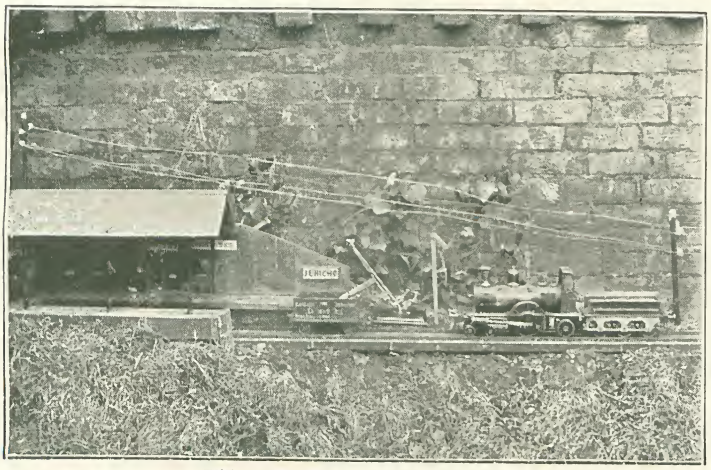
The Chicago-Jericho Line.

PERHAPS the most extraordinary railway in existence is one established in the garden of an English clergyman—the Rev. Harry Lancelot Warneford (1), of 5, Osborne Terrace, Windsor, whose skill as an amateur engineer is only equalled by his success as a composer of music. Photographs of this unique system will be found reproduced in this article; and even from these it is pretty obvious that this miniature railroad is marvellously complete, including all the wondrously ingenious appliances devised to insure safety on the great railroads of the world. Everything about this line is peculiar. It bears the imposing title of "The Jericho and Chicago Railway," and a novel departure is contained in the announcement, that "only first and fourth class passengers are carried." The entire line is exactly 100ft. long, and there are three stations—Jericho, Crewe, and Chicago; the gauge is 2⅝in. broad. It is proposed to convey here, in a few words, some adequate notion of the extraordinary minuteness of technical detail which characterizes this tiny system.

1.—THE REV. H. L. WARNEFORD. "Superintendent of the Line." *From a Photo. by Russell & Sons, Windsor.*

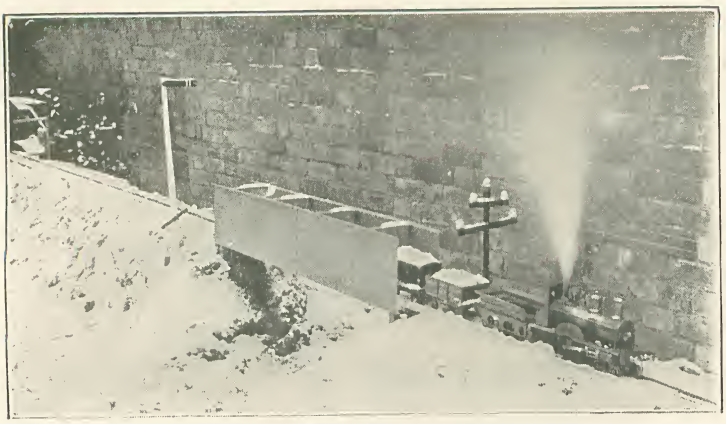
The next photograph shows Jericho Station (2), which, despite its Oriental savour, is adorned with miniature advertisements of a truly English, not to say, Metropolitan, kind. This station is about 2ft. 6in. in length, and at one side of it is a large lever which works the signals all up the line. In this model station there are waiting-rooms and every convenience for passengers; while between the buffers of the stop-block may be seen the button of an electric bell, which, when struck by the beautiful little locomotive, automatically announces the arrival of the train.

The entire railway is constructed on a raised embankment. At first it was a "low-level" system, but Mr. Warneford found that parts of this line were, from time to time, obliterated by pools of water, which settled in the garden and rotted the sleepers. The present embankment is scientifically constructed of alternate layers of earth and ashes, thus insuring efficient drainage. We are assured by Mr. Warneford that there is not a single nail used throughout the whole railway. It is also necessary to mention that the indefatigable superintendent comes of an engineering family: hence this delightful and amusing hobby.



2.—THE STARTING-POINT—JERICHO STATION.

All along the line are "mile posts," exactly 10ft. apart; and indeed, everything is carried out exactly to scale. There is even a tunnel gauge—a familiar feature in railroads, but one whose use is seldom if ever comprehended by the general public. The tunnel gauge consists of a semi-



3.—VIEW OF THE EMBANKMENT AND TUBULAR BRIDGE.

circular piece of iron suspended from a cross-bar. Trucks loaded with goods may be run under this half-hoop, which is the exact height of the tunnels on that particular line. If the piled-up goods touch the gauge anywhere the load has to be diminished. Obviously, then, if there were no tunnel gauges, trucks might be loaded up to such an extent that they would not pass through the tunnels, and would thereby be a source of considerable danger.

On the Jericho-Chicago system there are, of course, beautifully constructed cranes for dealing with "heavy goods"; and a specially made electric battery is concealed at the back of Jericho Station. The signals are marvels of ingenuity; they are weighted with lead, of which 7lb. or 8lb. is used throughout the line.

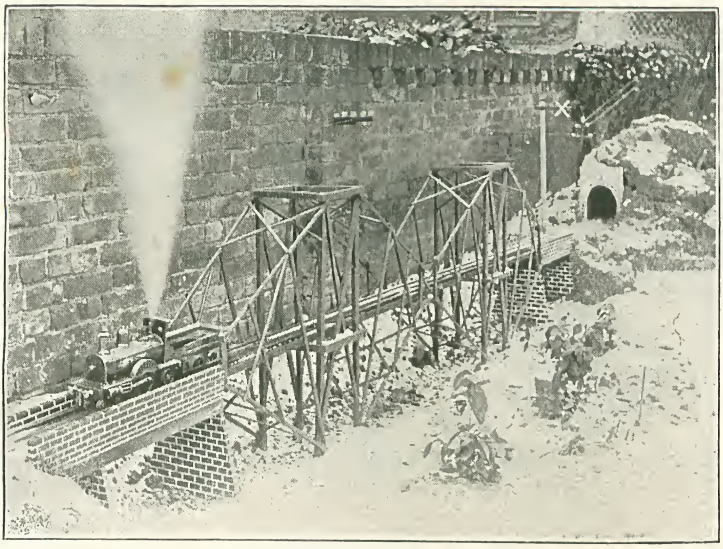
At about 15ft. from Jericho is a beautifully constructed iron tubular bridge, 4ft. long, and this Mr. Warneford had specially built by an ironmonger in Windsor. This bridge (3) is shown in the next photograph, and it is particularly interesting to notice the steam "splash" against the girders above, as the brave little engine rattles swiftly through. The engine, by the way, has quite a little history, and may be said to have originated the entire railway.

This toy locomotive, which weighs about 14lb. when filled with water and ready for starting, was presented to Mr. Warneford about three years ago by a yachting friend; and the genial minister at once set to work running it for the benefit of his two charming children, to the younger of whom—little Miss Dorothy (11)—has been allocated the distinguished position of "General Manager." Photographs of other members of the headquarters staff will be found reproduced on page 579.

"It would not run on the carpet," Mr. Warneford said, speaking of the locomotive when first received, "because, you see, the wheels couldn't get a proper grip. Later on, however, I took up the carpet and put down wooden rails in the room. Next came the outdoor 'low-level' system, about 60ft. long; and then gradually, as in the case with more ambitious railways, the Jericho-Chicago line extended itself until it attained its present proportions. No doubt it would still grow, were it not for the two 4ft. walls which mark the boundaries of our garden."

At about 23ft. from the starting-point is an admirably equipped signal cabin, containing six levers. "The operator is not in just now," explained Mr. Warneford, facetiously, "he is undergoing repairs—being operated on himself, you know!" Outside the signal cabin are little white posts, on which are painted the necessary gradient marks;

4.—SIGNAL CABIN, AND SNOW-FILLED CUTTING.



5.—THE GREAT CANTILEVER BRIDGE.

they are not, however, visible in the photograph.

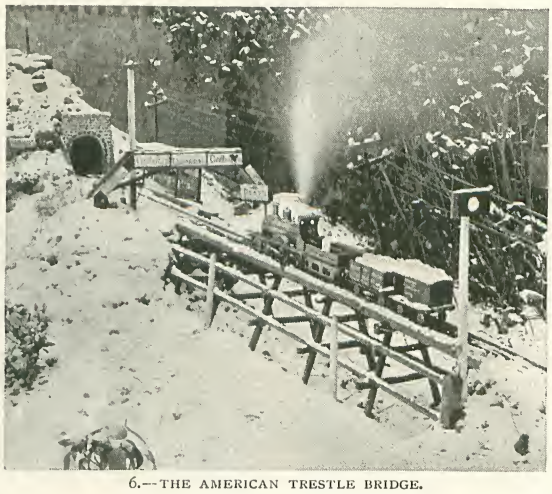
The next thing one comes to on this extraordinary railroad is a deep cutting, which is shown in the next illustration (4). When this particular photograph was taken, snow had drifted into the cutting, and Mr. Warneford immediately took the opportunity of running his tireless little engine through a drift several feet in thickness. For this picturesque operation an ingeniously-constructed snow-plough was called into requisition. Over the cutting, it will be observed, there is the usual foot-bridge for the convenience of potential residents on either side of the line. After the cutting, comes the great cantilever bridge (5), in the construction of which Mr. Warneford took for his model the far-famed Forth Bridge. This beautiful little model bridge is 12ft. 5in. long, including the approaches.

We now reach the centre of the line, where is situated the inevitable tunnel. Over the tunnel is a great mass of earth and bricks, which, in summer, is completely covered with gorgeous nasturtiums; and it should be remarked here that the whole length of the track is, for the greater part of the year, gay with flowers of every kind. Just before entering the tunnel, there is a large printed notice to the driver to "reduce speed"; and here, too, is situated the cabin of the fog-signalman — a real triumph of ingenious mechanism. Out of the side of the little cabin (the whole of which lifts up on a hinge) projects a short, steel arm, which is struck by the engine in passing. Simultaneously, a weighty iron hammer is acted upon, and this in falling explodes a cap and a small charge of powder. At that moment, too, a quaint little signalman, wearing a blue tie and a harrassed appearance, pops his head out of the window, carrying in his hand a stiff white flag.

It is interesting to note the appropriate muffled "roar" of the train as it passes through the tunnel, on the other side of which is yet another notice to "Whistle." Just here is Crewe Station.

A little further on, the track is carried over a "ravine," on a beautifully made American trestle bridge, 5ft. 6in. long (6). Although unique in many respects, the Jericho-Chicago line cannot claim absolute exemption from accidents. One day the locomotive started from Jericho, and all went well until the tunnel was reached. The "under-manager," Mr. Warneford's little son (12), was in charge of the train, and from him we had better take the exciting narrative:—

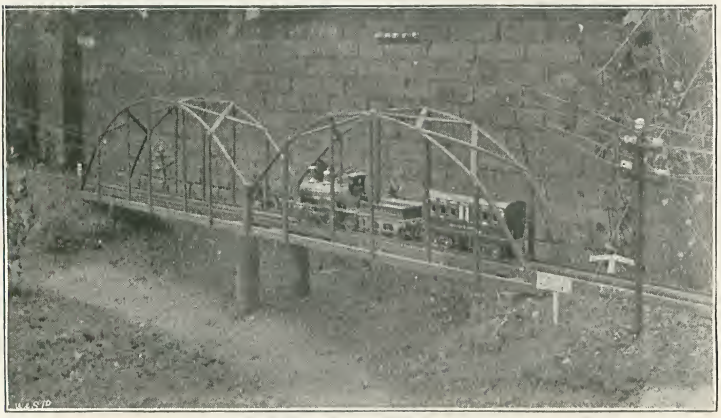
"The day was rather foggy, but the fog-signals near Crewe were successfully exploded. We entered the tunnel at a very high rate of



6.—THE AMERICAN TRESTLE BRIDGE.

speed, and when about half-way through, the trucks (the very ones seen in the photograph) "jumped" the rails. I should explain that, on this particular occasion, the engine was pushing, and not pulling its freight. The moment the trucks became derailed they were wrecked, the powerful locomotive literally ploughing its way through them. Eventually the train did come out at the other end of the tunnel, and was there stopped. A breakdown gang was quickly on the scene, and the main line was cleared in a remarkably short space of time."

7.—THE "SKEW ARCH" BRIDGE.

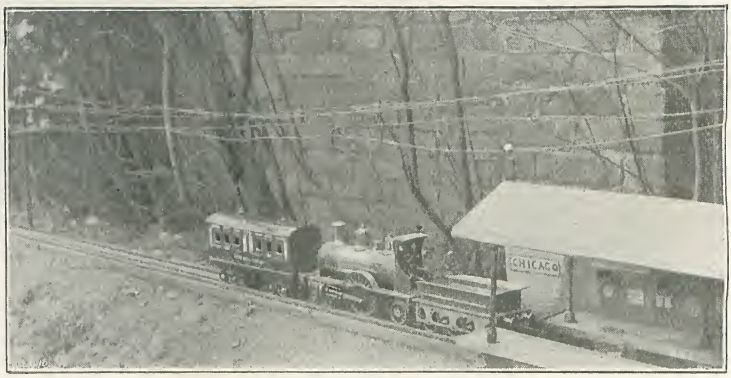


8.—THE DOUBLE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

The next bridge on this wonderful system is what is known as a "skew arch"; it is shown in the next photograph (7). This bridge is 2ft. 6in. long. There is, besides, still another bridge—a double suspension affair (8), copied from one over the Thames on the Great Western Railway, just outside Windsor; and near this bridge there is the usual notice to a heedless public—"Beware of the trains." This warning is far more necessary than the frivolous might imagine. Careless spectators have been known to tread upon one of the "through expresses."

The engine is a correct model of one of those enormously powerful locomotives used on the Great Northern Railway. Methylated spirit is put into the tender, and filters through into the lamp reservoir beneath the boiler.

Asked as to record runs, Mr. Warneford replied that a train has run from Chicago to Jericho in ten seconds—truly an astonishing performance! On one occasion, however, a number of people were present, and Mr. Warneford, as Acting Superintendent of the Line, had his attention diverted from his duties. As a consequence, too much steam was generated, and the engine simply raced away at dizzy speed! It seemed to throw everything on one side, including its own tender, which it hurled down the embankment. The wheels of the



9.—THE CHICAGO TERMINUS.

10.—MRS. WARNEFORD.
"The Chief Inspector."
From a Photo. by Edmund Wheeler, Brighton.

tender were picked up in various parts of the garden; the engine itself was derailed close to the Chicago terminus (9), having run the full length of the line in six seconds! Dear us! Dear us!

Mr. Warneford very justly dwells upon the astonishing amount of detail which has been introduced into his miniature railroad. The signals, for example, are not only correct in every respect, and worked by levers and wires, but they are properly guyed down and have tarred bases, so as to prevent the rotting of the wood.

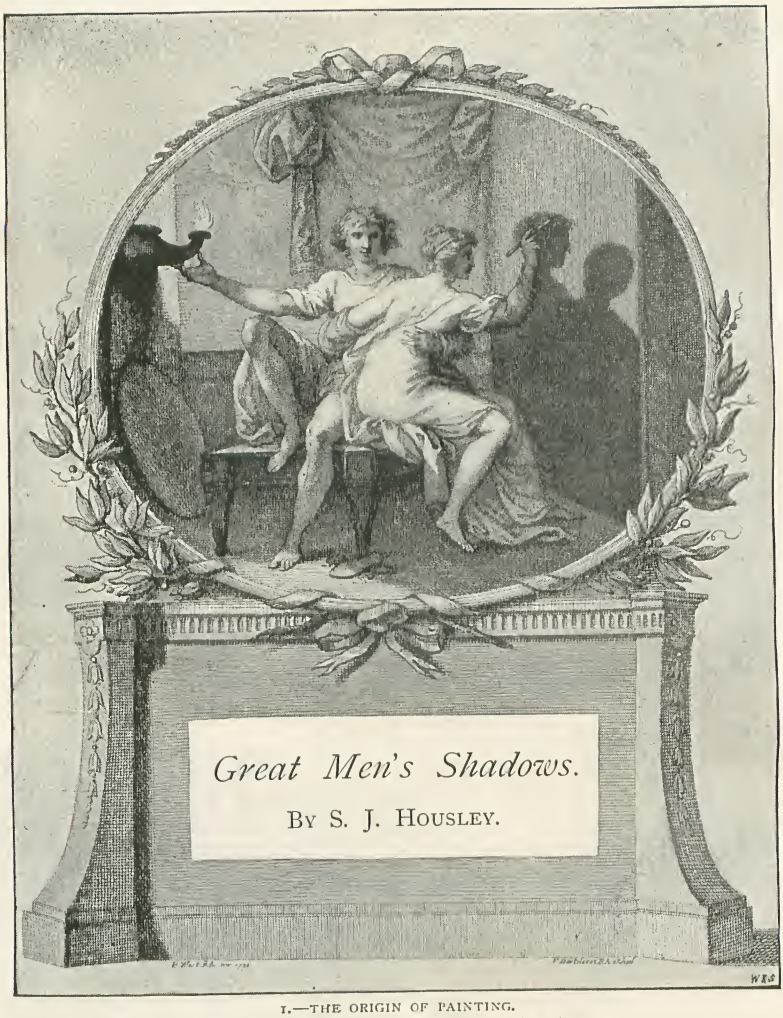
"When we abolished the low-level and commenced on the embankment," remarked the designer-in-chief, "it became necessary for me to have at least one navvy. I lighted upon a young pupil of mine (now in the H.A.C.), who stands about six feet in his socks; and it may amuse you to learn that he had to use the doll's wheelbarrow while at work."

Naturally, the fame of this tiny railway has got abroad, and many people come to see it, including Mr. Warneford's own school-children, to whom it serves as a particularly useful object-lesson. On occasion, a 14lb. weight is placed in the tender of the locomotive. Among the passengers, or rather spectators, have been Prince Alexander and Princess Ena of Battenberg, who came along one day from Windsor Castle to see the railway and honour Mr. and Mrs. Warneford with a long visit. Naturally, the children were highly delighted at what they saw, and the little Prince made Sir John Cowell promise to bring him a second time. "The second time Prince Alexander came," remarked Mr. Warneford, "he was far less shy. He asked many intelligent questions, and manifested a desire to actively superintend the railway."

The photographs which illustrate this article were specially taken for us, and it will be agreed that, were one unaware of the facts, one would certainly imagine that these were views of a real railway, taken from a considerable distance. At the same time it is necessary to bear in mind that the wall, seen in the background of most of the illustrations, is only about 4ft. 6in. high.

11.—MISS DOROTHY WARNEFORD.
"General Manager" of the Line.
From a Photo. by Edmund Wheeler, Brighton.

12.—MASTER WARNEFORD.
"The Under-Manager."
From a Photo. by Alfred D. Kissack, Eton.



I.—THE ORIGIN OF PAINTING.
From the Painting by Benjamin West, P.R.A.

THE art of silhouetting has lately been revived. Many are now living who can remember this fashion of the time of their earlier days, forty or fifty years ago. Indeed, to some of the present generation, the idea of their grandfathers and grandmothers is inseparable from certain curious black pictures, which, in this irreverent age, have found their last resting-place upon the walls of the boot-room, or even the floor of the attic. The art was by no means confined to professionals, nor to portraiture. In the early part of the present century, the cutting-out of figures from paper with scissors still formed one of the common evening diversions of young people, though the subjects chosen by the humble amateur did not often rise above the difficulties of still life, household furniture, chairs, tables, and so forth. Sometimes a performer of more than ordinary skill would attack domestic animals, carriages and horses, dancing figures; while one of higher aspirations still might attempt to represent a panoramic landscape.

Photography has, at the present day, pushed the silhouettist from his stool, while the almost complete abolition of the old holiday fair has done much towards the extinction of his art. However, at great exhibitions—the modern counterpart of the English fair—the silhouettist has again come forward, though he is no longer likely to recover the position he once enjoyed as the preserver of the family likenesses.

The art itself is very ancient. It was largely employed by Etruscan potters of the eighth century before the Christian era in the decoration of their vases; and it is to that time that we owe the legend which is preserved for us in Benjamin West's "Origin of Painting," which is given at the head of this article. The picture sufficiently tells its own story. Art owed its birth to Love, as photography still largely owes its maintenance. However, the silhouette as we know it, belonging to the latter half of the last century and the earlier years of this, is not produced by the method here depicted.

Considerable interest attaches to the history of the word "silhouette." M. Etienne de Silhouette was a Frenchman of note. He spent many years in England, and returned to his native country greatly impressed with the English practice of public economy. His application of these principles, when he undertook the direction of French finance under Louis XV., did not meet with the approval of his countrymen; his efforts at retrenchment were very unfairly scoffed at as the work of a parsimonious cheeseparer, and, like many another ardent reformer, he was covered with unmerited ridicule. Everything that was mean, shabby, or incomplete, from a top-hat without a brim to a drawing in outline only, was dubbed *à la Silhouette*. M. de Silhouette was deeply wounded at this treatment, and it seems quite an unworthy act once more to "drag his frailties from their dread abode." For, happily, the obnoxious significance which once attached to the word has died a natural death, and the term "silhouette" remains to denote objects seen only in outline, such as trees, or a town against a bright sky, and lastly, those shadow-pictures of which we are speaking.

2.—DR. BATHERST, BISHOP OF NORWICH.
From a Silhouette by M. Edouart.

Although, at first sight, outline would appear to be a fatally restricted field for the artist in portraiture, the silhouette has proved itself capable of extraordinary expression of character in the hands of such a master as Augustin Edouart. The accompanying picture of Dr. Batherst, Bishop of Norwich, is reproduced from one of his silhouettes (2). The drawing of the whole, its balance of pose, the force of the general rendering of character, are too obvious to require comment. It is interesting to learn that Wellington boots formed part of the episcopal attire. On the back of this silhouette is pasted the following remarkable list of the charges made by this artist for his work:—

LIKENESSES IN PROFILE

Executed by Mons. Edouart,

Who begs to observe, that his Likenesses are produced by the Scissors alone, and are preferable to any taken by Machines, inasmuch as by the above method, the expression of the Passions, and peculiarities of Character, are brought into action, in a style which has not hitherto been attempted by any other Artist.

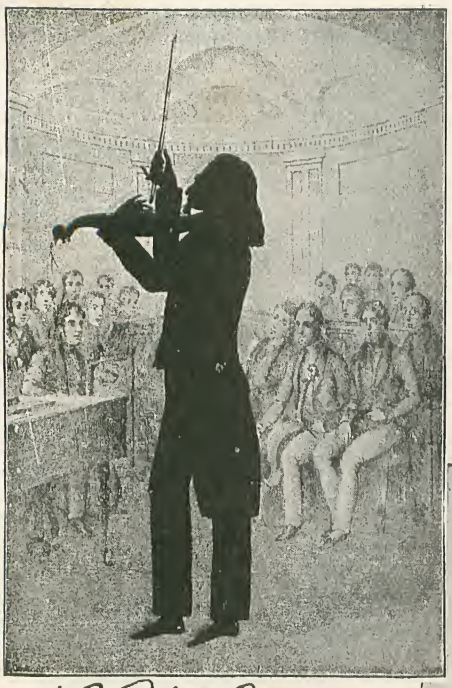
Numerous Proof Specimens may be seen at the house lately occupied by Mr. Trinder, at the bottom of the High Street, Oxford.

	s.	d.
Full Length	5	0
Ditto, Children under 8 years of age	5	6
Profile Bust	2	0
Duplicates of the Cuttings to any quantity, are for each Full Length	3	0
Ditto, Children	2	6

*** Attendance abroad, double, if not more than two Full Length Likenesses are taken.

Any additional Cutting, as Instrument, Table, &c., &c., to be paid accordingly.

M. Edouart wrote a work on silhouetting which is now exceedingly rare, and gives some excellent examples of the art. Among the portraits is one of Paganini, the famous violinist — a particularly fine specimen of drawing (3). The musician's name had become a household word; his skill was such that many refused to believe he could attain such a marvellous execution upon his instrument without the intervention of diabolical assistance. So strong was this superstition that, on one occasion, an impressionable hearer declared he saw Satan in person directing Paganini's bow, placing his grinning face cheek by jowl with the player's. To "add a little corroborative detail to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative," the visionary insisted that Paganini bore a strong personal resemblance to the enemy of mankind—a fact which renders this portrait doubly interesting to the curious in such matters.



3.—

From a Silhouette by M. Edouart.

A silhouette of Daniel O'Connell (4) is also preserved in this work. That comfortable gentleman, reading the advertisement sheet of the

4.—

From a Silhouette by M. Edouart.

Times after his breakfast, looks very unlike a fiery popular agitator, a beggar king, or the persuasive orator whose blarney "distilled from his lips like honey." Backgrounds, such as are employed in these two pictures, are uncommon. The best silhouettists, too, usually indicated no detail in the face, as in the two next sketches. If detail were indicated, it was generally done with faint gold lines.

There is a malicious story told about the appearance of Wellington (5) in his early days. His mother, seated with a friend in a box at the opera, perceiving her son in the stalls, exclaimed: "I do believe there is my ugly boy, Arthur." In spite of a prominent feature, the description was a libel. The Iron Duke was not tall, but of most dis-

5.—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

tinguished appearance. His usual dress, the blue frock-coat and white trousers, is known "to every schoolboy."

William Pitt's nose, said Romney, "was turned up at all mankind." Yet, no one who truly realizes the great statesman's character can possibly subscribe to the accusation implied in these words; nor was the remark true in a literal sense (6). "In truth, no man was less of a prig," says Lord Rosebery, after telling a story of Pitt's youth, which is worth repeating. For the first time, Pitt met Gibbon. "The great man (Gibbon), lord of all he surveyed, was holding forth, snuff-box in hand, amid deferential acquiescence, when a deep, clear voice was heard impugning his

conclusions. All turned round in amazement, and saw that it belonged to a tall, thin, awkward youth, who had hitherto sat silent. Between Pitt, for it was he, and Gibbon an animated and brilliant argument arose — in which the junior had so much the best of it that the historian took his hat and retired. Nor would he return. 'That young gentleman,' he said, 'is, I doubt not, extremely ingenious and agreeable, but I must acknowledge that his style of conversation is not exactly what I am accustomed to, so you must positively excuse me.'"

6.—WILLIAM PITT.

As a representation of character, the portrait of Gibbon (7) would be hard to beat. The famous historian of the "Decline and Fall" was a complete bookworm. Once, indeed, this extraordinary man served as a captain in the Militia, a most uncongenial employment, we may be sure, For him the evil day had one redeeming feature: it gave him a practical idea of military formations. "The captain of the Hampshire grenadiers," he says, "has not been useless to the historian of the Roman Empire." Gibbon was little seen in society; his natural reserve, added to the circumstances of his life, which rendered him almost a foreigner among Englishmen, prevented this. Yet, for eight Sessions, he had a seat in Parliament, at the end of which time he writes: "I am still a mute; it is more tremendous than I had imagined; the great speakers fill me with despair, the bad ones with terror." Poor Gibbon! He was not born a hero. Once he fell in love, but was defeated by the wishes of his father. "I sighed as a lover, but obeyed as a son." The timidity and indecision of his character are admirably expressed in the outline; one can imagine him, tapping his snuff-box — a regular habit —and slowly delivering polished periods out of that mouth, which, "mellifluous as Plato's, was a round hole nearly in the centre of his visage."

7.—GIBBON.

Garrick (9) was a man of a very different stamp. Testimony to his many attractive and even endearing qualities lies scattered in profusion up and down the pages of Boswell's "Life of Johnson." Yet, Miss Hawkins has left on record that: "The natural expression of his countenance was far from placidity. I confess I was afraid of him; more so than I was of Johnson, whom I knew not to be, nor could suppose he ever would be thought to be, an extraordinary man. Garrick had a frown, and spoke impetuously. Johnson was slow and kind in his way to children."

Hogarth (8) received a very different impression of the great lexicographer, when they met

8.—HOGARTH. 9.—GARRICK.

for the first time. He did not know Johnson, whose volubility and excitement in speaking on some favourite topic at first led the painter to suppose him mad. That solution, however, proved inadequate, and Hogarth eventually conceived a great respect for Johnson's power. Garrick's portrait is too generally familiar to need description. Hogarth, says Miss Hawkins, wore usually "a dark blue coat, the button-holes bound with gold, a small, cocked hat, laced with gold, his waistcoat very open, and his countenance never at rest, and, indeed, seldom his person."

In speaking of Johnson, we may recall that it was he who said of George I. (10) that he "knew nothing and desired to know nothing: did nothing and desired to do nothing; and the only good thing that is told of him is, that he wished to restore the crown to its hereditary successor." As if this were not enough insult to heap upon a King who came to rule at England's invitation, Horace Walpole adds: "The new monarch was void of taste," and so forth; but tempers the wind with the admission that George I. possessed "all that plain, good-humoured simplicity and social integrity which peculiarly distinguish the honest English private gentleman."

10.—GEORGE I.

Among amateur silhouettists, Mrs. Leigh Hunt takes a foremost place. She left a large collection of portraits at her death, but, unfortunately, neglected to attach names to them, so that, in the larger number of cases, the connection between her paper-portrait and the person it was intended to represent has been irrecoverably lost. Three of the best, in the judgment of her husband, are here reproduced. The sad story of the last few years of the life of John Keats (11) needs no repetition. About 1820 he went to stay with the Hunts, at whose house he was seen by Mrs. Gisborne, the friend of Shelley, "looking emaciated and under sentence of death from Dr. Lamb."

Leigh Hunt habitually wore, in summer, a sort of gabardine, made of black alpaca, and, in winter, a grey garment of like pattern, of a stouter woollen material, with the addition of a detachable cape, the work of Mrs.

11.—JOHN KEATS.
From an unpublished Silhouette by Mrs. Leigh Hunt.

12.—LEIGH HUNT.
From an unpublished Silhouette by Mrs. Leigh Hunt.

Hunt. To such simplicity the portrait (12) bears witness. In his youth he had studied law, but later took to his pen. With his brother he started the *Examiner*, a paper of pronounced Liberal views, and forthwith proceeded to get into trouble, both civil and financial. Once he was prosecuted for publishing the statement that: "Of all monarchs since the Revolution, the successor of George III. will have the finest opportunity of becoming nobly popular." This proved too much for the Royal pride of even that good-natured King, but the charge had to be withdrawn. The brothers were acquitted on their trial for—a sign of the times—denouncing flogging in the Army. But when they added to a fashionable newspaper's description of the Prince Regent as an Adonis, the qualification, "A fat Adonis of fifty," each of them paid a fine of £500, and went to prison for two years. Surrounded by friends, comforts, and congenial employment, they probably did not find their confinement intolerable.

Shortly after their liberation they joined Byron in a journalistic enterprise, undertaken, on the poet's part, largely to benefit them. And it was while they were staying with him at Pisa or at Genoa in the summer of 1822 that the accompanying silhouette (13) was cut by Mrs. Leigh Hunt. This portrait was considered so successful that it was engraved on copper and published, the following description of the poet's appearance being given below the picture: "He used to sit in this manner out of doors, with the back of the chair for an arm, his body indolently bent, and his face turned gently upwards, often with an expression of doubt and disdain about his mouth. His riding-dress was a mazarine blue camlet frock, with a cape, a velvet cap of the same colour, lined with green, with

13.—LORD BYRON.
From a Silhouette by Mrs. Leigh Hunt.

14.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

a gold band and tassel, and black shade, and trowsers, waistcoat, and gaiters all white, and of one material. The cap had something of the look of a coronet, and was a little pulled forward over the shade. His lame foot (the left) but slightly affected his general appearance; it was a shrunken, not a club foot, was turned a little on one side and hurt him if much walked upon; but as he lounged about a room it was hardly observable. The rest of his person, till he grew fat, was eminently handsome; so were his mouth and chin—fit for a bust of Apollo. The fault of the face was that the jaws were too wide compared with the temples, and the eyes too near one another. Latterly he grew thin again, as he was in England. His hair had been thick and curling, but was rapidly falling off."

Byron and Sir Walter Scott (14) met once at the house of the "great Mr. Murray," the publisher, and several letters remain to testify to the kindly feelings which Byron entertained towards his whilom rival — assuming it as a fact that Scott forsook poetry in despair on the appearance of Byron's greater works. Yet Laidlaw says that Scott "felt the influence he had over his great contemporary's mind, and said there was so much in it that was very good and very elevated that anyone whom he much liked could, as he (Scott) thought, have withdrawn him from many of his errors" — as mighty a task, one would think, as that of surpassing his poetry. The peculiarity of Scott's appearance consisted chiefly in the enormous size of the upper part of his head, which measured fully an inch and a half more in circumference than the part below the eyes. He was also lame, but otherwise was a man of powerful build; indeed, it would have been impossible for any but one of unusual physique to accomplish the stupendous amount of work which Scott successfully undertook.

The silhouette of Her Majesty the Queen (15) was executed many years ago at Kensington by special command. Mr. Pearce, the fortunate artist, was the father of a son who displays no less skill. The latter's portrait of Napoleon III. (16) was taken by appointment at the Hôtel des Invalides, just before the attempt was made on the Emperor's life by the notorious Orsini in January, 1858. Orsini admitted the justice of the sentence which he underwent in the following March.

15.—QUEEN VICTORIA.
From a Silhouette by Pearce.

16.—NAPOLEON III.
From a Silhouette by Pearce.

The remainder of the silhouettes here

17.—DUCHESS OF LEINSTER.

shown are from the hand of Mr. Harry Edwin. It was at the "Wild West" that he executed the portrait of the late Duchess of Leinster (17). Her appreciation of the likeness is the more valuable as she was herself an art student, being the pupil of the sculptor Edward Lantéri. He had frequently attempted to model her face, but almost despaired of ever reproducing the exquisite beauty of its features. On the other hand, without instituting any odious comparison, Mr. Gladstone's features are so strongly marked, so full of character, that an approximation to their force will give a recognisable likeness (18). Sir William Harcourt (19) has been badly treated by the illustrated papers, and it is quite pleasant to be able to give a portrait of him which is not a gross caricature; while, for the edification of the curious, here is a representation of the Marquis of Salisbury as a "black man" (20).

Julian Hawthorne (21) is an instance of the far-reaching effects of international diplomacy. Had it not been for the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, he might still have been an engineer. The loss to literature is attested by the prodigious list of works standing to the name of even so young a man.

18.—MR. GLADSTONE.

19.—SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.

The faces of Tennyson (22) and of Robert Browning (23) must have been at once the delight and despair of the silhouettist. Strongly marked they were. But, unfortunately for the artist in outline, the strongest characteristics did not belong to the profile, but rather to the planes of the faces. The difference of the two characters is plainly marked in the difference of their physiognomy. Browning was the strong, practical man of the world, all geniality and welcome to his fellows on earth. Tennyson was the recluse, the idealist. He loved "men, my brothers, men, the workers," best at a distance. Yet, in his own way, he enjoyed life, and surpassed many an alderman in his cult of gastronomy. In spite of his "Plump head waiter at the 'Cock,' to which I most resort," he knew of a choicer dining place, in Regent Street, where his repast could be conducted with a truly religious solemnity. The story goes that an enterprising gentleman once managed to obtain possession of the menu which Tennyson regularly wrote for himself at this celebrated house, and was heard next day offering for sale "the manuscript of the last thing Tennyson wrote." Convention laid its heavy hand upon the Bohemian poet. When he became a peer of the realm, the distinction was marked by the birth of Tennyson's first top-hat; a fearful and wonderful construction it was: his surrender to popular prejudice was very conditional.

20.—LORD SALISBURY.

With whom more fitly should this series close than with the first and last knight of the stage; whose history is too well known to need repetition, and his features, that his name should be written here? (24).

21.—JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

It may be remarked, in conclu-

22.—LORD TENNYSON.

23.—ROBERT BROWNING.

24.—SIR HENRY IRVING.

sion, that these portraits are not caricatures, with one or two obvious exceptions. They are cut out of paper with a pair of scissors; indeed, a silhouettist has been heard to say that it is easier to draw accurately with the scissors than with the pencil. *Chacun à son goût.* About 1820, an ingenious gentleman named Schmalcalder patented a simple machine for taking profiles (25).

Readers of "Pickwick" will remember the passage in Sam Weller's love-letter in which this contrivance, then a comparatively new invention, received a characteristic description: "So I take the privilidge of the day, Mary, my dear—as the gen'l'm'n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday,—to tell you that the first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colours than ever a likeness was took by the profeel macheen (wich p'raps you may have heerd on Mary my dear) altho it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete, with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter." "I am afeerd that werges on the poetical, Sammy," was the comment of the elder Mr. Weller—and certainly the machine, as depicted in the accompanying illustration, seems hardly capable of the achievements so imaginatively ascribed to it. At any rate, the best professors of the "black art" have never been tempted into forsaking the spirited work of the free hand for the rigid products of mechanical ingenuity.

25.—THE PROFILE MACHINE.

From the French of J. Morand. By Alys Hallard.

IT was New Year's Day, when a little boy of some ten years of age, accompanied by an old servant-man, was walking from Plenhoëc to Dolmen, near Dinan. The child was laughing and talking all the way, and he walked at such a rate that the poor old servitor could scarcely keep up with him.

It was the young Viscount Hervé de Plenhoëc, and he was on his way to the château of the Marquise du Dolmen, to wish her a Happy New Year. He was a handsome lad, upright, and straight as a dart; and his large, dark eyes had an honest, frank look in them that won all hearts.

Presently they came within sight of the old manor-house, with its tower and turrets, and the little Viscount bounded on in his hurry to arrive. Very unceremoniously he rushed through the hall into the long, tapestry-hung drawing-room, which, with its huge, old-fashioned furniture and high ceiling, looked like a corner of some cathedral. A stately-looking old lady was seated, and, indeed, was almost buried, in an immense arm-chair, whilst in the wide fireplace a cheerful log-fire was crackling.

"Why, Hervé, you must have risen early this morning to get here at this time," exclaimed the Marquise, looking admiringly at the handsome boy who had rushed in like a whirlwind.

"Oh, grannie, and I had learnt such a piece of poetry to say to you, but—I am afraid I have forgotten every word of it, I was in such a hurry to get here," said Hervé, ruefully.

"Never mind, we'll have it another time," said the indulgent old lady. "You shall see first how you like your presents."

On a table near were the said presents, some story-books, some games, and—a gun, a real gun! Hervé was nearly beside himself with joy. For two long years he had wished for a gun, but his parents had always been afraid of an accident, and had refused to get him one. His large eyes lighted up with pride and delight as he handled his precious treasure; and, oh! how he wished there were some enemy now before him that he could try his aim at once.

Hervé belonged to a family in which all the men had been soldiers, and most of his ancestors had met their death on the battle-field. His grandfather had been killed in the Crimean War, during the siege of Sebastopol; and Hervé had always delighted in hearing tales of wars.

On his way home again that afternoon Hervé kept admiring his precious gun. The old servitor was carrying all the other presents, but the boy could not trust his treasure to any other hands, and he kept pulling the trigger and delighting in the click it made as he loosed it.

They had gone along some distance when Hervé became aware that a little boy was following them, and as he kept quite near all the time, the little Viscount turned round at last and looked at him. He was a boy of about his own age, but very poorly clad; and the thin, sunken cheeks, and pale face, told of hunger and suffering, while the dark eyes looked so wistfully at him that Hervé said, kindly:—

"What is it you want, little boy?"

"Nothing; I was only looking at the gun," replied the little lad, abashed.

"What's your name?" asked Hervé.

"Tanneguy," replied the other child. "I

live near to your house, and I often watch you riding on your pony"; and then, emboldened by Hervé's kindly manner, the poor little fellow ventured to put one finger on the shining trigger of the marvellous treasure.

"It's one of my presents," said Hervé; "isn't it a fine one? Have you had any presents?" he asked.

The poor little fellow laughed bitterly.

"There's nobody to give me anything. My parents are dead."

Hervé looked at all the parcels the old servant-man was carrying, and he said, eagerly:—

"Choose one of my presents, little boy."

The lad glanced at all the parcels indifferently, and then his eyes went back to the one treasure, the coveted gun, and he shook his head.

"No; books and games wouldn't be much use to me. Can I look at the gun? Can I hold it a minute?"

Hervé handed it to him, and they all three walked along a little way together, Tanneguy pressing the trigger and listening with delight to the click, as Hervé had done. The little Viscount looked very thoughtful, and then he said:—

"And you haven't got a mother nor anyone, and you haven't had *one* present?"

"No," replied the other, sorrowfully, his eyes still fixed on the weapon he was holding so carefully.

Hervé was silent again for a minute. He was having an inward struggle with himself; at length he said, impetuously, as though afraid of allowing himself to hesitate:—

"LITTLE BOY, YOU CAN KEEP MY GUN."

"Little boy, you can keep my gun, because you have not got a mother, or anyone."

Tanneguy gazed at him speechless with astonishment and joy. His pale cheeks flushed and the tears came into his eyes, but he could not find any words with which to thank the little Viscount.

Time passed by, and Hervé went away to college; but in the holidays he always saw Tanneguy, who was employed on a farm on the Plenhoëc estate.

"I have always kept the gun," said Tanneguy, one day, to the young Viscount. "It was the one happiness of my childhood, and I shall never part with it. If ever the day should come when you should have need of one, you can count on me"—and the young Breton's voice vibrated with earnestness, so that Hervé knew that these were no vain words.

"YOU GAVE ME THE ONLY PLEASURE I EVER HAD."

At the age of eighteen the young Viscount entered the military school of Saint Cyr, determined as he was to embrace the career of his ancestors. Two years later the terrible war of '70 broke out, and Hervé, with some of his comrades of Saint Cyr, was appointed officer in a regiment.

No sooner did Tanneguy hear of this than he hastened to engage himself in the same regiment, and this poor young peasant, ignorant and uneducated as he was, proved himself a veritable hero. Their regiment belonged to the Army of the North, commanded by Faidherbe, and after every combat the two friends sought each other anxiously.

In spite of his heroic efforts, Faidherbe was not able to prevent the advance of the enemy. On the 23rd December, 1870, at the Battle of Pont-Noyelles, Tanneguy distinguished himself by his bravery, and was promoted on the battle-field, and Hervé at the same time was appointed captain. On New Year's Day, 1871, they were in camp near Arras, and were nearly worn out with fatigue and privations.

"Captain," said Tanneguy, "this time ten years ago was the day when you gave me the little gun; do you remember?"

"Yes," said Hervé, smiling as he remembered his own childish delight on receiving the little weapon.

"You gave me the only pleasure I ever had in my life," said Tanneguy.

Three days later the Battle of Bapaume took place, and when it was growing dusk and the combat was nearly over, Tanneguy looked round in search of the Captain de Plenhoëc, knowing that he was sure to be found in the thickest of the fight. Tanneguy suddenly caught sight of him struggling to rise from under his horse, which had just been shot dead. A Prussian was advancing towards Hervé with his bayonet pointed at the young captain. He was just preparing to kill his victim, intoxicated as he was with the smoke and the blood all round him. Hervé had only just risen to his feet when he saw the Prussian's weapon pointed at him, and he felt sure that his last moment had come.

Suddenly, a man bounded between him and his enemy, and with a sword-thrust laid the Prussian dead before him. It was Tanneguy, who on seeing Hervé's peril had rushed to the rescue, bounding over every obstacle, trampling under foot the dead and dying, and only just arriving in time to avert the danger.

Tanneguy stooped down, and, snatching from the dead soldier his gun, presented it to Hervé, who was disarmed.

"Captain, you once gave me a gun, let me pay my debt to you with this one——"

"TANNEGUY STAGGERED BACK AND FELL."

Before he had finished speaking, and whilst holding the weapon out to Hervé, poor Tanneguy staggered back and fell. A ball had just struck him and pierced his heart. Hervé grasped the fire-arm, all covered with blood as it was, and, as though in a dream, a vision of the past rose before him, and he saw the wide road in Brittany, where he had given his little gun to a peasant lad!

Mrs. Nansen.

By J. Arthur Bain.

EVA SARS NANSEN.
From a Photo. by Szacinski, Christiania.

"IT was his life-work, and without an attempt at it he could never have been happy. Indeed, so far from using any influence to dissuade my husband from his bold plans, I have always urged and encouraged him to the task."

In these words, there was a touch of heroism. They were spoken many years ago, when Nansen was making preparations for his maiden trip to the Northern seas, and in them lay one of the secrets of the great explorer's success. Since that time the world has praised him for his indomitable courage, and the discoveries that he has made; but through it all, I have remembered the figure in the background—the helpful wife, who understood her husband's life-work and spurred him on to success.

Some time after Dr. Nansen started, I first met Mrs. Nansen. In response to an invitation I had set off for Norway, and at Christiania soon received a characteristic note, written upon news of my arrival. "I shall be very glad to see you at Lysaker," the note ran. "I regret very much that I speak so horribly bad English, but shall do all that I can so that you can understand me."

Lysaker is the fourth station from Christiania, and our way to the Nansen home lay through beautiful meadows and odorous pine-woods. The day was perfect, and the temptation to wander from the path was great. The beauty and grandeur of the scenery stopped us at every step, and as we neared the "Godthaab Villa," at the foot of a wooded hill, and loitered to listen to the ripple of the fjord, we heard a woman's voice in song.

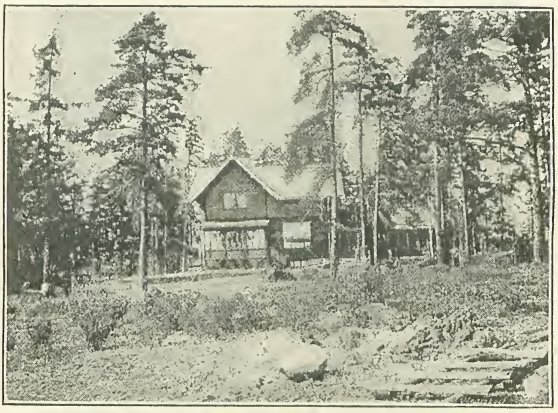
There was no need to ask the singer's name, for Fru Nansen, as she is called in her own language, is the finest romance singer of Norway. The music, sweet and echoing, suddenly ceased, and in a moment the door of the log-house was pushed open, and a trim, *petite* figure stood in front of us with welcoming hand and a smiling face.

That smile dispelled all awkwardness, and made us at home at once. Mrs. Nansen is a dark woman, with all the merriment and warm colouring of a more southern people, although, like her husband, she is thoroughly Norwegian. She wore a dark serge skirt, a cross-over blouse with full sleeves, in the English style of that moment. Again apologizing for her bad English, which, as we soon discovered, was unusually good, she led us to the drawing-room, and with a delightful movement of her pretty hand, said, "This is our little home."

The house is filled with the most exquisite art-beauties and curiosities from all parts of the globe, including trophies and relics from Nansen's Greenland and other expeditions. From the window of the drawing-room we had a magnificent view down the fjord stretching to the sea, and of the fir trees and mountains above. As we stood by the window, looking at the distant scenery, Mrs. Nansen remarked: "I have seldom seen the view to better advantage. He selected the site, and named the old log-house 'Godthaab Villa.'"

"Why?" we ventured to ask.

"To express his gratitude at finding a haven of rest on the west coast after his journey across Greenland."



GODTHAAB VILLA—THE HOME OF THE NANSENS.
From a Photograph.

At this moment a little child ran into the room, and quickly nestled in her mother's arms. A little round face, with beautiful eyes and a head of silky hair—this was Liv, or Life, who was a mere baby when her father went away. She soon sprang from her mother's arms, and her plump little body lost itself in one of the big carved wooden chairs that lined the room.

The Norseness—if I may so call it—is the most striking feature of the Nansen home. In the old Norwegian style, it is constructed of brown pine-wood trunks, and both house and furniture are carved in characteristic old dragons' and serpents' heads. In Dr. Nansen's room, to which our hostess led us through a charmingly fitted alcove, everything is Norwegian, down to the very carpet and hangings. The arms of the carved wooden chairs are formed by the old Norse serpent twist. The quaint wooden walls, consisting of trees, not planks, give the interior quite a backwoods appearance. The study is a delightful spot, and at once affords an index to the tastes of the explorer and the domesticity of his wife. The books on the shelves contrasted strangely with the relics from barbarous and semi-barbarous countries on walls and floors.

"My husband is fond of music," said Mrs. Nansen, "and in his spare moments, I play and sing to him. But he usually has very little time."

A grand piano stood in the centre of the apartment, and we begged Mrs. Nansen to play for us. She did it without hesitation, for music is the ruling power in her life, if we except the love for her husband.

Mrs. Nansen's sister, who, like herself, is endowed with great musical taste, is the wife of the well-known singer and teacher, Herr Lammers. The musical training of Mrs. Nansen was the work of Herr Lammers and his wife. For five years she was an apt pupil, and when she went to Berlin to continue her studies her artistic education was already far advanced. For a whole winter she studied in the German capital with Madame Artot, and gave special attention to the title parts in the operas of "Mignon" and "Carmen." Yet she never became an operatic singer, as she was shy of making an appearance on the stage in that capacity. On her return to Christiania she commenced to teach singing, and this useful employment still occupies part of her time. She frequently appears at concerts; and the music-lovers of Christiania, Bergen, Trondhjem, and other Norwegian towns hail her appearance on the platform with lively satisfaction. The tours which

she has from time to time taken through Sweden and Denmark were attended by conspicuous success. Her assistance, highly appreciated and frequently solicited as it is, is given readily, and with a winning grace that enhances the charm of the favour.

The song that Mrs. Nansen sang for us expressed the character of the woman. It was natural, true, strong in its depths and earnestness of feeling, and destitute of any trace of false sentimentality. "It is one of Grieg's," she said. "I am passionately fond of Grieg and Jansen, and they are among my best friends."

Mrs. Nansen comes from one of the best families of Norway. She is the youngest daughter of the late Professor M. Sars, a Norwegian naturalist of great eminence; was born in Christiania in 1858, and was married in September, 1889. Her father was the talented author of "Fauna Litteralis Norwegiæ."

DR. NANSEN.
From a Photo. by Szacinski, Christiania.

Her mother is a sister of the Norwegian poet Welhaven, a contemporary of Vergeland. The Sars salon is a centre of the intellectual world of the Norwegian capital, both artistic, scientific, and political, reminding one of those Parisian centres of talent and wit of the days of Louis Quatorze. The family consists of four — two brothers and two sisters. Ernest, the eldest, has won distinction in literature. He is classed among Norway's most celebrated historians; and he and the famous Bjornstjerne Bjornson are the chief Radical leaders in Norway. Ossian, the younger son, has trodden his father's footsteps, is looked upon as an undoubted authority in matters relating to natural history, and is the present Professor of Zoology at the University of Christiania.

A few of these facts were modestly given by Mrs. Nansen as we looked at the family photographs. There were several oil-paintings from the brushes of Dr. and Mrs. Nansen on the walls. But among the pictures which were treasured most were two instantaneous photographs, taken at the time of his departure on the now celebrated trip, the first depicting Dr. Nansen gazing through a pair of glasses at his wife from the bridge of the *Fram*, as the vessel steamed slowly down the fjord on its way to the sea; the second showing him in the act of waving his hat to her in a last farewell.

We then showed our hostess a photograph of her husband which had been purchased in Christiania, but when she saw it she shook her head.

"It is very poor. This is the only real portrait of the doctor." And she handed a cabinet to me, adding, "I will give it to you." The photograph is here reproduced.

It was evident that it did not disturb Mrs. Nansen in the least to talk of her absent husband. At the present moment, when the wanderer has returned and the happy reunion has come, the long moments of waiting have been forgotten. But at the time of our visit, the strain must have been particularly hard, yet in her words there was a trustfulness and sweet content. They were prophetic, too.

"Not for a moment," said Mrs. Nansen, "do I doubt his return. Why, if I had not indeed the greatest confidence in his success, I should never have been foolish enough to let him go. The *Fram* may be crushed, but they have special boats in case of that disaster. If they, too, are lost, then they have their lighter boats and strong portable silk tents and sleeping-bags to place on the ice, in which to live, as they drift on or travel over the ice on their ski, for, as in the crossing of Greenland, these will form a special feature of locomotion should the ship be deserted.

"When he comes back," she continued, "he will be quite exhausted. He was tired out after his trip to Greenland and his lecture tour in England. I shall take him away to our mountains, and, perhaps, we may go to England." Then, after a pause, "I love your England. I was there for a few weeks on my wedding tour, and I should like to go again to learn the language perfectly."

For a few seconds we chatted about languages. "I find German the easiest to

learn, and English next. But, French—oh! it is so difficult to me."

We were now seated in the drawing-room, and looking through the open window on the spreading waters of the fjord. The little bright-eyed child was playing in a far-off corner, and did not hear the mother's soft remark:—

"Liv was only a baby when her father went away. Won't he be surprised when he gets back to see how big she has grown!"

We then asked Mrs. Nansen if it was true that she had been on the very point of accompanying her husband to the Pole.

"Yes, quite true. It was his intention to let me go, but at the last moment Captain Sverdrup asked him to leave me at home, and the crew, although they really thought I could stand the voyage, joined the captain in his request. So I stayed at home, and since then have spent my time singing and teaching. But I often think that I might have stood the trip."

MRS. NANSEN AND HER DAUGHTER LIV.
From a Photo. by Gihbsson, Christiania.

There was a good reason for this remark, for Mrs. Nansen, despite her small frame, is one of the most athletic women of the North. Her skill as a skilober is recognised throughout Scandinavia, and she has accompanied her husband in many of his winter ski runs in the mountains and valleys of their beloved Norway. "He candidly confesses," she laughed, "that he never saw me 'done up' but once, and that was after twenty-four hours' severe hill-climbing on ski."

Before their marriage, Dr. Nansen and his *fiancée* agreed that the modes of life of neither should be materially changed; that he should not abandon his scheme of exploration, and that she should continue her teaching. And once, when she was asked if she had no desire to accompany her husband, she answered, "No, indeed, that would be outside the sphere of woman." The desire grew strong, however, and it was but natural that she should want to accompany the explorer into danger. For of such material are wifely women made.

Curiosities.

"DIED ON THE 30th FEBRUARY."

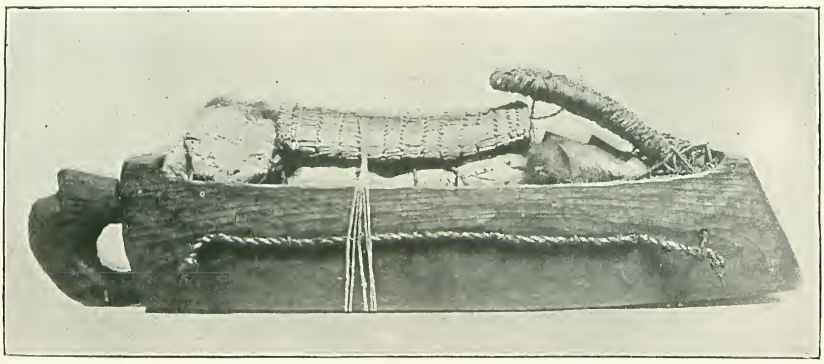
In the floor of the chancel of Adderbury Church, near Oxford, there may be seen at this day a certain monumental brass. The inscription is quite unique, so extraordinary, in fact, that a visitor—Mr. Talbot, of 126, Strand, W.C.—took a rubbing of the brass,

here lyeth Jane Smyth sumtyme the wyf of
George Smyth of Adderbury the
the xxx day of ffebruary in the yere of our Lord
on whose soule Jhū have mercy amē

which he afterwards photographed. We read: "here lyeth Jane Smyth sumtyme the wyf of George Smyth of Adderbury the whiche dyed the xxx day of February in the yere of our Lord MV'VIII (1508) on whose soule Hū have mercy amē." There is no mistaking the three crosses in the brass, and one marvels how the many necessary processes could have been gone through without the error being noticed.

THE FIRST CARICATURE OF OUR QUEEN.

In July, 1831, the Bishopric of Derry became vacant through the death of Dr. Knox, and the princely income of the Bishopric (£15,000 per annum) naturally attracted attention. A great controversy arose as to the probable successor, and also as to the desirability of devoting some part of the income to the increasing of the stipends of the poor beneficed clergy throughout Ireland. In consequence of this, the matter was held in abeyance for some time, except for the appointment, *pro tem.*, of the young Princess Victoria, whom John Doyle, the great caricaturist of the time, seems to have considered the most suitable person for such a royal income.



CRADLE OF THE FLATHEAD INDIANS.

This is one of the instruments of "Fashion in Deformity," and is used by the Flathead Indians of the Columbia River. As soon as the infant is laid in the cradle, a piece of board is brought over its forehead from the back at a certain angle, and fastened by a thong which passes under the cradle. The pressure is increased daily, for six or nine months, until a straight line can be drawn from the crown of the luckless baby's head to its nose. It is from this extraordinary deformity that the whole tribe takes its name.

THE HORN DANCE.

This kind of thing goes on during the September "wakes" at Abbots Bromley, a village on the borders of Needwood Forest in Staffordshire. The "Horn Dance"—which curious custom is a survival from mediæval times—is conducted in this way: Six or seven quaintly dressed fellows, each wearing a deer's skull with antlers, caper through the streets, urged on in their gyrations by another individual "wearing" a property-horse made of wood and cloth. This horseman carries a whip, with which he keeps the dancers moving energetically, whilst a sportsman with a bow and arrow takes pot shots at the excited "deer." In former time, a pot full of cakes and ale was an appanage of the dance, and contributions towards church repairs were levied on all spectators. This photo. was taken by Mr. A. Edwards, of Uttoxeter.

AN EXTRAORDINARY GROWTH OF HAIR.

This astonishing growth of human hair is known as the Plica Polonica, from its prevalence in Poland. The Plica consisted of hair closely matted together; and the above example was sent to Dresden in 1780, after adorning the head of a peasant woman for a space of fifty-two years. It was over 12ft. in length, and nearly a foot in circumference. It was considered fatal to cut it, hence the dimensions it sometimes attained.

UNIFORM OF THE MAHDI'S SOLDIERS.

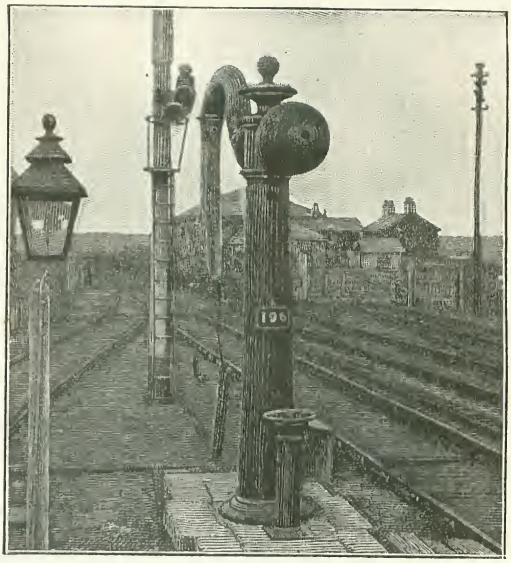
Here we see a coat or tunic of coarse undyed cloth, with several rough patches of dull blue. It was obtained in the Soudan Campaign of 1886, and may be said to represent the "uniform" of the forces of the Mahdi. Rumours are frequently rife that the present Khalifa Abdullahi is in a bad way, financially and otherwise; but this tunic is about the most conclusive evidence of this that has yet been adduced.

FRENCH IMPERIAL EAGLE, TAKEN AT THE BATTLE OF BAROSSA.

At the battle of Barossa, in the Peninsular Campaign, the second battalion of the 87th regiment, after a severe contest with the French 8th Imperial, drove it back at the point of the bayonet. During the engagement, a young ensign of the 87th, perceiving this identical Imperial Eagle, cried aloud to a sergeant, "Do you see that, Masterman?" He then rushed forward to seize the trophy, but was shot in the attempt; the sergeant, however, instantly avenged his death: ran his antagonist through the body, cut down the standard-bearer, and took the eagle, which was subsequently brought to England with eight others.

QUEER PLACE FOR A BIRD'S-NEST.

For fourteen years some starlings have built their nest regularly in the big ball on the arm of the water pipe seen in this photo. The birds enter and leave by the hole, and seem very tame. The thing is all the more curious in that the foot of the pipe is only 4ft. from the metals, and many trains thunder by daily. The photo. was sent in by Mr. Geo. Wright Hodgson, who states it was taken at the end of the platform at Filey, about eight miles south of Scarborough.



"CHARGING THE RETORTS."

This is one of the most successful flash-light photos. ever taken. It is the work of Mr. Fred. Marsh, of 7, Caxton Terrace, Henley-on-Thames. Mr. Marsh selected the interior of a gas works, as being the most impossible place imaginable in which to take ordinary photos. Save for the glow of the furnace, this "subject" was in utter inky darkness; the time is a quarter to ten at night. The stoker is shovelling coal into one of the retorts, from which *dense black* smoke is issuing. The steam rising from the ground is caused by water being thrown on the red-hot coke that has just been raked out of the retort.

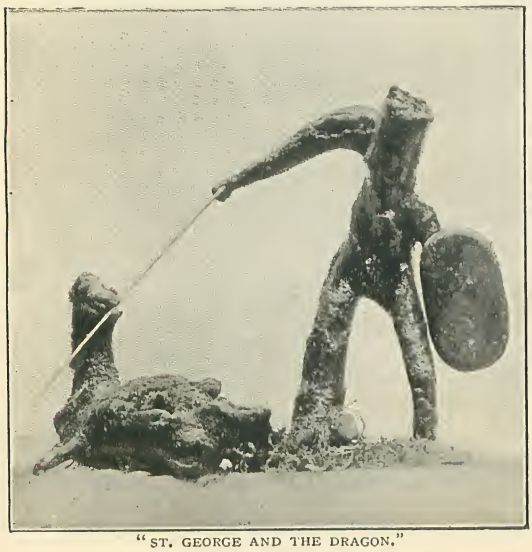
"PROPERTY RIDING ON POVERTY."

"ST. PATRICK DRIVING THE REPTILES OUT OF IRELAND."

A STRANGE MUSEUM.

The droll pictures on this page are from photos. of natural roots and pieces of branches in the museum of Mr. James Langley, Old Malt House, Slough. Mr. Langley keeps his curiosities in an outhouse, and has collected them during his thirty years' experience as a mail-coach driver. These strange freaks are almost wholly untouched by hand. They were picked up in various private parks and forests, and provided with little "properties" (such as St. George's sword, etc.) for adventitious effect, when necessary, and were then christened with much ingenuity. Notice the magnificent dignity of St. Patrick, and the shamefaced-ness, so to speak, of the accursed reptiles. Then consider the obvious valour of the redoubtable St. George, and the truculent appearance of the doomed dragon. "Irish Loyalty" displays "just a leetle" too much hilarity to be decorous; but the strangely titled "Property Riding on Poverty" points a moral and adorns this tale. The flint christened "Diplomacy" bears an amazing likeness to Lord Beaconsfield. This same flint is absolutely natural, save that parts have been rubbed with chalk to accentuate the features. Those funny dogs, "Fidelity" and "Ferocity," are like all the other wooden roots, strangely shaped but perfectly natural.

"FIDELITY." "DIPLOMACY." "FEROCITY."



"ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON."

"IRISH LOYALTY."

"THE EMPEROR THEOPHILUS CHOOSING HIS WIFE" (1891).

An incident from Gibbon. All the most beautiful maidens assembled in a row, down which the Emperor walked, and presented a golden apple to the one approved.

Illustrated Interviews.

No. LI.—MR. VAL C. PRINSEP, R.A.

By Framley Steelcroft.

IN stature, a burly giant of nearly six feet three; in worldly wealth, rich; in reputation, a painter of distinction. Mr. Val Prinsep is one of the most conspicuous figures in contemporary artistic and literary circles—to say nothing of *le monde ou l'on s'amuse*. It was at Eastbourne that I first met him, and in order to communicate to me a few anecdotes and funny stories out of his opulent memory, he had to raise his voice above the terrific "swish" of the storm-lashed sea without.

The Prinsep family is intimately associated with India. Young Valentine was born in Calcutta in 1838, his father (who had been a member of the Indian Council) returning to England when the boy was five years old. After living for some time in Hyde Park Gardens, Mr. Prinsep senior migrated to Little Holland House, a sweet, old-world, red-tiled manor-house, long since demolished; it had four acres of garden.

From this time onwards the home of the Prinseps became the resort of art and literature as typified by such men as Tennyson, Thackeray, Tom Taylor, "Dicky" Doyle, Millais, Leighton, Holman Hunt, Rossetti, William Morris, Browning, Watts, Burne-Jones, and a host of others. No wonder, then, that young Prinsep early evinced a love of art, and a distaste for the Indian Civil Service, for which he studied at Haileybury and was originally intended.

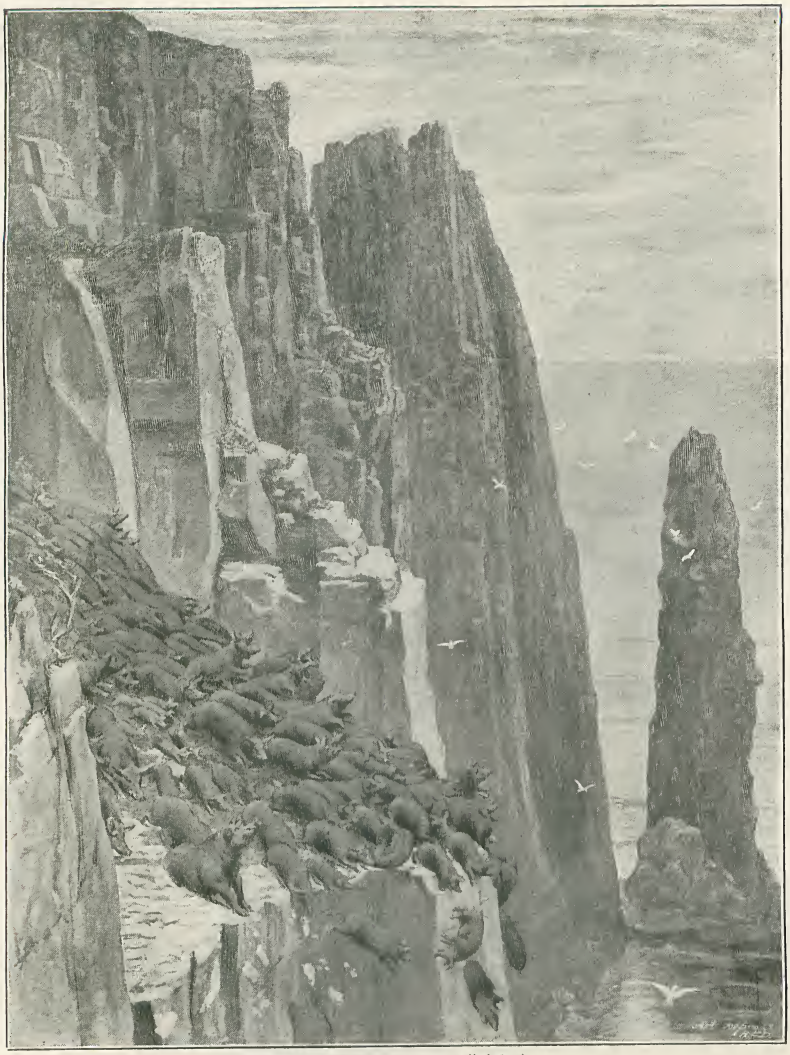
At this time his father was growing old, and, doubtless, reasoned within himself that it would be a good thing to have at least one son at home. Said he, "Well, if you really *want* to be an artist, I'll give you so much a year for ten years"; and the thing was done.

MR. VAL C. PRINSEP, R.A.

The beautiful picture on which Mr. Prinsep is engaged is called "Summer Fading Away at the First Touch of Winter." The chair in the background is a Chinese one, scarlet in colour, presented to the painter by Rossetti (who had several) at the time when Mr. Prinsep was painting "Chinese" Gordon at Chatham.

Watts, who was very intimate with the family, was the lad's first master. Later came the usual sojournings abroad, on which account are artists the envy of the less-favoured professions. "When I was twenty-one," said Mr. Prinsep, "I went over to Paris to study drawing under Gleyre." Poynter, Du Maurier, and the inimitable Whistler had just left the *atelier* of the same master.

One of the earliest events in young Prinsep's career was his visit to Budrum, the ancient Helicarnassus, where he stayed six months. He and his master, Watts, got attached, through Lord Lansdowne's influence, to Sir Charles Newton's expedition, which was sent in H.M.S. *Gorgon* to Asia Minor to discover the site of the mausoleum which was one of the Seven



"THE GADARENE SWINE" (1874).

"... And, behold, the whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters."—Matt. viii., 32.

Wonders of the World. "This expedition had a strong influence on my artistic ideas"; but it didn't exercise a restraining influence on his exuberant spirits. He jumped over walls, and climbed over houses. Now, the dignified Turks in those parts thought the whole expedition mad enough, but the young artist they viewed with special admiration—for him they named "Tolos," meaning "the hailstorm." Why, at Budrum, he once took a donkey by the scruff of its neck and pitched it into the water, just to see if it could swim!

Rossetti, whom Mr. Prinsep met at the age of nineteen, was the man who influenced him most. The great pre-Raphaelite came one day to Little Holland House, and said to his *protégé*, "Come down and paint a thing at Oxford." When I explained that "I couldn't paint," "That makes no difference," he said, "you'll learn." The facts were these: The Union Hall at Oxford was built by Woodward, a friend of Rossetti, and therefore the decorations were intrusted to the latter. To William Morris was intrusted the painting of the ceiling, and a nice mess he made of—himself. What with paint on hands, clothes, and face, you wouldn't have known him for a "human." An Oxford don came through one morning, adjusted his glasses deliberately, and looked up at Morris.

"Could you tell me, my man: what are the subjects of the frescoes derived from?"

Morris glared down (he presented an awful spectacle), and roared out: "'Mort d'Arthur.'"

The don was sorry he spoke; he went away, feeling hurt and insulted, and forthwith wrote a letter of complaint to Rossetti about the rudeness of his "workman."

"My own painting," remarked Mr. Prinsep, "was 17ft. long; the subject was 'Sir Pelleas and the Lady of the Lake.' There were ten altogether. Burne-Jones painted one also. We all finished our work to the best of our ability, which was not great; but Rossetti left his, 'The Dream of Lancelot,' unfinished.

Mr. Prinsep recalls no end of stories about this merry Oxford business, which lasted several months. At this time poor Morris indulged the hobby of manufacturing armour. He was giving a party at his rooms one evening, when a consignment of tilting helmets was brought by the blacksmith he employed. "Please, sir," piped the servant, as she threw open the door, "*the man's brought your pots!*"

"Rossetti, Morris, and myself were once invited to dine at Christ Church, but it was found that Morris's wardrobe was deficient, at which Rossetti was very wroth. He borrowed a dress-suit that was made for a thin man, whereas he was stout. The master looked him up and down, and then wrathfully told him to look in the glass. Morris did, and saw that a huge streak of paint adorned one side of his face; decidedly matter out of place. At last we set out, but the moment Rossetti threw off his overcoat at our destination, we roared with laughter; the tables were turned. Rossetti, the great stickler for propriety, had put on a dress trousers and vest right enough, but clean forgot all about the coat. There he stood in his old plum-coloured painting jacket!

"At the various dinners we gave," pursued Mr. Prinsep, "Rossetti — always a great admirer of Morris—used to call upon him to recite one of his 'grinds'—poems, that is. Times beyond number did Morris respond, sitting curled up in his chair, whirling his watch-chain with one hand and gesticulating with the other, whilst his admirer punctuated the recitation with embarrassing demonstrations.

"HOME FROM GLEANING" (1875).

"Rossetti himself, though, had a way of making quaint little rhymes at the expense of his friends. He criticised as puerile the decorations executed by Mr. Burgess, R.A., and would burst forth as follows:—

> There is a poor fellow named Burgess,
> Who from childhood never emerges.
> Unless you were told he's disgracefully old,
> *You might offer bulls'-eyes to Burgess.*

Burne-Jones, William Morris, and all his friends likewise came under the lash."

Rossetti was one of Mr. Prinsep's most intimate friends. He loved his London, and would roam the streets at four o'clock in the morning. "He and I were one morning

walking through Seven Dials, when a rough-looking fellow was suddenly noticed walking level with us. I stopped and asked our friend if he wanted to fight. 'No,' was the reply, 'you're too big for me; but I'll take on the little 'un'—meaning Rossetti. After a moment's pause, the man continued, 'An' I dessay *you* cud be accommodated rahnd the corner.' 'For God's sake, let us get out of this,' muttered Rossetti, hurriedly."

Mr. Prinsep was something of an athlete in those days. "I used to go boxing at Reade's, in Half Moon Street," he told me. "On one occasion Rossetti and I went to a pugilistic benefit at the Rotunda, in Blackfriars Road. Presently a nigger came on to spar. After the first round, the combatants retired to their respective corners for the usual treatment. The nigger leant back to be fanned, and cast up his big eyes.

"'Look at him,' said Rossetti, merrily; 'Uncle Tom aspiring to Heaven.'" And the whole house rose at the remark.

But Rossetti had always some dictum ready to fire forth. Speaking of Millais, he once declared, "He never likes his own pictures, and hates everybody else's"—a pronouncement that was far from being true, however.

After returning from Paris, Mr. Prinsep took a studio in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, and there settled down to work. Here he painted his first picture—"The Queen was in the Parlour, Eating Bread and Honey"—which was exhibited in 1860, at the Hogarth Gallery. Mr. Frank D. Millett now owns that picture. About this time, too, he went to Italy with Sir Edward (then Mr.) Burne-Jones. "We called on Browning at Siena," he said to me, "for we had a letter of introduction to him from Rossetti. We came upon his villa about dusk, and I remember he was just seeing off into their carriage William Story, the American sculptor, and his wife. While we were waiting for him, Landor came into the hall and accosted us with a remark about the glorious sunset."

"THE LINEN-GATHERERS" (1876).
Painted by Mr. Prinsep from some Cornish women.

Mr. Prinsep's adventures and incidents in the Italian cities would fill a vastly amusing book. There were the evenings in Rome, at a little *osteria*, kept by one Gigi, when the extraordinary game of "Pasatella" was in hilarious progress on Saturdays. Pasatella, by the way, may be briefly described as a

Bacchanalian gambling game. At this *osteria* Browning, Story, and many others were entertained by Mr. Prinsep and his friend Brandon, a French artist long resident in Rome.

"At Gigi's," remarked Mr. Prinsep, "we used to have music, varied occasionally with poetic duels. One poet would reel out a line, for which his opponent would have to find a rhyme, and this rhyme, if lame and bad, was promptly hooted by the company. Browning was often present, and he was always a highly diverted spectator.

"One glorious night after dinner we thought we would have an *alfresco* moonlight concert in the Colosseum. We put the band in one van and followed in another. The quiet citizens heard the uproar as we drove past, and muttered in their mellifluous tongue, 'Hark! Someone has won the Lotto'"—a public gambling game.

In 1861 we find Mr. Prinsep back again in England, and soon after this he painted his first Academy picture, "Bianca Capello," getting his subject from an incident in Florentine history. In '55, by the way, Leighton came to the Prinseps' house with an introduction to Watts, and virtually from that date until his death the great President continued to be the most intimate friend of the subject of this interview.

In 1864 Mr. Prinsep commenced building his present superb residence, 1, Holland Park Road, but was in Venice most of the time. Whilst in that matchless city he painted the "Festa di Lido," a picture 10ft. long, and one with a history.

"I had it in my house for several years," remarked Mr. Prinsep to me, "when one day a man named Green called, and wanted to buy some of my pictures. He bought the 'Festa di Lido.' Years after, I had a letter from a gentleman, asking if I would touch up for him a picture of mine which he had in his possession; he said it was called 'Venetian Songbirds.' I didn't remember a picture of that name, but I asked to see it. It turned out to be part of the 'Festa di Lido,' whose enterprising purchaser had cut it into three parts and sold these separately, thereby making a jolly good thing. Later on a dealer asked me to do something to a baby's face in a picture belonging to *him*. He said it was sold to him as being my work. It was, being yet another section of my big Venetian picture."

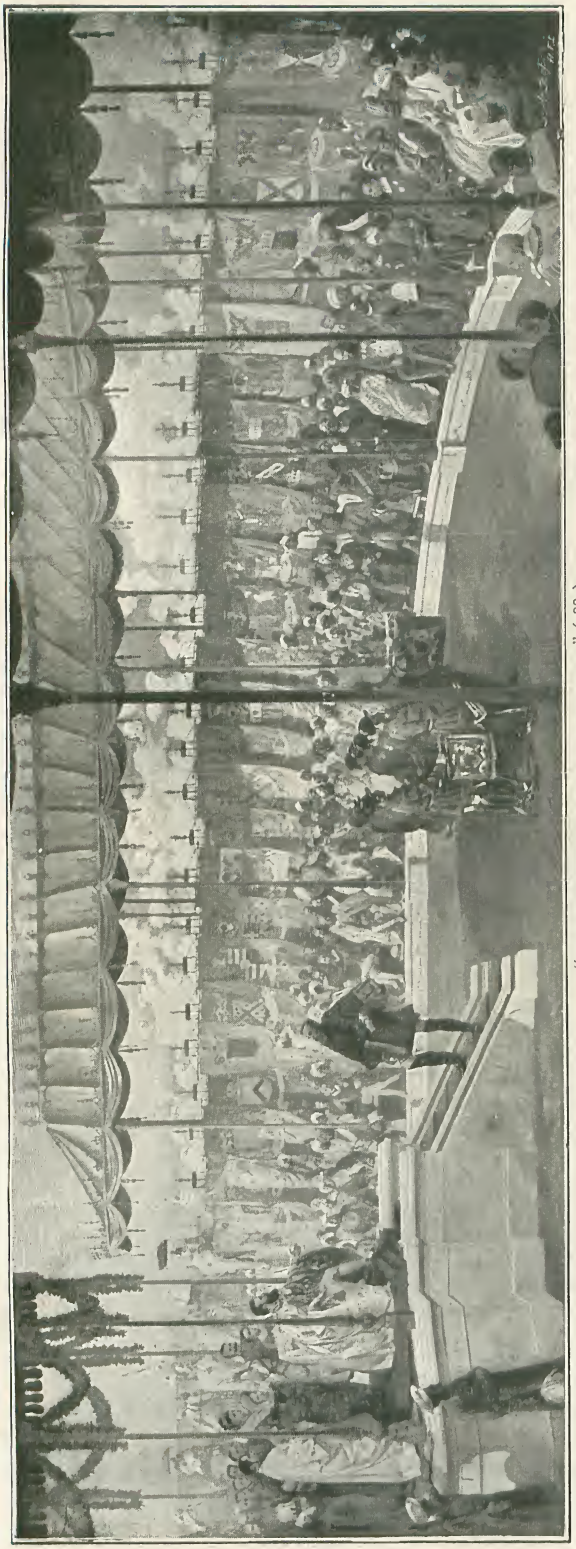
I expressed surprise at this. "Oh, that's nothing," replied Mr. Prinsep, cheerily. "Watts got first prize for drawing at the Westminster Hall competition in '47. His cartoon was sold to an enterprising lithographer, who had the drawing cut up and the parts lithographed and sold wholesale to schools as copies."

We now come to one of the most important episodes in Mr. Prinsep's career. In 1876 he was officially approached, and asked if he would paint a great historical picture, which was to be presented to the Queen-Empress by the Rajahs of India. He accepted the commission on the terms of £5,000 and a passage out. A bonus of £600 was afterwards added, but the picture never paid the artist; it involved three years of incredibly hard work.

Mr. Prinsep landed at Bombay about Christmas, 1876, arriving at Delhi just as the camp was being formed. He went here and there with the Viceroy, Lord Lytton, and remained at Delhi about a month.

The great picture measures 27ft. by 13ft., and contains 150 portraits; wherefore had native princes of various sorts and temperaments to be visited and painted at their own remote residences. The powers that were seemed to think the whole thing a surprisingly simple matter — just a few sketches, taken during the great Durbar itself, and then a quiet time in the studio.

Now, about the necessary individual sittings. "I was to have painted Scindia first, but he begged to be excused, so Holkar was my first victim. He got tired of sitting and yawned, whereupon all the Court standing round snapped their fingers to keep the devil from jumping down His Highness's throat." Mr. Prinsep soon grew accustomed to Indian ways. When he got into this same Maharajah's presence, he dashed forward to help a clumsy servant to unpack the requisite impedimenta, but was restrained by the British Resident, who pointed out that the most microscopic approach to "manual labour" was considered low and degrading. The artist took and profited by the hint. "Afterwards," he tells me, "I grew so great a personage, that if a spot of paint got on to my finger-tip, I would lean back languidly while an attendant wiped it off." Holkar on one occasion grew especially impatient, and manifested it in unmistakable fashion. Said Mr. Prinsep, earnestly: "If the great God took five-and-twenty years to make you as beautiful as you are (Holkar was over fifty), how can you expect me to paint you in as many minutes?" Which masterly and diplomatic "poser" immediately restored the prince's equanimity.



"THE IMPERIAL ASSEMBLAGE AT DELHI" (1880).
Presented to the Queen by the Rajahs of India. The Viceroy, Lord Lytton, proclaiming the Queen as Empress of India before the native rulers.

Apparently the native rulers of India were bursting with loyalty at this time.

"One venerable gentleman—Nabha—had a man grinding 'God Save the Queen' on a hand-organ as we entered his tent. Jheend had a band of bagpipes, and gave us 'God Bless the Prince of Wales.' His pipers were sooty black, but wore pink leggings, in order that they might in some slight degree resemble the Highland originals."

Some of the rajahs were not exactly complaisant, and others very difficult of access. Occasionally, Mr. Prinsep couldn't wait to complete a sketch, so he would take away with him the prince's uniform—in many cases a very costly dress indeed. One native potentate—Scindia—flatly refused to part with his coat. Mr. Prinsep then took aside the rajah's son, and threatened that if the garment were not forthcoming he would be compelled to complete the painting of the costume from that worn by his own cook! After the next sitting, as the artist was leaving the palace, the Maharajah's son came running after him with the much-desired coat and pugaree.

They are *sui generis*, these rajahs. One, the Rajah of Bhoondi, would not eat in a room in which a European had been, and he always indulged in a wash after shaking hands with one. The wives of another were never visible, no, not even to a doctor when they lay dying. The doctor was told *he must feel the pulse of one of the servant women*, and prescribe for the Ranee thereafter! Again, Jeswant Sing, of Rutlam, the head of the Rajpoots of Malwa, had an enormous and most elaborate pugaree, which he said was invented by his grandfather, and took him two hours to tie. "No more idea of time than a sitting hen," commented Mr. Prinsep, sadly, on one Rajah's unpunctuality.

Mr. Prinsep never passed such a trying year. It was all trying—mainly to get his material together. He confesses to have composed doggerel verses at the request of

the *Charun*, or Court Bard, at Oodeypore—anything for conciliation. He witnessed elephant and buffalo fights, was thrown from his pony in the Liddar Valley over a wooden bridge and into a swift stream, and waited five weeks in Kashmir for three sittings from the rajah and his son. Yet, in spite of various trials and troubles, he had an eye for humour. He noticed at Benares that the oars of the *high-class* boats consisted of bits of board nailed on to broom handles; which leaves us wondering what the low-class craft were like; and his grocer at Simla had a large sign over the door, "LICENSED TO SELL WONDERS."

Mr. Prinsep relates the following incident which happened to a lady friend of his on leaving Simla. During her stay in the hills, she had engaged several servants, and on leaving wished to dismiss them. All, of course, demanded *chittis* or written characters, which were cheerfully given. What was the lady's astonishment on arriving at the booking office (whither she had sent her belongings the previous day) to find that her luggage had been refused as "insufficiently labelled." As a fact, the labels were the servants' characters—"Gundha, an excellent bearer, stayed with me three months," etc.—while the servants themselves had gone off contentedly with the baggage labels—"Mrs. ——, passenger to Umballa"!

"My host at Khundwa," said Mr. Prinsep, as he reached himself another cigar, "told one or two curious tales of the jungle around. This one, which I remember, is original: A telegram was received at Khundwa station from somewhere down the line, 'Tiger dancing on platform. Pointsman run away. Line not clear. What for do?' The tiger was shot next day, proving the truth of the message sent by the local Baboo station-master."

Now and then, one of the native princes would manifest some real interest in the great projected picture. Thus: "Tukaji Rao Holkar requested me to paint him fat, as he was at the Assemblage (he had been ill), and not as he was at the moment of being sketched." He rather prided himself on his bulk, did Tukaji, of whom it was said that he could eat a whole wild boar at a sitting.

Well, we must get on. The next stage is a command from the Queen, which necessitated the conveyance to Windsor of

"DEATH OF SIWARD THE STRONG" (1882).

An incident from Freeman's "History of the Norman Conquest." Siward, Earl of Northumberland, was a great warrior, and, feeling death upon him, he caused his armour to be put on, and was, by his own request, removed out of doors to die.

all the sketches for the great picture. These went in a van—forty kit-kats and more than as many smaller sketches. They were ranged all round against chairs and things in the White Drawing-room, overflowing into the adjoining Green Drawing-room. Mr. Prinsep himself acted as *cicerone*, and his interview with Her Majesty lasted nearly an hour.

At length, three years after the acceptance of the commission, the "Imperial Assemblage at Delhi" was an accomplished fact—or, rather, picture. It was painted in three sections of 9ft. each, and blotted out everything else in Mr. Prinsep's splendidly spacious studio. The oak frame cost £300, and weighed two or three tons. The artist painted every Saturday, the recipients being poor, deserving old women, and the scene, the Chapter House of the Cathedral. Mr. Prinsep having resolved to portray this interesting ceremony, got together all the old ladies and induced them to give him sittings in a local auctioneer's room. Truth to tell, they were almost as troublesome as the rajahs. One of them, old Mrs. Savage, was one day accosted by the canon, who asked her who she was. The reply was voluble and startling: "Savage I am by name and savage by nature. I don't need to ask who *you* are—I know you by your cross face. You're Canon ——"; which was surely enough to crush even a canon.

"THE SATURDAY DOLE" (1882)—"FOR THE BREAD OF THE NEEDY IS THEIR LIFE."
Aged women receiving a dole of bread in the Chapter House of Worcester Cathedral.

another picture each year he was engaged on the big painting, just to keep up the tradition of the Academy.

In due time, Mr. Prinsep exhibited "The Imperial Assemblage" in the Academy Exhibition of 1880. He had been made an A.R.A. the previous year. Soon afterwards the huge canvas was dispatched to Buckingham Palace, where it may now be seen in the Princess's Corridor; the mere removal from Burlington House cost £25.

But this is not by any means the only one of Mr. Prinsep's pictures which has a history. Take, for example, "The Saturday Dole." It seems that an old charity in Worcester provides for the distribution of a lot of bread

Another vain old thing of ninety odd complained bitterly to the painter: "You're all wrong, that's what you are. *My eyes is be-lue.*" As a fact, her face could scarcely ever be seen, solely because her form was bent double.

The "Gadarene Swine" is yet another picture whereby hangs an interesting tale.

Having decided to take for a subject the well-known Biblical incident, Mr. Prinsep cast about him for models. Chancing to be at Lord Hillingdon's, he mentioned the matter in the presence of his lordship's bailiff. "I know the ugliest pig in Kent," declared the latter, confidentially. And the "ugliest pig in Kent" was quickly domiciled

in Kensington, and systematically hunted hither and thither daily with the view of obtaining certain details of attitude. I am not quite sure whether the pig was actually made to run down a "steep place"—namely, the roof of an outhouse. However, we may be sure that the fact of its working in a good cause did *not* reconcile the animal to its curious fate.

When the picture was finished, big-game hunting commenced in the Holland Park district. In other words, the original "Gadarene Swine" received the "happy dispatch" from the painter's express rifle. The first shot passed through its body, and then went whistling into Holland Park.

In the case of the picture, "The Emperor Theophilus Choosing His Wife"—exhibited in 1891—it is an interesting fact that all the ladies depicted were sketched from among Mr. Prinsep's own acquaintances and friends, some of them being Society ladies famous for their beauty. Again, take "A Versailles," which was begun in Paris. Some of the "properties" were painted from Irving's "Dead Heart," which was being played at the time, the dresses being brought over from Paris to London by Mr. Prinsep himself.

"In this picture," remarked the great artist to me, "I wanted one woman to have a fierce look in her eyes. This expression, however, was utterly lacking in my model until I accidentally mentioned her daughter-in-law, when the old lady flared up terribly. This young woman, it appeared, had coaxed her son away from her."

"THE DIVA THEODORA" (1890)—("EMPRESS AND COMEDIAN").
She was the wife of Justinian, and is depicted "acting the part" of Empress as in the days before her marriage. Her favourite, Antonia, is whispering in her ear.

Almost everyone is aware that the newly-elected R.A. has to paint a picture (minimum value £100) for presentation to the Academy, but the fact is not so generally known that a piece of plate has also to be presented; so that the Academy now possesses a curious and historical collection of plate. Mr. Prinsep's diploma picture, "La Revolution," was exhibited this year.

As Mr. Prinsep lived next door to the late Lord Leighton, and saw him every day for thirty-one years, it may be assumed that he was very intimate with the great President of the Academy. The most curious story Mr. Prinsep tells about his friend is the marvellously adroit way in which Leighton went through with a partridge shooting party at Balcarres (Lord Lindsay's place in Scotland), without betraying to the gillies and his fellow-guests his utter ignorance of the sport. Indeed, it is doubtful whether he had ever before handled a gun.

Leighton, unlike his successor, was no sportsman, though he was long connected with the Artist Volunteers. Mr. Prinsep was also an original member of the famous corps, which he left in 1885, with the rank of major.

"THE BROKEN IDOL" (1893).

A Christian slave in a Roman household has broken an idol in a fit of religious enthusiasm, and is brought up for judgment before his mistress. She is surrounded by her friends, who are crowned with roses as for a feast. The slave-driver has placed the broken pieces of the idol on the little table. Behind are seen cowering various members of the slave's family. Across the hall other slaves are listening fearfully, for the delinquent has commenced to preach Christ before his strange audience.

His hobby, if he has one at all, is literary work. He has written two novels and two plays. Both of his dramatic pieces were accepted and produced—"Cousin Dick," and "Monsieur le Duc," both produced by John Hare.

The funny stories told by this delightful man are practically inexhaustible. When he first went to Italy he had some trouble with his passport. Coming home from Venice once, this latter was taken for examination as usual at Peschiera, the frontier town. "My name," remarked Mr. Prinsep, "is Valentine Cameron. The authorities made two mistakes: they judged from the final 'e' that I must be a woman, and they took my second name for a title. Consequently, when I came to examine my passport, I found to my amazement that it was made out in the name of MADAME LA COMTESSA VALENTINA PRINCIPESSA!" The officials couldn't have even dreamed that "Madame la Comtessa" was a gigantic Englishman!

Here is another: "Being invited to a dinner party at Lady Cowper's, in St. James's Square, I was accosted by the groom of the chamber: 'What name, sir?' 'Prinsep.' '*What* name, sir?' 'Prins-ep,' with emphasis. You may judge of my astonishment when the groom then announced me as *Prince Hepp!*"

No reading is more interesting to the public than that which describes the early embarrassments of men who afterwards became famous. *Ergo*, listen to this: Burne-Jones and Prinsep were once at Milan when the former turned home-sick, and both turned homewards. "We had our tickets and thirty francs." Travelling in those days was not what it is now, so that there were many delays, caused mainly by avalanches and things. The thirty francs had dwindled to a few sous, when the two artists got into conversation in the train with some Frenchmen with whom they had travelled. "They lent us £5; but long before this our scanty stock of money prevented us from indulging in the luxuries enjoyed by our potential 'bankers.' Not wishing to reveal our temporary poverty, we explained that we were poor eaters and lived chiefly on coffee. After the loan had been negotiated, we were naturally dying to have a good square meal at a first-rate buffet, but we had to be content in the presence of our benefactors with coffee and bread-and-butter, for we wanted to stick to our expressed principles like true Britons."

Qui a bu, boira. No sooner has Mr. Prinsep related one of his genuinely funny stories, than one is athirst for more. "I must tell you," he commenced, in his best style, "that the rooms at the Manchester Art Gallery are numbered consecutively 1, 2, 3, and so on. Well, a certain serious old couple who were doing the gallery systematically according to catalogue, strayed into the wrong room one day, and stopped in awe-struck admiration before Ford Madox Brown's heroic picture, 'The Death of King Lear.'

"'Wha's this 'un, Jinny?' 'A'll see, Jarge. A'll see, ef ye'll give me a minnit,' and the dear old lady consulted her catalogue with anxious care. Not knowing she was in the wrong room, she turned to the corresponding number, which by a curious coincidence chanced to be Landseer's 'There's Life in the Old Dog Yet.'

"The supposed title was communicated in a loud whisper, and then the old man in a burst of pity exclaimed, 'So there is, gal, so there is! *But, not much, not much.*'"

Once get Mr. Prinsep in retrospective mood, and you will wish for the mnemonic powers of a Freak. "A Manchester man," he began again, "once bought an 'old master.' The Manchester man was a rough, very rough, diamond (lots of money, but no 'culchaw'); and the 'old master' was guaranteed genuine but nameless. It was an Ex-Voto picture; *c'est-à-dire*, the person who commissioned the artist was depicted in it, kneeling appealingly at the Virgin's feet. On either side of the Virgin was the figure of a female saint, and one of these was being pointed to by the central figure. Underneath were the words, 'Ave Maria.' The wealthy old fellow was one day asked: 'What is the subject of that picture?' He scratched his head and looked puzzled. 'Well,' said he, presently, 'to tell you the truth, me an' the missis has often cracked our skulls over it, but we found it out at last. Th' fellow kneelin' down doesn't know which o' the gals he'd like ter marry, and the lady in the middle is wavin' 'er 'and, and sayin', "*'Ave M'ria.*"'"

Lest the many humorous anecdotes in this interview should cause readers to lose sight of Mr. Prinsep as a power in the artistic world, a few appreciative remarks may well be inserted here. For there is not in the whole Academy a more earnest painter, a more loyal member, than Mr. Prinsep, whose artistic creed it is that once elected to that immortal body, an artist should devote himself wholly and solely to the advancement of its high traditions. This whole-souled devotion to his art was probably fostered by Mr.

"À VERSAILLES" (1894).

The beginning of October, 1789, found Paris in a tumult. The people were starving, and accused King Louis XVI. of sending corn out of the country. On October 6th the streets were filled with a mob of market women, 70,000 strong, and all shouting "Bread! Bread!" Having broken open the magazine in the Place de Grève, and armed themselves with spears, pikes, and muskets, the women set off towards Versailles to interview the King, and, perhaps, to sack the palace.

Prinsep's very close intimacy with Lord Leighton. That life-long intimacy is a matter of artistic history.

Some idea of Mr. Prinsep's wide range of artistic subjects may be gained from the beautiful examples reproduced in these pages; they are placed in the order in which they were exhibited in the Academy.

Mr. Prinsep is a painstaking and skilful draughtsman; his colour is always harmonious, although it is usually somewhat quiet and suppressed. His handling is always firm, and his subjects treated with a good deal of breadth of execution and effect. That the painter has a strong feeling for beauty and grace is evidenced by two such charming pictures as "The Empress Theodora" and "The Emperor Theophilus Chooses His Wife."

Mr. Prinsep is a Royal Academician and a man of great wealth. Either of these two conditions would ordinarily result in a man having a house beautiful externally and internally; the union of the two in Mr. Prinsep, however, results in a sumptuously appointed palace replete with all that wealth can purchase and high artistic feeling dictate. More one cannot say, for to describe the residence in detail would be a mere string of superlatives. It is to be hoped, then, that Mr. Prinsep's wealth of anecdotal humour will not cause our readers to overlook these serious facts. Having known almost every literary and artistic celebrity that adorned the last half-century, it is no wonder that the artist should be a brilliant conversationalist and *raconteur* as well as a distinguished and loyal Academician, and an earnest and painstaking painter.

"THE FISHERMAN AND JINN" (1895).

Readers of the "Arabian Nights" will remember how the fisherman took the brass vessel from the sea, and, in removing the lid, released the jinn, or geni, who had been imprisoned by Solomon. The figure is just forming in the smoke, to the fisherman's great astonishment. The background of the picture was painted at Ramsgate.

NOTE.—Our reproductions of the pictures in this Interview—with the exception of Mr. Prinsep's portrait and "The Saturday Dole"—are from photographs by Mr. F. Hollyer, Pembroke Square, Kensington; and Dixon and Son, Albany Street.

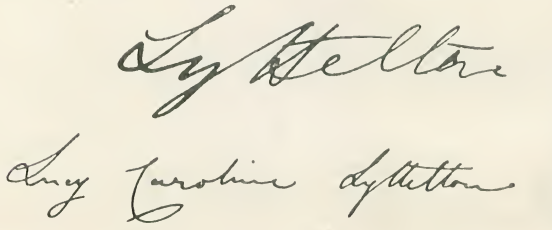
Mr. Gladstone's Visitors' Book.

By William G. FitzGerald.

[*With the special permission and approval of Mr. Gladstone.*]

I KNOW a fascinating book, in two volumes, written and illustrated by the noblest and greatest and brightest "Immortals" that have adorned the Victorian—or any other—era. It is a manuscript book, with no binding to speak of. But I must climb down to mere matter of fact. This priceless work is the Visitors' Book at Hawarden Castle—the beautiful old home of the Gladstone family, whereto the great ones of this earth gravitate naturally, as devout Moslems do to the Arabian shrines.

The Visitors' Book, then, was placed at our disposal by Mr. Gladstone—"a special favour to The Strand Magazine"—as Mrs. Drew gracefully put it. But why two volumes? Well, there is the "active" book and the "passive."



NO. 1.

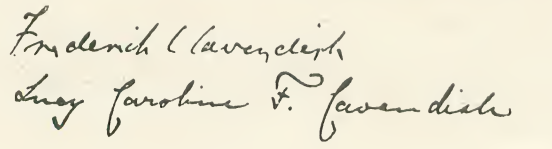
The first of these is extremely active; it is kept by Mrs. Drew herself, and travels about from place to place on visits with the family. In it we find the more exuberant entries. The "passive" volume never leaves the Castle, and its pages are becomingly quiet, if weighty. Only those who have slept at Hawarden sign their names in this book.

Now we are ready to turn over the pages of both books simultaneously. The first signatures in the Hawarden book are dated New Year's Day, 1860. "In those days," remarked Mrs. Drew to me, "visitors to Hawarden were the guests of Sir Stephen Glynne." And, of course, that gentle knight ran the book on his own account, and on original lines. This first page consists mainly of signatures cut from letters and pasted in; perhaps Sir Stephen forgot to ask the visitors to sign in the book on leaving the Castle. Howbeit, some of the pasted-in signatures are not particularly legible; wherefore has Sir Stephen Glynne written the full name beneath each *with his own hand.*

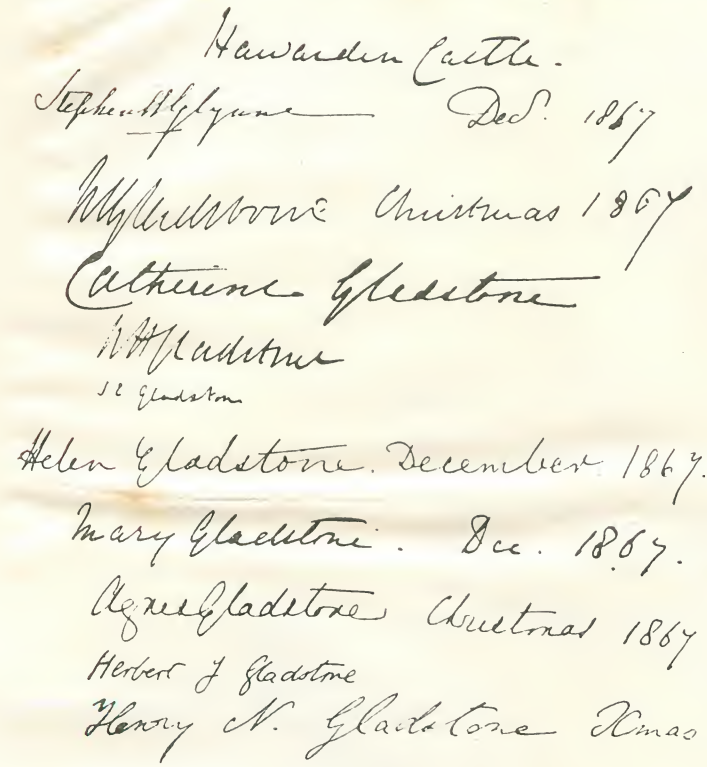
At the same time, there are a few exceptions to this rule on the first page—for example, Lord Lyttelton's signature and that of his charming daughter, who afterwards became Lady Frederick Cavendish. Both signatures are reproduced here (No. 1). Mrs. Drew tells me that the ill-fated Irish Secretary first met Miss Lyttelton at Hawarden Castle in December, 1861, and she was married from Mr. Gladstone's residence.

Turning over the pages in search of something striking, the very next thing that catches one's eye is No. 2. We now see that Miss Lyttelton has become Lady Frederick Cavendish, and the first visit she paid with her noble husband to Hawarden was about Christmas, 1864. This signature (No. 2) is a year later. Much later we light on the pathetic solitary signature, "Lucy C. F. Cavendish," that recurs so frequently through out the book.

But let us not dwell on the melancholy story this suggests; turn we rather to a certain merry Christmas, which saw gathered



NO. 2.

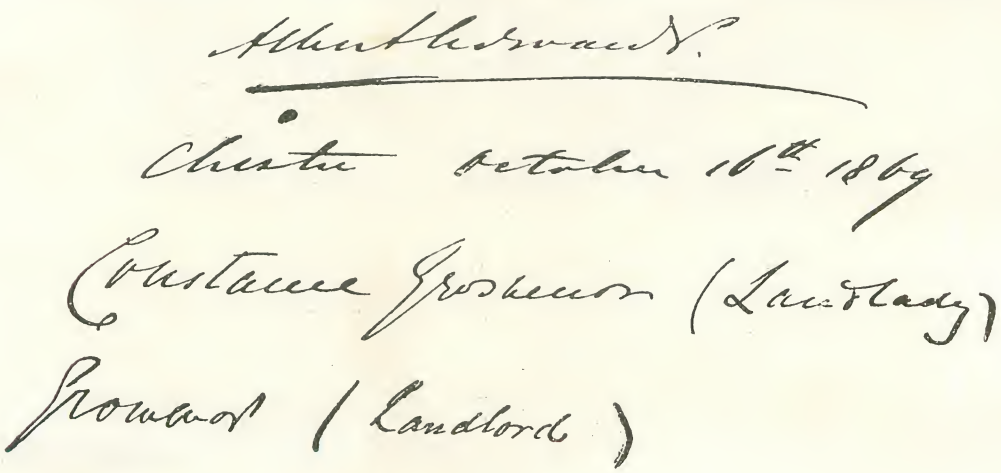


NO. 3.

one. No. 3 shows this most interesting page. They are all there, you see, commencing with Sir Stephen Glynne and Mr. Gladstone himself. How wonderfully like his illustrious father the late Mr. W. H. Gladstone wrote! Notice also the unobtrusive signature of the Rev. Stephen, the rector of Hawarden. Obviously, this was a Christmas family gathering of the fine old English sort.

No. 4 is part of an interesting page. "Landlord Grosvenor" is none other than the present Duke of Westminster, who at this time took the whole of the Grosvenor Hotel at Chester in which to entertain the Prince of Wales and a big house party; the occasion was the opening of the new town-hall belonging to the ancient and beautiful city. These signatures are in Mrs. Drew's book. The Prince of Wales comes first; always methodical, His Royal Highness gives the name of the place and the full date. The humour of the situation evidently appealed in the first place to Lady Constance Grosvenor (the late Duchess of Westminster);

together the entire Gladstone family. One loves to think they were all gathered round a roaring fire in the fine dining-room (would its panelled walls could speak!). At any rate, somebody suggested that one and all should sign their names in the Visitors' Book, thereby compelling absent-minded guests who neglected that important volume to "turn over a new leaf" in more senses than



NO. 4.

and her noble husband was also struck by the idea of entertaining the Heir Apparent whilst playing the *rôle* of temporary landlord of an hotel.

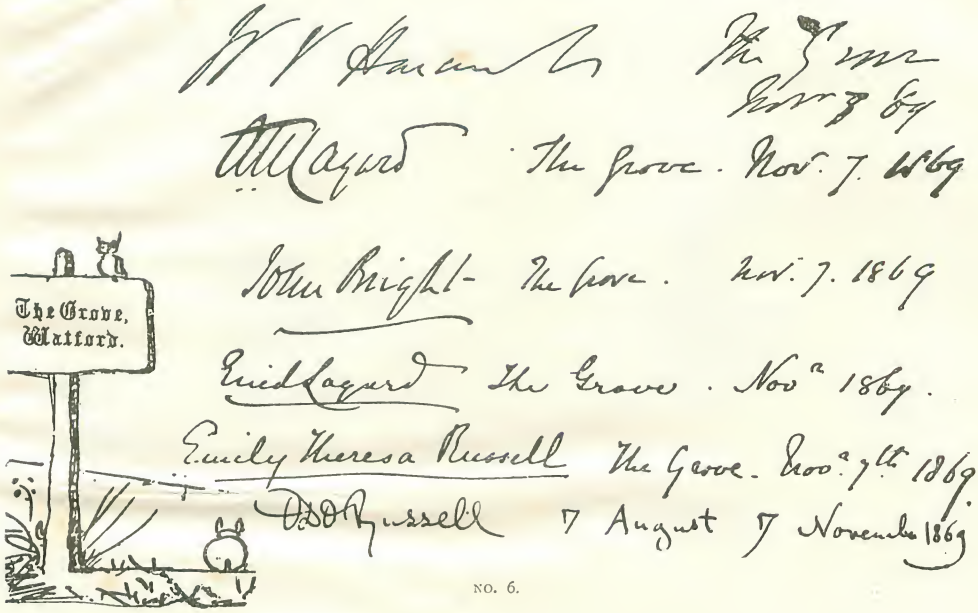
The pages of Mrs. Drew's own book are enlivened with many a sketch and cartoon "with a history." Foremost among these comes No. 5—a full-page drawing by Lord Archibald Campbell. It is, Mrs. Drew tells

NO. 5.

me, a kind of pictorial allegory, representing the Argyll family. Poised over all in seeming benediction floats that grand old man, the Macallum More himself; next is seen his eldest son, the Marquis of Lorne, following closely in his wake. Then come the minor figures pursuing their own bent. Lord Archibald, the author of the sketch, is seen at an easel, and other members of the family represent Commerce (the "stool-polisher"); the Sea (the figure in the bottom right-hand corner); and happy Maternity.

Elsewhere I have mentioned that Mrs. Drew takes the "active" Visitors' Book from place to place with her, so that it gathers far more interesting material than its more sedate and stay-at-home companion. No. 6 shows a particularly attractive half-page of Mrs. Drew's book. Mrs. Drew was staying at The Grove, Watford, Lord Clarendon's place, and had for her fellow-guests, among others, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. A. H. Layard, John Bright, and Lord Odo Russell—surely a distinguished quartet to be staying under one roof at the same time.

The name of Sir Austen Layard, G.C.B., P.C., etc., sometime our Ambassador in

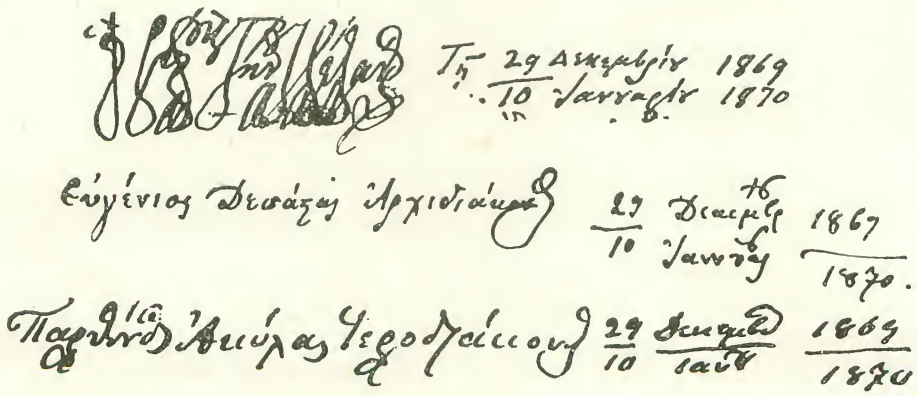


NO. 6.

Constantinople, will for ever be memorable as the discoverer of Nineveh. English, Spanish, French, and Italian blood flowed in his veins—a mixture of nationalities that would have cost him his seat in Parliament on one occasion had he not won over the wit-loving electors by indignantly inquiring whether, if a man were born in a stable, they would call him a horse!

Lord Odo Russell, afterwards Baron Ampthill, is the brilliant diplomatist and linguist who, for thirteen years, represented Her Britannic Majesty at Berlin. In '78, he was chosen as England's third representative at the Berlin Congress, his associates being Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury. It was to Lord Odo that Mrs. Drew was indebted for the quaint little sketch shown in No. 6. That distinguished statesman simply cut the stamped heading from a sheet of his host's notepaper, and then drew about it a wayside sign-post, on which is perched an artful owl. Below, a rotund rabbit is surveying the landscape with evident complacence.

Facsimile No. 7 represents the signature of the Archbishop of Syra and Paros, who visited Hawarden, accompanied by two other distinguished ecclesiastics and an interpreter. The last-named gentleman not being handy at the moment of writing, we can only survey the autographs with becoming respect. Somehow, one is reminded of the "simple fractions" of one's school-days, together with a suggestion of an attempt to depict the Hampton Court maze. Let it be whispered gently: The most remarkable thing about



NO. 7.

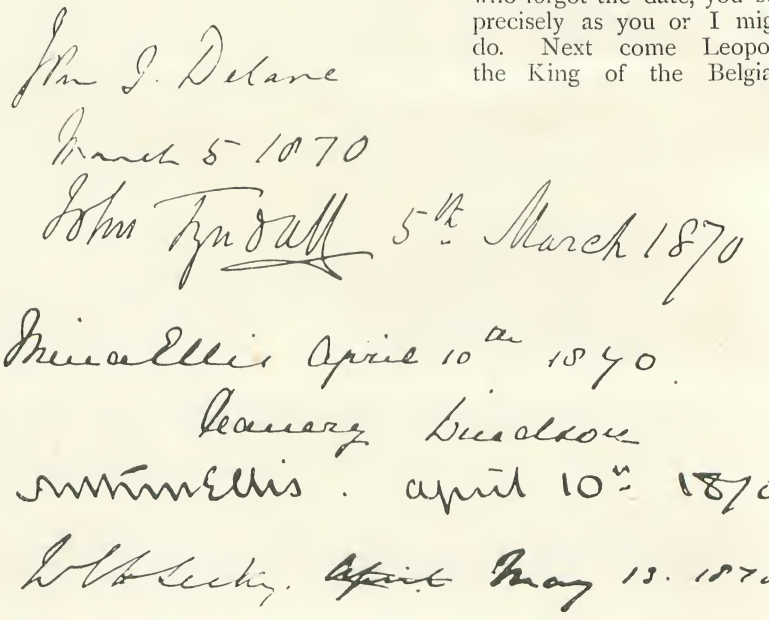
NO. 8.

these imposing visitors to Hawarden was—*that they arrived without any luggage.* The interpreter signed lower down the page—just at a respectful distance, in fact—and in less heavy characters.

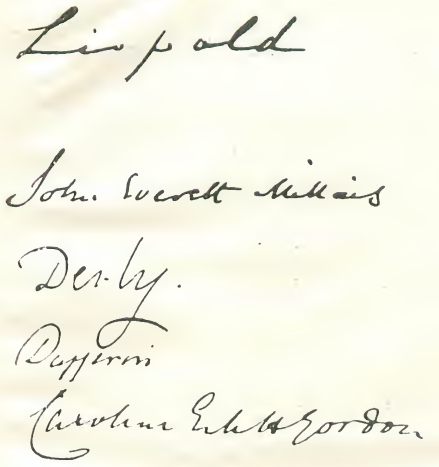
We next find Mrs. Drew and her book at Whittinghame, the East Lothian seat of the Balfours. The two signatures most readily recognised in No. 8 will be those of the Chief Secretary for Ireland and his sister, Miss Alice Balfour, who—an ardent amateur entomologist—has decorated her autograph in an unmistakable manner. Two butterflies support the border, while moths and caterpillars and things are vainly striving outside. The Conservative Leader of the House of Commons comes on the scene (and the page) a little later.

But do not overlook "Francis Maitland Balfour." A man is not necessarily a dull dog because he happens to be Professor of Animal Morphology at Cambridge. And many people will remember how this brilliant scholar met with a violent and untimely death on the Alps in 1882.

Mr. Gladstone's breakfasts at 11, Carlton House Terrace, must have been impressive functions judging from the casual list of guests shown in Nos. 9 and 10. What a galaxy, to be sure! There are, besides the esteemed editor of the *Times* (Mr. Delane), Professor Tyndall and Mr. Lecky—who forgot the date, you see, precisely as you or I might do. Next come Leopold, the King of the Belgians


John T. Delane
March 5th 1870
John Tyndall 5th March 1870
Mrs Ellis April 10th 1870
Mary Gladstone
Mrs Ellis. April 10th 1870
W. E. Lecky. April May 13. 1870.

NO. 9.



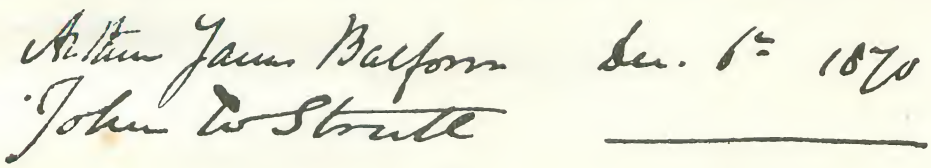
NO. 10.

panied Mr. Balfour on his first visit to Hawarden in 1870, becoming his brother-in-law a year later. Mr. Strutt succeeded to the title in 1873, two years after his marriage to Miss Evelyn Balfour.

As Tyndall turned up in No. 9, it is safe to assume that Huxley is not far away. He is not—only a page or two; look at No. 12. "Professor Mozley and Professor Huxley were breakfasting with Mr. Gladstone at Carlton House Terrace," remarked Mrs. Drew, "and when Huxley signed in my book he added a monkey, to testify his Darwinian sympathies." It were impossible

(who could, in those days, eat his breakfast without worrying about the Congo); the late President of the Royal Academy, the Earl of Derby, the Marquis of Dufferin, and Miss Gordon.

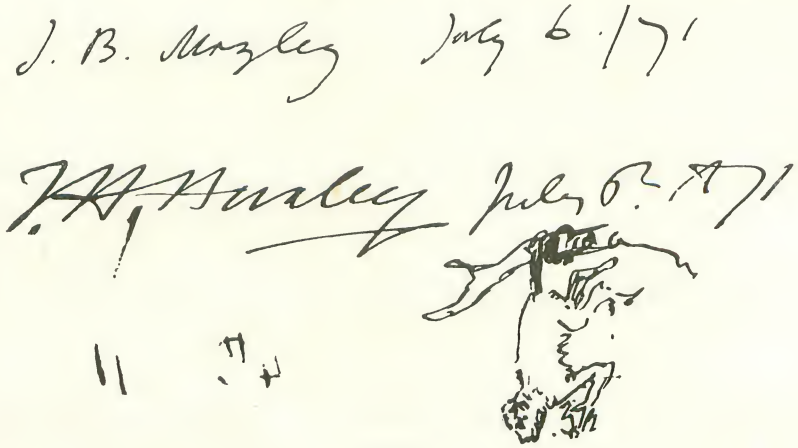
No. 11 indicates Mr. Arthur Balfour's very first visit to Hawarden. Mrs. Drew herself



NO. 11.

specially suggested the insertion of this facsimile—"because," she said, "at that time Mr. Arthur Balfour was a young, unknown man. His visit lasted from the 4th to the 14th of December. And certainly it is more than interesting to compare this visit with the one shown in No. 26, which set all the quidnuncs gossiping. Between these two visits there is more than a quarter of a century. It will be seen that that most brilliant of scientists (and Senior Wranglers) Lord Rayleigh ("John W. Strutt"), accom-

for even Huxley himself to classify that monkey. The great man—who complained that he was "born to be respectable," when made a Privy Councillor in '92—could have taken no pains with his sketch, for, though



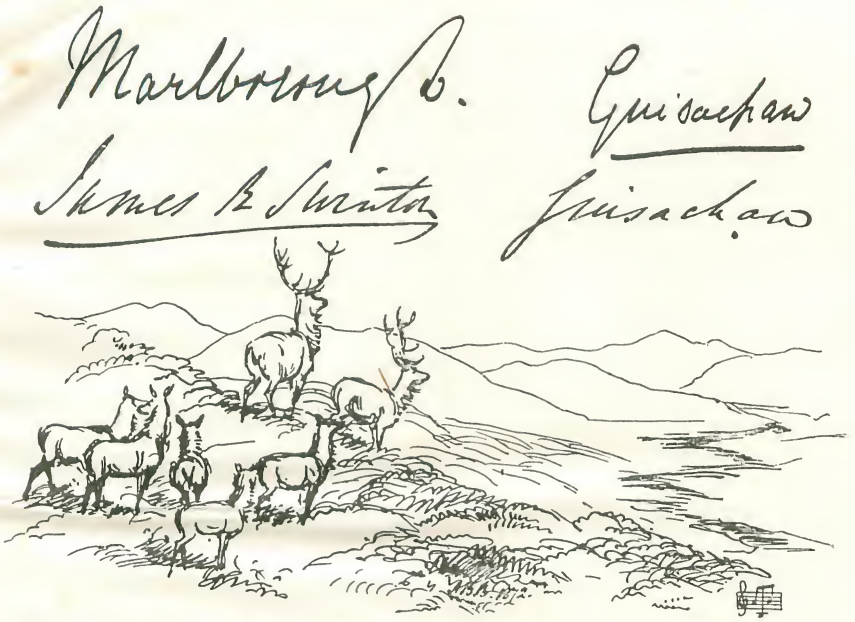
NO. 12.

hanging from a forked branch, the supposed simian is manifestly uncomfortable. Then, again, it is obvious there was no blotting paper handy; but these be the touches that lend the highest human interest to these delightful signatures. Who does not love to think of Carlyle running after his hat in a high wind? Or Aristotle pacing backwards and forwards philosophizing and aiding his digestion at one and the same time?

The artist who drew No. 13 was Edward Ross, the famous crack shot, and it depicts a typical Christmas incident in the G.O.M.'s life. The sub-title reads: "Mr. Gladstone and Charles Lyttelton cutting down a tree," but Mr. Lyttelton is plainly unused to the work. It is not conspicuously clear why the five stalwarts on the left should be giving a "strong, strong pull" at this early stage of the felling; but all will readily recognise the dog which is encouraging everybody present. It is obviously a Derby Dog—quite a different stamp from the more dignified animal which is directing things at close quarters. One recognises Mrs. Gladstone in the background; and all concerned are clearly straining every nerve, knowing that the eyes of the ladies are upon them. Just beneath this sketch, the page bears the name of

Mr Gladstone & Charles Lyttelton cutting down a tree
Hagley 22nd December 1871. EA
Caroline Mr. Custance Belton Easter 1872
Robert Browning, Belton House, '72.

NO. 13.



NO. 14.

"Robert Browning, Belton House, '72." "We were staying with him at Lord Brownlow's," explained Mrs. Drew.

Another sketch, by Miss Balfour, is shown in No. 14. "Marlborough," by the way, is, of course, the late Duke. Beneath the sketch are the signatures of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland. Now, as to Miss Balfour's drawing. "Strathconan," writes Mrs. Drew, "was Mr. A. J. Balfour's deer forest; and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and party were staying with him at Strathconan Lodge, in October, 1872, when Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister." Observe the significance of the notes of music at the bottom right-hand corner. They form the fair artist's initials—A. B. B.

When asked by Mrs. Drew to sign his name in her book, Sir Edward (then plain Mr.) Burne-Jones made a little sketch of himself instead; this is shown in No. 15. We are extremely glad that the sketch is by

NO. 15.

Wilma Norman Neruda

June the 26th 1873.

Whose marvelous [illegible] on the violin has filled me with wonder and delight, even with penitence.

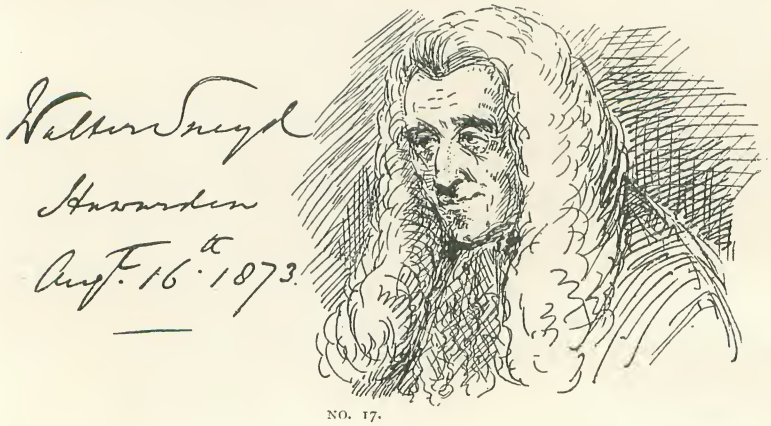
J R Herbert.

NO. 16.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones himself, and our reasons for this are two-fold, but need not be expressed. Consider the sketch for a moment. The great painter seems to be at his easel, but not at his ease. Unfortunately, too, we are left in some doubt as to which of his masterpieces he is actually engaged upon. Mayhap it is "Love Among the Ruins," "Le Chant d'Amour," or "The Mirror of Venus."

"But no matter," as the Adelphi villain says; let us get on to something less inscrutable. No. 16 shows an interesting signature of Mme. Norman Néruda (now Lady Hallé). Mr. J. R. Herbert, R.A., has taken up the story, so to speak, and struck out "on his own"—entirely on his own. "——Whose marvelous (*sic*—two l's, Mr. Herbert, please) expression on the violin has filled me with wonder and delight, even *with penitence.*" "Mme. Norman Néruda," explains Mrs. Drew, "came to play to Mr. Gladstone at 11, Carlton House Terrace, and I accompanied her on the piano." Of course, Mrs. Drew was at that time Miss Mary Gladstone. Mr. Walter Sneyd, of Keel Hall, made the sketch that

NO. 18.



NO. 17.

figures in No. 17. He excelled in depicting Her Majesty's judges; but I leave to others the task of identifying the legal luminary that adorns Mrs. Drew's book. Obviously, Mr. Sneyd was a clever amateur artist.

No. 18 brings us back to the penitent Mr. Herbert, who

A Tennyson Hawarden.

Nov 12th/76

My dear Mrs Gladstone

Here we are returned to our winter quarters which however we find at present colder than Aldworth. We retain golden memories of our visit to Hawarden, & your statesman not like Diocletian among his cabbages, but among his oats, axe in hand. Has he any thing to say about my drama? if so, let him say it quickly before Harold passes into stereotype, & then burn or return the proofs.

I am very glad that Hallam made a favourable impression. I do not think any man ever had a better son than I have in him

With our best remembrances to all of you believe me always yours A Tennyson

"Collins" from Mr Tennyson.

NO. 19.

has here executed a capital drawing of the late Mr. W. H. Gladstone, which he has signed and dated. "Mr. Herbert, R.A., was staying at Hawarden, and asked leave to sketch Mr. W. H. Gladstone in my book."

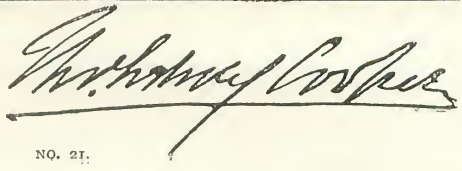
A particularly interesting letter of the late Lord Tennyson's is reproduced in No. 19. The great poet "retains golden memories of his visit to Hawarden" (who among the favoured few does not?). Then note what Tennyson has to say about his second historic drama, "Harold," about which he evidently consulted his scholarly host. The tribute to his son, Hallam, is very fine. Readers of Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" will understand the allusion, "'Collins' from Mr. Tennyson."

Perhaps the most interesting item in the

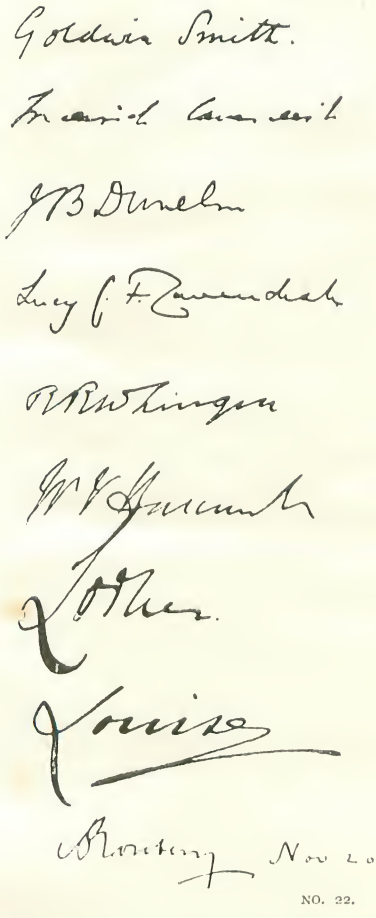
NO. 20.

Gladstone Visitors' Books is the sketch by Sir Edgar Boehm (No. 20). This sketch was drawn at Dalmeny by the famous sculptor during that oratorical *tour de force* — Mr. Gladstone's first Midlothian campaign. The Reform Bill being the question of the hour, Sir Edgar conceived the notion, on being asked by Mrs. Drew to sign her book, of drawing a portrait of Lady Sybil Primrose, Lord Rosebery's baby daughter. "She was then about six weeks old," remarked Mrs. Drew to me, "and is now just seventeen. You see, Sir Edgar Boehm has playfully dubbed the infant, 'The Suffrage Babe'; so that Lady Sybil may be said to have made her entry into politics at an extremely early age."

When Mr. Sidney Cooper, R.A., the veteran animal painter, was asked to sign the Visitors' Book, a blank page was coaxingly opened for him. Mr. Cooper measured down with his eye about four inches, and then wrote the signature seen in No. 21. He told Mrs. Drew he would do a little sketch for her, so, taking a small piece of cartridge paper, he made the exquisite sepia study



NO. 21.

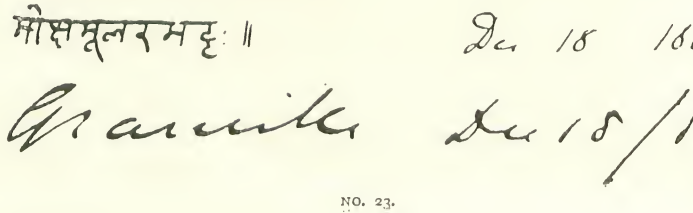


NO. 22.

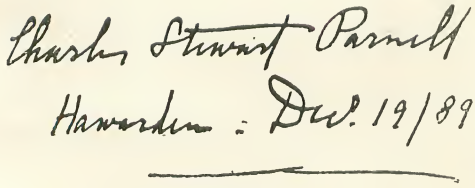
which our artist has also photographed from the Visitors' Book, in which it is pasted. Curiously enough, Mr. Cooper miscalculated the size of his sketch, so that on turning to this page one finds the eminent artist's signature *underneath* the loose flap of the bottom right-hand corner of the drawing. In this case, therefore, two photos. were necessary. The rapidity with which this beautiful little study of cows was executed would amaze anyone not acquainted with Mr. Sidney Cooper's leading characteristic. Standing one day before one of his own inimitable landscapes, which was hanging in the Royal Academy (it was varnishing day), it suddenly occurred to the eminent artist that the picture would be improved by the introduction of a flock of sheep. He instantly procured palette and brushes, and touched in forthwith the necessary decorative "muttons." In No. 22 I show part of a unique page of the Hawarden book. First comes Professor Goldwin Smith, the famous historian, and then Lord Frederick Cavendish. Lady Frederick is there also; and Mrs. Drew mentions a pathetic fact in this connection: "This was Lord Frederick's last visit—six months before his assassination in Phœnix Park." Between the two comes the puzzling signature of Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham. Sir William Harcourt, the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise, and Lord Rosebery complete the very distinguished list.

There are, scattered throughout the Gladstone Visitors' Books, many interesting little touches which render superfluous a book of reference, and give an instantaneous clue to the "ruling passion" of the eminent signatory. No. 23 illustrates what I mean. The first signature is, I think, in Sanscrit, and is — almost needless to say—that of the greatest living philologist — Professor Max Müller. It may not be out of place here to mention this great man's passion for music. Weber was his godfather, and young Max often sat, as a boy, on Mendelssohn's knee. The Professor has himself recorded how his youthful days were spent at Dessau, the capital of the Duchy of Anhalt-Dessau, of which his grandfather was Prime Minister, at the un-Prime Ministerial "screw" of £300 a year. The second signature in No. 23 is that of Lord Granville.

Next is seen a remarkable signature (No. 24). I learn from Mrs. Drew that this was Parnell's first and only visit to Hawarden.



NO. 23.



NO. 24.

"He was on his way to Mr. Evans, at Spittal Old Hall, Bromborough, and only remained with us one night." The date tells us that at the moment of signing here the Great Crash was not far off. Without sententiousness or prolixity, it may be remarked that the Gladstone Visitors' Books provide ample food for reflection. One may pore for quite a long time over a single entry, lost in reflections about the mighty dead.

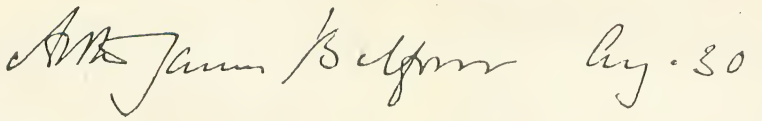
Elsewhere I have hinted that Hawarden is the Mecca of the Mighty. From the ends of the earth come potentates to commune with the greatest Englishman of his age. Take Li Hung Chang (No. 25)—or Chung Tong, as the Tweedledees would have us call him—*Mais, qu'allait-il faire dans cette galère?* And cheek by jowl with Parnell, too. Oh, most wonderful of books!

We all know that Li wouldn't leave the country until he had seen the G.O.M. Not even a free gift of all the heavy ordnance at Elswick or Essen would induce China's only statesman to forego his visit to Hawarden. But we are only concerned here with Li's signature in the Visitors' Book. Like his smile, it is expansive; and, like himself, there is no reading it. The indiscreet may ask, "Which way up?" and the frivolous, "How was it done?" To the latter we will reply. First of all, little Miss Dorothy Drew approached Li, holding in one hand the book, open at a fine large full page, and in the other her own paint-box, which was cleaned up for the occasion. Li beamed, and did not shrink from the task. In a few minutes the work of art was brushed in in sepia, to the immense relief of everybody. "One of the characters," says Mrs. Drew, "means 'Written by,'" as if any other than Li could possibly have done it! Which of the characters means "Written by" and which stand for "Li Chung Tong," is a problem far too abstruse for this festive season.

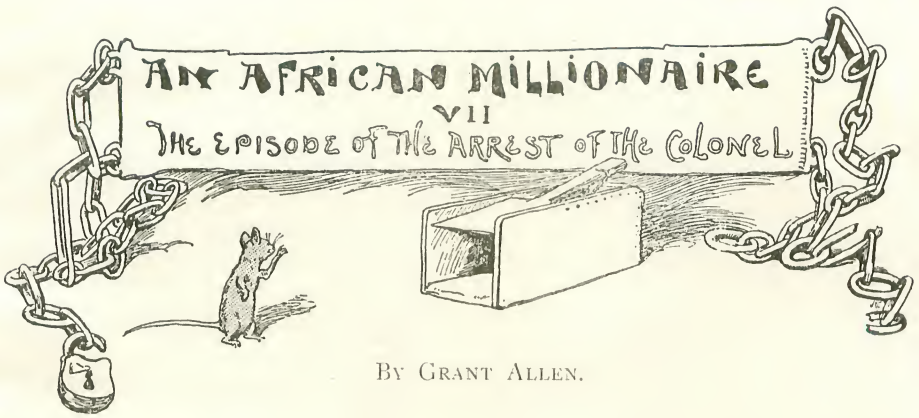
NO. 25.

No. 26 shows Mr. Balfour's latest visit to Hawarden, and it is interesting to compare this entry with No. 11, and reflect on the vast difference between "then and now." The signature of Lady Frederick Cavendish is seen after Mr. Balfour's. Just above the latter's signature is that of his sister, and it is curious to see the striking similarity between the two hands.

One signature possesses a melancholy interest by its absence—if I may be pardoned so Hibernian an expression. I refer to that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had not signed the Hawarden book when he was stricken down in the little village church. The Rev. Stephen Gladstone says that this was the first and only visit of the late Primate to his father's ancestral home.



NO. 26.



By Grant Allen.

"HOW much precisely Charles dropped over the slump in Cloetedorps I never quite knew. But the incident left him dejected, limp, and dispirited.

"Hang it all, Sey," he said to me in the smoking-room, a few evenings later. "This Colonel Clay is enough to vex the patience of Job—and Job had large losses, too, if I recollect aright, from the Chaldeans and other big operators of the period."

"Three thousand camels," I murmured, recalling my dear mother's lessons; "all at one fell swoop; not to mention five hundred yoke of oxen, carried off by the Sabeans, then a leading firm of speculative cattle-dealers!"

"Ah, well," Charles meditated, aloud, shaking the ash from his cheroot into a Japanese tray—fine antique bronze-work. "There were big transactions in live-stock even then! Still, Job or no Job, the man is too much for me."

"The difficulty is," I assented, "you never know where to have him."

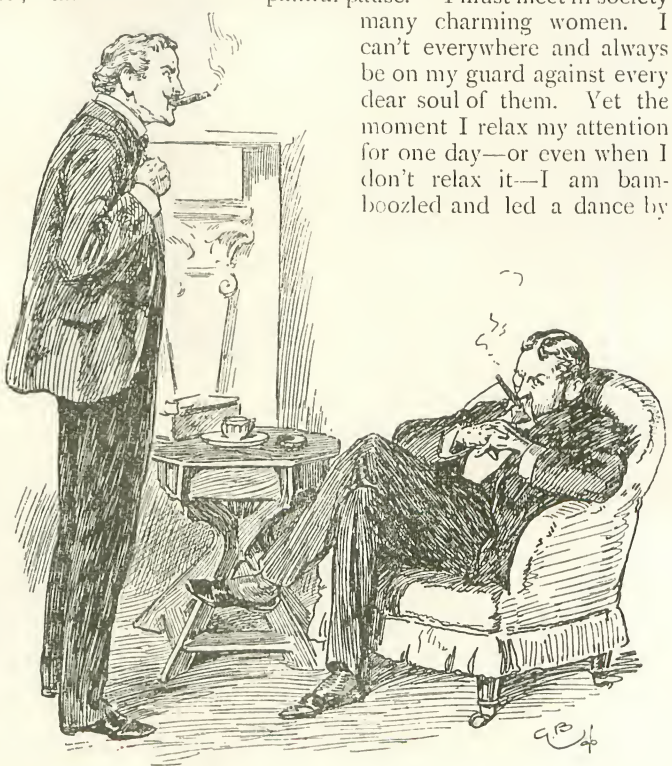
"Yes," Charles mused; "if he were always the same, like somebody's tea or a good brand of whisky, it would be easier, of course; you'd stand some chance of spotting him. But when a man turns up smiling every time in a different disguise, which fits him like a skin, and always apparently with the best credentials, why, hang it all, Sey, there's no wrestling with him anyhow."

"Who could have come to us, for example, better vouched," I acquiesced, "than the Honourable David?"

"Exactly so," Charles murmured. "I invited him myself, for my own advantage. And he arrived with all the prestige of the Glen-Ellachie connection."

"Or the Professor?" I went on. "Introduced to us by the leading mineralogist of England." I had touched a sore point. Charles winced and remained silent.

"Then, women again," he resumed, after a painful pause. "I must meet in society many charming women. I can't everywhere and always be on my guard against every dear soul of them. Yet the moment I relax my attention for one day—or even when I don't relax it—I am bamboozled and led a dance by

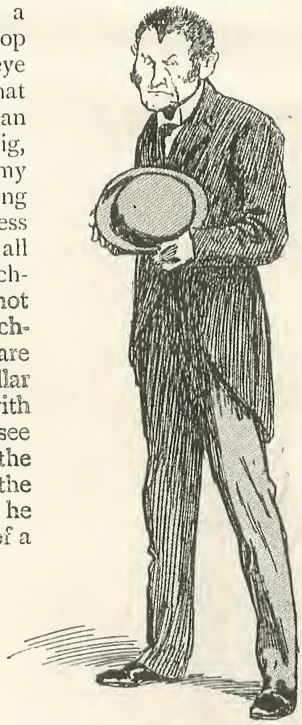


"I AM BAMBOOZLED AND LED A DANCE."

that arch Mme. Picardet, or that transparently simple little minx, Mrs. Granton. She's the cleverest girl I ever met in my life, that hussy, whatever we're to call her. She's a different person each time ; and, each time, hang it all, I lose my heart afresh to that different person."

I glanced round to make sure Amelia was well out of earshot.

"No, Sey," my respected connection went on, after another long pause, sipping his coffee pensively. "I feel I must be aided in this superhuman task by a professional unraveller of cunning disguises. I shall go to Marvillier's to-morrow — fortunate man, Marvillier—and ask him to supply me with a really good 'tec, who will stop in the house and keep an eye upon every living soul that comes near me. He shall scan each nose, each eye, each wig, each whisker. He shall be my watchful half, my unsleeping self; it shall be his business to suspect all living men, all breathing women. The Archbishop of Canterbury shall not escape for a moment his watchful regard; he will take care that royal princesses don't collar the spoons or walk off with the jewel-cases. He must see possible Colonel Clays in the guard of every train and the parson of every parish; he must detect the off-chance of a Mme. Picardet in every young girl that takes tea with Amelia, every fat old lady that comes to call upon Isabel. Yes, I have made my mind up. I shall go to-morrow and secure such a man at once at Marvillier's."



"MEDHURST."

"If you please, Sir Charles," Césarine interposed, pushing her head through the portière, "her ladyship says, will you and Mr. Wentworth remember that she goes out with you both this evening to Lady Carisbrooke's ?"

"Bless my soul," Charles cried, "so she does ! And it's now past ten ! The carriage will be at the door for us in another five minutes ! "

Next morning, accordingly, Charles drove round to Marvillier's. The famous detective listened to his story with glistening eyes ; then he rubbed his hands and purred. "Colonel Clay ! " he said ; "Colonel Clay ! That's a very tough customer ! The police of Europe are on the look-out for Colonel Clay. He is wanted in London, in Paris, in Berlin. It is *le Colonel Caoutchouc* here, *le Colonel Caoutchouc* there ; till one begins to ask, at last, *is* there *any* Colonel Caoutchouc, or is it a convenient class name invented by the Force to cover a gang of undiscovered sharpers ? However, Sir Charles, we will do our best. I will set on the track without delay the best and cleverest detective in England."

"The very man I want," Charles said. "What name, Marvillier ? "

The principal smiled. "Whatever name you like," he said. "He isn't particular. Medhurst he's called at home. *We* call him Joe. I'll send him round to your house this afternoon for certain."

"Oh, no," Charles said, promptly, "you won't ; or Colonel Clay himself will come instead of him. I've been sold too often. No casual strangers ! I'll wait here and see him."

"But he isn't in," Marvillier objected.

Charles was firm as a rock. "Then send and fetch him."

In half an hour, sure enough, the detective arrived. He was an odd-looking, small man, with hair cut short and standing straight up all over his head, like a Parisian waiter. He had quick, sharp eyes, very much like a ferret's ; his nose was depressed, his lips thin and bloodless. A scar marked his left cheek—made by a sword-cut, he said, when engaged one day in arresting a desperate French smuggler, disguised as an officer of Chasseurs d'Afrique. His mien was resolute. Altogether, a quainter or 'cuter little man it has never yet been my lot to set eyes on. He walked in with a brisk step, eyed Charles up and down, and then, without much formality, asked for what he was wanted.

"This is Sir Charles Vandrift, the great diamond king," Marvillier said, introducing us.

"So I see," the man answered.

"Then you know me ? " Charles asked.

"I wouldn't be worth much," the detective replied, "if I didn't know everybody. And *you're* easy enough to know; why, every boy in the street knows you."

"Plain spoken!" Charles remarked.

"As you like it, sir," the man answered in a respectful tone. "I endeavour to suit my dress and behaviour on every occasion to the taste of my employers."

"Your name?" Charles asked, smiling.

"Joseph Medhurst, at your service. What sort of work? Stolen diamonds? Illicit diamond-buying?"

"No," Charles answered, fixing him with his eye. "Quite another kind of job. You've heard of Colonel Clay?"

Medhurst nodded. "Why, certainly," he said; and, for the first time, I detected a lingering trace of American accent. "It's my business to know about him."

"Well, I want you to catch him," Charles went on.

Medhurst drew a long breath. "Isn't that rather a large order?" he murmured, surprised.

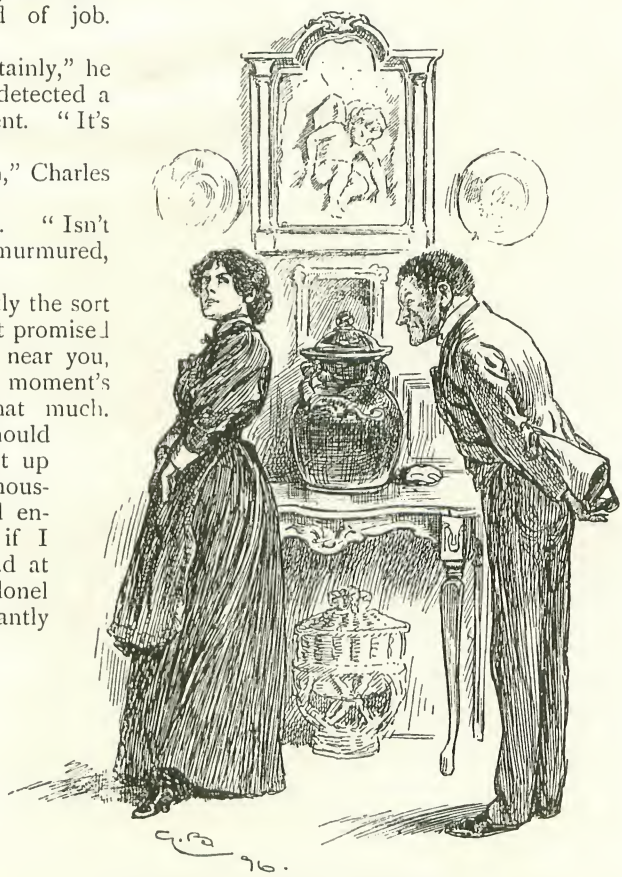
Charles explained to him exactly the sort of services he required. Medhurst promised to comply. "If the man comes near you, I'll spot him," he said, after a moment's pause. "I can promise you that much. I'll pierce any disguise. I should know in a minute whether he's got up or not. I'm death on wigs, false moustaches, artificial complexions. I'll engage to bring the rogue to book if I see him. You may set your mind at rest that, while *I'm* about you, Colonel Clay can do nothing without my instantly spotting him."

"He'll do it," Marvillier put in. "He'll do it, if he says it. He's my very best hand. Never knew any man like him for unravelling and unmasking the cleverest disguises."

"Then he'll suit me," Charles answered, "for *I* never knew any man like Colonel Clay for assuming and maintaining them."

It was arranged accordingly that Medhurst should take up his residence in the house for the present, and should be described to the servants as assistant secretary. He came that very day, with a marvellously small portmanteau. But from the moment he arrived, we noticed that Césarine took a violent dislike to him.

Medhurst was a most efficient detective. Charles and I told him all we knew about the various shapes in which Colonel Clay had "materialized," and he gave us in turn many valuable criticisms and suggestions. Why, when we began to suspect the Honourable David Granton, had we not, as if by accident, tried to knock his red wig off? Why, when the Reverend Richard Peploe Brabazon first discussed the question of the paste diamonds, had we not looked to see if any of Amelia's unique gems were missing? Why, when Professor Schleiermacher made his bow to assembled science at Lancaster Gate, had we not strictly inquired how far he was



"CÉSARINE TOOK A VIOLENT DISLIKE TO HIM."

personally known beforehand to Sir Adolphus Cordery and the other mineralogists? He supplied us also with several good hints about false hair and make-up; such as that Schleiermacher was probably much shorter than he looked, but by imitating a stoop with padding at his back he had produced the illusion of a tall bent man, though in reality no bigger than the little curate or the Graf von Lebenstein. High

heels did the rest; while the scientific keenness we noted in his face was doubtless brought about by a trifle of wax at the end of the nose, giving a peculiar tilt that is extremely effective. In short, I must frankly admit, Medhurst made us feel ashamed of ourselves. Sharp as Charles is, we realized at once he was nowhere in observation beside the trained and experienced senses of this professional detective.

The worst of it all was, while Medhurst was with us, by some curious fatality, Colonel Clay stopped away from us. Now and again, to be sure, we ran up against somebody whom Medhurst suspected; but after a short investigation (conducted, I may say, with admirable cleverness), the spy always showed us the doubtful person was really some innocent and well-known character, whose antecedents and surroundings he elucidated most wonderfully. He was a perfect marvel, too, in his faculty of suspicion. He suspected everybody. If an old friend dropped in to talk business with Charles, we found out afterwards that Medhurst had lain concealed all the time behind the curtain, and had taken shorthand notes of the whole conversation, as well as snap-shot photographs of the supposed sharper, by means of a kodak. If a fat old lady came to call upon Amelia, Medhurst was sure to be lurking under the ottoman in the drawing-room, and carefully observing, with all his eyes, whether or not she was really Mme. Picardet, padded. When Lady Tresco brought her four plain daughters to an "At home" one night, Medhurst, in evening dress, disguised as a waiter, followed them each round the room with obtrusive ices, to satisfy himself just how much of their complexion was real, and how much was patent rouge and Bloom of Ninon. He doubted whether Simpson, Sir Charles's valet, was not Colonel Clay in plain clothes; and he had half an idea that Césarine herself was our saucy White Heather in an alternative avatar. We pointed out to him in vain that Simpson had often been present in the very same room with David Granton, and that Césarine had dressed Mrs. Brabazon's hair at Lucerne: this partially satisfied him, but only partially. He remarked that Simpson might double both parts with somebody else unknown; and that as for Césarine, she might well have a twin sister who took her place when she was Mme. Picardet.

Still, in spite of all his care—or because of all his care—Colonel Clay stopped away for whole weeks together. An explanation occurred to us. Was it possible he knew we were guarded and watched? Was he afraid of measuring swords with this trained detective?

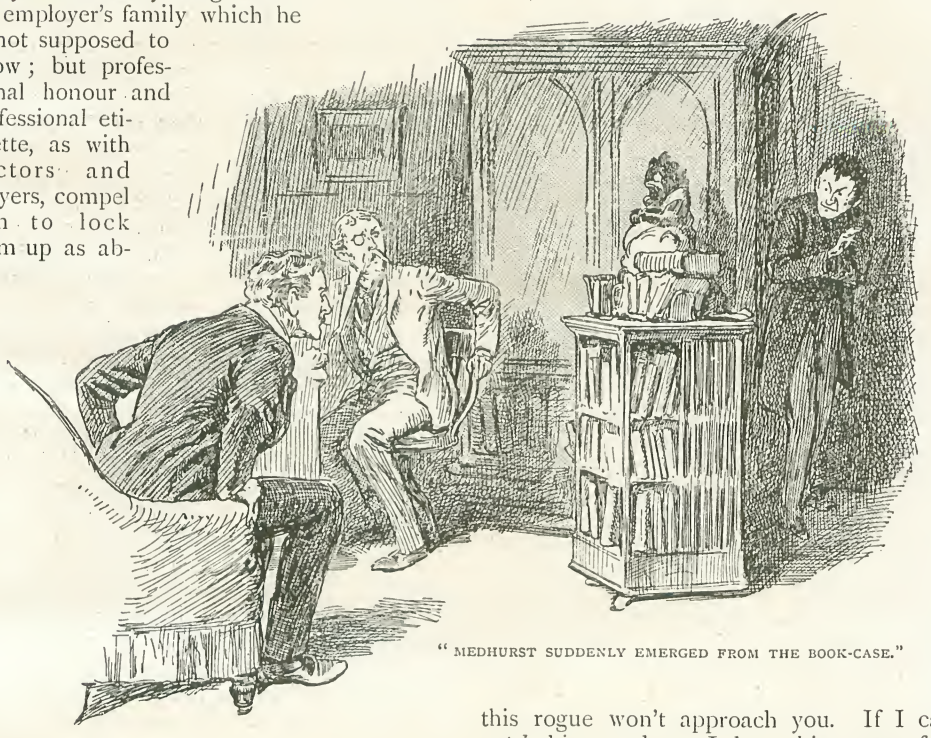
If so, how had he found it out? I had an inkling, myself—but, under all the circumstances, I did not mention it to Charles. It was clear that Césarine intensely disliked this new addition to the Vandrift household. She would not stop in the room where the detective was, or show him common politeness. She spoke of him always as "that odious man, Medhurst." Could she have guessed, what none of the other servants knew, that the man was a spy in search of the Colonel? I was inclined to believe it. And then, it dawned upon me that Césarine had known all about the diamonds and their story; that it was Césarine who took us to see Schloss Lebenstein; that it was Césarine who posted the letter to Lord Craig-Ellachie! If Césarine was in league with Colonel Clay, as I was half inclined to surmise, what more natural than her obvious dislike to the detective who was there to catch her principal? What more simple for her than to warn her fellow-conspirator of the danger that awaited him if he approached this man, Medhurst?

However, I was too much frightened by the episode of the cheque to say anything of my nascent suspicions to Charles. I waited rather to see how events would shape themselves.

After a while, Medhurst's vigilance grew positively annoying. More than once he came to Charles with reports and shorthand notes distinctly distasteful to my excellent brother-in-law. "The fellow is getting to know too much about us," Charles said to me one day. "Why, Sey, he spies out everything. Would you believe it, when I had that confidential interview with Brookfield the other day, about the new issue of Golcondas, the man was under the easy-chair, though I searched the room beforehand to make sure he wasn't there; and he came to me afterwards with full notes of the conversation, to assure me he thought Brookfield—whom I've known for ten years—was too tall by half an inch to be one of Colonel Clay's impersonations."

"Oh, but, Sir Charles," Medhurst cried, emerging suddenly from the book-case, "you must never look upon *anyone* as above suspicion, merely because you've known him for ten years or thereabouts. Colonel Clay

may have approached you at various times under many disguises. He may have built up this thing gradually. Besides, as to my knowing too much, why, of course, a detective always learns many things about his employer's family which he is not supposed to know; but professional honour and professional etiquette, as with doctors and lawyers, compel him to lock them up as absolute secrets in his own bosom. You need never be afraid I will divulge one jot of them. If I did, my occupation would be gone, and my reputation shattered."



"MEDHURST SUDDENLY EMERGED FROM THE BOOK-CASE."

Charles looked at him, appalled. "Do you dare to say," he burst out, "you've been listening to my talk with my brother-in-law and secretary?"

"Why, of course," Medhurst answered. "It's my business to listen, and to suspect everybody. If you push me to say so, how do I know Colonel Clay is not—Mr. Wentworth?"

Charles withered him with a look. "In future, Medhurst," he said, "you must never conceal yourself in a room where I am, without my leave and knowledge."

Medhurst bowed politely. "Oh, as you will, Sir Charles," he answered; "that's *quite* at your own wish. Though how can I act as an efficient detective, any way, if you insist upon tying my hands like that, beforehand?"

Again I detected a faint American flavour. After that rebuff, however, Medhurst seemed put upon his mettle. He redoubled his vigilance in every direction. "It's not my fault," he said, plaintively, one day, "if my reputation's so good that, while I'm near you, this rogue won't approach you. If I can't *catch* him, at least I keep him away from coming near you!"

A few days later, however, he brought Charles some photographs. These he produced with evident pride. The first he showed us was a vignette of a little parson. "Who's that, then?" he inquired, much pleased.

We gazed at it, open-eyed. One word rose to our lips simultaneously: "Brabazon!"

"And how's this for high?" he asked again, producing another—the photograph of a gay young dog in a Tyrolese costume.

We murmured, "Von Lebenstein!"

"*And* this?" he continued, showing us the portrait of a lady with a most fetching squint.

We answered with one voice, "Little Mrs. Granton!"

Medhurst was naturally proud of this excellent exploit. He replaced them in his pocket-book with an air of just triumph.

"How did you get them?" Charles asked.

Medhurst's look was mysterious. "Sir Charles," he answered, drawing himself up, "I must ask you to trust me awhile in this

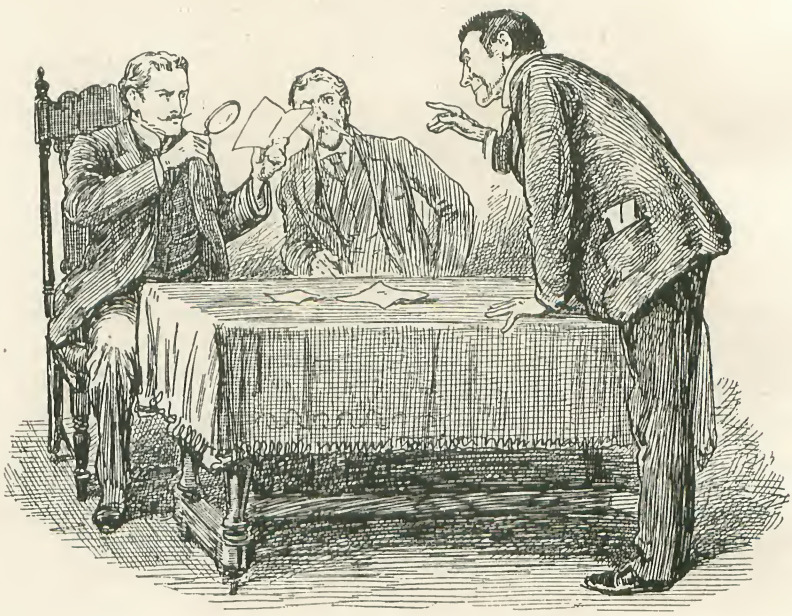
matter. Remember, there are people whom you decline to suspect. *I* have learned that it is always those very people who are most dangerous to capitalists. If I were to give you the names now, you would refuse to believe me. Therefore, I hold them over discreetly for the moment. One thing, however, *I* say. *I know* to a certainty where Colonel Clay is at this present speaking. But I will lay my plans deep, and I hope before long to secure him. You shall be present when I do so; and I shall make him confess his personality openly. More than that you cannot reasonably ask. I shall leave it to *you*, then, whether or not you wish to arrest him."

Charles was considerably puzzled, not to say piqued, by this curious reticence; he begged hard for names; but Medhurst was adamant. "No, no," he replied; "we detectives have our own just pride in our profession. If I told you now, you would probably spoil all by some premature action. You are too open and impulsive! I will mention this alone: Colonel Clay will be shortly in Paris, and before long will begin from that city a fresh attempt at defrauding you, which he is now hatching. Mark my words, and see whether or not I have been kept well informed of the fellow's movements!"

He was perfectly correct. Two days later, as it turned out, Charles received a "confidential" letter from Paris, purporting to come from the head of a second-rate financial house with which he had had dealings over the Craig-Ellachie Amalgamation—by this time, I ought to have said, an accomplished union. It was a letter of small importance in itself—a mere matter of detail; but it paved the way, so Medhurst thought, to some later development of more serious character. Here once more the man's singular foresight was justified. For, in another week, we received a second communication, containing other proposals of a delicate financial character, which would have involved the transference of some two thousand pounds to the head of the Parisian firm at an address given. Both these letters Medhurst cleverly compared with those written to Charles before, in the names of Colonel Clay and of Graf von Lebenstein. At first sight, it is true, the differences between the two seemed quite enormous: the Paris hand was broad and black, large and bold; while the earlier manuscript was small, neat, thin, and gentlemanly. Still, when Medhurst pointed out to us certain persistent twists in the formation of his capitals, and certain curious peculiarities in the relative length of his *t*'s, his *l*'s, his *b*'s, and his *h*'s, we could see for ourselves he was right; both were the work of one hand, writing in the one case with a sharp-pointed nib, very small, and in the other with a quill, very large and freely.

This discovery was *most* important. We stood now within measurable distance of catching Colonel Clay, and bringing forgery and fraud home to him without hope of evasion.

To make all sure, however, Medhurst communicated with the Paris police, and showed us their answers. Meanwhile, Charles continued to write to the head of the firm, who had given a private address in the

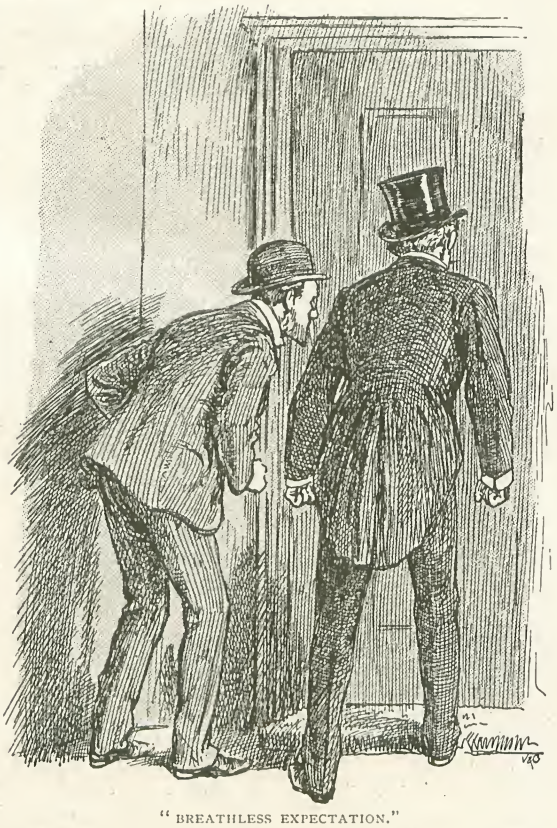


"THE DISCOVERY WAS MOST IMPORTANT."

Rue Jean Jacques, alleging, I must say, a most clever reason why the negotiations at this stage should be confidentially conducted. But one never expected from Colonel Clay anything less than consummate cleverness. In the end, it was arranged that we three were to go over to Paris together, that Medhurst was to undertake, under the guise of being Sir Charles, to pay the two thousand pounds to the pretended financier, and that Charles and I, waiting with the police outside the door, should, at a given signal, rush in with our forces and secure the criminal.

We went over accordingly, and spent the night at the Grand, as is Charles's custom. The Bristol, which I prefer, he finds too quiet. Early next morning we took a *fiacre* and drove to the Rue Jean Jacques. Medhurst had arranged everything in advance with the Paris police, three of whom, in plain clothes, were waiting at the foot of the staircase to assist us. Charles had further provided himself with two thousand pounds, in notes of the Bank of France, in order that the payment might be duly made, and no doubt arise as to the crime having been perpetrated as well as meditated — in the former case, the penalty would be fifteen years; in the latter, three only. He was in very high spirits. The fact that we had tracked the rascal to earth at last, and were within an hour of apprehending him, was in itself enough to raise his courage greatly. We found, as we expected, that the number given in the Rue Jean Jacques was that of an hotel, not a private residence. Medhurst went in first, and inquired of the landlord whether our man was at home, at the same time informing him of the nature of our errand, and giving him to understand that if we effected the capture by his friendly aid, Sir Charles would see that the expenses incurred on the swindler's bill were met in full, as the price of his assistance. The landlord bowed; he expressed his deep regret, as M. le Colonel—so we heard him call him—was a most amiable person, much liked by the household; but justice, of course, must have its way; and, with a regretful sigh, he undertook to assist us.

The police remained below, but Charles and Medhurst were each provided with a pair of handcuffs. Remembering the Polperro case, however, we determined to use them with the greatest caution. We would only put them on in case of violent resistance. We crept up to the door where the miscreant was housed. Charles handed the notes in an open envelope to Medhurst, who seized them hastily, and held them in his hands in readiness for action. We had a sign concerted. Whenever he sneezed—which he could do in the most natural manner—we were to open the door, rush in, and secure the criminal!



"BREATHLESS EXPECTATION."

He was gone for some minutes. Charles and I waited outside in breathless expectation. Then Medhurst sneezed. We flung the door open at once, and burst in upon the creature.

Medhurst rose as we did so. He pointed with his finger. "*This* is Colonel Clay!" he said; "keep him well in charge while I go down to the door for the police to arrest him!"

A gentlemanly man, about middle height, with a grizzled beard, and a well-assumed military aspect, rose at the same moment. The envelope in which Charles had placed

the notes lay on the table before him. He clutched it nervously. "I am at a loss, gentlemen," he said, in an excited voice, "to account for this interruption." He spoke with a tremor, yet with all the politeness to which we were accustomed in the little curate and the Honourable David.

"*No nonsense!*" Charles exclaimed, in his authoritative way. "We know who you are. We have found you out this time. You are Colonel Clay. If you attempt to resist—take care—I will handcuff you!"

The military gentleman gave a start. "Yes, I *am* Colonel Clay," he answered. "On what charge do you arrest me?"

Charles was bursting with wrath. The fellow's coolness seemed never to desert him. "You *are* Colonel Clay!" he muttered. "You have the unspeakable effrontery to stand there and admit it?"

"Certainly," the Colonel answered, growing hot in turn. "I have done nothing to be ashamed of. What do you mean by this conduct? How dare you talk of arresting me?"

Charles laid his hand on the man's shoulder. "Come, come, my friend," he said. "That sort of bluff won't go down with us. You know very well on what charge I arrest you; and here are the police to give effect to it."

He called out "Entrez!" The police entered the room. Charles explained as well as he could in most doubtful Parisian what they were next to do. The Colonel drew himself up in an indignant attitude. He turned and addressed them in excellent French.

"I am an officer in the service of Her Britannic Majesty," he said. "On what ground do you venture to interfere with me, messieurs?"

The chief policeman explained. The Colonel turned to Charles. "*Your* name, sir?" he inquired.

"You know it very well," Charles answered. "I am Sir Charles Vandrift; and, in spite of your clever disguise, I can instantly recognise you. I know your eyes and ears. I can see the same man who cheated me at Nice, and who insulted me on the island."

"*You* Sir Charles Vandrift!" the rogue cried. "No, no, sir, you are a madman!" He looked round at the police. "Take care what you do!" he cried. "This is a raving maniac. I had business just now with Sir Charles Vandrift, who quitted the room as these gentlemen entered. This person is mad, and you, monsieur, I doubt not," bowing to me, "you are, of course, his keeper."

"Do not let him deceive you," I cried to the police, beginning to fear that with his usual incredible cleverness the fellow would even now manage to slip through our fingers. "Arrest him, as you are told. *We* will take the responsibility." Though I trembled when I thought of that cheque he held of mine.

The chief of our three policemen came forward and laid his hand on the culprit's shoulder. "I advise you, M. le Colonel," he said, in an official voice, "to come with us quietly for the present. Before the *juge d'instruction* we can enter at length into all these questions."

The Colonel, very indignant still—and acting the part marvellously—yielded and went along with them.

"Where's Medhurst?" Charles inquired, glancing round as we reached the door. "I wish he had stopped with us."

"You are looking for Monsieur, your friend?" the landlord inquired, with a side bow to the Colonel. "He has gone away in a *fiacre*. He asked me to give this note to you."

He handed us a twisted note. Charles opened and read it. "Invaluable man!" he cried. "Just hear what he says, Sey: 'Having secured Colonel Clay, I am off now again on the track of Mme. Picardet. She was lodging in the same house. She has just driven away; I know to what place; and I am after her to arrest her. In blind haste, MEDHURST.' That's smartness, *if* you like. Though, poor little woman, I think he might have left her."

"Does a Mme. Picardet stop here?" I inquired of the landlord, thinking it possible she might have assumed again the same old alias.

He nodded assent. "*Oui, oui, oui,*" he answered. "She has just driven off, and monsieur your friend has gone posting after her."

"Splendid man!" Charles cried. "Marvillier was quite right. He is the prince of detectives!"

We hailed a couple of *fiacres*, and drove off, in two detachments, to the *juge d'instruction*. There Colonel Clay continued to brazen it out, and asserted that he was an officer in the Indian Army, home on six months' leave, and spending some weeks in Paris. He even declared he was known at the Embassy, where he had a cousin an *Attaché;* and he asked that this gentleman should be sent for at once from our Ambassador's to identify him. The *juge d'instruction* insisted that this must be done; and Charles

waited in very bad humour for the foolish formality. It really seemed as if, after all, when we had actually caught and arrested our man, he was going by some cunning device to escape us.

After a delay of more than an hour, during which Colonel Clay fretted and fumed quite as much as we did, the *Attaché* arrived. To our horror and astonishment, he proceeded to salute the prisoner most affectionately.

"Halloa, Algy!" he cried, grasping his hand; "what's up? What do these ruffians want with you?"

It began to dawn upon us, then, what Medhurst had meant by "suspecting everybody": the real Colonel Clay was no common adventurer, but a gentleman of birth and high connections!

The Colonel glared at us. "This fellow declares he's Sir Charles Vandrift," he said, sulkily. "Though, in fact, there are two of them. And he accuses me of forgery, fraud, and theft, Bertie."

"HE ACCUSES ME OF FORGERY, FRAUD, AND THEFT."

The *Attaché* stared hard at us. "This *is* Sir Charles Vandrift," he replied, after a moment. "I remember hearing him make a speech once at a City dinner. And what charge have you to prefer, Sir Charles, against my cousin?"

"Your cousin?" Charles cried. "This is Colonel Clay, the notorious sharper!"

The *Attaché* smiled a gentlemanly and superior smile. "This is Colonel Clay," he answered, "of the Bengal Staff Corps."

It began to strike us there was something wrong somewhere.

"But he has cheated me, all the same," Charles said—"at Nice two years ago, and many times since; and this very day he has tricked me out of two thousand pounds in French bank-notes, which he has now about him!"

The Colonel was speechless. But the *Attaché* laughed. "What he has done to-day, I don't know," he said; "but if it's as apocryphal as what you say he did two years ago, you've a thundering bad case, sir; for he was then in India, and I was out there, visiting him."

"Where are the two thousand pounds?" Charles cried. "Why, you've got them in your hand! You're holding the envelope!"

The Colonel produced it. "This envelope," he said, "was left with me by the man with short stiff hair, who came just before you, and who announced himself as Sir Charles Vandrift. He said he was interested in tea in Assam, and wanted me to join the board of directors of some bogus company. These are his papers, I believe," and he handed them to his cousin.

"Well, I'm glad the notes are safe, anyhow," Charles murmured, in a tone of relief, beginning to smell a rat. "Will you kindly return them to me?"

The *Attaché* turned out the contents of the envelope. They proved to be prospectuses of bubble companies of the moment, of no importance.

"Medhurst must have put them there," I cried "and decamped with the cash."

Charles gave a groan of horror. "And Medhurst is Colonel Clay!" he exclaimed, clapping his hand to his forehead.

"I beg your pardon, sir," the Colonel interposed. "I have but one personality, and no aliases."

It took quite half an hour to explain this imbroglio. But as soon as all was explained, in French and English, to the satisfaction of ourselves and the *juge d'instruction*, the real Colonel shook hands with us, in a most forgiving way, and informed us that he had more than once wondered, when he gave his name at shops in Paris, why it was often received with such grave suspicion. We instructed the police that the true culprit was Medhurst, whom they had seen with their own eyes, and whom we urged them to pursue with all expedition. Meanwhile, Charles and I, accompanied by the Colonel and the *Attaché*—"to see the fun out," as they said—called at the Bank of France for the purpose of stopping the notes immediately. It was too late, however. They had been presented at once, and cashed in gold, by a pleasant little lady in an American costume, who was afterwards identified by the hotel-keeper (from our description) as his lodger, Mme. Picardet. It was clear she had taken rooms in the same hotel, to be near the Indian Colonel; and it was *she* who had received and sent the letters. As for our foe, he had vanished into space, as always.

Two days later we received the usual insulting communication on a sheet of Charles's own dainty note. Last time he wrote it was on Craig-Ellachie paper: this time, like the wanton lapwing, he had got himself another crest.

"Most Perspicacious of Millionaires!—

"Said I not well, as Medhurst, that you must distrust everybody? And the one man you never dreamt of distrusting was—Medhurst. Yet see how truthful I was! I told you I knew where Colonel Clay was living—and I *did* know, exactly. I promised to take you to Colonel Clay's rooms, and to get him arrested for you—and I kept my promise. I even exceeded your expectations; for I gave you *two* Colonel Clays instead of one—and you took the wrong man—that is to say, the real one. This was a neat little trick; but it cost me some trouble.

"First, I found out there *was* a real Colonel Clay, in the Indian Army. I also found out he chanced to be coming home on leave this season. I might have made more out of him, no doubt; but I disliked annoying him, and preferred to give myself the fun of this peculiar mystification. I therefore waited for him to reach Paris, where the police arrangements suited me better than in London. While I was looking about, and delaying operations for his return, I happened to hear you wanted a detective. So I offered myself as out of work to my old employer, Marvillier, from whom I have had many good jobs in the past; and there you get, in short, the kernel of the Colonel.

"Naturally, after this, I can never go back as a detective to Marvillier's. But, on the large scale on which I have learned to work since I first had the pleasure of making your delightful acquaintance, this matters little. To say the truth, I begin to feel detective work a cut or two below me. I am now a gentleman of means and leisure. Besides, the extra knowledge of your movements which I have acquired in your house has helped still further to give me various holds upon you. So the fluke will be true to his own pet lamb. To vary the metaphor, you are not fully shorn yet.

"Remember me most kindly to your charming family, give Wentworth my love, and tell Mlle. Césarine I owe her a grudge which I shall never forget. She clearly suspected me. You are much too rich, dear Charles; I relieve your plethora. I bleed you financially. Therefore I consider myself

"Your sincerest friend,

"CLAY-BRABAZON-MEDHURST,

"Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons."

Charles was threatened with apoplexy. This blow was severe. "Whom can I trust," he asked, plaintively, "when the detectives themselves, whom I employ to guard me, turn out to be swindlers? Don't you remember that line in the Latin grammar — something about, 'Who shall watch the watchers?' I think it used to run, '*Quis custodes custodiet ipsos?*'"

But I felt this episode had at least disproved my suspicions of poor Césarine.

Anno Domini 1796.

By Alfred Whitman. With Illustrations from Old Prints.

1.—ALMANAC FAN FOR LEAP YEAR 1796.

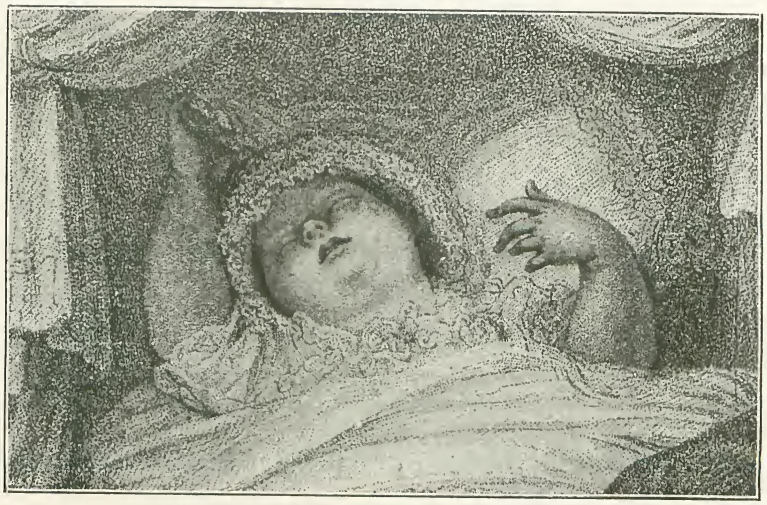
IN taking a bird's-eye view across the year 1796,

> To see
> The very age and body of the time,
> Its form and pressure,

it seems appropriate that we should commence with an almanac; and this is furnished us in the engraved fan that appears as our first illustration, which was published on New Year's Day. Along the top are small vignettes to illustrate the months, and the rest of the surface is covered with the information usually found on almanacs. The obverse of the fan is devoted to the first half of the year, and the reverse to the second half. This fan reminds us of the singular fashion (a century ago at its height) of preparing inexpensive fans to illustrate and caricature the events and follies of the day, and to use on all occasions. Thus, among the productions of that year we have theatrical, historical, and fortune-telling fans; a Church fan, with the commandments, the creed, and a prayer for the King; and a Chapel fan, embellished with various psalms and with a selection of Watts's hymns. To show the proportions of the fan industry at the time, it may be added that, on March 22nd, Christie's disposed of 60,000 and on April 28th of 72,000 fans by auction.

No sooner had the church bells ceased ringing to welcome in the new year than, on January 7th, they pealed forth again to herald the birth of a daughter to the Prince and Princess of Wales (2). This happy event occasioned much rejoicing throughout the country, and the nobility crowded to Carlton House to offer congratulations and make inquiries. The hours of calling were from two till four, "at which time ladies and gentlemen who are known are introduced to an apartment and entertained with a refreshment of cake, caudle, wine, and a dish of tea."

At the time Princess Charlotte was born, George III. was at Windsor; and an express was sent off to acquaint him with the happy



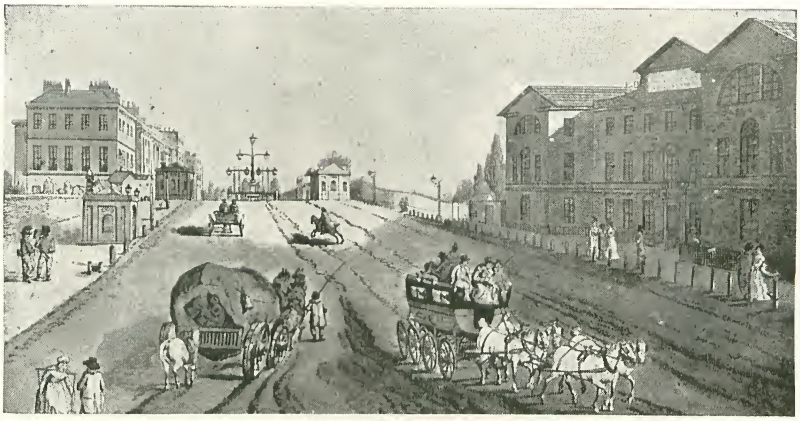
2.—PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA OF WALES, JANUARY 7, 1796.

event, when His Majesty returned to London. The illustration No. 3 gives us the King in his travelling chariot as he usually appeared when coming to town from Windsor, with his escort of guards, riders, and attendants. Perhaps it may be well here to rapidly notice some of the Royal doings of 1796. *The Queen's* birthday ball was given on January 18th, just four months in advance of her actual birthday, and the chroniclers tell us "the dancing concluded at exactly thirty-five minutes past ten." Why they wanted to be so precise, I do not quite know; certainly there were no "last trains" to be caught in those days. The programme consisted of minuets and three country dances. On February 1st, as the Royal Family were returning from Drury tells us they enjoyed the pleasures of "a new bathing machine." While at Weymouth the King was frequently taking boating excursions, a recreation one would think, nowadays, accompanied with very little danger beyond the ordinary risks of weather. But there was a general feeling of uneasiness at these excursions, and apparently not without cause; for at the end of the last century our coasts were infested with privateers, ever ready to capture a prize. Two press paragraphs will serve to illustrate the condition of affairs in the Channel during the year: "Brighton, September 1. A privateer was taken off here on August 27. It was captured very near the town, and was taken possession of in the sight of several hundred persons who were assembled

3.—GEORGE III. IN HIS TRAVELLING CHARIOT, WITH ESCORT OF GUARDS, RIDERS, AND ATTENDANTS.

Lane Theatre, a stone was thrown at the coach, which broke the glass and, entering the carriage, struck the Queen on the cheek. The event caused a general outburst of indignant feeling, and a proclamation was issued offering a reward of £1,000 for the apprehension of the persons concerned in the outrage, but the offenders were not captured. On April 15th, the King, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, reviewed the North Fencible Highlanders in Hyde Park. This was the first Highland regiment His Majesty had ever seen, and he was particularly taken with the costume. The Royal Family spent their summer holiday, as in 1795, at Weymouth, leaving Windsor on August 1st at a quarter to five in the morning. The small gossip on the beach. The Frenchmen were sent off to Portsmouth." "September 4. One day last week, the ship *Lewes*, of Newhaven, was captured within a league of land by a French privateer, that carried her into Boulogne, where the crew were imprisoned." In the matter of Royal ailments, we read of the Princess Elizabeth requiring "a blister on her head" in October, and the Princess Royal having "yellow jaundice" in December; while, as to Royal occupations, we find the Princess of Wales "indefatigable at the harpsichord," the Princess Elizabeth engaged in cutting fancy patterns in paper with a pair of scissors, and the King himself appears before us as a pedestrian; for as in early December the frost prevented him from taking "his usual diversion of hunting

at Windsor, His Majesty with his suite made daily pedestrian excursions, some of which amounted to a route little short of twenty miles."



4.—THE ENTRANCE TO LONDON IN 1796.
(Hyde Park Corner, with Turnpike Gates and Lodges.)

Illustration No. 4 is of special interest, for it depicts the entrance into London a hundred years ago. Here we have Hyde Park Corner with the turnpike gates and lodges which, in 1796, had been rebuilt only a year or two. On the right St. George's Hospital is seen, and coming down the hill in the foreground is Collier's eight-wheel coach on its way to Southampton.

Illustration No. 5 tells us how an appointment could be gained in the Civil Service a century back. These advertisements were frequently appearing, and persons seeking appointments would advertise thus: "One thousand pounds will be given to any lady or gentleman who will procure the advertiser a situation in the Custom House or in any of the Public Offices, adequate to the above premium." Civil servants then seem to have had a pleasant time, for whenever a Saint Day or a Festival occurred, the announcement was made in the papers: "Holiday at all the Public Offices." In going through

TO be SOLD, a PLACE under GOVERNMENT, adapted to a Gentleman who would wiſh for an introduction into the firſt Circles of Faſhion, where little Attendance is required. The Emoluments 220l. yearly, and diſpoſable at pleaſure. The Purchaſe will be 2700 guineas —— Apply at the Office of Caſtelman and Gore, Army and Half-pay Agents, Northumberland-ſtreet, Strand.

5.—THE CIVIL SERVICE, AND THE WAY IN.
From the *Times*, January 20th, 1796.

6.—GEORGE III. AND THE OFFICERS OF STATE RECEIVING THE TURKISH AMBASSADOR.

the year, one can count up almost fifty such days.

Illustration No. 6 represents George III. and the officers of State receiving Hagia Yousuph Effendi, the Ambassador from Constantinople to the Court of Great Britain. The illustration is from a print engraved by Orme in 1796. We do not read much of the diplomatic doings of Hagia during the year, but we find that he and the Ambassador from Tunis attended the gala at Vauxhall Gardens on August 25th.

The year 1796 saw a General Election, and that of necessity was its chief political event. The dissolution took place on May 19th, but much canvassing had been done before then. In the papers one cannot help missing the sensational headings of the present day. There were no "Gains and Losses," "State of Parties," or even "Flowing Tides," but simply the announcement in ordinary capitals, "New Parliament." There was a contest at Camelford, and it was said: "For the space of eighty years no such thing as a contested election has been heard of in the borough, *nor can the oldest inhabitant remember to have ever seen the face of any of its members!*" For Berkshire there was a tie, Mr. Dundas and Mr. Vansittart each polling 1,332 votes. At Launceston there was a hard-fought battle for two seats between the Duke of Northumberland and the Duke of Buccleuch, in which both parties spent a great deal of money. The result was a victory for the former, as follows:—

Hon. Mr. Rawdon and Mr. Brogden	12
Dalkeith and Garthshore	11

When the returns were complete, there were found to be 199 English members who did not sit in the previous Parliament, fifty borough members were citizens of London, and of the Scottish members "there was only one Opposition man." The election increased the power of the Tories, for while before the dissolution the Government could command a majority of 162, on December 14th, on a vote of censure brought forward by Fox, the majority rose to 204.

We will briefly notice the Westminster election. The candidates were Charles James Fox, Admiral Sir Alan Gardner, and Horne Tooke; and illustration No. 7 is a caricature on Fox, which was published a week before the opening of the poll. The hustings were erected at the west end of Covent Garden, within a stone's throw of the offices of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. The poll was open from May 28th to June 14th, and at its close the result was:—

Fox	5,160
Gardner	4,814
Tooke	2,819

The two first candidates were accordingly elected, and as soon as the result was announced, Fox was chaired, and the procession passed down Southampton Street (where this Magazine's offices now stand), along the Strand and Pall Mall, to Devonshire House,

7.—CARICATURE ON THE WESTMINSTER ELECTION, 1796—CHARLES JAMES FOX ADDRESSING THE CROWD.

Piccadilly; and then back again to Covent Garden, where a banquet was held. "In about five minutes after the candidates were returned, the hustings were totally demolished, and the fragments were to be seen walking off in all directions."

For the drama of 1796, space will permit us to refer to only one incident. It may be called the chief "First Performance" of the year. On April 2nd was performed, for the first and only time, the much-debated play of "Vortigern," which it was desired to foist upon the public as a recently discovered play by Shakespeare. The event drew together a crowd of dramatic and classical *literati* to judge of the mysteriously discovered play, and "many persons were waiting at the doors so early as three o'clock in the afternoon." Never did expectation stand more on tip-toe than till the raising of the curtain, when the audience burst into a wild acclamation in the hope of hearing something new of the immortal bard. The play started well, but it soon became apparent that a fraud was being perpetrated, and then "every sentence was wrested from its real to some allusive meaning which kept the audience in continual merriment." In the middle of the play Kemble begged the audience to allow the performance to proceed to the end, but it went from bad to worse, until everyone was convinced of the deception, and at last it was once and for all hissed off the stage.

In speaking of the stage one naturally thinks of the dramatic "benefits" which at the present day are annually given to the principal performers at the chief theatres; and it is a little refreshing to read that on July 29th, 1796, a "Waiters' Benefit" took place at Ranelagh Gardens, when a grand firework display was given. Might not this practice of "benefiting" the men of low degree be imitated with advantage in these latter days?

Among sports, cricket held its place a century back, as we frequently read of a "match at cricket." But I can only allude to one curious match that was played at the Montpelier Tea Gardens, Walworth, on August 9th and 10th. The players were all old Greenwich pensioners, and the one side comprised men wanting an arm each, while on the other were eleven pensioners with each a wooden leg. No fewer than 5,000 people were assembled on the occasion, who were highly entertained with the exertions of the veterans of the ocean. It soon became apparent that the timber-toes were the stronger team, and in the result "the men with one leg beat the one-arms by 103 runnings."

8.—THE ENCAMPMENT AT BRIGHTON 1796.

Turning our thoughts for a moment in the direction of the Army, illustration No. 8 shows us the encampment at Brighton, which consisted of four regiments of militia infantry, two regiments of cavalry, and a park of artillery. A grand review of the troops by the Prince of Wales (to whom our illustration was dedicated) took place on August 5th, and the camp broke up early in October. In June two regiments of foot left England for duty at our "newly acquired colony of the Cape of Good Hope." In August a Government return was issued giving the number of French prisoners of war in this country at 16,000 men. On the other hand, it was said that the number of English prisoners in France did not exceed 4,000, though in that number was included Sir Sidney Smith, who, after capturing a French privateer off Havre, was driven by the tide above the French forts and obliged to surrender. The demand for English soldiers at this time was very great and the supply was very limited, so that a bounty of as much as twenty-five guineas was offered to able-bodied men, "who are willing to serve His Majesty in the Army for the present war only."

9.—MILITARY WAGGON.
(Introduced into England by the Duke of York in 1796.)

Another item of interest appears in illustration No. 9, which represents a military waggon that was introduced into this country by the Duke of York in 1796, for the rapid transport of troops. In October this waggon was exhibited in St. James's Park, when it was filled with the sergeants and corporals of the Coldstream regiment, and after being drawn in a circle round the space in front of the Horse Guards, proceeded round the park, "in the short space of ten minutes, being at the rate of nine miles an hour."

The doings of the Navy may perhaps best be summed up in the words of the King to Parliament in his speech of October 6th: "The Navy has obtained most important advantages. The fleets of the enemy have been blocked up in their harbours, and in the East and West Indies our operations have been highly honourable and productive." The naval establishment was greater in 1796 than ever before, and at the end of August 467 men-of-war were in commission, while some twenty others were in course of building in the dockyards. To man these vessels there were frequent "pressings" in the river.

Commodore Nelson from time to time forwarded despatches relating his achievements in the Mediterranean, and his ship the *Agamemnon* must have been in the thick of the fighting, for by the autumn we find her in dock at Chatham being repaired, and described as follows: "This ship has done much service under Horatio Nelson, Esq. Not a mast, yard, sail, or any of the rigging but must be repaired, all having been so much damaged by shot."

Illustration No. 10 commemorates the fight near Helvoet, on the Dutch coast, on July 16th, between Captain Trollope and Captain Strangways, in the *Glatton*, of fifty-four guns, and a squadron of eight French frigates, carrying 230 guns. The *London Gazette* of July 23rd tells us the French

10.—CAPTAIN TROLLOPE AND CAPTAIN STRANGWAYS ON THE "GLATTON," JULY 16, 1796.

ships were beaten, but that early in the action Captain Strangways was wounded in the thigh. He went below, but as soon as a tourniquet was applied, and the bleeding stanched, he insisted upon returning to the bridge to direct and encourage his men. Here he remained until his fainting condition compelled Captain Trollope to order his removal below. From his wound Captain Strangways died some months later.

We read of quite a number of centenarians living in 1796, and select for illustration Isaac Ingall (11), who in that year attained the great age of 117. He must certainly have been the holder of a "world's record," for he was living in Lady Webster's family at Battle Abbey, near Hastings, where he had been a domestic servant for upwards of *ninety years!* Here is a '96 Irish story, which must be taken for what it is worth: "On July 26th died at Crookhaven, near Cork, Patrick Grady and Eleanor, his wife. They were born in the same house on the same day, were married in the same house they were born in, where they fell sick on the same day, and died on the same day, after having lived ninety-six years. Their bodies were escorted to the grave by ninety-six of their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren!" Another old man, William Swift, aged ninety-three, was at the York Sessions in October sentenced to two years' hard labour.

11.—ISAAC INGALL, LIVING IN 1796, AGED 117 YEARS.

Now, a moment's glance at Lord Mayor's Day. Invitations were sent to Royalty and to both political parties, and

they were freely accepted. The weather was favourable, so that the water pageant and the land journey were accomplished in full civic magnificence. Nothing particular happened at the dinner (though we read that "after the usual toasts were drunk in the Hall, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Nobility retired to a private room, where the bottle was circulated very freely for some time"), and at the ball afterwards there were only three or four minuets, so that the principal part of the company left soon after ten o'clock. But the mob in the streets did not behave as a London crowd should have done. The late Lord Mayor was treated disrespectfully, and on approaching King Street, Cheapside, "a party of ragamuffins broke the glass of his carriage and threw mire into it," while Mr. Pitt's servants were bedaubed with mud from tip to toe. On the other hand, the carriage of Prince Ernest was drawn by the mob down Cheapside to the Guildhall, and Fox's carriage was drawn to the banquet in triumph. Illustration No. 12 portrays an incident in the early life of Brook Watson, who became the Lord Mayor. While bathing in the harbour at Havana he was attacked by a shark, that snapped off his right foot. Fortunately he was rescued from his perilous position by a sailor, who beat off the voracious fish with a boat-hook.

Throughout the year England was at war with France, and towards autumn there was a general desire in this country for peace. Preliminary overtures were made to the French Government, and eventually Lord Malmesbury was appointed our plenipotentiary to proceed to Paris and, if possible, negotiate an honourable peace. The last illustration depicts the entry of Lord Malmesbury into Paris on October 22nd. Negotiations were opened, but they did not proceed satisfactorily, and after a few weeks they were suddenly broken off, and Lord Malmesbury was ordered to quit Paris in forty-eight hours.

12.—AN INCIDENT IN THE YOUTH OF BROOK WATSON, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON NOVEMBER, 1796.

A few miscellaneous items in conclusion. In the labour market there were troubles, and

strikes took place among the journeymen papermakers, ropemakers at Chatham Dockyard, and journeymen bricklayers; while the journeymen painters established their trade society on February 2nd. Under the heading of crime, one notices a curious incident which occurred at the Stafford Assizes in July. One of the prisoners was indicted for burglary and robbery, to which he pleaded guilty; nor could he be persuaded to offer any other plea, until the judge threatened to order him for a speedy execution, when he pleaded not guilty, and in the end was acquitted! The year 1796 was pre-eminently one of explosions; and among the number there were no fewer than four at the Government Powder Mills at Hounslow. Some of these disasters were unfortunately attended with loss of life. Two advertisements are perhaps worth quoting: "Annual Hat Subscription Plan. Four hats, value £1 4s. each, at £2 2s. per annum, to be delivered as follows: two on subscribing and two at the end of six months, when the first two must be returned, and the other two at the end of the year." "Cooking without coals. A dinner deliciously dressed and tea-kettle boiled for one penny. New Invented Travelling Kitchen. Any kind of fuel, coals excepted, will serve the purpose. Who but would gladly assist towards reducing the price of coals?" We also read of a whale, 19ft. long, at Rotherhithe, and of a shark at Ipswich. At St. Luke's Infirmary there was an inmate who, it was said, had not slept for thirteen years; while on March 26th, at Sheffield, John Lees, a steel burner, sold his wife to Samuel Hall, a fellmonger, for the modest sum of sixpence; cheaper, in fact, than Nebuchadnezzar is reported to have parted with his helpmeet for.

13.—THE ENTRY OF LORD MALMESBURY INTO PARIS, OCTOBER 22, 1796.

The weather during the first months of the year was exceedingly mild, and in strong contrast to the winter of 1795; but by the beginning of December frost set in with great severity. We read that "Christmas Eve, 1796, will be recorded hereafter, as the frost was more rapid and more rigorous than even that in 1739–40. The quicksilver in a thermometer in Somerset Place sank from 28deg. to 4deg. in twelve hours, while it must necessarily have been still lower in the country." By the end of December, the navigation of the Thames was nearly stopped with ice, many persons were frozen to death, and the bells which ushered in the year with the thermometer abnormally high rang the year out with the thermometer below zero.

The Bullet-Hole.

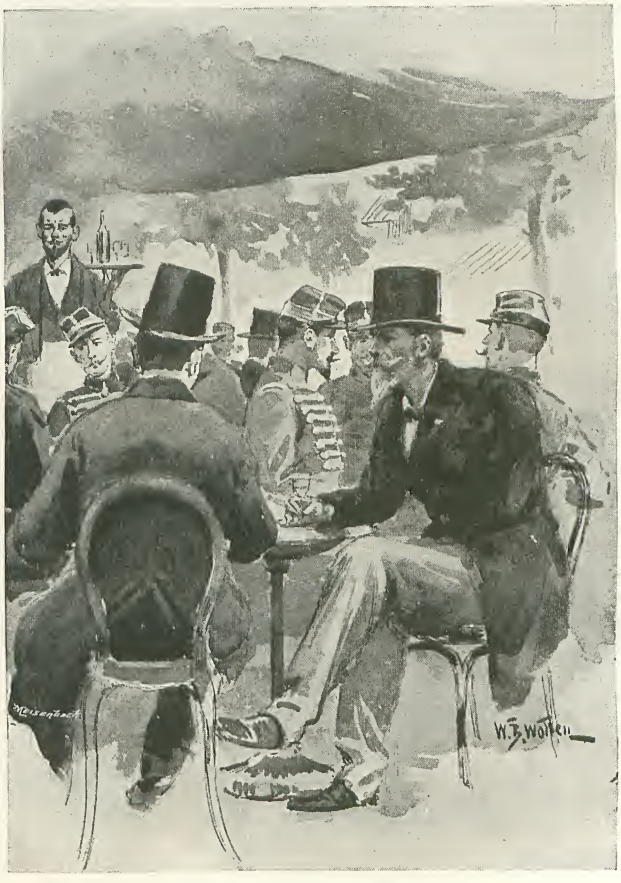
From the French of François Coppée.

AT the time when I was employed in the War Office, I had a companion who worked in the same room with me, called Jean Vidal, an old non-commissioned officer, who had lost his left arm in the Italian campaign, but who had still his right hand—the "cunning hand" of a quartermaster—with which he executed all sorts of wonders in the calligraphic line—roundhand, flourishes, Gothic letters; and he could draw a little bird in the final flourish of his signature with a single stroke of his pen.

He was an upright man, was Vidal: a true type of a pure-hearted and honourable soldier. Though he was scarcely forty then, and there was but a sprinkling of grey hairs in his fair Zouave beard, in the office we all called him "Père Vidal," less out of familiarity than out of respect; for we all knew his honourable, self-denying life down there in his cheap lodging at the bottom of Grenelle, where he had taken in his sister, a widow with a tribe of children, and where he supported the whole family on the slender income derived from his pension, his cross, and his salary. Three thousand francs for five people! And Père Vidal's coats—with the left sleeve, the empty sleeve, fastened to the third button—were always brushed as if he was going to a review, and the good man was so careful of his red ribbon, which he always kept bright, that he used to take it out of his button-hole when he carried a parcel in the street.

As I lived in the suburbs towards the south of Paris at that time, I often walked home with Père Vidal, and I used to take pleasure in getting him to give me an account of his campaigns, as we walked past the Military School, meeting at every step—it was in the latter years of the Empire — the handsome uniforms of the Imperial Guards, the pioneers in green, the lancers in white, the artillery officers in their magnificent sombre uniforms — black and gold. It was worth while to get killed in such a costume as that!

Sometimes in the warm summer evenings I used to treat my companion to an absinthe—a pleasure that poor Vidal denied himself, out of economy—and we used to sit for half an hour in front of the officers' café in the Avenue de la Motte-Piquet. On these days the old quartermaster, who had become a sober, family man, and was out of the habit of taking "appetizers," used to rise from the table with his brain stimulated to



"IN FRONT OF THE OFFICERS' CAFÉ."

heroic thoughts, and I was sure to have some stirring tale of the war as we walked home.

One evening—I believe, God forgive me! that Père Vidal had drunk two glasses of absinthe—as we went along that horrid Boulevard de Grenelle, he stopped suddenly before the window of a second-hand clothes-shop—there are a good many in that quarter. It was a dirty, sordid shop, with rusty pistols, bowls full of buttons, and tarnished epaulettes in the window; and hanging before the door, among dirty rags, there was here and there some old officer's coat, rotted by the rain and fretted by the sun, with a sort of vague human resemblance in its tight waist and broad shoulders.

Vidal seized my arm with his one hand, and pointed with his stump to one of these cast-off garments—it was the tunic of an African officer, with its many-plaited skirt, and its triple gold band twisted into a figure of eight on the sleeve, as the hussars wear it.

"Look here," said he; "this is the uniform of my old corps—a captain's tunic."

"HE TURNED THE TUNIC ROUND."

As he went nearer to examine it more closely, and read the number engraved on the buttons, he added, enthusiastically:—

"My own regiment! The first Zouaves!"

But all at once Père Vidal's hand, which had already seized the skirt of the old tunic, grew motionless, his face darkened, his lips began to tremble, and, looking down, he muttered, in a tone of horror:—

"Good heavens! Supposing it was his?"

Then, with a sudden movement, he turned the tunic round, so that I could see, in the middle of the back, a little round hole in the cloth—a hole made by a bullet—with a dirty-looking black circle round it, of dried blood probably: an ill-looking hole, that made me feel both horror and pity, as if it had been a wound.

"Oh!" said I to Père Vidal, who had dropped the garment and walked on, with a hurried step, hanging his head; "there is an ugly scar!"

And guessing that there was some tale attached to it, I added, to goad my companion into relating it:—

"It is not generally in the back that a captain of Zouaves gets hit by a bullet!"

But he did not seem to hear me; he was muttering to himself and biting his moustache.

"How could *it* have come there? It is a long way from the battlefield of Melegnano to the Boulevard de Grenelle. Yes, I know there are the vultures who follow the army and plunder the corpses. But why just there, not two steps from the Military School, where the *other's* regiment is quartered? And *he* must have passed here; *he* must have recognised it. Oh, it is like seeing a ghost!"

"Come, now, Père Vidal," said I, taking him by the arm, intensely interested; "you are not going on talking riddles; you may just as well tell me what that old torn tunic has reminded you of."

But I verily believe that if he had not drunk those two absinthes, I should never have heard the story; for when I asked him to tell me, Père Vidal shot a suspicious and almost frightened glance at me. Then, suddenly, as if he had made up his mind to speak, he began, in a dry, hard voice:—

"Well, then, yes, I will tell you all about it; for you are a clever young man, and honourable, and I can trust you. You will tell me—honestly, on your conscience—whether you think I was right to act as I did. Let me see, where shall I begin? Ah, in the first place, I cannot tell you his name—the *other's*, I mean—because he is still alive. I shall have to call him by the nickname we gave him in the regiment. *Thirsty* we called him, and he deserved the name, too, for he was one of those fellows who are never out of the canteen, and would toss off his twelve glasses of brandy, one for each stroke, when the clock struck twelve. He was sergeant in the same company where I was quartermaster, and we walked side by side in the ranks. A good soldier—a capital soldier; a drunkard, quarrelsome, and a brawler. He had all the faults of the African army, but he was as brave as an African lion! He was not an easy one to manage—you could see that with the first look at his sunburnt face, with its red beard and cold, steel-blue eyes.

"When I joined the regiment Thirsty had just finished his time; he re-enlisted, received the bounty, and went in for a three-days' regular carouse in the lowest parts of Algiers. With four or five boon companions like himself they drove about, all packed in an open carriage, and flourishing a tri-coloured flag with the motto, 'This can't last for ever!' on it. He was brought back to the barrack with his head cut open by a sword wound that he had got in a Moorish den, where he had a fight with the Arabs. Thirsty got well; he was sent to prison for a fortnight, and had his stripes taken from him. It was the second time he had been put back into the ranks. If it hadn't been for his bad conduct he would have been an officer long ago, for he belonged to a very respectable family, and had been well educated.

"Well, he lost his stripes after that affair with the Arabs, but he got them back again eighteen months later—at the same time that I myself rose to be sergeant-quartermaster—thanks to the kindness of the captain, who had always great patience with Thirsty. He was an old African soldier himself, and had seen him under fire at Kabylie.

"But just at that time our old captain was promoted and left the regiment, and they sent us out a young fellow, only twenty-eight, to take his place. He was a Corsican, named Gentile; a cold, ambitious man, just out of the school—a very good officer, they said, but fearfully hard on the men. He would give you eight days under arrest for a spot of rust on your rifle or a button missing off your gaiters. He had never served in Algeria, and had no notion of any insubordination or disorder. From the first moment he and Thirsty were at daggers drawn. That they were sure to be. The first time the sergeant was absent from roll-call he put him under arrest for a week; the first time he got drunk, for a fortnight. When the captain—a little, dark man, as stiff as a poker, with bristling moustaches—ordered him under arrest, adding, in a stern tone, 'I know you, my friend, and I mean to master you!' Thirsty never answered a word, but walked quietly away toward the guard-room. Still, I fancy the captain would have lowered his tone a bit, all the same, if he had seen how the sergeant's face reddened with anger, and how his terrible blue eyes flashed as he turned away.

"Meanwhile, the Emperor declared war on Austria, and we were all shipped off to Italy. I pass over the incidents of the campaign, and come to the point at once. The evening before the Battle of Melegnano—where I lost my arm, you know—our battalion was encamped in a small village, and before we broke ranks our captain made us a little speech—he was quite right, was the captain—reminding us that we were in a friendly country, and that for the honour of the army we should be on our good behaviour; and he added that anyone who caused the slightest annoyance to any of the inhabitants would be punished most severely. While he was making this speech, Thirsty, who was standing near me, leaning unsteadily on his bayonet—he had emptied a good many glasses since the morning—shrugged his shoulders, but fortunately the captain did not notice him.

"In the middle of the night I was wakened up suddenly. I sprang from the heap of straw I had been sleeping on in a corner of a farmyard, and by the light of the moon I saw Thirsty with a young girl in his arms, all torn and dishevelled, and calling on the Madonna and all the saints in Heaven to save her. He was struggling furiously, like a lion, with a lot of peasants and soldiers who were trying to rescue her from him. I ran up to help, but Captain Gentile got there before me. With one glance—he had a very commanding glance, had the little Corsican—he drove back the sergeant, cowed. Then, when he had spoken a few reassuring words to the girl in Italian, he came back and stood before the culprit, and shaking his finger before the other's face:—

"'They ought to blow out the brains of

wretches like you,' said he. 'As soon as I can see the colonel you shall have your stripes taken from you; and it will be for good this time. There will be a battle to-morrow; you had better try and get killed!'

"We went back to bed again. But the captain was right, and before the break of day we were awakened by a cannonade. We flew to arms and formed a column, Thirsty taking his place next to me. I thought I had never seen his fierce blue eyes look more terrible. The battalion began its march. We were to dislodge the white coats, who had taken up their position in the village of Melegnano, which they had fortified with cannon. Forward, march! We hadn't gone two miles, when, bang! the Austrian cannon burst upon us, and knocked down fifteen of our men. After that, the officers, who had been waiting for the order to charge, made us lie down in the maize fields like the sharp-shooters. They remained standing themselves, of course, and I can tell you our captain stood up as straight as any of them.

"YOU HAD BETTER TRY AND GET KILLED.'

We men, kneeling among the corn-stalks, kept up an incessant fire on the Austrian battery, which was within range. Suddenly I felt someone nudge my elbow. I turned round, and saw Thirsty loading his rifle, and looking at me with a sort of dare-devil smile lurking in the corners of his mouth.

"'You see the captain?' said he, jerking his head towards that officer, who was standing at a distance of about twenty feet from us.

"'Yes; what of it?' I answered, looking in the same direction.

"'What of it? He ought not to have spoken to me as he did last night.'

"Then with a rapid, well-calculated movement, he levelled his piece and fired. I saw the captain, with a sudden, convulsive spasm, throw back his head and beat the air with his hands, then drop his sword and fall heavily backward to the ground.

"'Murderer!' I cried, seizing the sergeant's arm.

"But he sent me rolling two or three feet from him, with a blow in the chest from the butt-end of his rifle.

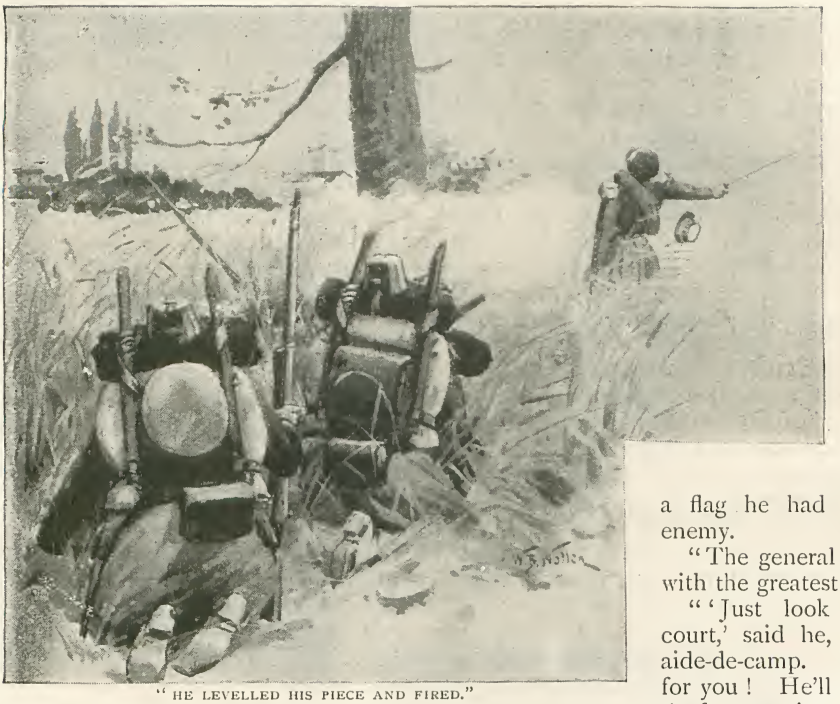
"'Fool! How will you prove I killed him?'

"I sprang to my feet, furious; but all the rest rose at the same time, for there was our colonel, bare-headed, on his smoking horse, pointing with his sword to the Austrian battery, and shouting with all his might:—

"'Forward, Zouaves! Charge with the bayonet!'

"What could I do, but charge with the rest? And it was a fine thing, too, that charge of the Zouaves at Melegnano. Have you ever seen a heavy sea beating against a rock? Yes? Well, that is just what it was like. One after another, three companies rushed up there, like a wave over a rock. Three times the battery was covered with the blue coats and red breeches, and three times we saw the embankment, bristling with its cannons' mouths, reappear like the rock when the wave has spent itself.

"But the fourth company—that was ours — carried the place. For myself, in twenty



"HE LEVELLED HIS PIECE AND FIRED."

strides I reached the redoubt; and helping myself with the butt-end of my rifle, I clambered up the embankment. I had just time to see a blue cap, a pair of fair moustaches, and the muzzle of a gun that was almost touching me; and then I felt such a blow on my left shoulder that I thought my arm had been torn off. I turned giddy, dropped my rifle, rolled over on my side by the wheel of a gun-carriage, and fainted away.

"When I opened my eyes again there was only a faint sound of musketry in the distance. The Zouaves were there, standing in a sort of disorderly half-circle, shouting, 'Long live the Emperor!' and waving their rifles at arms' length in the air.

"An old general, with his aide-de-camp, came galloping up; he stopped his horse, took off his gold-striped cap, and waved it joyfully, shouting:—

"'Well done, Zouaves! You are the finest soldiers in the world!'

"I sat up, leaning against the wheel of the gun-carriage, holding my broken paw dismally in my right hand, and I began to remember Thirsty's horrible crime—shooting his captain from behind on the battlefield.

"And at once he left the ranks and came forward towards the general. The very man himself—Thirsty, the captain's murderer! He had lost his fez in the fray, and his close-shaven head was bare, with a wound across it, from which the blood trickled over his forehead and down his cheek. He was leaning on his gun with one hand, and in the other he held an Austrian flag, all torn and blood-stained, a flag he had taken from the enemy.

"The general looked at him with the greatest admiration.

"'Just look at that, Bricourt,' said he, turning to his aide-de-camp. 'There's a man for you! He'll have the cross.' And repeating 'Fine fellow! Fine fellow!' he turned to his aide-de-camp again, and said something I did not understand—you know I am only an ignorant man—but I remember all the same, 'Isn't that worthy of Plutarch, Bricourt?'

"And then the pain in my arm was so great that I fainted away again, and heard nothing more.

"You know what followed. I have often told you how they hacked about my shoulder, and how I lay in the ambulances for two months with fever and delirium. And in my restless, wakeful hours I was always wondering what I ought to do about Thirsty. Ought I to denounce him? I thought I ought. But, then, what proofs had I to show? And, after all, if he was a scoundrel, he was a brave soldier. He had killed Captain Gentile, but he had taken a flag from the enemy. I could not make up my mind what to do. When at length I began to get better, I learnt that, as a reward for his brilliant conduct, Thirsty had been promoted into the Zouaves of the Guard, and that they had given him the cross of the Legion of Honour. For the first moment it made me feel disgusted with my own cross, that the colonel had brought to me in the hospital. And yet, after all, Thirsty deserved his as well as I did mine; but he deserved, too, that his ribbon should serve as a target for a file of

"THERE'S A MAN FOR YOU! HE'LL HAVE THE CROSS."

men told off to shoot him. All that happened long ago, and I have never seen the sergeant since; he is still in the service, while I have turned civilian. But just now, looking at that tunic, with its bullet-hole, hanging there in the shop—and goodness knows how it ever got there!—with the barrack where the murderer is quartered only a few yards off, I remembered that the crime had gone unpunished, and it seemed as if the captain's ghost cried out for justice."

I quieted Père Vidal as best I could, for his story had put him into a great state of excitement. I assured him he had acted for the best, and that the heroic conduct of the sergeant of Zouaves had fully balanced his crime.

But a few days after, when I went into the office, Vidal handed me a newspaper, folded so that I could only see one paragraph, and remarked, solemnly:—

"What did I tell you?"

I took the newspaper, and this is what I read:—

"ANOTHER VICTIM OF INTEMPERANCE.—Yesterday afternoon, on the Boulevard de Grenelle, a man named Mallet, commonly called Thirsty, a sergeant in the Zouaves of the Imperial Guard, who had been drinking deeply in all the public-houses in the neighbourhood with two of his companions, was suddenly seized with an attack of delirium tremens, while he was looking at some old uniforms hanging in the window of a second-hand clothes-shop. He ran down the street, brandishing his sword, and spreading terror before him. The two soldiers who accompanied him had the greatest difficulty in mastering the madman, who kept shouting, with fury, 'I am not a murderer! I took a flag from the Austrians at Melegnano!' We are informed that Mallet really was decorated for the gallant act, and that nothing but his inveterate drunkenness has prevented his being promoted to the rank of an officer. Mallet was taken to the military hospital, the Gros-Caillou, whence he will shortly be removed to Charenton, as it is doubtful if the unfortunate man will ever recover his reason."

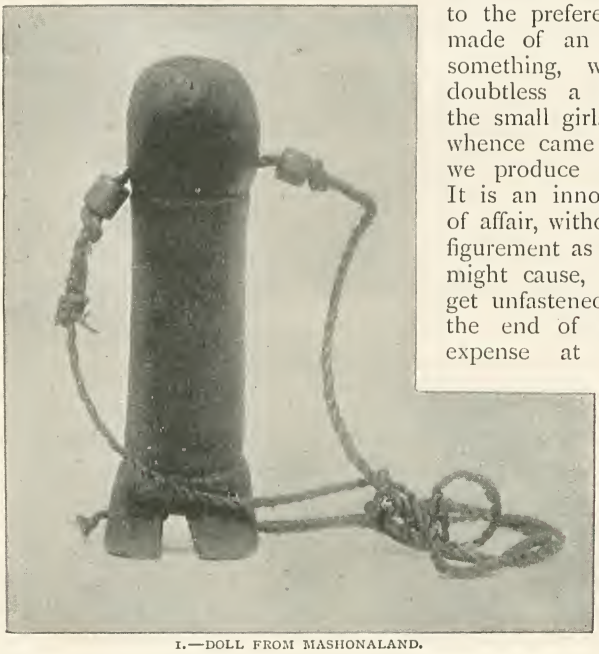
As I gave back the paper to Vidal, he looked at me earnestly and said:—

"Captain Gentile was a Corsican. He has taken his revenge!"

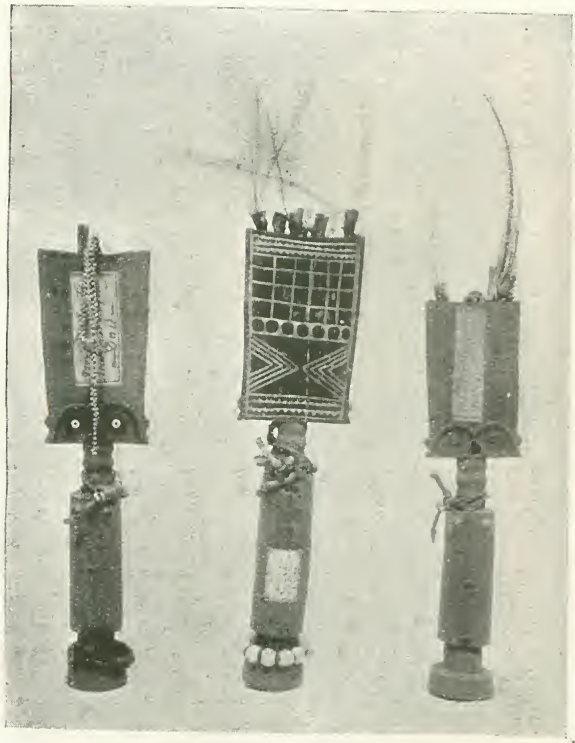
Outlandish Toys.

TOYS, joys, boys, noise. These are the rhyme-words—the framework, so to speak—for a nursery rhyme which somebody ought to have made a long time ago; anybody can make it now for himself. Wherever small boys and girls are to be found—and they have been reported present in every inhabited neighbourhood yet discovered—there are toys. They were probably invented as early as eating and drinking were, and no doubt antedate by centuries the patent for the first birch; for doubtless primeval man corrected his ill-behaved offspring by knocking it over with the well-picked drumstick of his late enemy; while the obedient young cave-dweller sat near, playing with the merry-thought of yesterday's unroasted pterodactyl. To-day, when pterodactyl skipjacks have become comparatively uncommon, toys have a way of being made in thousands and in Germany, and conveyed seriously from country to country as articles of merchandise. This, at any rate, is the case with European toys; but in savage countries toys still remain a domestic manufacture, and rarely travel, as articles of trade, farther than from one little waistcoatless savage to his brother or sister. Consequently there is an individuality about such toys, and a striking divergence from the types proper to the Lowther Arcade. It is of some of these toys that we intend to treat in this article, as well as of a few from such places as Ceylon and Japan, where, in an old civilization, toys are something of a separate manufacture, though in designs unfamiliar among ourselves.

No doubt the earliest manufactured toy of all was the doll. Little girls play with dolls everywhere, and have always done so. Indeed, among the Bechuanas and Basutos at the present moment, married women carry dolls until they are supplanted by real children. There is for its possessor a curious individuality about a doll, altogether unaccountable to other people. How often may it be observed that a child will neglect the splendid new five-shilling waxen beauty, with its gorgeous finery, and cling faithfully to the disreputable, noseless wreck of rags that has been its favourite hitherto? Something causes other children, besides Helen's babies, to dislike "buyed dollies," even to the preference for an article made of an old towel. This something, whatever it is, is doubtless a great comfort to the small girls of Mashonaland, whence came the doll of which we produce a photograph (1). It is an innocent, armless sort of affair, without any such disfigurement as waist or shoulders might cause, no knee-joints to get unfastened, and nothing at the end of its legs to cause expense at the shoemaker's. As regards dress, it is inexpensive; the whole suit of apparel consisting of a piece of string threaded through a hole humanely bored through the head; the string being use-



1.—DOLL FROM MASHONALAND.



2.—DOLLS FROM ASHANTEE.

ful to hang the whole thing about the little Mashona's neck. By close and attentive inspection one may detect a faint attempt to indicate features, but this weakness seems to have stopped short at a scratch where the nose ought to be, and a rather deeper scratch for an eye. The whole thing was such a piece of training for the youthful imagination that one regrets these half-hearted struggles for realism.

More elaborately designed, but still full of scope for imagination, are the three rectangular-headed dolls from Ashantee (2). There are eyes of mother-of-pearl, and there are triangular noses; but mouths are dispensed with—which is an advantage in a large family. Legs and arms, also, are absent, which indicates a charming Ashantee ideal of babyhood; excluding the appurtenances which in an ordinary baby cause a deal of mischief and noise. In the central doll, indeed, the artist boldly undertakes to abolish the customary face altogether, and to substitute a primitive draughts and backgammon board; but he returns to Nature when he comes to the hair, and crowns the work with what seems to be a dissipated company of five shaving-brushes. In the right-hand example the designer has not confined himself slavishly to shaving-brushes in the matter of hair, but has secured a certain jauntiness by the introduction of a wisp from a whitewash brush on one side. But the central problem of the whole picture lies, as is proper, in the middle doll. And it is this; is the white bead necklace round the doll's neck, or round its waist, or round its ankle?

The Kaffir would seem to be champion doll-maker of Africa, if we may judge by the specimen of his work here illustrated (3). Legs, arms, hands, feet, features, ears—all are there, and the whole affair will bear comparison with the rag or leather dolls of this advanced country. Indeed, there are people, grown-up, who would vastly prefer this to any doll you might select in the best toy-shop in London; for on the long bead necklace, which is festooned about it, two large pearls are threaded. One may better judge the size of these when it is observed that the height of the doll, complete, is half

3.—KAFFIR DOLL.

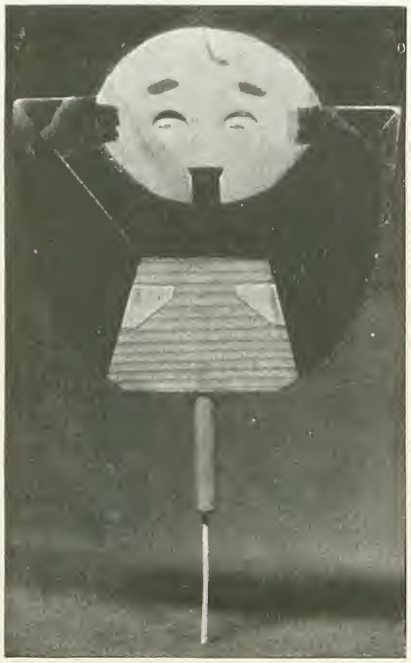
4.—PUPPET FROM JAVA.

an inch more than a foot. The covering is leather, very neatly sewn, and the toy was probably once the possession of some little Zulu prince or princess.

In Java the national drama is the galanty-show—the *ombres chinoises* of the French idiom. The mechanical actors in these shows are the toys of the grown-up Javanese. A white sheet is stretched before the company, with a light behind it, and the Dálang, who is the stage-manager, acting-manager, scene-shifter, prompter, and call-boy rolled into one, sits invisible, and works the figures behind the sheet. These figures are flat, and made usually of thick buffalo hide, with jointed arms. A thin strip of horn hangs from each arm, and by the aid of these strips the operator works the figures. Notwithstanding the fact that to the "house" nothing is visible but the black silhouetted shadow of each character, the figures are most lovingly and conscientiously decorated with paint and gold, after the thorough-going manner of the actor who blacked himself all over to play *Othello*. And another peculiarity of these leathern actors is that all are more or less distorted and made grotesque, even in the cases of heroes and heroines. There is a tradition that an early Mohammedan missionary prompted this distortion as a sort of compromise between the Javanese national drama, which he couldn't afford to set at naught, and the Mohammedan precept that forbids any image in the human form. Let that be as it may, it will be seen from our illustrations that the Javanese, in these cases at least, run little risk of infringing Mohammed's law. The flat image of a rather stout lady (4) has a quaintness and a humour of its own, and two very impressive bunches of toes; while her ear and the ear-ring attached would attract attention in the most fashionable circles. The three figures in the other photograph (5) are rounded, and of wood. They are used in a variation of the more usual shadow-show, and are displayed without the intervention of an illuminated sheet, just in the manner of our own plays of marionettes; but they are still worked by the little horn rods. The three specimens before us are evidently comedians. There is little

5.—PUPPETS FROM JAVA.

of the tragic about them, unless it be in the face of him (or her) in the middle, which might be the face of a china-shop keeper, contemplating the tragic entrance of a bull. It is by means of these curious shows of fantoccini that the legendary history of Java has been kept alive for ages among a people mostly illiterate; and the enthusiasm with which the shows are regarded may be guessed from the fact that crowds will sit or stand whole nights through, profoundly attentive to them, and noisily applausive at the critical parts.



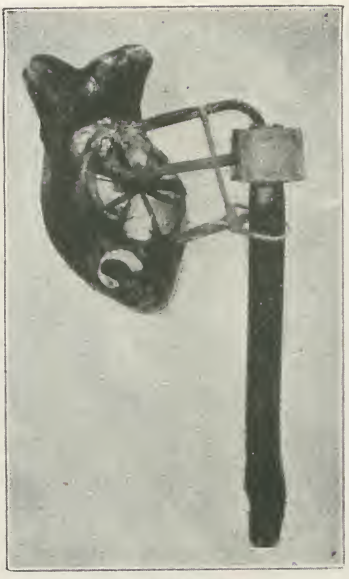
6.—JAPANESE BOGEY MAN.

Not strictly a doll, perhaps, but somewhat of that nature, is the curious little flat figure (6) familiar among the happy children of Japan, which protrudes its tongue and rolls its eyes. It is an extremely cheap thing, costing something merely fractional, and occupies in Japan much the position occupied among us by the penny puzzles and toys sold along the curbs of the Strand and Cheapside. It is made of broad, coloured rush-straws folded over to represent, approximately, a human figure seated in the characteristic Japanese squat, and wearing the square-shouldered ceremonial robes of old Japan. The toy is held from below by a hollow reed, and through this passes another and a smaller reed, which, thrust up and down, protrudes the tongue (made of red straw), and causes the eyes to roll tremendously. The specimen from which our photograph was taken was brought from Japan by Mr. J. Edge Partington.

Rattles and drums — anything which makes a hideous noise—have ever been delightful to children and savages — children of a larger growth. At Loango, West Africa, the grown natives use rattles of a curious sort in their dances. They are made of a sort of hard brown wood, highly polished; they take the form of a bell, usually with a human figure upon them by way of handle. Within the bell hangs a little bunch of clappers, made of reeds; and when a large crowd of healthy negroes is dancing and shaking these rattles in unison, the noise is of a fine and conspicuous sort. There are no Mohammedan scruples to deter the artists responsible for these rattles, but they keep as far from the human form usually met with as do the Javanese. In our illustration (7) the figure kneeling on the bell on the left is that of a negress, with a child slung on her shoulders by a band. It is a knowing sort of child, and seems, with its hand raised to screen the remark from its mother's hearing, to be whispering impertinences to the onlooker. An oval box of some sort rests on the woman's head, supported by her left arm, not to be seen in this view of the object. The figure in the middle rattle is that of a dark gentleman with a broken nose, holding in his hands what is said to be a musical instrument, but which might easily be a hat which he was thinking of substituting (very advisably) for that on his head. The third figure, unlikely as it may seem, is intended to

7.—RATTLES FROM WEST AFRICA.

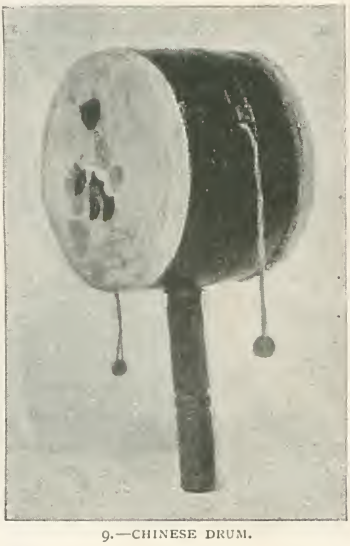
represent a European, as may be observed by his whiskers, indicated by the ridge between ear and cheek. The artist has sought further to increase the likeness, and more strongly to bring out the characteristics of civilization, by placing a bottle in each hand—or, at any rate, something intended for a bottle. Moreover, the enlightened European is seated on what appears to be a gallon jar. The negro responsible for this carving had begun to learn.



8.—CHINESE RATTLE.

For the small children of China a surprisingly loud rattle, though but a small one, is provided in the shape our photograph indicates (8). The whole thing measures but 3½in., and the fish, of thick earthenware, is but 1½in. in length. The fish is painted red, the handle is of bamboo, and the secret of its working is made plain by the picture. A twisted string is stretched across the frame holding the fish, and in it is inserted the striker, just in the way made familiar in the wooden jumping-frog of our own country. When the rattle is sprung, exactly in the same way as our old policeman's or watchman's rattle was sprung, the angular projections at the head of the stick alternately lift and release the short end of the clapper, while the opposite end beats the hollow fish with a monstrous clatter, the delight of the small boy the world over, whether Celestial or—otherwise. This particular specimen was brought to England by Mr. G. K. Barnes, of the Royal Navy, and presented to the British Museum by that gentleman; as also was the toy drum, likewise from China, shown in the succeeding illustration.

This drum (9), 4½in. across, is made of wood, and painted gaily in red, white, and green. Strings hang from the sides, each with a bead at its end. By the handle attached, the drum is spun rapidly in alternate directions, so that the beads, flying wide, strike the tympani in turn, and produce a rapid and (they say) not unpleasant sound. Quite pleasant, no doubt, to the dear little rascal who handles the article. This particular specimen was made at Yau-ma-ti, in the Howloom Peninsula.



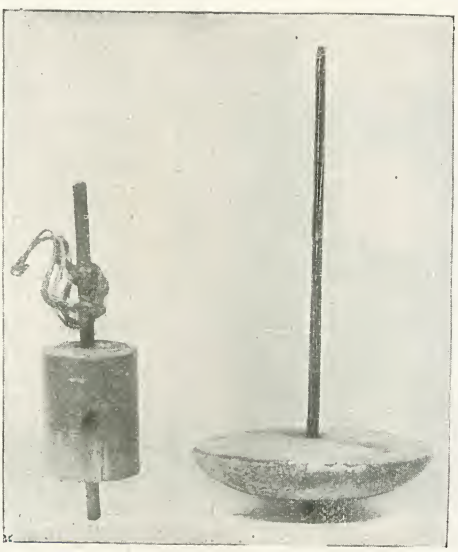
9.—CHINESE DRUM.

A distant striver after the ways of the Lowther Arcade was the gentle Basuto who modelled in clay the animals and the man we show in another illustration (10). For here, plainly, is the Noah's Ark of commerce in its early conception, with two legs for Noah and the ark left out. It will be observed that the gentle Basuto is timid, and never rises to the daring Lowther Arcade pitch of making the dove as large as the cow, and the cow the same size as the elephant. For his elephant (though its trunk *is* broken off), his rhinoceros (though its horn *has* wilted down over its nose), his antelope, his buffalo, his leopard (observe the spots), his lion, and his wild cat are somewhat in the proportions in which Nature makes them; they vary, indeed, from 3in. or 4in. to 9in. or 10in. in length. In this respect the Basuto is behind us; but in regard to obscurity of identity, he is really not so far inferior to our own toy makers. It is not quite, though almost, as difficult to distinguish the Basuto's elephant from his rhinoceros, and his lion from his buffalo, as to discriminate the strange monsters in a regular civilized Noah's Ark. But in the little animal just at the rear of the wild cat — the animal which looks rather like a cross between a Skye-terrier, a bulldog, and a kitchen colander — in this particular instance the Basuto rises to heights of genius, and beats the European altogether. For that is a creature that one may defy anybody to identify.

Tops are in; spin 'em agin.
Tops are out; smugging about!

10.—BASUTO NOAH'S ARK.

What mysterious force of Nature it is that rules that tops shall be "in" at one period of the year, and "out" for the rest, will probably never be discovered. But perhaps the top-inclination is of the nature of a pestilence, passing successively through different parts of the world, so that while tops are "in" among the Polynesian islanders, they are "out" in Ceylon, and so forth. However this may be, certain it is that the top is a universal toy, just as the doll is, and all over the world it is made of all sorts of materials, just as they may be handy or seem suitable. We put two extreme instances together in one of our illustrations. The first top (the left-hand one in Fig. 11) comes from the Stewart group of the Solomon Islands, and is made of a bamboo cylinder, closed at the ends, and pierced with a stick. The bottom end of the stick is the peg, and to the top end is attached a piece of string for spinning purposes. A hole is pierced in the side of the bamboo, and there lies a humming-top, in all essential particulars similar to those in our own shops. The top by the side of this comes from New Guinea, and the body of it is a piece of buff-coloured stone, with a human figure painted on the upper face in red. The stick which passes through the stone is rotated rapidly between the palms of the hands, and thus the stone top is set spinning.



11.—TOPS FROM THE SOLOMON ISLANDS AND NEW GUINEA.

Another of our illustrations (12) shows four tops, each remarkable in its way. The first is made from a sea-shell; it comes from the Persian Gulf. The second is a sort of disarranged peg-top with no peg, and wound and spun by a string on the upper instead of on the lower surface. It was made at Selângor, in the Straits Settlements, of some sort of hard brown wood. A wood of similar appearance has been used in the production of top number three, but that comes from a very different part of the globe—from Nootka Sound, in fact, on the North-West Coast of America. It was brought to this country by Captain Vancouver, who gave his name to the large island on the coast of which Nootka Sound lies. Here we see a wooden handle, identical in principle, and almost in shape, with that used on our own wooden humming-tops. The last of these four tops is noticeable for the neatness and care wherewith it has been fashioned with no other implement than an ordinary knife. The wood is of a light colour, and the string has been ingeniously twisted of pieces of print of Manchester manufacture. The toy comes from Ritabel village, in Timorlant, one of the Tenimber Islands, some way off the coast of North Australia.

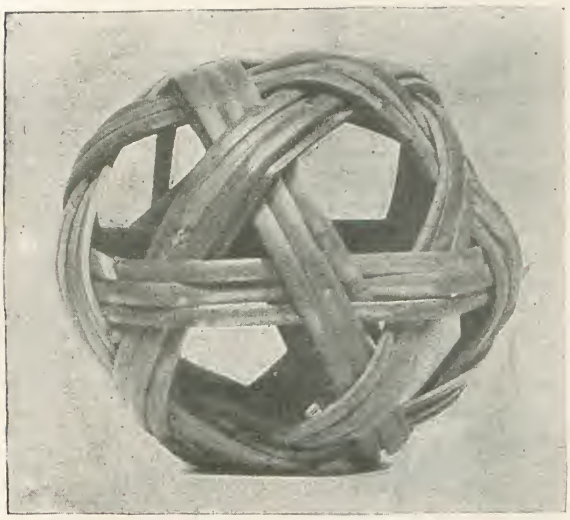
Here we have a football (13), of an open transparent complexion, and most ingeniously made from plaited cane.

12.—TOPS FROM PERSIA, SELÂNGOR, NOOTKA SOUND, AND TENIMBER ISLANDS.

It comes from the Straits Settlements, and it was shown in 1886 at the Colonial Exhibition. It is a little less than 5in. in diameter, and, of course, extremely light. Lightness, indeed, would seem to be desirable in this case, since the naked feet of the natives who play it would find anything in the nature of a heavy, sodden Association leather-globe a trifle disconcerting for the toes. As it is, there would seem to be excellent opportunities to get a toe jammed in one of the pentagonal holes. This ball is not any the better for inflating, and if it were, the task would be troublesome. Just such a ball as this is now in use at the Indian Exhibition, where a number of Burmans play the game publicly.

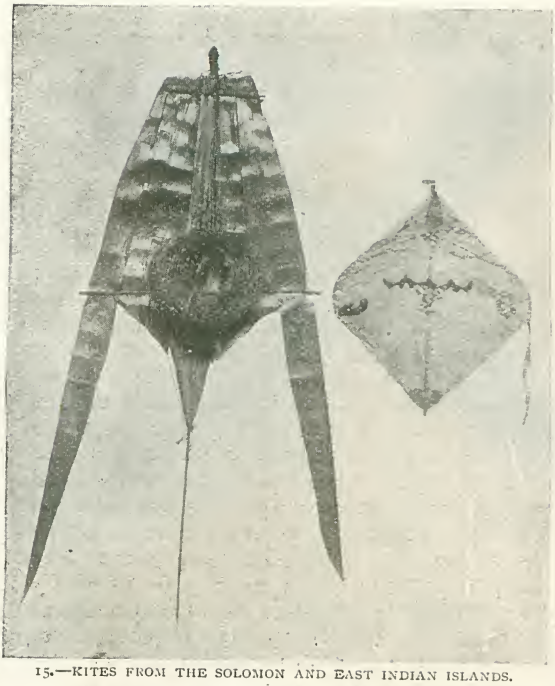
Between this game of football and one of shuttlecock there may seem to be small affinity; but the game played with the shuttlecock which we illustrate (14) is played with the feet, nevertheless. Cochin China is the country of origin of this unkempt-looking article, and the game is played thus: Seven or eight young men stand in a circle and kick up the shuttlecock between them. Nobody touches it with hand or arm, or any instrument. A player takes a short run, springs from the ground, and smites the descending shuttlecock with the sole of his foot. Up it flies into the air, and descends in the direction of another player, who jumps up in his turn and kicks it again into the upper atmosphere; and so they "keep the pot a-boiling." Very seldom does a player miss his kick, and very seldom does he fail in his direction of the shuttlecock's flight. The exercise must be rather like that indulged in by the boy who tries to kick his hand extended at a level with his head. The bottom of the shuttlecock is made of leather, and it is weighted with two or three of those curious copper coins with a square hole in the centre. These coins jingle as the shuttlecock is tossed about, and give notice of its flight.

14.—SHUTTLECOCK FROM COCHIN CHINA.



13.—FOOTBALL FROM STRAITS SETTLEMENTS.

Perhaps one is apt to regard the kite as pretty exclusively a Chinese or a Japanese toy, but that, too, is a very widespread favourite. Of the two kites we illustrate (15), the first



15.—KITES FROM THE SOLOMON AND EAST INDIAN ISLANDS.

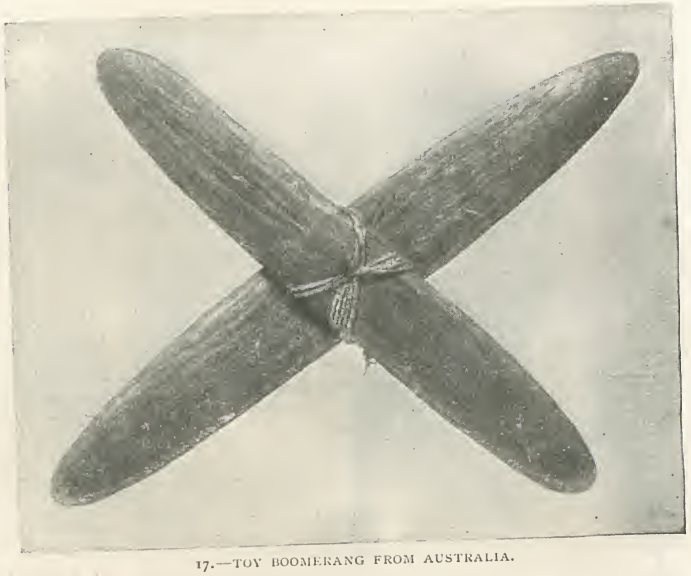
is from the Solomon Islands. The material is the leaf of the sago-palm, and the structure is stiffened with thin cross-bars of cane. The Solomon Islanders often put these kites to use in fishing. A long string is hung to a kite, with a hook and a bait at the end, and the kite is flown over water, forming a fine, handsome, and conspicuous "float," ready to bob and plunge desperately at the first bite. Our second kite is a child's toy, and comes from the East Indian Islands. It is made of very thin material of the nature of "tapa," and it is ornamented with pieces of black, red, and yellow paper. The framework consists of two slender slips of bamboo, and the kite is a foot in length and 10½in. broad. Kite-flying seems to be growing less popular than of yore with English boys. But among their elders the kites with a revenue stamp on one corner are more popular than ever, and are being flown with great perseverance, regardless of weather, at this moment.

A toy familiar in many parts of this country, but becoming singularly unfamiliar in others, is the bull-roarer. Sometimes it is called by other names, but the thing itself is probably familiar to most people. It is a flat piece of wood, variously shaped, according to fancy, tied at the end to a length of string, and whirled rapidly and persistently till it emits a noise like unto the buzzing of a bluebottle as big as a sheep. The bull-roarer, too, is a widespread toy, known the world over. Indeed, it is not always a toy, but, as in the Torres Straits, is often invested with a supernatural character, and used in the initiation of priests, and in other religious ceremonials among heathens. Among the Australian natives, the bull-roarer is called a "turndun," and its din is much venerated. The three specimens of which we reproduce photographs (16) are from New Zealand; the middle one, though damaged, is a fine figure of a bull-roarer, with a grotesque face, indicated among the carving at its upper end. The bull-roarer, of one pattern or another, is found in Mexico, in Australia, in New Zealand, in Africa, and in Middlesex. Whether it is a mere toy elevated in some places to sacred honours, or a sacred instrument degraded in other places to the uses of a mere toy—this is a question ethnographists have not yet settled.

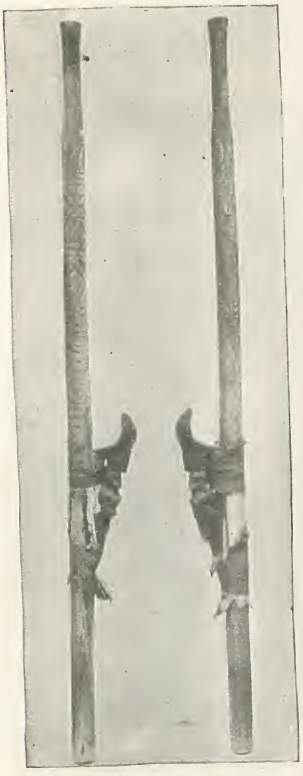
The boomerang needs no introduction; what weapon so mysteriously famous? In

16.—BULL-ROARERS FROM NEW ZEALAND.

our own toy-shops little boomerangs are sold at this present time, though whether any happy English child has achieved any more wonderful feat with one than smashing a window (for which an ordinary British brick does quite as well) one is justified in doubting. In the land of the boomerang, and among the Australian aborigines who use it, the toy boomerang used by the children (17) is of a wholly different shape from the crooked wooden blade which illustrations and the toy-shop miniatures have made familiar. It is, indeed, of the form of a cross; but it is used by the children just in the way that their elders use the larger crooked single blade. The boomerang is *not* a widely distributed toy or weapon; it is native to Australia alone. To describe at length the peculiarities of the boomerang in flight would be to retell a fifty-times-told tale. How it changes its directions without apparent reason; how it unerringly hits whatever is round the corner; how it comes dutifully back to its owner, and licks his boots, after killing two ducks and a kangaroo, plucking the two and skinning the one; these things everybody knows.



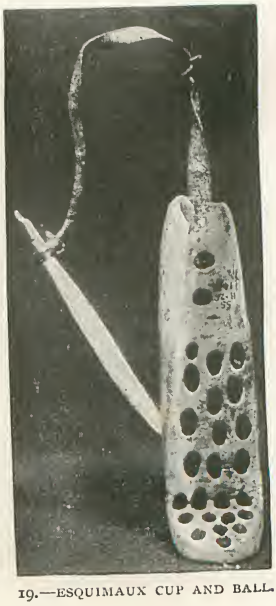
17.—TOY BOOMERANG FROM AUSTRALIA.



18.—STILTS FROM THE MARQUESAS ISLANDS.

In the Marquesas Islands the great sport is stilt-walking. The Marquesans are expert acrobats on their supplementary legs, and are perfectly at home with them on the roughest ground. Races on stilts are common, and the aim of the simple stilt-racer is as much to upset his competitors as to get ahead of them by hard striding. Our specimen pair of stilts from Marquesas (18) is of soft yellow wood, carved elaborately—this as regards the shafts. The stirrups are of a darker and much heavier wood, and are carved to represent human figures; they are bound to the shafts by strands of cocoa-nut cinet.

The cup and ball is another toy found in widely distant countries. The cup and ball of the Esquimaux of Hudson's Strait (19) is particularly distinguished by its total innocence of a cup and its entire lack of a ball; it is, indeed, less of a cup and ball than of a cribbage-board. It consists of a piece of walrus ivory, pitted with many holes; to this another piece of ivory, in form of a little stick, is attached by a strip of hide, and the game is to toss up the smaller piece of ivory and catch it in one of the

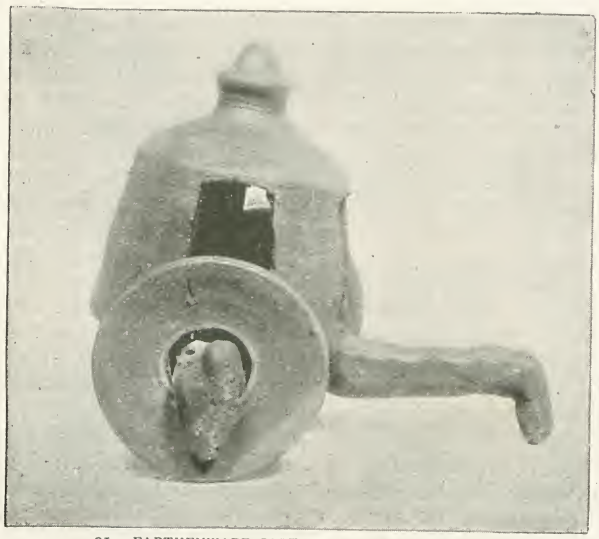


19.—ESQUIMAUX CUP AND BALL.

holes. The Esquimaux would appear to be a patient people.

Whatever instruments or engines grown people use, toy copies will be demanded—and obtained—by the children. Toy swords, guns, fire-engines, trains, scales and weights, and spades attest this in our own country, and in Australia, as we have seen, the little aborigine flings his little boomerang. Carts, of course, are toys wherever man has risen to the dignity of vehicular traffic. Quite a superior little toy is this bullock-cart from Ceylon (20), with its tilt of woven rushes, its reins of string, its well-made wooden wheels, and its quite recognisable bullock, though this last may look a trifle like a donkey. The whole thing is, in fact, a fairly exact model of a Cingalese bullock-cart, and it would be received with satisfaction in the most fastidious European nurseries. Observe the neat and ingenious cordage over the tilt. The earthenware bullock-carriage (21), which is our last specimen, also has its interest. It is from Limree, in the Bombay Presidency, and is made of a sort of terra-cotta. The wheels and the body of the carriage are, as may be perceived, turned on the potter's wheel, while the pole—the carriage is evidently intended for a pair of bullocks—and the axle have been fashioned by hand; though perhaps not delicately fashioned. The height of this carriage is 6in., and it is 7in. long. How the passenger is to enter it without either climbing over a bullock's back or diving through the window is not made altogether clear; but the little people who have carriages 6in. high are not over particular, neither in India nor in this country. Else what would become of the common, old-fashioned wooden horse, with its peg legs, its barrel body, its rabbit's tail, its flat head, and its plasterings of blue and red paper? Surely, on the whole, the most outlandish toy of all.

20.—TOY-CART FROM CEYLON.



21.—EARTHENWARE CART FROM LIMREE, BOMBAY.

The Adventures of a Man of Science.

By L. T. Meade and Clifford Halifax, M.D.

We have taken down these stories from time to time as our friend, Paul Gilchrist, has related them to us. He is a man whose life study has been science in its most interesting forms—he is also a keen observer of human nature and a noted traveller. He has an unbounded sympathy for his kind, and it has been his lot to be consulted on many occasions by all sorts and conditions of men.

VI.—THE PANELLED BEDROOM.

THE Perownes of Queen's Marvel belonged to one of the oldest families in Staffordshire. Their country seat was remarkable for all that renders family mansions attractive. Some parts of the house were centuries old. There was the tapestry-room, the picture-gallery, the hall with its splendid suits of mail-armour; the wide, white marble stairs; then, again, there was the old painted glass in the Gothic windows; the Henry IV. chapel, where prayers were still read morning after morning; and in addition, the many modern rooms with every available comfort. The house stood on a slight eminence, and commanded an extensive view of the neighbouring country. Acres and acres of broad lands surrounded the ancient mansion—there was the Queen Anne garden, with its trees cut in many grotesque shapes—there was the old paddock and the bowling alley, and in addition, of course, the modern gardens, with their smooth, rolling lawns, and their tennis courts.

At the time of my visit to Queen's Marvel, King Winter was in the height of his reign. I made one of a large Christmas party, and I found myself on my arrival surrounded by many old friends and acquaintances.

Edward Perowne, the present owner, was an imposing looking man of about sixty years of age. He had a fine face with aquiline features, a very upright carriage, and the courteous manner which belongs more or less to a bygone school. He came into the hall to greet his guests, accompanied by his pretty daughter-in-law, and a blooming girl whom he introduced to the assembled company as his grandchild.

The weather, for the time of year, happened to be perfect—there was frost in the air and sunshine overhead. Tea was served in the hall, and afterwards we strolled about the grounds. It was somewhat late when I sought the apartment allotted to me, and I had only time to dress for dinner. My servant, Silva, had laid out my evening dress, and was waiting to help me to get into it. I told him that I should not require his services further, and he left the room.

As I dressed I noticed for the first time the great beauty of the room which had been allotted to my use. It boasted of three doors, which at this moment stood slightly ajar—one opened on to the landing, one into a dressing-room and bath-room combined, and one into a small and beautifully furnished sitting-room. This room contained writing-table, easy lounge, many comfortable chairs, also cabinets full of curios, and a large bookcase filled from ceiling to floor with some of the best modern books. I entered the room, but finding I had no time to examine the books more particularly just now, returned to my bedroom, closing as I did so all three doors. When I did that, I gazed around me with momentary perplexity. I found myself in a very spacious bedroom, being nearly 30ft. in length; but what principally arrested my attention was a certain air of emptiness which struck me as strange. On examining the room more closely, I perceived that there was scarcely any furniture—the bed occupied an alcove in a distant corner; a large fire blazed cheerily in the opposite corner; there were a few chairs and one or two tables scattered about, nothing else—no wardrobe, no chest of drawers.

For a moment I felt even annoyed; then I began to examine the walls carefully—they were all made up of panels decorated in white and pale blue. Going near them I discovered in each what looked like a spring. I touched it: immediately the panel revolved on a pivot, and revealed furniture of different kinds within. Behind one was a very deep wardrobe, capable of holding a lady's voluminous dresses. I went to the next panel and touched the spring, and immediately a complete set of drawers of every size and description were revealed to me. Another, when pressed, showed a little table; another, a wardrobe of different construction. In fact, each panel all round the room was really hollow and held furniture of every sort and description, all by this strange means pushed out of sight except when required for use.

But the most remarkable fact about the room was that the three doors which I have already mentioned were also in panels, and when shut absolutely disappeared. The effect was strange, grotesque, and I felt that

Copyright, 1896, by L. T. Meade, in the United States of America.

"EACH PANEL HELD FURNITURE."

under certain conditions it might even be ghastly. Standing now in the middle of the room, I was, to all appearance, in a room without any door. I smiled to myself at the pleasant deception, and, as the gong sounded at that moment, prepared to make my exit. To do this I had to overcome a certain difficulty. Familiar as I seemed with the room, I could not for a moment find the right door. I went to one panel after another, each exactly alike, looking in vain for any handle. No handle was to be seen, but I presently saw a button in a certain panel at one end of the room. I pressed it, and a door immediately opened. I found myself then in my prettily furnished sitting-room, which, like the bedroom, was brilliantly lighted from above with electricity. I went through it, and, going downstairs, joined the rest of the guests.

We sat down, between thirty-five and forty, to dinner, and I found myself near the pretty girl who was my host's grand-daughter. Her name was Constance Perowne, she was nearly seventeen years of age, and was as gay and bright and happy looking as the heart of man could desire. She chatted volubly to me, and immediately volunteered to tell me who the different guests were.

"I always spend my holidays at Queen's Marvel," she began; "there is no place in all the world like it. You know," she added, dropping her voice to a low tone, "my father is dead, so mother lives altogether here with grandfather. That is mother sitting opposite: is she not pretty?"

I looked across the table, and encountered the gentle gaze of a lady of about five-and-thirty, who bore but a slight resemblance to the brisk, handsome girl by my side.

"Now I will tell you who the other people are," she continued. "Please listen very attentively, for I am going to begin right away. And first of all I will commence with those in whom I am myself most interested. Do you see that lady at the further end of the table?—she is nearly as old as mother—she is in black velvet, with a diamond star in her hair. Her name is Louisa Enderby. She is my cousin, her mother is grandfather's only daughter. Grandfather married twice, and Louisa Enderby's mother is his daughter by his first wife. My father was dear grannie's only child. Louisa has spent the greater part of her life abroad. She knows Italy, and Spain, and Corsica, and India—she has also been in Ceylon and Japan, and I believe even China. She is quite a wonderful woman, and, first and greatest of all, the most amazing mesmerist you ever came across."

I glanced in the direction of the lady, and saw a heavily built woman with thick, dark eyebrows, eyes somewhat closely set, with an unpleasant habit of looking up from under the heavy brows; a swarthy complexion, and full, red lips — her chin was cleft in the middle, and there was a good deal of obstinacy about the lower part of her face. Miss Enderby was undoubtedly a plain woman, and yet when her eyes met mine I felt a curious thrill, not exactly of sympathy, certainly not of admiration, but of a sensation which might have been a mixture of both. I could not account for it. I only knew that I was intensely interested in the lady, and would like to hear more about her.

When I entered the drawing-room after dinner, a young girl was seated in an easy chair, and Miss Enderby was standing close to her. To my surprise, and even annoyance, I saw that the victim was no other than the happy, bright girl, Constance Perowne. Obeying the orders of the mesmerist, she was now gazing fixedly at her. Miss Enderby looked quiet and very resolved—her eyes were dark with excitement, and two burning spots glowed on her cheeks.

"Remember, I have no wish to make this experiment," she said, turning and speaking to the rest of us with a curious light coming into her deep, queer eyes; "but I have

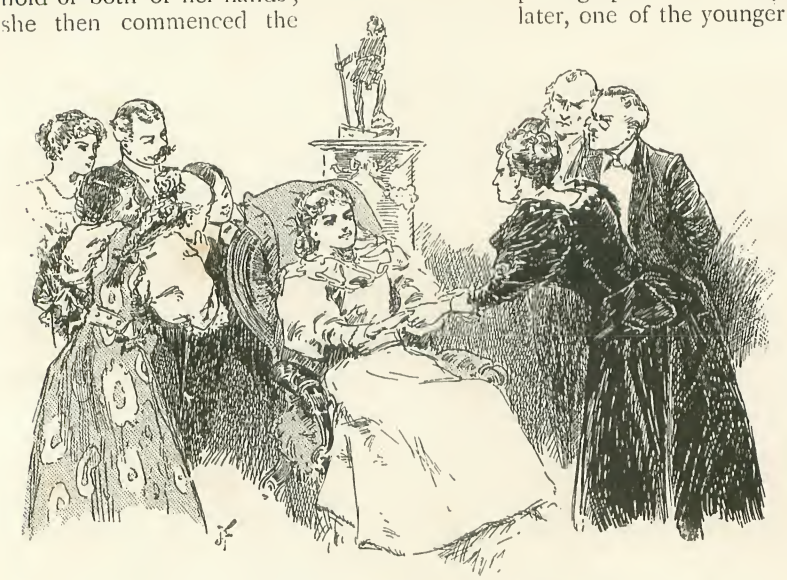
yielded to the persuasions of my many young friends. While I make the necessary passes I must ask everyone to remain as quiet as possible; the slightest noise will distract the attention of the subject of my experiments. Now, then, Constance, you must endeavour to fix your thoughts fully upon me; do not allow them to dwell on outside objects; look me full in the eyes—I will make the passes, and you will doubtless soon fall asleep."

"Oh, dear, it does seem horrible. How can you submit, Connie?" cried a merry girl who stood a few paces away.

Constance laughed.

"I long for the experience," she cried; "it promises to be quite delightful. Now, please, Louisa, begin—I am to fix my eyes on your face—well, I am doing so."

Miss Enderby bent towards her and took hold of both of her hands; she then commenced the usual passes which are supposed after a time to produce hypnotic sleep. I soon perceived that Miss Perowne was not going to be an easy subject—she fidgeted in her chair, her bright eyes glanced away from those of the mesmerist—the passes were made gently and without intermission, and gradually they began to take effect. The young girl's eyes were now steadily fixed on the hypnotist, who gazed back with intensity and firmness. After a time Constance began to complain of a tingling and pricking sensation in her skin—soon afterwards I noticed that her eyelids began to twitch, then to droop, then they slowly closed—she uttered a deep sigh, and Miss Enderby, removing her gaze, announced to us all that Constance was in a mesmeric sleep. The rest of the visitors now crowded round her and began to ask questions through the mesmerizer. What followed was really too absurd to be quoted. Constance answered each remark, however silly.



"MISS ENDERBY TOOK HOLD OF BOTH OF HER HANDS."

In some surprise Perowne came up and gazed at her—he shook his white head, and turned to me.

"This is humbug," he said. "Connie is pretending—I shall give her a fine talking to to-morrow. Come into my study, won't you, Gilchrist? I really cannot stand this sort of child's play any longer." He nodded to one or two of his guests, and abruptly left the room.

He and I were looking over some valuable photographs in his study when, half an hour later, one of the younger girls rushed in, with a very pale face.

"Is Mr. Gilchrist here?" she cried.

"Yes," I answered; "what is the matter?"

"Please come into the drawing-room—someone says you know about mesmerism. We cannot wake Connie, we have all tried; but she is in such a queer state, crying and moaning. I think Miss Enderby is really frightened."

"This comes of outsiders meddling with what they know nothing about," I said, rising and speaking with some annoyance.

"Why, what can be the matter?" said Mr. Perowne. "You surely do not take this seriously?"

"Yes, I do," I answered. "Mesmerism is a real power. Miss Enderby has doubtless got the gift to a certain extent. She put your grand-daughter into a real mesmeric sleep, but now, finding she cannot immediately rouse the sleeper, she has in all probability become agitated and nervous. Her state of mind is communicated by sympathy to the patient. If you will allow me, Mr. Perowne,

I will go immediately to the drawing-room."

"But do you understand this thing yourself?"

"Yes; I have studied mesmerism with some care."

"You believe in it?"

"Fully—but pray do not keep me now."

I hurried back to the drawing-room, followed by Mr. Perowne and the girl who had brought us the message. We found Constance still lying back in the chair in which she had been mesmerized. Her face, which had been serene and even beatific when I last saw it, was now full of suffering, and I thought it highly probable that if any more attempts were made to rouse her by Miss Enderby, she might be seized with spasms or even convulsions. The mesmerist, with a scarlet face and agitated and highly nervous manner, was grasping the poor girl's hands, speaking in her ear, and trying to drag her from her chair.

"Let her alone," I said, "do not touch her, please. When you become calm again you must reverse the passes, but this can only be done when you are quiet and cool."

Miss Enderby started back and stared at me attentively—her face went white to her lips. I noticed that she began to tremble. I had no time then to attend to her, however; all my sympathies were centred round Miss Perowne.

"Mischief will ensue if this young lady is agitated or worried any more," I said; "counter-influences can only do her serious harm. Let her have her sleep out, even if it lasts for a couple of hours; it cannot do her the slightest injury."

I spoke with a voice of authority, and after a time saw that I was making an impression on the agitated company. I lifted Miss Perowne very gently to a neighbouring sofa, and then sitting down near her motioned to everyone else to leave that part of the drawing-room.

They did so—the expression of suffering left the young girl's pretty face, and she slept on calmly. Miss Enderby stood near, watching her victim for a time, then she turned abruptly on her heel. A moment later I saw that she had left the room, but as she was in no condition to make the reverse passes, and as I thought it extremely unlikely that Miss Perowne would sleep for more than two hours, I did not interfere with her departure.

My prognostications turned out to be correct: between eleven and twelve Miss Perowne awoke quite naturally, looked around her, smiled, and asked where she was.

I took her hand and spoke to her gently.

"You are in the drawing-room," I said; "you need not be frightened—you have been subjected to an experiment. Miss Enderby put you to sleep."

"Then I have been mesmerized at last?" said Constance, springing to her feet.

"Yes, but think no more about it. Go to bed and dream of your Christmas pleasures."

"Is Louisa in the room?" she asked, a deep flush coming into each of her cheeks.

"No, you will see her in the morning."

"Go to bed at once, Constance," said her mother, now coming forward and taking both the girl's hands in one of hers. "Go, darling; you look quite excited."

"But, mother, there is nothing the matter with me. I have just had a lovely sleep, and am not in the least tired."

"Very well, but all the same, go to bed now. Good-night, my dear girl."

The pretty girl kissed her mother affectionately, held out one of her hands to me, and presently left the room. I took the opportunity to express my opinion to Mrs. Perowne that her daughter was a very unfit subject for such dangerous experiments.

I went upstairs and once more glanced round my apartment. As far as appearances went, I was in a room without any means of exit—each panel looked exactly like its fellow. There was no outward evidence of the big, hanging wardrobe, the capacious chest of drawers, the ordinary furniture of a bedroom. All the tables, with the exception of a small one near the bed, had disappeared—several of the chairs had also been put out of sight—the three modes of entrance were as if they did not exist. I could not but be conscious of a certain sense of puzzledom, which might, in a nervous person, even arise to a feeling of discomfort. I sat for a little longer by the fire thinking of Miss Perowne, and of Miss Enderby's remarkable face—then, feeling tired, I undressed and got into bed.

I must have awakened suddenly some hours later, for the fire was out and the chamber was in complete darkness. I found myself broad awake and listening intently. There was not a stir, not a sound in the silent room, but a sense of intense discomfort pervaded every atom of my frame. I could not account for my feelings, for I am by no means given to nerves in the ordinary sense of the word. I do not even know that I was nervous at that moment—I only felt intensely restless. Presently an irresistible impulse to rise came over me. I must yield to it—I stretched out my hand, felt along the wall, and turned on the electric light. In the

brightness which immediately ensued the peculiar emptiness of the room once again struck me with a sense of oppression. I lay still for a moment longer, struggling with the inclination to rise—at last it became irresistible; I got up and put on my dressing-gown. When I had done so I felt inclined to laugh at myself—my real wish was to return to bed, but a counter-wish which I had never experienced before impelled me to walk to the opposite end of the room. The three modes of exit so artfully concealed in panels were all, I knew, situated in that direction. In the bright light I could distinctly see the small buttons which when pressed silently opened the panel doors. I approached the centre one, pressed the button, the door revolved noiselessly back, and I perceived that I was on the threshold of the little sitting-room which I have before mentioned. To my astonishment it was bright with electric light, and standing by the mantelpiece I encountered the figure and somewhat arrogant gaze of Miss Enderby.

What did she want with me? How had she got into my private sitting-room in the dead of night? My momentary surprise gave place to indignation.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"I have come to speak to you, Mr. Gilchrist," she replied; "I have something to say to you. It will not occupy much of your time."

"Pray be seated," I said; "but permit me to observe that this visit is most extraordinary."

"Not more so than my motive," was the calm reply. "A glance revealed to me this evening that you and I are *en rapport*, as we say in our phraseology. You can influence me, and I can influence you. We are both hypnotists, although you at the present moment are not fully aware of the magnitude of your own gift. I am anxious to pursue a certain course of action which you can, if you will, baulk me in. I wish you to understand that you do so at your peril."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"To-night, after I left the room, you used your counter-influence with Mrs. Perowne to withdraw Constance from my society. Now, my intention is to see much of Constance—I wish to get her into my power—I mesmerized her to-night for the first time; I intend to mesmerize her again. But for the sudden and complete failure of nerve, which, alas! I am subject to at the most crucial moment of my life, you would not have appeared again on the scene. As it is, I am forced to betray to you what I would far rather conceal. I am a hypnotist up to a certain point—beyond that point I find my powers desert me. Now, you are a hypnotist of a much higher order—in fact, without knowing it yourself, you are a 'clairvoyant.' You can help me if you will—you can oppose me if you choose. I want you to promise not to oppose me—it is for that reason I have visited you to-night."

Having spoken in this strange way, she drew herself up, and gazed fixedly at me. I was also standing, and I looked fully back at her. Her face was full of light, her eyes were extraordinary—she was a very plain woman, but she had undoubtedly the queer gift of an almost unfathomable fascination.

"I ENCOUNTERED THE GAZE OF MISS ENDERBY.

"You promise?" she said, when I was silent.

"I do not know what you mean," I said; "but I may as well say at once that I distinctly disapprove of your influencing Miss Perowne. I do not think it right that young and healthy girls should be subjected to the hypnotic trance. I shall use what counter-influence I possess against you, if that is your intention—it is only fair that you should know that."

"You do it at your peril," she

answered; "but you will doubtless think better of this presently. I will visit you again to-morrow night; expect me."

She glided towards the door, opened it, and went out. I returned to my bed.

At breakfast, on the following morning, I observed that all the other guests were present with the exception of Miss Enderby. It occurred to me to wonder if she had become ashamed of her nightly visit, and did not wish to meet me at breakfast. I was seated near the elder Mrs. Perowne, and I turned to her with a question.

"I notice that Miss Enderby is absent," I said; "I hope there is nothing the matter with her?"

"Miss Enderby?" answered the old lady. "Oh, she never sleeps here. She and her mother occupy a house on the south side of the Park. Louisa went away almost immediately after Constance became better last night—she was out of the house long before eleven o'clock."

"Then how did she get back again?" was my mental comment. "How had she managed to visit me in my sitting-room?"

Absorbed in these thoughts, I scarcely replied to Mrs. Perowne, who must have wondered at my abstracted manner. Soon after breakfast we made up a riding party and went out for a long excursion. I found myself riding near Miss Perowne, who was mounted on a spirited horse and looked lovely in her habit. Her eyes were bright, her complexion clear; all evidence of the emotion which had been aroused last night had now completely left her blooming face. She expressed pleasure at finding herself in my company, and amused and entertained me with her girlish conversation.

"Do you know," she said, "that mother made me give her quite a solemn promise this morning?"

"What about?" I asked.

"That I would not allow Louisa to mesmerize me again."

"I am glad you have made Mrs. Perowne that promise; and now, shall we talk of something else?"

"Willingly," replied Constance. "How lovely the day is! Let us gallop across that stretch of turf."

I assented—she whipped up her horse, and we very soon distanced the other riders to a considerable extent. We halted presently for breath by the roadside, and Constance pushed the tumbled hair out of her eyes.

"I cannot help feeling sorry I made that promise to mother," she began, slightly panting as she spoke. "It has been quite an old wish of mine that Louisa should mesmerize or hypnotize me. Mother says that Louisa was always a very queer child, not a bit like any of us, and when she was quite young she was sent abroad to be educated. She came home when she was nearly grown up, just before the—the dreadful tragedy of grandfather's life occurred."

"What was that?" I asked, looking at the lovely face of the young girl.

"It was about my father, Mr. Gilchrist. He was my grandfather's only son. He married when he was very young, only twenty-one, and he died before"—here her voice slightly faltered—"months before I was born. Mother sometimes speaks of him, but not very often. I will show you his photograph if you will come to my private sitting-room some day. I love his photograph—and sometimes I feel that he is near me. Dear father, everyone loved him so much, and he met his death in such a dreadfully tragic manner. He was drowned while fishing about two miles away from Queen's Marvel. He fell into Lock-Overpool. Mother nearly lost her reason at the time; and as to grandfather, he shut himself up and would not see anyone for years and years—it is only lately that he has at all got over it. You see, he had no other child except Aunt Kate, and for some reason she was never a special favourite of his."

"Then who inherits Queen's Marvel?" I asked.

Constance turned her gentle eyes full upon my face.

"At some very far distant date I do," she answered. "It is a great inheritance for such a little person as I am, and I would much, much rather have nothing to do with it, but grandfather says I must take my responsibilities; and he is going to have me carefully trained—he wants me to be a good business woman and to understand all about the estate; but, Mr. Gilchrist, we are spending too much time chatting; we ought to turn our horses' heads homeward now."

Some fresh guests had arrived during our absence, and the evening which followed was all that was gay and entertaining. Miss Enderby, dressed again in her black velvet, with the one diamond star in her dark hair, was, notwithstanding her plainness and peculiar physiognomy, the life and soul of the party. She had a somewhat deep voice with penetrating notes in it—whenever she

spoke people turned to look at her or to listen to her sentence. She seemed scarcely to trouble herself to entertain, and yet she entertained without effort—her stories were gay, forcible, and to the point—she led the conversation when it languished, and when it grew bright and witty, sustained it at that level.

In the drawing-room she gave us some music—I asked her if she could sing, but she said she had not a note in her voice. Her music, however, like herself, was arresting and convincing—it seemed immediately to penetrate beneath the surface, to stay the thoughts, to quicken the brain, to rouse the intelligence; she improvised a good deal, and presently

"HER MUSIC WAS ARRESTING AND CONVINCING."

a number of the guests clustered round the grand piano to listen to her. From grave to gay she wandered—from the solemn to the trivial, from the deep and the passionate to the light and airy. I found myself involuntarily approaching nearer and nearer to her side. Suddenly she stopped in the middle of a sonata, raised her full greenish eyes to my face, smiled somewhat vaguely, and rose from her seat.

"Go on, go on," said several of the guests.

"No, enough; I am not in the humour," she answered. She glided away, and I presently saw her leaving the room.

By-and-by it was time for us all to retire to our respective rooms. I went to mine, poked up the fire, flung myself into an easy chair, and gave myself up to thinking of Louisa Enderby. She was a very plain woman—she was not even specially young, and yet no attractive girl had ever a stronger power of arresting the imagination, of touching—was it the heart, or some other more bewildering, more intangible force? Once again I recalled her visit of the previous night—it was strange, incomprehensible. Her manner of to-day, too, was absolutely baffling—during the whole evening she had never favoured me with special attention, but neither had she made the slightest attempt to avoid me.

As she rose suddenly from that music which was haunting my ears even now, she had, it is true, given me one glance, a glance which set my pulses beating, but which in itself only puzzled and disturbed. I sprang suddenly from my chair; I resolved to think of Miss Enderby no more. I was tired; I would go straight to bed, and to sleep. I had scarcely laid my head on my pillow before slumber visited me—slumber healthy and dreamless; but once again, as twenty-four hours before, I awoke in solitude and darkness to find myself listening intently. In the first moment of waking, I forgot where I was; Miss Enderby's very existence was blotted from my brain; then memory rushed over me. I recalled what had happened the night before; a sensation, not of nervousness, but a sort of peculiar and very real horror, visited me. I remembered Miss Enderby's promise to come to see me again on this night. Would she keep it? No; ridiculous, impossible! She did not sleep in the house. If she had managed by some underhand means to creep back to Queen's Marvel on the previous night, she surely could not perform this feat twice undiscovered.

I resolved once again to banish her from my mind, and turning on my pillow tried to resume my interrupted nap. This I found impossible. The same queer sense of restlessness which had overpowered me on the previous evening occurred again. I had almost a sensation as if I were struggling with someone who wanted to pull

me from my pillow. Unable to resist the queer and overpowering desire to rise, I sat up in bed, felt along the wall until my hand came in contact with the electrical communication, and turning the handle I once more filled the room with brightness. The chamber looked queer and empty as it had done on the previous night. Its emptiness now began to impress me disagreeably. I almost wished that it had been my fate to be put into an ordinary bedroom. I began to recollect old stories which had troubled me in my long-ago boyhood—stories of rooms with collapsing walls, of rooms with traps of different kinds, all set for the destruction of unwary travellers.

I remembered one tale in particular of a certain hotel in France, where the top of the bed came down upon the visitor and crushed him to atoms. With an effort I shook myself out of this unpleasant memory. I was not staying at an hotel. On the contrary, I was in the modern wing of a happy English home. No more luxurious chamber could be found in the length and breadth of the land. It was queer that I should be the victim of, not nerves, but a state of horror which I could not in the least account for or understand. I looked again in the direction of the three doors: they were invisible. It occurred to me as quite possible that these doors, which could only be opened by touching a spring, might be easily locked in the same way, and that the miserable inmate of this room might find no door out of which to make his exit. I should, of course, laugh at these forebodings when daylight arrived, but they now impressed me disagreeably, and I sat up in bed with my heart beating hard.

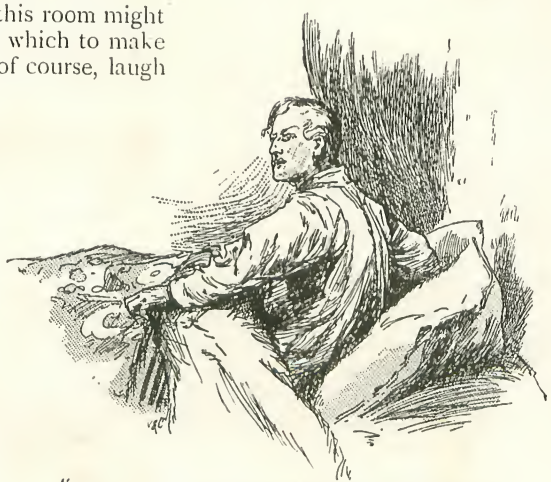
"Ridiculous," I said to myself. "I will not be forced out of my bed to-night."

I was about to turn off the electric light, when once again, and more powerfully than before, the desire to rise overwhelmed me. I could not resist it. It was as impossible for me now to lie in bed as if I had been a child trying to resist the mandates of a stern parent. I rose as I had done on the previous night, and put on a warm dressing-gown which stood near. When I had done so I laughed aloud in a hollow manner.

"This is too absurd," I murmured. "I shall just get straight back to bed, and take a good dose of quinine in the morning—the fact is, I cannot be well." I approached the bed, but a power which I could not withstand kept me from getting into it, and now a queer sensation visited me. I no longer felt the least desire to oppose the influence which was undoubtedly exercising its sway over all my actions. I walked hurriedly across the room, pressed the button of the centre door, opened it as I had done on the previous night, stood again on the threshold of the little sitting-room, and once more encountered the fixed and intent gaze of Louisa Enderby. She was standing then, as she had done the night before on the hearth—she wore her black velvet dress and the diamond star glittered in her hair. When she saw me a ghost of a smile flitted across her face, then it vanished. I noticed that her features were drawn, as if in mental agony—her queer, greenish eyes burned with a curious light.

"Well," I cried, "this is most extraordinary. Will you please explain how you have got into the house?"

"That does not concern you, Mr. Gilchrist," she replied. "I said I should visit you again—I have kept my word. We hypnotists never break our engagements. Will you please sit down?—I have something to say to you."



"I SAT UP IN BED WITH MY HEART BEATING HARD."

I found myself impelled to sit.

"You perceive," she said, with a playful and yet intensely disagreeable smile, "that against your will you are more or less under my power. I have come here, no matter how. Suffice it to you that I am in this house. You were in a calm and peaceful slumber when the near vicinity of my presence made itself felt to you. You awoke; you felt restless and uncomfortable. I willed you to come to me in this room. You

struggled against my will. In the end I conquered, as I knew I should. You are here—I will you now to listen to me quietly."

"Say what you have to say, and be quick about it," I answered.

"I warned you last night that you would do no good to yourself by interfering with me. Against my will you used your influence to-day to put Constance against me. Why did you do so?"

"Because I consider the hypnotic influence bad for any healthy young girl," I answered.

"Indeed. Then, notwithstanding your undoubted power as a mesmerist, you do not thoroughly understand the curative influence of the gift which you possess."

"That is neither here nor there," I answered, impatiently. "Miss Perowne is quite well. My motto always is to let well alone."

Miss Enderby continued to gaze at me fixedly. The haggard look deepened on her face.

"You are doubtless aware of the value of the young life which you seek to protect."

"I fail to understand you," I answered.

"Folly!" she interrupted; "you must know what I mean. Constance as the only child of her father inherits Queen's Marvel."

I nodded to this self-evident fact, but did not speak.

"And I," she continued, "as the only child of my mother, inherit nothing beyond a miserable pittance, and even that is not mine while my mother lives."

I did not reply—she continued to fix me with her eyes.

"In order to influence you," she said, "I see I must tell you my story. I will do so as briefly as possible. My father died when I was four years old—he died in a lunatic asylum, where I shall doubtless follow him some day, but not yet, if I can help it. After his death I lived for a time in this house with my mother, but at seven years old I was sent to France to be educated. I was never like other children—I was always moody and peculiar—from my earliest days I was filled with a strange bitterness of spirit—I rebelled against the fate which had given me existence. I received an extraordinary education — just the worst sort for a nature like mine. The lady who had charge of me had dipped from her earliest years into the strange science which we call mesmerism. She quickly discovered that I was a medium, that I had extraordinary occult powers—she encouraged them, she trained me—I became, after a year or two of her manipulations, a very valuable clairvoyant. When still quite young, she took me with her to India, and we both studied mesmerism amongst the Hindus. Shortly after completing my eighteenth year, I came back again to England; my friend had died — my mother was anxious that I should live with her, and I came to her to the house which she now inhabits. My uncle, my mother's step-brother, the heir to this vast property, had just been married. I hated him for living at all; but for him I should have been the heiress of Queen's Marvel. I longed for the place with an avarice, with a passion, which you who are born to wealth can scarcely comprehend. I smothered my sensations, however, and tried to make myself agreeable to the family. I was never beautiful, but I had the power of fascination. In particular, I fascinated my uncle; he was young, only a few years my senior; he was handsome, fully endowed with all that can render life delightful. He had exactly what I had not—a perfect temper, a sweet and generous spirit. I hated him for those gifts as much as I hated him for his wealth.

"Perhaps you have already heard that my Uncle Gerald died when out fishing—he was found drowned in Lock-Overpool, which is part of our river about two miles from here. His fishing-rod was floating on the water, he had a blow on his head, and it was supposed that he had fallen from the rock into the deep part of the pool; and as he had his waders on, he, of course, sank immediately. That was the story credited by the country, and a verdict of 'Found drowned' was returned by the coroner. Now, I will tell you how he really came by his death."

I had been sitting, as she had desired me, up to that moment. Now I rose. The light in her eyes, the queer sort of terror on her face, absolutely startled me. She suddenly crouched slightly downwards, became rigid for a moment, as if she were going to have a cataleptic fit—but then, making a great effort, straightened herself once more.

"Why do you drag my soul from me?" she said.

"I ask for no confidences," I replied, but as I said the words I found myself looking firmly into her eyes. "All the same," I continued, "I know you will give them to me."

"Yes," she panted, "I cannot help myself. The truth for the first time passes my lips."

She now stood stock-still, her eyes were

fixed on me as firmly as if she were in a trance, her words came out rapidly.

"The uncle whom I hated, who stood between me and this great property, *did not meet his death by accident!* I was fond of accompanying him on his fishing expeditions. Although no one knew it, I went with him on that special day. He waded into deep water, and I sat on the bank and watched him. He was not far from the pool. I had always had a horror of Lock-Overpool; its depths, its blackness—for it lay partly under a deep, overhanging cave—had always fascinated me. I found myself now gazing into its gloomy depths—as I did so, that demon which seemed to have got into me at my birth suddenly rose and took mastery of me.

"'Uncle Gerald,' I cried, 'will you do me a favour?'

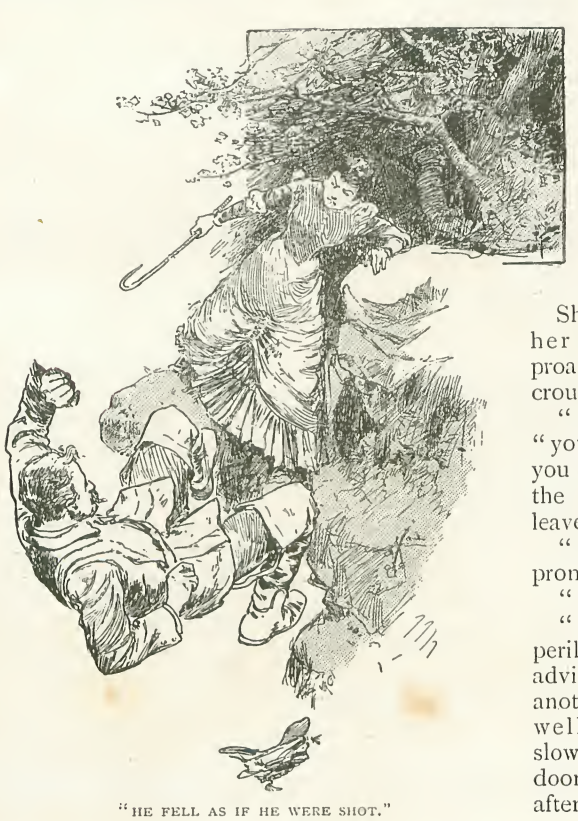
"'What is that?' he asked.

"'I have a fancy for that green fern which grows right in the depths of the rock above Lock-Overpool: will you get it for me?'

"'With pleasure,' he replied—he admired me, he generally had the power to draw out what little good I possessed. He returned to the shore, and without removing his waders went carefully along the ledge of rock which jutted considerably out over the pool—his gaff lay on the bank—his back was to me—I followed him cautiously—madness was doubtless in my soul—I struck him a heavy blow with the iron instrument on the back of his head—he fell as if he were shot, bounded against a rock, and sank like a stone to the bottom of the pool. With his waders on I knew he had no chance of rising. The moment I had done the deed I repented; I threw his fishing-rod on the water, and rushed home, mad with fright and terror. No one had seen me leave the house, and no one had seen me return; not the faintest ghost of suspicion was ever attached to my name; but from that moment my life has been a torment. Now you know all. I did the evil deed for the sake of the property, but in the end Fate has conquered, for my uncle's widow, unknown to me, was about to give birth to a child. Three months after my uncle's death Constance was born; she is in the direct succession, and inherits the bulk of the property. By-and-by she will marry and her husband will take her name. Now, Mr. Gilchrist, I mean to get Constance under my influence; I do not wish to commit murder a second time, but I must have Constance Perowne as my tool. If you dare to defy me you will suffer."

She stopped speaking suddenly, flung her arms down to her side, and stared straight past me towards the other side of the room.

"I want you to go away," she said, after a long pause. Her voice had altered, it had become feeble and faint. "You trouble me; I am *en rapport* with you, you are in close sympathy with me; you can even read my thoughts. I came here to-night because I could not help it; I have told you this because I could not help it. Now, will you go—will you leave me alone?"



"HE FELL AS IF HE WERE SHOT."

She suddenly fell on her knees; she approached nearer and crouched at my feet.

"Get up," I said; "you do not know what you are saying—there is the door; you must leave me now."

"Not until you have promised," she said.

"I will not promise."

"Then you are in peril. At least let me advise you to sleep in another room. Farewell." She walked slowly through the open doorway, closed the door after her, and vanished.

I did not go to bed again that night. Overpowered by the emotions which Miss Enderby's terrible tale had aroused, I paced up and down my chamber. When the first dawn began to break I dressed myself and went out. The day just beginning was Christmas Eve.

Against my will my steps wandered in the direction of Miss Enderby's house. I did not want to go to her, and yet I was impelled to do so. Suddenly I saw her turning a corner and coming to meet me—she was dressed in a neat costume, and looked both fresh and calm. She came up and wished me "Good-morning" in a pleasant, everyday voice.

I stared hard at her; she met my gaze without flinching; her face was as indifferent as it had been on the previous night.

"You are out early," she remarked. "At this time of year there is nothing to tempt one abroad before breakfast."

"I came to meet you," I answered.

"Indeed!" she replied, raising her brows in well-acted astonishment; "then perhaps you will turn, for I am coming to breakfast at Queen's Marvel."

Her coolness half maddened me. As we slowly returned to the house I resolved to put her to the test.

"You wonder why I am out so early," I said. "I will tell you. I have had a restless night; after such a night as I have just gone through one often feels the better for a walk."

"I am sorry you slept badly," she replied, and now I noticed, or thought I noticed, a light awakening in her eyes; "but I forgot," she added; "your restlessness can doubtless be accounted for—you sleep in the panelled room."

"Yes—it is a luxurious apartment."

"Very," she replied, and the ghost of a smile played round her lips.

"The panelled room is provided with every comfort," I continued, "and not the least of its charms is the sitting-room, with the cabinets and curios which belong to it. The sitting-room is a good place for a rendezvous."

"An excellent place," she replied. "Mr. Gilchrist, we must hurry unless we wish to be late for breakfast."

"There is plenty of time," I answered, and now I stood perfectly still and compelled her to face me.

"I want to ask you a question, Miss Enderby," I said. "Why did you twice visit me in the dead of the night in the sitting-room which is connected with the panelled bedroom?"

"I never visited you," she cried. "What in the world do you mean?"

"You must be mad, or you are acting a part," I replied. "You know you came to see me last night, and the night before, in the sitting-room adjoining the panelled bedroom."

"No," she answered; "it is you who are mad. I do not even sleep in the house," but now her face turned ghastly, she panted, and, suddenly losing her self-control, grasped both my hands. "Tell me what you mean," she cried.

"I will," I answered. "On the first night of my arrival you compelled me to get up; you compelled me to go to my sitting-room; you were there waiting for me; again last night you visited me, and on that occasion you told me——"

"My God! what?" she asked, in a low voice, which was almost like a hiss, "what did I say?"

"You told me the secret of Lock-Overpool."

When I said these words, she gave a cry like that of a hunted animal—she turned away from me and covered her face with both her hands.

"I feared this," she gasped, after a moment. "Something told me that you were exercising an awful power over me. Mr. Gilchrist, why do you mesmerize me? Why do you force me to come to you? Why do you drag that, that—oh, I must say no more; you have frightened me. I wish you would leave Queen's Marvel. What can I do to make you go?"

"Nothing at present," I answered, with coolness. "You have imparted to me a very ghastly secret. I am not prepared to say yet what I shall do about it."

With a mighty effort she recovered herself, the fear left her eyes—she stood up once more quite cool and composed, and faced me.

"You had a bad dream," she said. "You had a bad dream, nothing more."

We were interrupted at that moment by the hearty voice of Mr. Perowne himself.

"Halloa! there you are," he cried.

Miss Enderby ran forward to meet him. She looked quite composed—there was a smile round her lips, and pleasant words came from her mouth.

"I am coming to breakfast with you this morning, grandfather," she said.

He gave her a friendly nod, then turned to me, and we three returned to the house.

"SHE GAVE A CRY LIKE THAT OF A HUNTED ANIMAL."

From that moment Miss Enderby avoided me. As far as I could tell, her eyes never once encountered mine. That night, too, I had no mysterious and restless desires as I slept in the panelled room. I was not compelled to leave my bed. Miss Enderby did not again intrude upon the hours devoted to slumber. The story she had told me, however, did not lessen its influence on my mind.

I felt puzzled how to act with regard to it—it was either true, and Miss Enderby was a murderer, a most dangerous person to have abroad; or she was mad. I resolved as soon as possible to get some particulars with regard to the death of Constance Perowne's father. Whether Miss Enderby's tale told to me in so strange a manner was true or false, however, it had lain in oblivion for eighteen years, and I determined not to cast a shadow upon the Christmas festivities by taking any steps in the matter just then. The further mystery of her visits I was unable to fathom—she had either come to me in a state of clairvoyance, or I had dreamt the whole thing—the latter supposition I did not believe for a moment; the former seemed to be the most likely solution. The little-understood science of mesmerism accounts for even more mysterious events than the strange visitations I had undergone. Miss Enderby, who knew the ways of the house well, might easily have secreted the key of a side door, and so found her way to my sitting-room without difficulty.

During the week which supervened between Christmas Day and New Year's Day, Miss Enderby was in and out of the house continually. As usual she was the life of the place—counselling Constance, helping her grandfather, entertaining the guests as no one else could entertain them. As the days went by, however, I began to notice in Constance herself a subtle change—she did not look well—the bright, laughing light in her eyes was subdued—once or twice when in my neighbourhood I thought I heard her sigh.

On New Year's Night there was to be a grand ball, to which the county was invited. The evening before Constance was standing near me—I touched her on her arm.

"You are sad about something," I said. We happened to be alone. She turned her sweet young face, looked at me fully, and then burst into tears.

"Don't, don't," she sobbed. "*Don't* drag my secret from me."

"I do not want to," I answered, gently; "but you look in trouble. Can I help you in any way?"

"I do not think so; I am only unhappy because I am disobeying mother."

"In what way?"

"Louisa has mesmerized me again. She asks me about you, and—but there she is coming—please do not tell her I have said anything."

She flitted away, and I turned in another direction.

Next day we dined early, and I went up to my room after dinner to rest for a short time before the festivities of the evening began. I was seated by my fire, reading the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, when a very light tap came on one of the doors of my room.

Before I had even time to say "Come in," the door opened and the lovely, ethereal young form of Constance Perowne stood on the threshold. She was in her ball-dress, which she had not put on at dinner; a circlet of pearls formed a coronet round her head; she carried a large white feather fan in one

hand, and her gloves in the other. I noticed as she stood on the threshold that she slowly unfurled the fan.

She looked at me vaguely—there was a peculiar expression in her eyes. It needed but a glance to show me what had occurred—the girl was in a state of trance or mesmeric sleep. I went up and spoke to her.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "What do you want?"

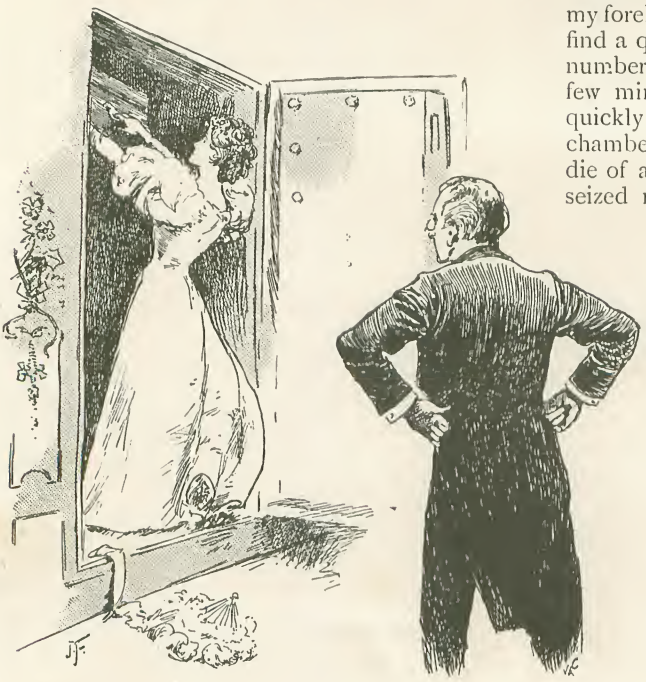
"There is a box of old silver in a safe at the back of one of the panels," she replied. "I have come to fetch it." She looked past me, answering my questions but not apparently seeing me. I glanced at her eyes; they were dull, and totally unconscious of vision—nevertheless, I knew that she was seeing acutely with the inner sense of the clairvoyant. I did not reply to her, and she walked across the room.

Now, in my peregrinations round this curious chamber I had carefully investigated the contents of every panel except one—that one had, to all appearance, no spring, and although I had felt carefully along the wall, I was never able to open it. It was to this special panel now that Constance Perowne directed her steps. Without the slightest hesitation she pressed her finger against an ornamental trail of ivy, which had been painted on the woodwork—when she did so the panel revolved back as the others had done, and revealed inside a long and narrow safe, made of solid iron. The safe was about 3ft. to 4ft. deep. The moment it opened Constance went in, threw her fan and gloves on the floor, and raising her arms began with all her might and main to pull forward a heavy iron box which stood on a shelf.

"It is so heavy," she panted; "I cannot lift it."

"Let me help you," I replied.

Just as if she were in an ordinary state, she stepped out of the safe, and I went in. She stood on the threshold—I stretched up my arms to take down the box, and as I was in the act of doing so, suddenly found myself in complete darkness. The spring door of the panel had come to; I was shut up in a living tomb. I called loudly, but the mesmerist was quite incapable of hearing me. The place in which I found myself was not only dark and narrow, but also, I was quite certain, almost sound-proof. It was a safe built of solid iron, and, doubtless, hermetically sealed. I stood still for a moment to take in the awful position. All too quickly I guessed what had occurred. Miss Enderby had planned this terrible catastrophe; she had made Constance her tool, and had sent her into my room to entrap me into the iron chest. The perspiration stood out on my forehead. I knew that unless I could find a quick mode of exit my hours were numbered; nay, more, that I had but a few minutes to live. I should all too quickly absorb the air in this narrow chamber, and in a very short time should die of asphyxia. For a moment despair seized me—then I resolved to have a fight for my life. Making a rapid calculation, I thought it probable that there was enough air in the safe to last me from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour. I felt in my pocket, took out a silver case which contained matches, and struck one—already the confined space of my living tomb was taking effect upon me—there was a loud buzzing in my ears—my heart throbbed with difficulty—I panted as one does who is suffering death from suffocation. I did not dare to strike another match, for the light would further exhaust my limited supply of air; but in a brief glance



"'IT IS SO HEAVY,' SHE PANTED."

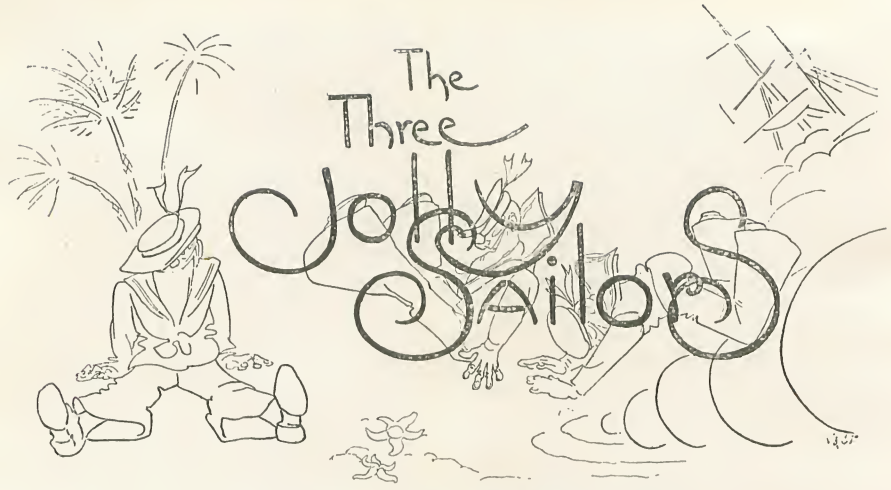
round my tomb, I saw just over my head and behind the iron box what looked like a bolt. I tapped the wall at this place--it sounded hollow. Dizzy and reeling, but putting forth herculean strength, I endeavoured to pull the heavy iron box from its position, and then flung myself madly against the wall where it sounded hollow. Already I was almost unconscious, but with the strength of a madman I flung myself against the solid iron. Miracle of miracles, it gave way!—I felt a cold breath of air, and in less than a minute was myself again. Lighting another match, I found myself on the edge of some steep steps which went down into apparently bottomless depths. I descended them carefully, striking a match from time to time to guide my steps. Very charily I got to the bottom of the steps, and then pursued my way along a very narrow and winding passage, which presently brought me to an old door thick with cobwebs, in which was a rusty lock. This door had evidently not been opened for many years. Seizing a bar of iron which happened to be on the floor, I pushed back the hasp of the lock — a breath of cooler, fresher air immediately greeted me, and I found myself out of doors and in the direction of the servants' part of the house. As quickly as possible I once more entered the house and regained my chamber by means of the servants' staircase. I went in, shut the door, flung myself into a chair, and sat for some time thinking over the position of affairs. Whether Miss Enderby was mad or sane, my plain duty now was to acquaint her relations with the awful occurrence which had just taken place—it was not safe to have such a woman at large. Doubtless even now she thought that I was dead, as I assuredly should have been but for the discovery of the secret door at the back of the safe.

After resting for about an hour I carefully changed my dress, and went down to the ball-room. I heard the merry strains of music going on below, and entered the ball-room by one of the side doors. The first person I saw was Constance Perowne—her cheeks were blooming—she looked radiant in her white dress—the light of youth and happiness shone in her hazel eyes. When she saw me she smiled; she was, as I knew afterwards, perfectly unconscious of the terrible deed she had just committed. I did not trouble her with any remark, but went further into the room. I stepped up to an open window and, partly concealing myself behind a curtain, began to look around. I was now able to watch Miss Enderby without being seen myself. She was dressed, as usual, in black velvet, which on this occasion was cut low, and exhibited a lovely white throat and well-shaped arms. The diamond star glittered in her dusky locks; her queer, green eyes were full of light; I fancied I saw a malignant smile round her lips. Doubtless she supposed herself now quite safe—her secret being, as she imagined, in the keeping of the dead. She was dancing with a handsome man, who evidently was succumbing to her fascinations. She was talking to him, showing the gleam of her white teeth, and the queer, mesmeric light in her eyes. He laughed and seemed amused as he listened. Gradually they approached my side—I stepped back a little. They both paused close to me, and I heard her at that moment utter a sigh. I then observed that, notwithstanding her apparent mirth, she was the victim of an uneasy terror. Seen close, her face looked haggard.

I could not resist the temptation to stretch out one of my hands and lay it on her shoulder. She was talking to her partner at the moment, and they were in the act of resuming the waltz. When she felt my hand she turned slowly and looked back at me. As her eyes met mine terror blanched her face, an expression of horror altered each feature--she sank away from the firm touch of my hand nearer and nearer to the ground, looking back at me as she did so all the time with an indescribable and most terrible expression. I have not the least doubt that she thought I was a ghost—it was impossible for her to believe that I could have found any way out of my living tomb. With a loud cry she sank the next moment in a sort of fit at my feet. Some people rushed forward and bore the fainting woman out of the ball-room. When she recovered partial consciousness she was insane. A doctor was summoned, who ordered the utmost quiet, and no one could understand the queer seizure.

Within a week from that date, Miss Enderby died, without ever having one gleam of returning sanity. Doubtless the shock of seeing me when she thought I had quitted the world had completely overbalanced her already too excitable brain. With her death, the necessity for disclosing her terrible secret no longer existed.

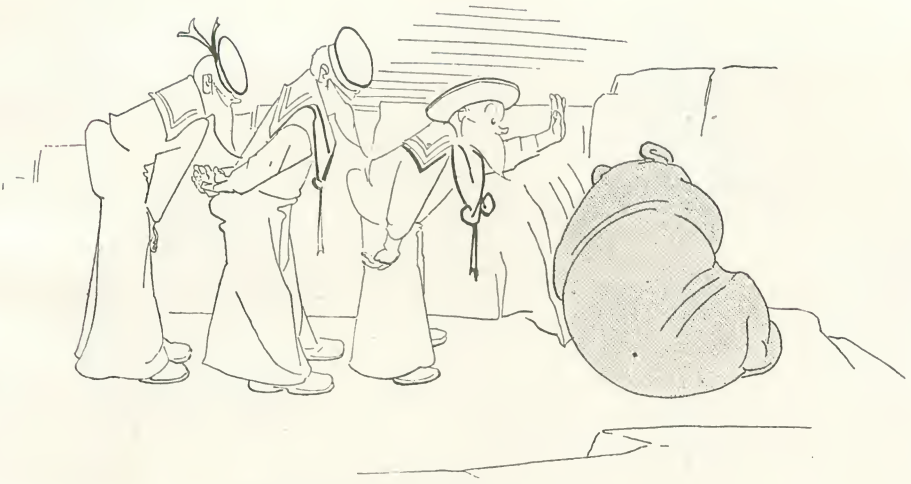
As to Constance, she is my special friend, and always will be, and I hope to her dying day she may never know what a near escape she had of taking my life.



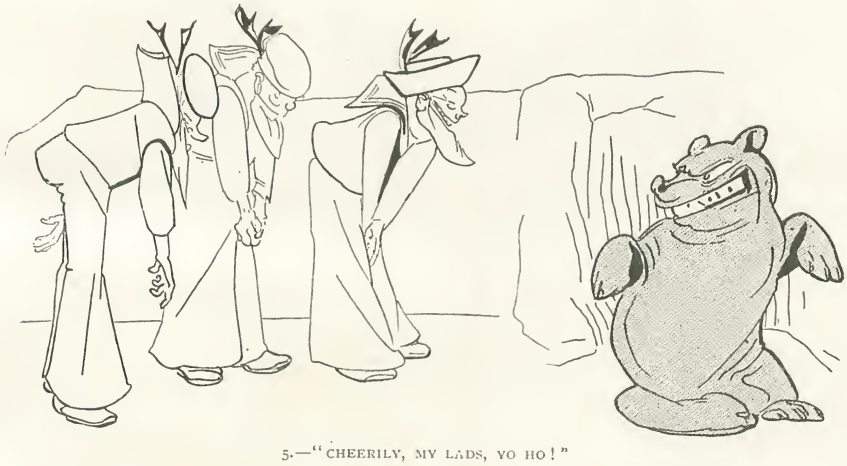
1.—THE THREE JOLLY SAILORS WERE WRECKED ONE NIGHT.
"STEADILY, MY LADS, YO HO!"

2.—AND THEY FOUND THEMSELVES IN A TERRIBLE PLIGHT.
"CHEERILY, MY LADS, YO HO!"

3.—"WE HAD BETTER FIND OUT WHERE WE ARE," SAID THEY.
"GAILY, BOYS, LET US GO!"



4.—BUT THEY FOUND A BEAR IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WAY.



5.—"CHEERILY, MY LADS, YO HO!"

6.—"'WHY, BLESS 'EE, SIR, COME ALONG!' SAYS WE."

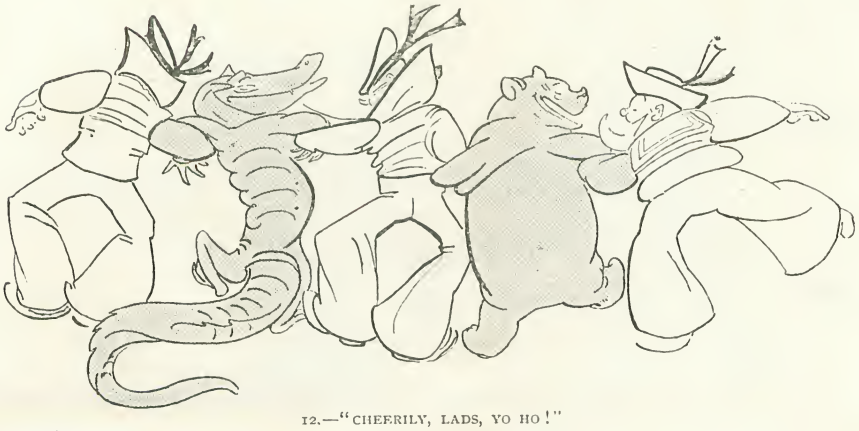
7.—"'WHY, THAT I WILL, MY LADS,' SAYS HE."

8.—"CHEERILY, LADS, YO HO!"

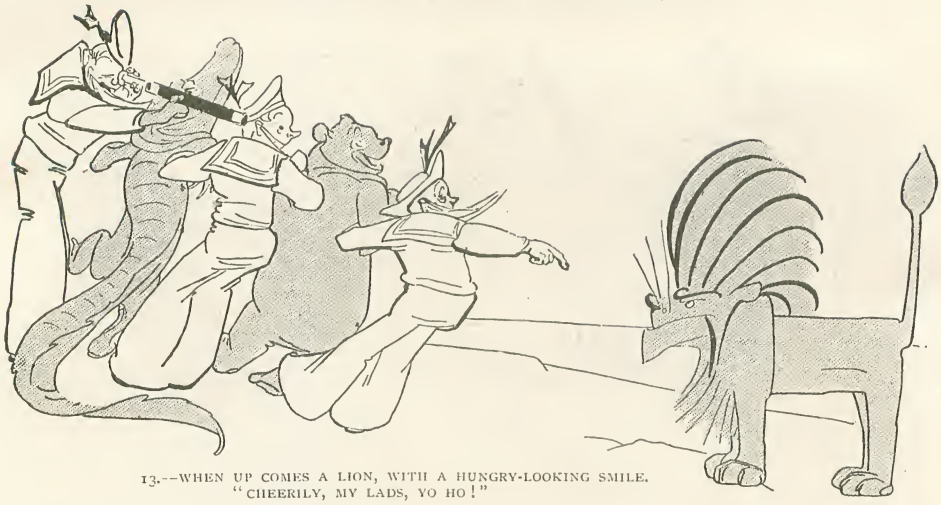
9.—THE THREE JOLLY SAILORS ARRIVED AT A LAKE.
"STEADILY, MY LADS, YO HO!"

10.—THEIR LAUGHTER PLEASED A CROCODILE; HIS SIDES BEGAN TO SHAKE.
"CHEERILY, MY LADS, YO HO!"

11.—AND THEY DANCED AWAY TOGETHER, ACROSS THE DESERT ISLE.



12.—"CHEERILY, LADS, YO HO!"



13.—WHEN UP COMES A LION, WITH A HUNGRY-LOOKING SMILE.
"CHEERILY, MY LADS, YO HO!"

14.—SO THEY LAID THEM DOWN, BOTH LEFT AND RIGHT.
"CHEERILY, MY LADS, YO HO!"

15.—AND THEY ALL OF THEM LAUGHED WITH ALL THEIR MIGHT.

16.—"CHEERILY, LADS, YO HO!"

17.—AT LAST THERE CAME A SHIP, AND THE BREEZE BLEW STRONG.
"CHEERILY, MY LADS, YO HO!"

18.—AND THEY ALL SAILED HOME, AND THEY ALL LIVED LONG,
SINGING—"CHEERILY, MY LADS, YO HO!!"

By Robert Barr.

HE was a good little boy, was Tom, a quiet, thoughtful, nice little fellow, who never gave his parents any trouble, and never got into mischief; in fact, just such another boy as the lad who is reading this story. He lived a long time ago in a small cottage, with his father and mother, who had no other children. His father was a working man, and his mother had to work also, for they kept no servant.

One afternoon his mother went out to meet his father, and said she could not take Tom along with her because it looked so much like rain. She knew that Tom would not be frightened at being left alone in the house, for he was a lonely little boy, and not used to having companions. He was afraid of only one thing, and that was thunder. When the thunder rolled and crashed, Tom was apt to become rather pale, and to be even more silent than usual. However, he was not in the least frightened of the lightning, and loved to watch it from the window. If it were not for the curious coincidence that thunder always accompanied the lightning, he would have enjoyed the storm exceedingly. But as it was, the pleasure he had in looking at the lightning was almost counterbalanced by his fear of the thunder.

For some time after his mother left him, Tom gazed out of the window until he noticed it was growing dark. Then he heard the distant rumble of the thunder, and he did not like it. He kept saying to himself, "Mamma, mamma, mamma," as if there were comfort in the reiteration of the word, and he hoped she would hurry home when she saw the storm coming on. Suddenly the dark sky was lit by a vivid flash of lightning, and the thunder rolled heavily and nearer. There was an interval of darkness, then the whole sky became a dome of flame, the thunder crashing quickly after it.

Poor Tom turned away from the window and sat down in the middle of the room. He admitted to himself that he was very much frightened, but thought he was not crying, although he could not account to himself for the tears that steadily flowed down his cheeks. There was an ominous silence for a few minutes, then the room became filled with an intense, quivering light, and the world seemed to split in two with the most awful crash Tom had ever heard. Tom would have shrieked with fear had it not been for a strange thing that

immediately happened, and which riveted his attention. All the blinding light in the room concentrated in one spot, near the place he was sitting. At first he thought it was a huge ball of fire, but as he looked closer he saw that it was a grotesque human shape, such as he had seen in fairy picture-books, only, in this case, the shape seemed to be made of glowing melting fire. Sparks shot from its eyes like little lightning darts; it leered at Tom with a wide grin on its mouth, and then it shouted "Ha, ha, ha, yah!" and as it did so the thunder rolled along the ceiling of the room, and Tom thought this was rather an uncomfortable visitor whose laughter caused thunder.

"You don't know me," said the Goblin to Tom, with a malicious glare.

"No, I don't," admitted Tom.

"Well, I'll tell you who I am: I'm the Lightning Fiend! What do you think of that?"

"Oh, I like lightning," said Tom, anxious not to offend the Goblin, "but I'm afraid of thunder."

The Fiend laughed at this, and again the thunder rolled through the room.

"That shows what a silly boy you are. I'm the one to fear. Thunder couldn't hurt you, but if I were to point my finger at you, you would drop dead."

"Oh, dear me!" said Tom, in alarm; "I didn't know that."

Then the Lightning Fiend spread out his hands, and from the ends of its glowing fingers sparks flew in every direction. The Fiend was floating midway between the floor and the ceiling; it reached up its right hand, with the forefinger extended, and touched the ceiling; some plaster fell, and blue smoke curled out from where the finger had rested. Then the Fiend reached down with his right foot until the toes touched the carpet; flame and smoke rose from the spot, and the room was filled with the smell of burning wool.

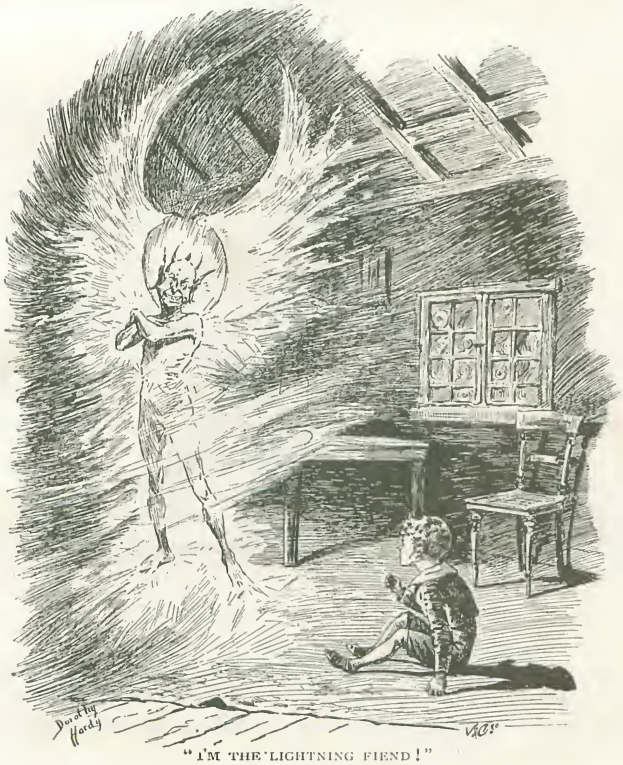
"Oh, don't do that," cried Tom. "Mother wouldn't like it. She'll be very angry if the carpet is burned."

The Fiend laughed again, and again the thunder rolled overhead.

"Much I care for your mother, or your father either," he said. "I'm not afraid of them, but they're afraid of me."

Tom now realized what a desperate Goblin he had to deal with, who was afraid of neither his father nor his mother.

"I can do a million things your father cannot do," bragged the Fiend, with a malicious leer. "I can go a thousand miles while your father is taking a step."



"I'M THE LIGHTNING FIEND!"

The Fiend saw that, frightened as Tom was, he did not believe this, for Tom knew his father to be the greatest man in all the world, and that nobody could do the things which he could; but he did not dare to contradict a Fiend who was powerful enough to set fire to the house by merely touching it with his toe, and so he was silent. The Fiend seemed to read Tom's thoughts, for he said:—

"Oh, I see you don't believe that, so I'll show you what I can do. I'll go ten miles and be back here before you can wink," and, with a shriek, the Fiend shot out of the room. There was an instant's crackle as he left, and in another instant he was back, grinning at Tom.

"There," he said, "I've been ten miles away; I touched a tree, and it blazed up like a powder magazine. Coming back, my foot

rested for the hundredth part of a second on a barn, and now look at it!"

Tom gazed out of the window, and sure enough their neighbour's barn was in flames. He shuddered as he recognised the power the Goblin possessed; nevertheless, he was a brave little boy, and he asked, with some unconscious contempt in his voice:—

"Is that all you can do? To go about burning people's things is not very nice; at least, I don't think so."

"Oh, no, that's not all I can do," said the Fiend, again laughing his thundery laugh. "I frighten little boys sometimes; you are as frightened as you can be now."

"Yes, I know I am," said Tom, quaveringly. "But if I were as powerful as you are, I wouldn't go about frightening little boys. Anybody can do that."

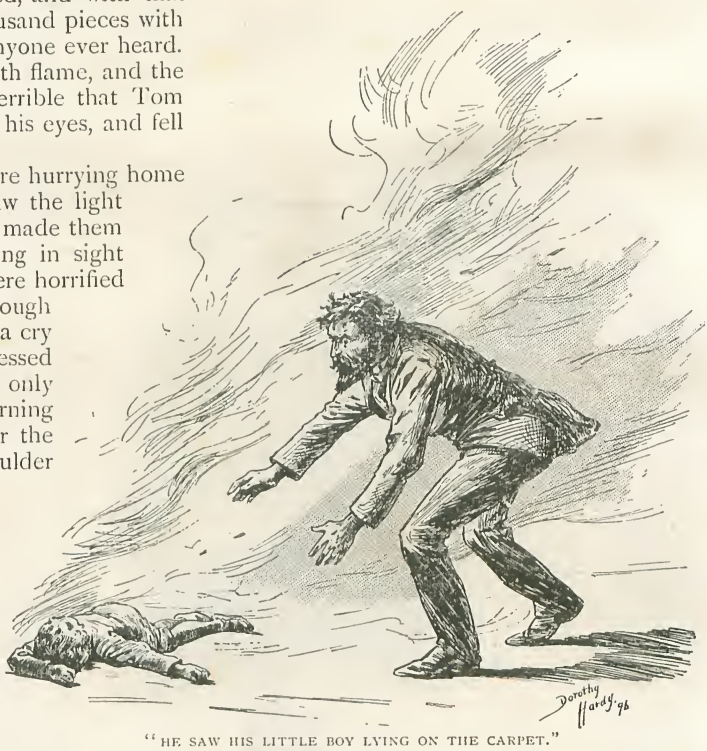
"Oh, ho!" shouted the Fiend, apparently not liking what Tom said. "I haven't shown you yet what fright is; what I have done is nothing to what I can do, and since you dare to talk to me like that, I'll teach you a lesson." He shrieked, and with that the Fiend split into a thousand pieces with the most awful crash that anyone ever heard. The room seemed to fill with flame, and the yell of the Fiend was so terrible that Tom threw up his arm to cover his eyes, and fell fainting to the floor.

His father and mother were hurrying home through the rain. They saw the light of the burning barn, and it made them very anxious; at last, coming in sight of their own cottage, they were horrified to see flames breaking through the roof; the mother gave a cry of despair as they both pressed forward, realizing that their only son was locked up in the burning house. Without waiting for the key, the father put his shoulder to the door and forced it open, for he was a very strong man. The house was filled with smoke, and he had great difficulty in making his way to the small parlour, where, by the light of the flames, he saw his little boy lying on the carpet, his head resting on his arm.

The father quickly raised the insensible child in his arms, and carried him from the burning house. There was no shelter for them, and all they could do was to stand in the pouring rain and watch the destruction of their home. It was a terrible thing for the Lightning Fiend to have done, for in the cottage was everything the poor people possessed.

The mother took the boy and rocked him in her arms. The cold rain splashing on his face quickly revived him, and he was soon able to tell his parents what he had seen and what the Fiend had said to him. They looked one at the other, and the mother began to weep. She was afraid their boy had lost his mind, but that turned out not to be the case, for when Tom grew up he became one of the famous men of the day. His name travelled all over the world. He was a great electrician, inventing many useful things, and the man who invents useful articles gathers wealth; so Tom was rich, rejoicing in having money, because he had a boy of his own to whom he could give advantages he had not himself possessed when he was young.

When Tom the second was the same age as Tom the first had been at the time of the Lightning Fiend's visit, his father took him on his knee, and told him the story that I have set down. Young Tom was greatly interested, and watched his father with wide-



"HE SAW HIS LITTLE BOY LYING ON THE CARPET."

open eyes as he told the story of the Lightning Fiend.

"Why do you say, father, that you thought you saw the Goblin? Aren't you sure you saw it?"

"I was sure at the time, my boy, but I have thought since that it may have been a dream I had while I was falling to the floor."

Young Tom pondered over this for a while, and at last said:—

"I would rather believe, father, that you really saw the Goblin."

"Well, perhaps I did," said the father, thoughtfully; "in fact, I am never quite sure whether I saw it or not, so we will take it for granted that I did, if you like it better."

And so young Tom went up to his room thinking deeply of the Goblin story. He wondered whether or not he would be afraid if a Goblin visited him. Young Tom possessed a much finer room than the one in which his father saw the Goblin, for, as I have said, his father was rich, while his grandfather had been very poor; it had been years before his grandfather recovered from the loss caused by the burning of his cottage. Tom felt glad that his grandfather was still alive to enjoy the comforts now provided for him.

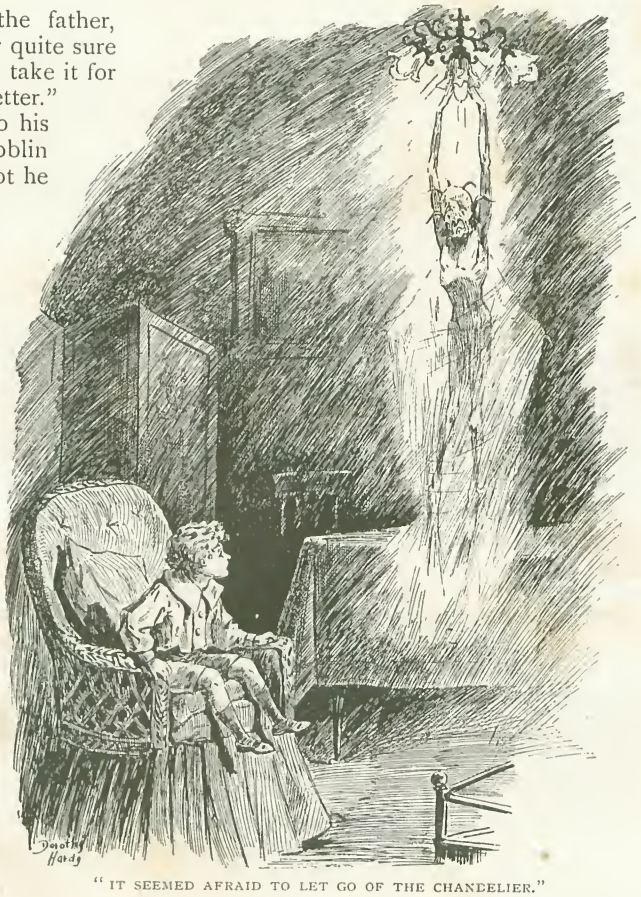
There was an easy-chair in Tom's room, and he seated himself in it and thought over the Goblin story until he felt a little bit frightened, for the room was growing dark. He then arose and pressed a button that rang a bell downstairs. In a little time a servant rapped lightly at the door.

"Did you ring, Master Tom?" she asked.

"Yes, Betty; it is getting dark, and father doesn't like me to meddle with the light."

The maid walked to a projection in the wall, and, giving it a slight turn, the chandelier was instantly illuminated, flooding the apartment with light. Tom seated himself again before the fire, and the servant went downstairs. All at once Tom noticed the electric lights of the chandelier growing dimmer and dimmer. He was surprised at this; but his surprise increased when, on looking up at the chandelier, he saw hanging from it by the hands a curious object, which glowed in the semi-darkness as if it had been rubbed with phosphorus. Tom at once recognised it as the Lightning Fiend, although he felt sure it was much changed from what it had been when his father had seen it. Its long arms were thin and lean, and in its face was a look of fear. It seemed afraid to let go of the chandelier, but at last it did so, and fell upon the table. It sat up presently, and drew its hand wearily across its brow. Seeing that Tom was looking, it drew a deep sigh.

"You are the Lightning Fiend?" said Tom, by way of beginning a conversation.



"IT SEEMED AFRAID TO LET GO OF THE CHANDELIER."

"Alas, yes," said the Goblin, again mopping its brow.

"Well, if you think to frighten me," said Tom, "you will find yourself disappointed. I know all about you; you are negative and positive, and if you go round a piece of soft iron by means of an insulated copper wire, you make that iron a magnet. You can be produced by a dynamo revolving rapidly; it brings you up out of the ground, and we can also make you by different chemical solutions. You see, I know all about

you, and you can't frighten me as you did my father a long time ago. If I were to stand on a sheet of plate-glass you couldn't even touch me. You can't frighten him now," said Tom, who had the same confidence in his father that most little boys have in theirs.

"No," said the Fiend, dejectedly, "I don't want to frighten anybody. The frightening of your father was the greatest mistake of my life. I am very sorry I did it; no one can be more sorry."

"I don't wonder at it," said Tom; "for you burnt my grandfather's house, and he was very poor then."

"Oh, I don't know that I mind the burning of the house so much," said the Fiend, with some return of his old jauntiness. "I have burnt lots of houses and will again. It's about the only fun I have left. It is the frightening of your father I regret, not on his account either, because, you see, I'm a selfish brute. It is because he has set me to work that I am sorry. I had nothing at all to do when your father was a boy, but now I am almost worked to death. Even when a little boy like you pressed that button, I had to jump right down to the kitchen and tell the servant you wanted her, and that is not the worst of it."

"Well, what is the worst of it?" asked Tom.

"I have to do heavy work all day. Those street trams that run past your door with a wire above them, I have to pull; I have to run them filled with people from early morning until late at night—until all the people are home from the theatres, and it is very hard work, I tell you; but that isn't the worst of it," he added, as he drew his hand again across his anxious brow.

"Well, what is it?" asked Tom, growing very curious to know what might be the very worst of it.

"Long before the street-cars stop I have to light up the whole city, and keep it lighted until daybreak. Think of that! But that isn't the worst of it."

"I shouldn't think that anything could be worse than having to work both night and day," said Tom. "Most people have to work only in the daytime."

"Ah, but there's no rest for me," said the Goblin, sighing. "All night long, as well as all day, I have to carry messages. Any little boy can call me up. I have to plunge under the sea, and carry the news to all parts of the world. People used to be satisfied when a steamer brought the news across the ocean in eight or nine days, but if I am half a second carrying it to any part of the world, they think I am slow. And then I have to look after the signals of all the railways in the world; but that isn't the worst of it."

"Dear me," said Tom, wonderingly, "whatever is it, then?"

"Well, I run motors that drive sewing-machines, fans, and all sorts of machinery, so that with lighting, message-carrying, and all that I have to do, what I fear is that your father will go on inventing more work for me, and that's the worst of it," said the Fiend, sighing heavily.

"Well, you won't have time to frighten any more little boys then," said Tom.

"Oh, don't talk about that any more," said the Fiend, angrily; "I've had enough of it. If I had never frightened your father I would never have had all this work to do, and he perhaps would not be the greatest electrician in the world. Hark!" said the Fiend, after a pause, "that is your father's step. I must go."

He caught hold of the chandelier, swung himself up, and immediately the lights blazed up in the room.

"Well, I'm glad," said Tommy, "to know the worst of it."

"So-ho, my boy, you've been asleep," said his father, as he entered the room, and saw Tom blinking at him.

"Oh, no, father. I was just thinking over that Goblin story, and, very strangely, while I was thinking the Goblin came. He remembered you, and was sorry he had frightened you; so, you see, it was true, and you did see him."

"Really?" said the father, and he smiled at his son's earnestness. "And how did he look: just the same as when I saw him?"

"No, father, he was tired out. He has to work night and day, and he doesn't like it."

"Well, Tom, then this is a secret between you and me; we've both seen the Goblin in the two stages of his existence; and now," stroking Tom's curly head, "when little boys begin to see Goblins, it is time to go to bed."

And so Tom went to bed, and what he dreamed about that night you may easily guess.

From a Photo. by] AGE 23. *[J. G. Short, Lyndhurst.*

THE LATE MR. GEO. DU MAURIER.

BORN 1834.

THE late Mr. George Du Maurier, the famous artist and novelist, began his career as an artist at a very early age, when he drew for *Punch* and the *Cornhill Magazine*, and ever since his weekly drawings have made him one of the best-known and most admired contemporary artists and satirists. He has illustrated such books as "Esmond," "The Story of a Feather," Thackeray's

From a Drawing] AGE 52. *[by Himself.*

(By permission of the proprietors of the *Hampstead and Highgate Express.*)

"Ballads," and his own novels, "Peter Ibbetson" and "Trilby," in *Harper's Magazine*, as well as "The Martian," which is now appearing serially in that popular monthly.

From a Photo. by] AGE 28. *[J. G. Short, Lyndhurst.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 62. *[Elliott & Fry.*

AGE 3 MONTHS.
From a Photo. by J. C. Stodart, Margate.

MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN.

MISS ST. JOHN began her career by singing "appropriate songs" at a diorama for a few shillings a week. At the present time she is, perhaps, the highest salaried comic opera singer on the English stage, and rarely appears at a theatre except when called upon, by reason of her tremendous popularity, to save an unlucky theatrical venture. In short, she is a force preservative. Her first London appearance was in 1879, as *Madame Favart* in the English version of Offenbach's famous opera. In 1888 she joined the Gaiety to play *Marguerite*, in "Faust Up-to-Date," and for some years was associated with the Gaiety Company, adding to her English fame by her frequent appearances in America. Her latest success has been in "The Little Genius." She sings from C below the stave to high C above it, and seems to know the secret of perennial youth.

AGE 16.
From a Photo. by John Palmer, Plymouth.

AGE 23.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

From a Photo. by] AGE 19. *[Elliott & Fry.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Alfred Ellis.*

From a Painting by] AGE 16. *[G. F. Watts, R.A.*

From a Painting by] AGE 28. *[G. F. Watts, R.A.*

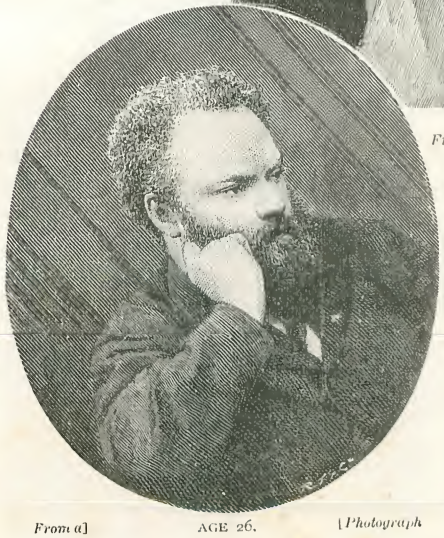
MR. VAL PRINSEP, R.A.

BORN 1838.

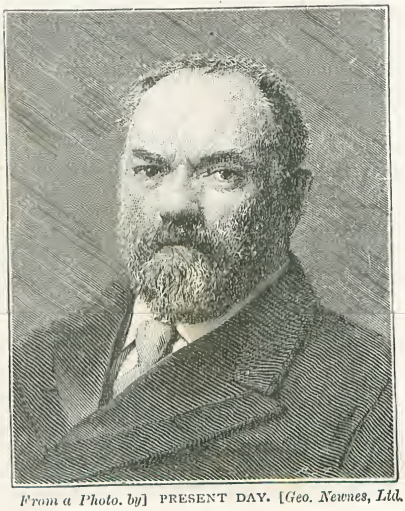
WE have much pleasure in reproducing here a series of interesting pictures of Mr. Val Prinsep at different ages. Mr. Prinsep forms the subject of a beautifully illustrated interview, on page 603 of this issue, in the course of which many particulars of this eminent artist's career will be found.

AGE 20.
From a Photograph.

From a Photo. by] AGE 47. *[Fred Hollyer.*



From a] AGE 26. *[Photograph*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

AGE 13.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Eton.

THE DUKE OF MONTROSE, K.T.

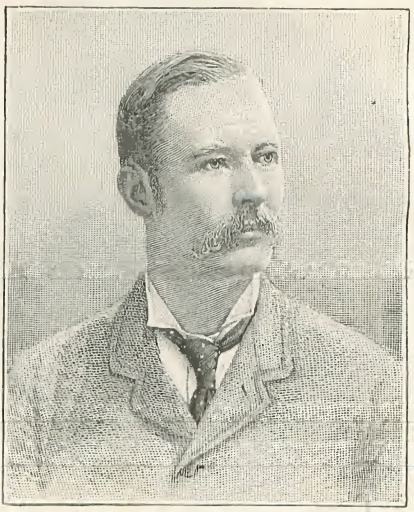
BORN 1852.

DOUGLAS BERESFORD MALISE RONALD GRAHAM, fifth Duke of Montrose, was educated at Eton, and succeeded to the title in 1874. His Grace was formerly a lieutenant in the 5th Lancers, and is Lord-Lieut. of Stirlingshire; Lieut.-Col. Commandant and Hon. Col. 3rd Batt. Princess Louise's (Argyll and Sutherland) Highlanders; Lieut.-Col. Lanarkshire Yeomanry Cavalry; and Hereditary Sheriff of County Dumbarton. He was appointed Lord Clerk Registrar of Scotland, 1890, and married, in 1876, Violet, daughter of Sir Frederick Graham, Bart.

From a Photo. by] AGE 30. *[Alex. Bassano.*

AGE 16.
From Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Eton.

From a] AGE 20. *[Photograph.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[F. Ahrlye, Bombay.*

A Talk with Dr. Nansen

By J. Arthur Bain.

On the 9th of September last, I was one of the foremost of the vast assemblage at the picturesque capital of Norway which welcomed back Dr. Nansen after his long absence in the Polar regions. The reason why I, an Englishman living far away from the coast, took a journey to Christiania to mingle with the enthusiastic crowd, may be stated in a couple of sentences. I was in Christiania in June, 1893, and had a long and pleasant chat with Dr. Nansen a week before the *Fram* started. My wife and I stayed with Mrs. Nansen at Lysaker for a few days after the Doctor had set sail. I heard the Norwegian people express their grave doubts concerning the return of the *Fram*, and stating their opinion that Nansen was foolish to the verge of insanity; so when the news came of Dr. Nansen's return, I hastily packed my traps and set out for Christiania, determined to be amongst those who welcomed the intrepid traveller to his native land. I arrived at the capital in time to take part in the brilliant reception that was accorded to Dr. Nansen and his twelve brave companions, and was fortunate immediately afterwards in securing an interview with Dr. Nansen and obtaining from him, not merely an account of his voyage, but also his opinions regarding the results of his Arctic discoveries, which can hardly fail to be of interest at this moment.

Lysaker, where the celebrated Norwegian traveller resides, is a suburb of Christiania, situated on the edge of the fiord, six miles distant from the capital. On arriving at Lysaker Station I walked through the green meadows and odorous pine woods, thinking, by the way, of how deeply Dr. Nansen must have been impressed by the call of duty to leave such fair and pleasant scenes for the inhospitable Arctic regions. I noted the remains of the torches and other lights which had blazed along this path as Nansen drove home on the night of his landing. I recalled the picture of the returned explorer, standing in the doorway with bared head, surrounded by his wife and friends, replying to the enthusiastic plaudits of the crowd of admiring countrymen who had followed him from the capital to his very door.

Some English men and women have written and talked as if Nansen's expedition was more or less in the nature of a failure, but those who have followed the matter more closely will hold a very different opinion, and I hope that what I am about to write will

DR. NANSEN AND HIS WIFE ON "SKI."
From a Photograph.

remove the last trace of the feeling that the long and arduous voyage was taken in vain.

When I arrived at the Nansen home I knocked boldly at the door, and put the question, "Is Dr. Nansen in?"

"Yes," replied the servant, but at this moment the Doctor appeared, and after a hearty hand-shake led me into his drawing-room, a most interesting and artistically furnished apartment, filled with curios gathered from all parts of the globe. The Doctor appeared in perfect health, despite his three years' sojourn in the icy north. He was a trifle paler than when I saw him last. He assured me that the trials and dangers he had gone through had but strengthened his physique. Around him, mingled with the luxuries of civilization, were many mementos of the home of the seal and the walrus and the bear, but these he explained were all relics of his Greenland trips, the trophies of his recent Arctic journey being still on board the *Fram*.

It is impossible to look into Dr. Nansen's face without something of the feeling of hero-worship. A personal association with some men whose record we have admired is frequently followed by a sense of disappointment. There is no such risk in coming in contact with Dr. Nansen. One feels insensibly that he is of the type of men fitted for herculean tasks, and his physical form in no degree contradicts the record that he can bear fatigue and exposure, and is one of the most accomplished skilobers in Norway. The key of his life can be found in the answer he once made to a hostile critic—an answer that deserves to ring through the ages to comfort the doubters and faint-hearted: "Man wants to know; when man no longer wants to know, he will no longer be man."

Leading the way into his study, we arranged ourselves for a comfortable chat.

"Are you pleased with the results of your journey?" was the first question I put.

"Oh, yes," he replied, with a smile. "The scientific results, I believe, will be acknowledged of great value. Professor Mohn and other scientific friends who are at work tabulating my material are quite enthusiastic over the observations made during our three years' wanderings." Dr. Nansen then proceeded to talk with me on the main features of the voyage of the *Fram*, and of his walk when he left the ship and, accompanied only by Lieutenant Johansen, attempted to penetrate farther north. There can be no doubt that, in comparison with the

From a] DR. NANSEN'S STUDY, IN WHICH THE INTERVIEW TOOK PLACE. *[Photograph.*

journeys of other Arctic explorers, Nansen's voyage places all recent attempts in the shade. No explorer since Franklin has gained so great a hold upon the imagination of his contemporaries. No journey in this generation has been so full of results which promise to be of permanent interest to the geographical world. Before starting out, Dr. Nansen, admitting the impossibility of accurately forecasting his voyage, expressed the opinion that he could not in any case return home in less than three years, but his ability to return he never for a moment doubted.

In our conversation Dr. Nansen sketched the early part of his voyage, alluding at the outset to the interesting meeting off Melo, in longitude 13·20 east and latitude 64·48, with the Wilson liner *Rollo*, outward bound to the North Cape. As the *Rollo* got even with the *Fram*, rockets were fired and the passengers from all parts of the ship cheered lustily. Dr. Nansen acknowledged these salutations, and was much gratified by this hearty farewell, expressed some distance from the port of embarkation. After leaving Vardo the *Fram* had a good passage to Nova Zembla. The *Fram* first met the ice in latitude 69·50 N., longitude 50 E., about ten miles north of Kolgueff Island, but forced its way through in splendid style and arrived at Jugor Strait on July 29th.

FIRST MEETING WITH THE ICE.
From a Drawing.

"Are you superstitious?" I interrupted.

"No, not a bit of it; but why do you ask?" he said.

"Well," I replied, "there are thirteen in your crew all told, and people look upon that as an ill omen, and some superstitious folk prophesied ill of your expedition because it consisted of thirteen."

"It certainly was a *lucky* number for us," he replied. "None of my men were ill at any stage of the voyage, none of them gave me a moment's anxiety; besides, I arrived home on the 13th August, 1896, and it was upon the 13th (August, '96) that my ship escaped from the clutches of the ice. So, you see, thirteen has no perils for me."

"Has any photograph of the thirteen men been published?" I asked.

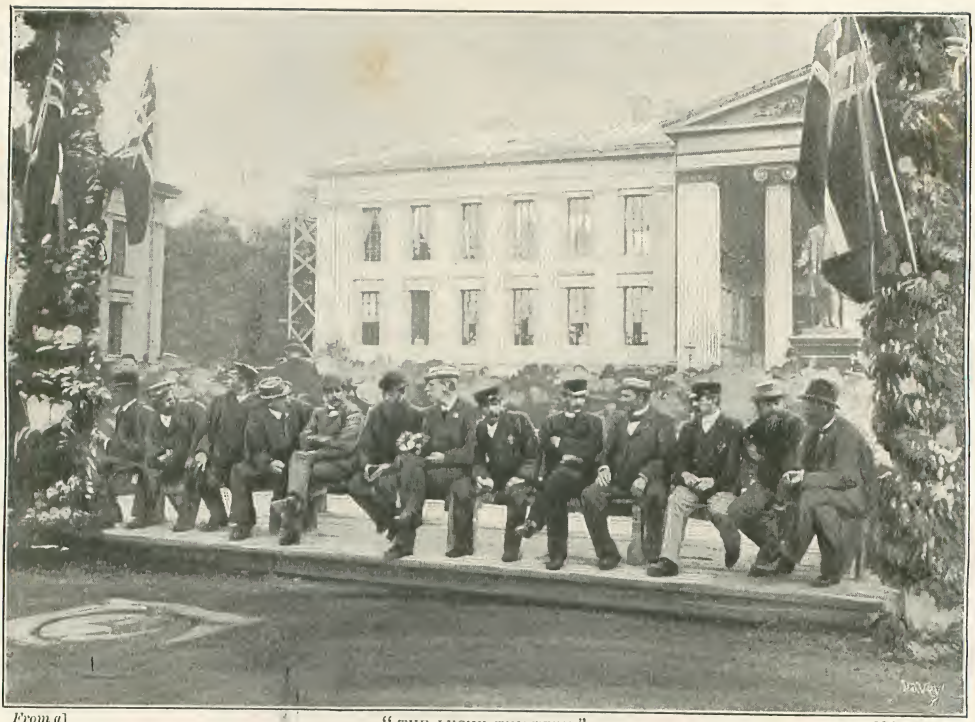
"No, not yet," he replied. "The thirteenth man, Bernstsen, joined us at the last moment, and he is superstitious to the extent that he manifests a strong aversion to having his photograph taken."

I was, however, able afterwards to obtain a photograph of the whole crew, but it is singular to note that, though Bernstsen consented to be one of the group, he did his best to prevent the photographer from securing his features.

"The three years' hardships seem to have told but little on you or your companions," I said.

"No," the Doctor replied. "They are fine, strong men, accustomed to ice work, and all have returned home in perfect health; some, indeed, being stouter than when they left home. We owe our thanks, however, to Dr. Blessing for his patient skill and care, especially in the winter months of darkness."

In response to further questions, Dr. Nansen said he was busily occupied in writing an account of the voyage, which would be issued in parts in Norway. The earlier numbers would be published before Christmas, but it would not be completed before the spring ('97), and an English translation could hardly be ready before 1897 had advanced some distance. The scientific results are to be published separately in Norwegian and English by the Norwegian Government, but as they are to be thoroughly edited by specialists, it may be two or even three years before they are issued from the press. I hinted to the Doctor that his popular account of the journey was awaited with great interest in England, and would doubtless



From a] "THE LUCKY THIRTEEN." *[Photograph.*

prove a financial success, to which he replied, with a smile, "I hope so; yes, I hope so."

There can be little doubt that the record of the three years spent on the *Fram* by Dr. Nansen, Sverdrup, and their companions will prove a treasure-house of scientific facts and thrilling adventure. All Europe is awaiting the publication of Dr. Nansen's book, for then only will the world know the full story of the heroic journey of these devotees of science, and the account of their doings will doubtless prove one of the most interesting as well as one of the most valuable chapters in the annals of Arctic exploration.

"What will become of the *Fram?*" I asked the Doctor.

"She will probably be kept at Horten. I may require her again soon, and cannot possibly have a better ship for Arctic or Antarctic work."

"Will you again attempt to reach the North Pole?" I queried.

"I cannot possibly say yet," he replied; "I think so. But perhaps I shall endeavour to discover the South Pole first, and then make a renewed attack on the North Pole on my return from Antarctic regions. I must, however, finish my work in connection with the records of my recent expedition before making definite plans for another voyage."

I have little hesitation in expressing the opinion that the Doctor will undoubtedly make another attempt to reach the North Pole. There is a weird attraction in these Arctic regions; there is a splendour in the heavens, and a magnetic mystery which hovers over a large portion of these unexplored seas and lands. There can be no doubt that the powerful fascination has taken a firm hold of the adventurous spirit of Dr. Nansen and over those who have once entered the Arctic world. No fear of suffering is sufficient to subdue the desire to solve the great problem. The only cure for the Arctic fever is the discovery of the North Pole, and it is my opinion that Dr. Nansen will either solve the problem or perish in the attempt.

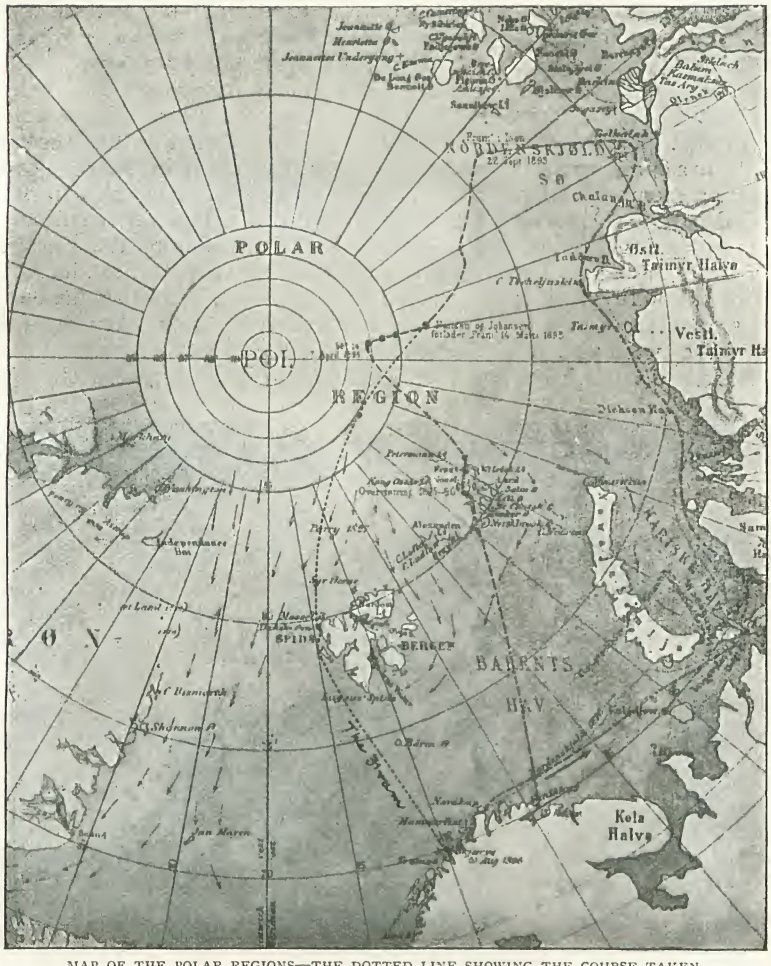
Continuing his narrative of the voyage, Dr. Nansen spoke of the journey from Jugor Strait through the Kara Sea—in the northern portion of which they were fortunate in discovering an island on their eastern voyage—to the mouth of the Olenek River.

They reached this point on September 15th, but, as the winter was rapidly approaching, decided not to call for the sledge-dogs as arranged, lest the ice should close in and imprison them for the whole winter. Three days later they were steaming along the west

of the New Siberian Islands, and on September 22nd they "took a ticket with the ice," or, in other words, made the *Fram* fast to a floe in latitude 78·50 N., longitude 133·37 E., and a few days later the ice closed round, and the *Fram* was frozen in for the winter for failure or success.

They saw no land after leaving the New Siberian Islands, but drifted north and northwest during the autumn and winter. It was during this drift that Dr. Nansen made his greatest discovery of the voyage—the existence of a wide *deep* sea towards the North Pole, having a relatively warm temperature in its depth; a continuation of the Arctic Sea situated between Greenland on the one hand and Norway and Spitzbergen on the other. It was previously supposed that the North Polar Sea was a shallow basin with icy cold water from top to bottom. Dr. Nansen's voyage has not only upset this theory, but has astonished the scientific world by the remarkable discovery regarding its depth and temperature.

The pressure upon the *Fram* during this drifting was most severe, but I was allowed by a special permit from Dr. Nansen, who had refused scores of applications from curious sightseers, to make a close examination of the ship as she lay in the Piperviken, and can testify to the fact that she looks little the worse for the expedition, except that the paint upon her hull is now an unknown quantity. The way in which she successfully encountered the ice pressure has naturally delighted the heart both of Dr. Nansen and her designer and builder. Twice only were the crew alarmed: once before Dr. Nansen left, and again a short time after his departure. On the first occasion the ice pressure was most severe; to use Dr. Nansen's words: "She was firmly frozen in ice of more than 30ft. measured thickness. This floe was over-ridden by great ice masses, which were pressed against her port-side with a force which threatened to bury and crush her."



MAP OF THE POLAR REGIONS—THE DOTTED LINE SHOWING THE COURSE TAKEN.

Boats, sledges, kayaks, and provisions were placed upon a neighbouring floe in readiness for the worst; but the *Fram* did not fail, and, after an interval of anxiety, officers and crew returned to the ship more confident than ever in her ability to resist the ice. The only disagreeable experience was the crashing, creaking, and grinding of the ice as it closed in around the ship. The *Fram*, it may be explained, was so constructed as to rise in resistance to the ice pressure and thus escape damage, and it so successfully accomplished

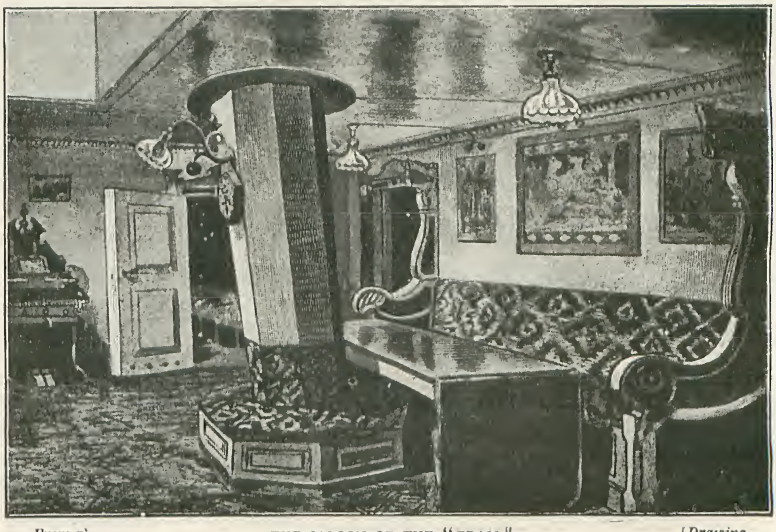
this work that at times the crew came on deck to find the *Fram* lifted from 9ft. to 12ft., and her bottom to be distinctly seen resting upon the ice.

In my visits to the *Fram* I was fortunate enough to meet several members of the crew, and I had a long chat with the gallant skipper, Sverdrup, and with Lieutenant Johansen, a fair-haired, clean-shaven man, with a brightly good-humoured face. As Johansen recounted Dr. Nansen's and his own ice tramp, his comrades crowded round and listened with interest to all he told me; one and all envied him for being the chosen companion of Dr. Nansen for that daring excursion. I also met Lieutenant Scott Hansen, who had charge of the meteorological, astronomical, magnetic, and geodetic observations, and with Dr. Blessing, who told me that, apart from his medical duties, which were fortunately light, he aided Dr. Nansen and Scott Hansen in the scientific work, and took some part in observing the Aurora and deep-sea observations. Dr. Blessing, who is a young man, is a capital scientist and botanist of no mean order. He was the only unmarried member of the crew, and a romantic incident connected with him is not without interest. Dr. Blessing had been engaged to a fair Norwegian maiden before he became a member of Dr. Nansen's party; after his departure the young lady naturally became very anxious to communicate with her future husband, but although love laughs at locks and bolts, it is not easy for Cupid to send his messages to the ice-bound regions of the north, and for a time even feminine resource was unequal to the task of dispatching a letter to Dr. Blessing somewhere near the North Pole.

One day, however, the lady read of M. Andrée's proposition for a balloon voyage to the Pole, and she approached him with a request that he would take a love missive, in the hope that it would reach the object of her choice. Though every ounce of additional weight was a serious matter, gallantry prevented M. Andrée from refusing the request of the young girl, and he took charge of the letter, in the full belief that he would meet the *Fram* and be able to deliver the note to Dr. Blessing. When, finally, the projected balloon voyage had to be given up in consequence of the failure of favourable southerly winds, M. Andrée handed the letter to the captain of a whaling vessel that was going northwards, on the off-chance that it might fall in with the *Fram*. Singularly enough, the vessel did encounter the *Fram*, with Dr. Blessing on board; the letter was delivered, and thus some time before reaching the Norwegian coast the young doctor saw the handwriting of his *fiancée*, and read her written protestations of love.

I spent one afternoon on the *Fram* in company with Henricksen, a veritable giant, with broad shoulders and a pleasant, round, determined-looking face, the harpooner of the expedition. His exceptional physical powers were severely tested on more than one occasion. He had been, previous to joining the *Fram*, for fourteen years engaged in hunting the seal and walrus and the whale, and at times the Polar bear. He became renowned as the best hunter in the "fleet," and eighty bears have fallen before his keen and practised rifle. I was also much interested in a dozen young and handsome Eskimo dogs, all born during the voyage, their mother standing in the midst, looking a proud and fond parent, she being the only survivor of the thirty-six dogs taken out for sledge-hauling by the *Fram* in 1893.

Henricksen led the way to the *Fram's*



From a] THE SALOON OF THE "FRAM." [Drawing

From a] DR. NANSEN'S WORK-ROOM ON BOARD THE "FRAM." *[Drawing.*

saloon, and showed me through the cabins where the explorers slept during the voyage. All the crew shared the saloon in common. An excellent library was provided on board, and for their recreation, cards, chess, draughts, and other games had been provided, while there was also an organ, a violin, and other musical instruments. Henricksen displayed to my wondering gaze the rifles, hunting-knives, harpoons, and other implements, and I was somewhat amused at the number of empty medicine bottles in the doctor's berth, showing that he had not spared physic to the crew on the least sign of indisposition. Ascending past the galley upstairs, we entered Dr. Nansen's and Captain Sverdrup's work-rooms, furnished with an elaborate stock of scientific and other instruments, and looked into the forehold, yet filled with provisions. Here (in the forehold) Henricksen also showed me the sledges, kayaks, ski, and cooking apparatus used by Dr. Nansen and Lieutenant Johansen on their dangerous ice journey; the sleeping-bag used by them on their tramp was a particularly attractive novelty. I jumped inside to try it, but was glad to emerge; it was too hot and too dirty for comfort, to say nothing of the odour. The bag was made from the skin of a Polar bear shot by Dr. Nansen, the fur being inside, and it must have been a warm berth with the two men packed inside it. All the Arctic equipment bore evidence of having been severely tested in actual use. The sledges especially bore traces of hard pulling, being patched with much care in many places.

Captain Sverdrup, like Dr. Nansen, seems a born leader of men, and he was the Doctor's trusted companion in the memorable first crossing of Greenland. I had some conversation with him on the bridge of the *Fram*, and he assured me that the three years he spent on board their "Arctic home" were comparatively comfortable ones. "Nansen and Johansen," he added, parenthetically, "had the worst of it. An expedition like ours," he said, "is never free from excitement or grave danger, and we had our share. Our principal duties were to take regular scientific observations, and this was an onerous and responsible task, and we found plenty of physical exercise in endeavouring to keep the ship free from ice. That the dread Arctic disease (scurvy) did not show itself, is attributed to the nutritious food we had,

CAPTAIN SVERDRUP.
From a Photo. by L. Szacinski, Christiania.

From a Photo. by] KEEPING THE SHIP FREE FROM ICE. *[L. Szacinski.*

and the readiness of all to partake of bear and seal flesh when caught."

I left the *Fram* and her gallant crew behind with deep regret. As I stepped into my small boat alongside I felt that I was leaving hallowed ground.

Dr. Nansen is a photographer of considerable ability, and he was much interested in the photographs I had taken of his birthplace at Froen, 1½ mile from Christiania (where he was born on the 10th October, 1861), and he kindly signed for me several of his latest portraits. In reply to a question as to the photographic equipment of the *Fram*, Dr. Nansen said, "We had a full-plate camera, half-plate, quarter-plate, and many hand cameras, with a large stock of plates for each."

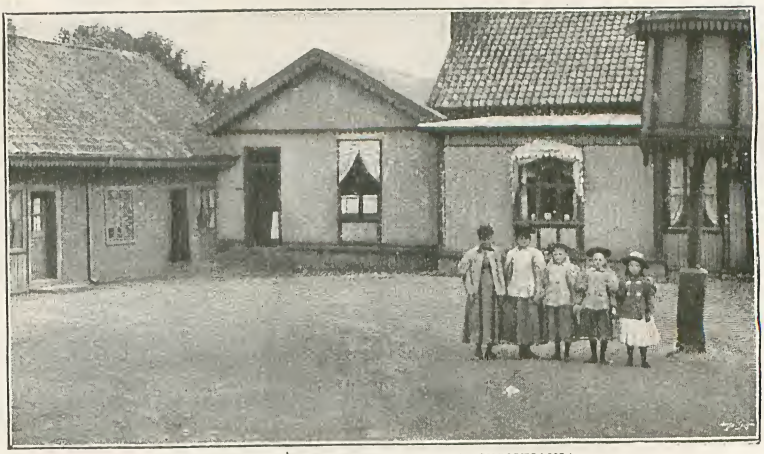
"Were your results satisfactory?" I asked.

"They were most satisfactory," he replied. "We exposed over 1,000 plates of one size or another, and few turned out failures. We took scenic photographs along our route, besides snap-shots of Polar bears, walruses, seals, and other animals and birds we met from time to time. I hope to insert a large selection in my book."

"In what did your scientific work consist?" I asked.

"That requires a little consideration," said the Doctor; then, after a pause: "It consisted of exact observations, and my expedition will be chiefly a gain to meteorology and oceanography. We had to take magnetic and meteorological observations on sea and land, when we found any land. We had to observe the temperature of the ocean at all depths and seasons of the year, to sound, trawl, and dredge, and to study the character and distribution of marine organism. Yes, I hope our expedition will enrich the records of astronomy, geology, botany, and kindred subjects. During the whole drift I spent most of my time in taking a series of exact observations in the above subjects, but I was ably seconded in the work by Lieutenant Scott Hansen and Dr. Blessing, and when I left the *Fram* the former took charge of the scientific work. The depth of the sea along the track of the ship ranged between 2,000 and 2,500 fathoms. The lowest temperature observed on the *Fram* was 62deg. below zero (Fahr.), testifying to the theory that the coldest spots on earth are *south* of the Polar circle."

Dr. Nansen added that his favourite subject was biology, which he studied earnestly during the first series of Arctic voyages, for he



DR. NANSEN'S BIRTHPLACE, FROEN, CHRISTIANIA.
From a Photo. by J. A. Bain.

loved science first and exploration second. He did not, however, have much chance of biological research during the recent voyage.

It is a popular fallacy that Dr. Nansen started out solely to reach the North Pole. If this had been so, no doubt the criticisms of those who say that the voyage was a failure would be justified. But that view is inaccurate and unjust to Nansen. What he went out to do was to explore the Arctic basin, and, if possible, settle certain problems connected with it. He said this, in so many words, in his addresses to the Norwegian and English Geographical Societies, in 1892. Here is a typical sentence: "It may be possible that the current will not carry us across the Pole, but *the principal thing is to explore the unknown Polar regions*, not to reach exactly that mathematical point in which the axis of our globe has its northern termination." Bearing this in mind, it is impossible to pronounce the expedition a failure, even if there were no other discovery than that of the deep sea in the Polar regions.

From a] COOKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES. *[Photograph.*

Before leaving Norway in 1893, Dr. Nansen made three predictions regarding his venture. The first was that 1896 would probably be the first year in which it would be heard of. The second was that, if the *Fram* were deserted, the party would come home by Franz Josef Land and Nova Zembla. The third was that if they stuck to the ship she would, by the aid of the drift, bring them out between Spitzbergen and East Greenland. This is precisely what has happened. Dr. Nansen has vindicated his theory of the Polar drift, and discomfited those who maintained that in trusting to what they styled "supposed currents" he was throwing away the lives of himself and his party. All other performances pale in comparison with this feat of the Norwegian explorer. It is not merely that he has gone some 200 miles nearer the Pole than any of his predecessors; it is not merely that he has made one of the most heroic journeys on record; but it is that he has established the truth of his theory of Arctic currents, and has brought back an enormous amount of valuable scientific information. The expedition has been a great geographical triumph. Its organizer passed over an enormous part of the girth of the eastern Polar Sea—covered almost the widest area of the earth's surface that can be covered in a like voyage, and they travelled at a pace which permitted them to mark upon the chart accurately all the districts traversed. There was no line of retreat, no going back and covering the same ground twice, as has been the case in nearly every previous Arctic voyage. The effect of this constant forward movement was obviously to save time, and the value of this will be apparent when Dr. Nansen's record is fully disclosed.

Lieutenant Johansen told me in regard to their ice journey, when it was decided that the Doctor himself should leave the *Fram* to explore the north of their route, that they tried to start three times. The first time the sledge broke down at a short distance; the second start occupied three days, after which they had to return and complete their stock of necessary provisions. Their final start was on March 14th, 1895, when the *Fram* was at 83·59 N. latitude and 102·27 E. longitude, and after this they never turned till it became impossible, when at 86deg. 14min. N. latitude, to proceed further, because of the impassable hummocky ice, and therefore they decided to go south to Spitzbergen *viâ* Franz Josef Land, where there was every possibility of a ship being found, but if not they would winter on Franz Josef

Land, there being every likelihood of finding game for food. Of that memorable journey much has been written. Their escapes were almost miraculous, and danger constantly stared them in the face. On one occasion, while dragging their sledges along a narrow path, the travellers were suddenly confronted by a Polar bear, but Johansen, who is a man of exceptional physical strength, caught the intruder by the throat and held him at arms' length, while Dr. Nansen quickly dispatched him with his rifle.

On another occasion, after an excursion inland, they returned to see their canoes drifting from land, with all their necessaries on board. To reach the boats was a matter of life or death, but, without a moment's hesitation, Dr. Nansen sprang into the ice-cold water and swam after the drifting canoes. He was chilled to the bone, but he succeeded in his object, and brought the canoes safely to the spot where his anxious comrade stood watching the incident. I cannot conceive a more daring act of courage than that of Dr. Nansen and Lieutenant Johansen's in leaving the *Fram*, with the certainty of remaining in the inhospitable regions for a year, perhaps two, and of never regaining the ship. They had no winter clothing, and provisions only for a hundred days. Yet they departed cheerfully, laden with an exhaustless stock of hope and charged with loving messages to wives and to friends if those on board the *Fram* should perish in the far north. Day after day, month after month passed, and still they toiled on. The little stock of food was almost exhausted and the dogs were starving. And here a touching trait of Dr. Nansen's character shows itself. He dared not expend a cartridge in shooting one of the poor beasts to make food for the other dogs, and sometimes for his companion and himself, and as he could not bring himself to kill his own faithful dumb followers in cold blood, he killed Johansen's sledge dogs whilst Johansen killed his. In this manner they struggled on until the dogs were all slaughtered. On the question of their food, a point which Dr. Nansen specially mentioned to me may be worth notice. Most Europeans manifest a strong aversion to feed upon seal or walrus, but Dr. Nansen and Johansen had previously proved the value of adaptation in the matter of diet to environment, and the Doctor believes that he and his companions largely owe their lives to the fact that they adopted a mode of life corresponding closely to that of the Eskimos and Samoyades, in subsisting mainly on the blubber of the seal, walrus, and the bear.

Fortunately open water was reached soon after the dogs had been slaughtered, and thereafter bears, seals, walrus, and at times Arctic birds were found, and furnished food until Dr. Nansen and his colleagues met Mr. Jackson, who placed the ss. *Windward* at their disposal to proceed direct to Norway.

The story of how Nansen and his comrades met Mr. Jackson is one of the most dramatic incidents recorded in the romance of history, but it is now a matter of common knowledge, and although Dr. Nansen spoke with gratitude of the kindness shown to him, there is no need here to enlarge on the point. It was a fortunate meeting, which Dr. Nansen declares he shall ever regard with feelings of gratitude; but it must, in fairness to him, be stated that, had he not come across Mr. Jackson, his original plan of proceeding to Spitzbergen would probably have been carried out with nothing more than a few more hardships and a little longer delay.

From a] DR. NANSEN IN HIS KAYAK. *[Photograph,*

Paper-Folding.

By L. S. Lewis.

PERHAPS no more entertaining form of indoor pastime has ever been devised than the rapid folding of a sheet of pleated paper into various shapes, such as those reproduced in the following pages. First of all, however, let us acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. David Devant, the well-known prestidigitateur (horrible word!) and popular entertainer, of the Egyptian Hall, who very kindly gave a complete "lightning paper-folding" *séance* to our own artist at these offices.

The only "apparatus" required is a sheet of paper; wherefore will this entertainment find favour in the sight of all. You are not tied to size; indeed, it may be advisable to commence with a sheet of note-paper and then work up gradually to a great square of stout cartridge or water-colour paper, such as Mr. Devant himself uses and supplies to his pupils. With just such a sheet as this, the various figures in this article were fashioned, and it measures rather more than 4ft. by 3ft.

Dexterity will come with practice. Mr. Devant evolves from his paper no fewer than forty different figures in five minutes; his record is ten in thirty seconds. The proper folding of the paper in the first instance is an absolute condition *sine quâ non*. It is necessary to bear in mind that you don't fashion your figures direct from the plain sheet, but from the cunningly pleated folds of the paper.

FIG. 1.—THE FIRST FOLDS.

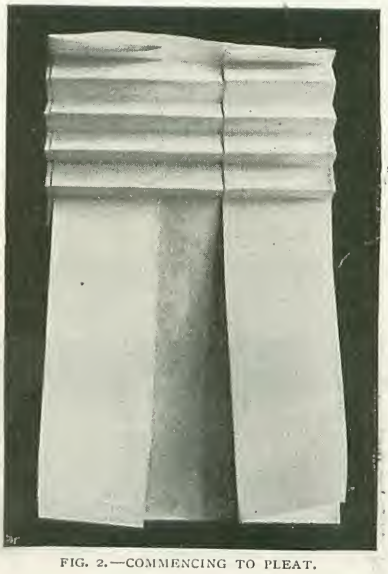


FIG. 2.—COMMENCING TO PLEAT.

Fig. 1 shows us how to commence folding better than pages of description would do. The central space between these first folds, however, is a little exaggerated, solely in order to emphasize the necessity for that space. In the big sheet we are considering the folds should only be about half an inch apart, the *raison d'être* of the margin being to leave room for corners and angles to work round.

One can't dwell too forcibly on the necessity for care in the primary folding. The cartridge paper is stout and stiff, so that one wrong fold is all but irreparable. However, supposing that Fig. 1. has been correctly negotiated, the next illustration (Fig. 2) plainly indicates the manner of pleating. In this, correctness of spacing is everything. You may rule out beforehand the spaces for your pleats if you like, only don't think that

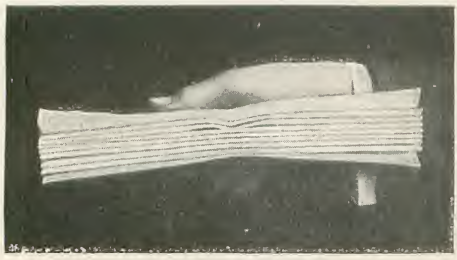


FIG. 3.—READY TO BEGIN.

they can be manipulated as easily as a concertina on Boxing Night. You may console yourself, though, with the thought that after your paper *is* completely pleated, you can with a little practice confidently set up as a society entertainer. Here I may mention that the paper, too, has to get used to its own pleats. What I mean to say is, that a little manipulation is necessary before the folds work easily. Practically, then, the older the pleated paper is, the better it is for the operator.

Fig. 3 shows the paper completely folded and ready for use. It also indicates the method of folding for what is the very first figure—the Venetian blind. This is produced

FIG. 4.—SHOWING THE FOUR "SECRET FOLDS."

by simply letting go the bottom and holding up to the audience the *front* of the pleated paper. Here may be interpolated an important piece of advice: Never, by any chance, let the audience see the *back* of your paper—I mean that side on which the narrow space runs up between the folds. The fact is, the spectators are led to believe that it is a plain piece of pleated paper; which it is not. Whether you are aware of it or not, it contains four secret folds, all of which are shown pulled out in Fig. 4. Now, a certain number of figures can be produced with the pleated paper just as it is; others—more showy subjects—with one secret fold out; and still more intricate articles with two, three, and four folds called into play. The onlookers, knowing nothing of these secret folds, marvel greatly at every item in the performance; which is as it should be. Like many other simple yet genuinely entertaining things, paper-folding is not new. A century or so

FIG. 5.—THE ROSETTE.

ago the pastime was known as "Trouble-wit," and much earlier even than this we hear of a French priest—Père Mathieu—introducing the pastime into France.

Fig. 5 illustrates one of the first figures that can be made with the pleated paper. It is a big rosette, and is formed by bringing together each end in a semi-circle. Needless to remark, all the movements should be executed with tremendous *élan*. While there are no definite rules governing the manipulator's dress, the unwritten law of professional demeanour compels him to wear at least a worried look. He should bound hither and thither, wave the paper up and down, round

FIG. 6.—THE TABLE-MAT.

and round, and generally convey the impression that the whole business is a severe strain upon him, physically as well as mentally.

Look at Fig. 5, and then at Fig. 6. When, after apparently superhuman endeavour, the rosette has been formed, and triumphantly presented for applause, the operator "goes off" again to his arduous pantomime. After a certain number of fantastic gyrations he blows upon the rosette, and, lo! it instantly becomes—a table-mat (Fig. 6). So prosaic an article as a table-mat may (considering the gyrations) be considered something of an anti-climax; but, at any rate, the manner of its evolution is sufficiently obvious. One simply extends, by a swift simultaneous movement of both hands, the semi-circles that form the rosette.

Held vertically, by the way, and with one end flat, a Norman church window is formed. But, above all things, go through your list with *verve* and energy, barely giving your audience time to admire your creation. Also, don't forget the "as you were"; that is to say, after the formation of each figure, bring your paper back to the formation shown in Fig. 3. This, however, scarcely applies closely to the more elaborate subjects. It goes without saying that the ambitious operator must "act the part"—particularly if he aspires to be a "lightning" paper-folder. He must help to accentuate the impression his creation makes on the audience by striking a suitable posture. All of us cannot hope to look our best when assuming an aspect of "flirtatious archness," yet this is more or less indispensable to the success of Fig. 7. In the case of this fan, the "secret-fold" side of the pleated paper is turned towards the entertained; but this is exceptional. The fact is, the space or margin which runs between the folds greatly assists this figure—as you may judge for yourself by inspecting and comparing the reverse side of your own fan when formed. Moreover, it is only held in position for a second or two, so that the audience haven't time to grasp the meaning of the double folds. The fan is made simply

FIG. 7.—THE FAN.

FIG. 8.—TWO FOLDS OUT.

by bunching together the pleats at one end and extending them at the other. Of course, there is the expression to be assumed. It seems that the most correct way of producing the fan is to throw the paper into the air and catch it as it falls, presenting the figure instantaneously. This, in the language of the local reporter describing a melodrama, "electrifies the audience"—whatever that means.

In Fig. 8 we see the secret folds coming into play; but there are some figures omitted through want of space. The "epaulette," for example, is made from the fan, by pulling out the set of folds forming the upper part of that article. One extends the pleats horizontally in a semi-circle, and then places the epaulette on one's own shoulder with a smart military salute. Fig. 8 shows a movement preliminary to the formation of some of the most striking subjects. It will be seen that there are two folds

FIG. 10.—AN EASTERN WATER-POT.

FIG. 9.—THE SETTEE.

out. Turn your paper up the other way and spread it out, when you will have a capital representation of a drawing-room settee (Fig. 9). This settee, whose surface is mainly composed of acute angles, is not one on which lovers (or others) would care to linger long, but all the same, there is no denying the effectiveness of the thing, an article of "paper sculpture." Now close up the settee and reverse the paper, as in Fig. 8. Then bring the whole round in a fine sweep for the Eastern water-pot (Fig. 10)—

FIG. 11.—A LAMP-SHADE.

perhaps the most successful of all the paper shapes. Here, again, you have to act the part by placing the jar on your shoulder and posing as though it were full of water instead of the lighter element.

Another very remarkable figure is the "lamp-shade" (Fig. 11). No one would think, at the first glance, that this is formed by turning the Oriental water-pot upside down, and giving it a very wide spread. Yet so it is; but as a rule the elegant little flower-holder (Fig. 12) comes between the two, in order that their connection may not be too obvious.

When taking out a fold to form further articles, much mystery is thrown about the business. As I have remarked elsewhere, the plain pleated side is always turned towards the audience; and when the required fold is pulled out all the way down,

FIG. 12.—FLOWER-HOLDER.

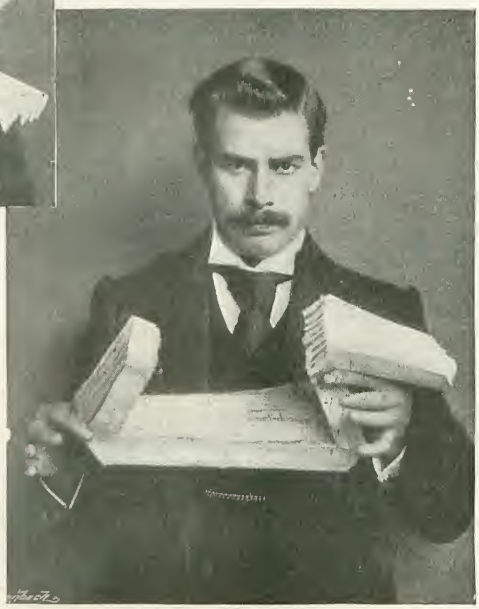


FIG. 13.—THREE FOLDS OUT.

the pleats are gathered up ladder-wise with nimble fingers, and to the accompaniment of a rustling noise that is not a little puzzling to those who know nothing of the secret folds.

So elegant are many of these folded paper figures that one might almost think some of them worthy of remaining in permanent form. Take Fig. 11 for example. If that lamp-shade were in green or red paper, and made quite circular, it is obvious that it would serve a useful as well as ornamental purpose; it would, in fact, be "just the thing" for a table-lamp or a big drawing-room floor-lamp. In Fig. 13 we see that three folds

FIG. 14.—HOW THE SAUCEPAN IS MADE.

have been taken out, forming a saucepan in embryo. Fig. 14 shows the manner of actually fashioning that homely utensil, and the next illustration (Fig. 15) depicts it complete, though in highly ornamental and "fluted" guise. Of course, these comparatively intricate shapes and figures are exhibited rather longer than the more simple ones. Also, appropriate gestures and movements are devised for each.

But supposing that the saucepan has palled upon you and your audience—and too much saucepan is apt to pall—there are many other capital subjects left in the paper-folder's repertoire. "As you were," then, in Fig. 13. Now, by an elaborate (and exaggerated) movement you bring round the pleats to form the "cosy corner" represented in Fig. 16. The magician is not nearly done yet, however, and as roars of applause (more or less) greet the results of his wonderful art, he contrives yet another restful abode—one for rather a different season, though—namely, a garden-seat (Fig. 17). That is rather a nice garden-seat, with a sheltered mushroom top. In a way it reminds us of those arranged round big trees in the London parks.

I refer, of course, to those seats which seem to be intended solely for the amusement of muddy-booted children playing at circus, and for the benefit of the great family of unprofessional wood-carvers, whose deplorable efforts to attain immortality are

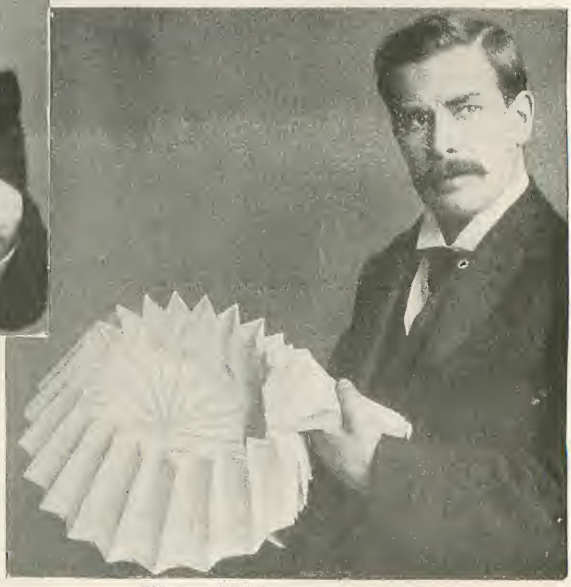


FIG. 15.—THE SAUCEPAN COMPLETE.

writ (or carved) large on the monuments and places of the world.

But we have digressed, as the novelist says when he or she (especially she) is conscious of having worked in a fine slice of irrelevant

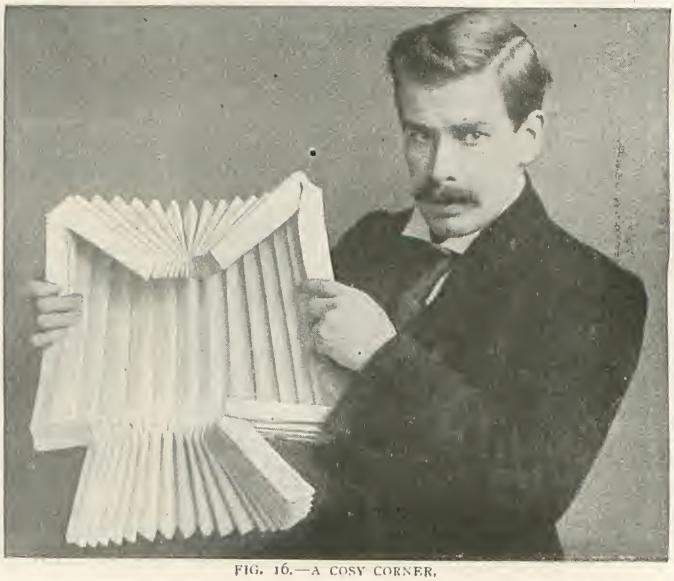


FIG. 16.—A COSY CORNER.

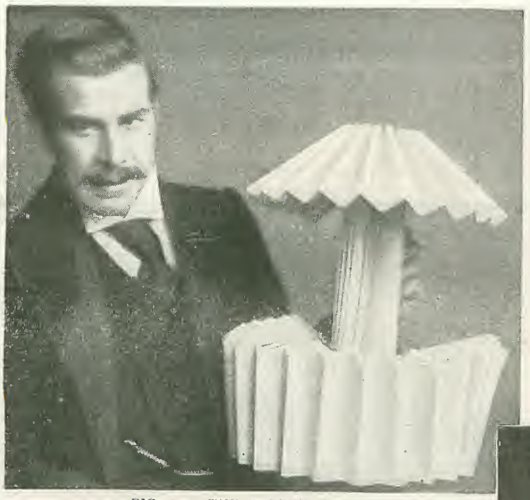


FIG. 17.—THE GARDEN-SEAT.

padding. Evidently the range of subjects in paper-folding is extremely large. Articles of clothing, of comfort, of utility, of ornament—all these can be shown; in short, no phase of life is neglected. Even that which is reputed next to godliness is represented in Fig. 18, which shows what purports to be a portable and collapsible foot-bath.

The connection between the different figures will be noted by those who closely follow this subject. Thus, the handle of the saucepan is the frill of the lamp-shade and the seat of the settee. Comparing the garden-seat (Fig. 17) with the saucepan, we find that the seat of the one is the handle of the other. By taking that part of the paper which forms the lower vertical section of the garden-seat, and inserting it in the corresponding fold (thus making the two one double fold), the lower part

FIG. 18.—A FOOT-BATH.

FIG. 19.—THE SENTRY-BOX.

of the figure will be found to resemble the top—only reversed, of course. Now close up the whole and then make the ends meet, until you have the saucepan without the handle. So far, good. Take hold of the ends now, and pull out until the foot-bath (Fig. 18) is produced.

Next comes one of the "lightning changes" before described in regard to the rosette and table-mat. Let go one end of the foot-bath and pull out until you are able to announce the "sentry-box" (Fig. 19).

FIG. 20.—FOUR FOLDS OUT—FOR BON-BON.

This evolution is much appreciated—only don't forget the mystery and gyrations. Once you have your paper correctly folded in the first instance, the rest is easy enough, but your audience are not to know that. Of course, practice is required to go through the "show" with credit to one's self and amusement to others.

We now take all four folds out, as in Fig. 20, which illustrates the preparations necessary for making the *gigantic* bon-bon. The next illustration (Fig. 21) shows the completion of this always-popular subject. Indeed, Fig. 21 is considered by some the very best of these paper shapes. To make the bon-bon from Fig. 20 you simply take hold of the centre, and describe with the pleats a circle round the folds themselves.

FIG. 21.—THE BIG BON-BON.

FIG. 22.—A DUMB-BELL.

You may then, if you wish, partly close the figure, turn your paper round the other way, and evolve from this the great dumb-bell seen in Fig. 22. Not even Sandow, in all his glory, ever saw such a dumb-bell as this, for, by a little judicious manipulation on the part of the operator, it can be made to do duty as the paddle-wheel of a Thames steamer.

The evolution of the Beefeater's hat from Fig. 20 is very well shown in Fig. 23—a photograph which speaks for itself. After having presented the dumb-bell, close your figure and draw two ends together until they meet, as in the accompanying illustration (Fig. 23). If you do the same with two ends on the other side, you will then find that the Beefeater's hat is ready to be placed *in situ*, as in Fig. 24; which, it will be admitted, is quite an elegant and creditable form of head-gear, that might very well be copied by the Bond Street shop-keepers.

FIG. 23.—SHOWING HOW TO MAKE A BEEFEATER'S HAT.

I have omitted such elementary forms as the candlestick, which when inverted masquerades as a mushroom. Doubtless, many other shapes will be designed and fashioned by the ingenious. At the same time, it is well to point out that figures which are made by reversing other subjects should never be given in consecutive order. The audience must have time to forget, say, the Oriental water-jar, before the lamp-shade is presented for their approbation. And in order to assist this convenient obliviousness, other figures must be presented in between.

FIG. 24.—THE BEEFEATER'S HAT COMPLETE.

FIG. 25.—DUTCH GIRL'S BONNET.

Now, returning for a moment to Fig. 24. Catch hold of the brim of the hat where the ends meet, stretch out the pleats a little to fit the head, and then the Dutch girl's bonnet is complete (Fig. 25). Here, again, the effect may be heightened by a well-simulated simper — expression is everything; but beware of over-stepping the mark in this direction. Take heed, we say, lest in straining after adventitious effect you excite perversely the risibility of your audience.

The Secret Panel

By M. P. Shiel.

THE one thing that Walter Gilbert could not do was to preach — and he was a preacher. He had been at St. Jerome for months, and the people were still wondering at the things which the parson offered them for sermons. It was a Devonshire parish, paying the incumbent £75—a sum for which not much was to be expected of the lungs beyond breathing. But the little congregation persisted in hoping for better things, since, in other respects, the new man had so crept into their hearts. Rumour breathed of charities eked out of those £75 stipends, of sick-bed tendernesses, long tramps over country to see a paralytic. It was noticed that as he went with his long swing along lanes, smiting his thick stick smartly upon the ground, he was fond of glancing at the sky, always with a sort of simple half-laugh. If he met anyone, the same half-laugh, as he flung out on his hand his "How-d'ye-do?" He seemed very attached to children, and would carry a small boy on his shoulder quite a long way. He was very big, with a light-coloured moustache, and wore a short morning-coat, instead of the parson's frock. It was impossible not to be caught and won by him. But he certainly could not preach. And Farmer Brian's daughters, who had attended boarding-school at Bath, said that he was not a "gentleman"; which, in a sense, was true.

One Saturday night he sat writing the morrow's sermon. The parsonage was an old house in a mass of trees. The week had been so full that he had found excuse to put off that dreaded task till now—those two harangues, that labour of Hercules. If he had only been content to utter simply the limpid good that was in him!—but, no, he must be ornate, he must do better than his poor best. "*Anything* will not do," he said constantly, spurring himself. It was his sense of duty, really, which was to blame. But either his wits were not over-bright, or preaching was the one thing above all for which he was not made. When all was said and done, he was conscious that the simple congregation regarded his outpouring with a half-smile of mere tolerance. Sometimes he was near to despair; would thump his forehead, and say: "Dunce! Thick-head!"

This night he wrote till one, and then the Sunday morning task was over. He read the sermon, and seemed not dissatisfied. For the present, he rose and went to bed.

At breakfast he once more read the sheets, and this time with loathing. How little of the human heart with its yearnings and out-

goings was here! He did not know that even sublime works of art seem to their creators, after repeated readings, like stalest dulness. Yet at ten he was at the fatal scrawl again, reading from beginning to end. The thing would not do—this stiff, leaden thing. It seemed to him monstrous, so high and fine was his inner sense, that the word spoken to living and hungry creatures should be other than inspired—and he fell to his knees, agonized. He was alone in his chamber; his forehead struck against the wall. He began to pray . . . for some miracle to help him . . . if not, then for some work in the world which he could better do. Suddenly something moved, gave—at his forehead, where it rested heavily upon the wall. Astonished, he put up his hand. At his pressure a panel flew sharply back, and there was revealed to him an oblong opening in the thickness of the wall. He sprang to his feet, realizing that his head had touched a secret spring. In a corner of the opening, tied with a ribbon, he saw a packet of old papers.

Flushed, he hurried to a table, and untied the ribbon. The first wrapping was a blank sheet of foolscap; then came another, of parchment, covered with writing: "This is the last will and testament of me, James Anthony Pritchard . . . £170,000 . . . to the sole power and disposition of the said Alice Jane Woodhouse . . . ."

A duly-signed will, thirty years old? So it seemed. And now, tied by themselves, a good-sized packet . . . of letters? Hardly! He sat reading the uppermost; sat, till at eleven, the bell ceased tolling for service; then rose, tingling, flurried, frightened, in his hand the sere old sheets. They were scribbled in a woman's running writing.

He stammered no leaden things that day. When he sat down, pale, at the sermon-end, St. Jerome was a little electric ganglion of thrills.

He remained there a year, continuing without fail the series of glowing sermons, full of humour, brilliant wisdom. But it was noticed that something of his simple-hearted jollity had passed from him. As to James Anthony Pritchard, as to Alice Jane Woodhouse, he made furtive inquiries, but heard nothing.

At the end of this time he was called to a living in Wales, where he remained two years; and here again occurred the same poor beginning, bursting suddenly into the same fine surprise. He received then an invitation to a substantial curacy in Derbyshire, which he felt an inner call to accept; and thither he accordingly went.

The church was in a valley, somewhat remote from Lyston, the straggling town; and near the church the parsonage, an old-time, low structure, half wooden, where Gilbert lived alone. By a lane at the back you ascended a hill, wound down into a wooded dell, and so reached the manor-house, the dwelling of the Doctor—a shaded place, a stately home. Gilbert, strolling here in the park one day, came upon a Miss Rosey swinging in a hammock, bowered all in brown shades. She lay asleep, half-sideways, the delicate undulations of her girlhood revealed to him. As he looked, her flush deepened, and she sprang up, laughing. He, too, laughed.

"I am only a bungler," he said, "not a thief. I was strolling, quite innocently, waiting for the Doctor."

His laugh was too loud, and his hands hopelessly large. She noticed them with a little mental pout, as he stood.

"It is of no consequence," she said; "I fell asleep over the book you set me reading. On these hot days Morpheus becomes a god to be obeyed, instead of a servant to be summoned."

"'Sesame and Lilies'? Do you like it?"

"It seems goodish. And *you* approve it. I rather pin my faith to your literary tastes, do you know?"

Her head perked saucily. Sometimes he had a terrible dread in his heart that she was laughing at him.

They walked among the trees, she swinging her stringed hat. Its straw and pink roses reproduced the colours of her hair and cheeks.

"What I wanted to know," he said, "was whether the Doctor will be able to preach to-morrow."

Dr. Grandford, a fine orator, always took the morning sermon, Gilbert preaching at night. But the Doctor had lately been showing signs of break-up.

"I'm *afraid* he won't be able," she said. "Do you know, he took yesterday to a *stick?*—making him look *so* quaint, my poor papa!"

"That, then, is *two* sermons for someone between now and to-morrow. Can't you write one for me, Miss Rosey?"

"I can at least give you all the sympathy I have to spare."

"Is that much?"

"All I have to spare, sir." Then, after a short silence: "But, tell me—do you find it, in truth, a very great—bore?"

"It is far from easy, you know."

"And I wanted to ask you—do you, as one somehow suspects, imagine that you do not preach—nicely?"

"My heart knows that, Miss Rosey."

Her manner became perfectly earnest.

"But you *do*.' Will you believe me? And more and more you do. Your sermons are becoming 'freer'—that is papa's word, and approbation from him is something, you know! If crude people think differently, why should you trouble? I, at least, like——"

She stopped. He was looking down upon the path, deeply sensitive to the gentle, womanly purpose of her words.

"You are kind to me," he murmured, "kinder than anyone I ever knew."

A footman just then came announcing the arrival of the Doctor.

An hour after, Gilbert was still alone with Dr. Grandford in the library. The Doctor stood, one forefinger smoothing down the strip of silver whisker on his pale, shaven face. He was large, white-haired, conveying a suggestion of immaculate cleanness and dignity. His suave and cultured voice uttered deliberate, nicely-poised phrases. Gilbert sat before him.

"You surprise me," the Doctor said. "You cannot mean that you have been so—incautious, as to let yourself, ah, fall in love with Rosey?"

Dr. Grandford was a younger son of noble old blood, an aristocrat of aristocrats. Gilbert looked upon the ground, fingering his shovel hat.

"I am afraid, sir, that something like that has happened, and I thought it right to mention it to you in the first place. Of course, I know——"

He stopped. The Doctor smoothed his strip of whisker.

"But have you grounds for imagining that such a notion would be received by my daughter with, ah, acquiescence?"

"No, sir; no grounds. That is, I have thought it not impossible. I may be presumptuous. Miss Rosey is very good and gracious to me, sir."

"There is no question of presumption," said the Doctor; "but you must see that there are—reasons. You are not, ah, firmly established: and my daughter has been richly nurtured. I may mention, too, that a calamity just befallen me would prevent any inequality between you from being remedied on *her* side——"

"A calamity, sir? I am sorry to hear of that."

"It has made me quite ill, you see," the Doctor said, with a pale smile. "I tell you in confidence. My child is aware of nothing. The extent of the disaster, one does not yet know. But the concern in which my whole personalty has been involved has, ah, failed. You guess the consequences—debt, mortgages on my realty here, general impecuniosity. If the worst be true, I may have to depend upon the moneys accruing from tithes, and the income of the little church—and you see me daily grow feebler. In fact, I now largely depend upon your efforts, Mr. Gilbert, and have been comforted by the knowledge that my trust is well placed. I have observed you, and, ah, like you. But as to this matter of my daughter——"

"Do not let that be an added trouble to you, sir!" cried Gilbert, brimming with sudden pity. "I, for my part, will—at any rate, it can wait."

"Well—but that is not what I wanted to say. I do not feel the impulse to thwart your inclination to that extent. Having gone so far, I should, if I were you, ah, speak to her. You will find your mind freer in consequence. But I do not conceal from you my anticipation that you will find your suit—unsuccessful."

Gilbert grasped his hand, and walked home to the parsonage.

In the grey old church, with its effigies of centuries and melancholy half-lights, the congregation the next morning was thin. Dr. Grandford, sitting in hood and surplice at the choir-end behind the pulpit, listened to Gilbert with sideward head, smoothing his whisker. Anyone looking would have noticed a slight twitching of his brows, a look of surprise on his placid face. And the surprise was general. The people leant forward, intent upon this new utterance. Rosey, in her curtained pew, contemplated her lap, slightly flushed, frowning. There were, then, unsuspected powers in him? Yet something troubled her—a little jarring on the nerves. Dr. Johnson, the winey old practitioner of Lyston, swore in his pew a full-blooded, mental oath, muttering: "That's not his own sermon, by Heaven!" The thought occurred to others. Yet, if not his, then whose? He would hardly dare to preach a published discourse, which any of his hearers might have read. Nor was he, as they all in their hearts knew, the kind of man to shirk his burthens by the cheapness of plagiarism. As for Gilbert, the words which were filling his whole mind were these: "I now depend largely upon your efforts, Mr. Gilbert,"

They had been a nightmare upon his consciousness, and a goad at his will.

Lady Wixley, who, with her brood of young girls, had accompanied Rosey home after church, said, in the drawing-room :—

"Did anyone notice anything extwaudnerwy in our sermon to-day?"

The Doctor was silent. There was still on his face that look of puzzlement — those twitching brows.

"Did *you*, Miss Grandford?"

Rosey was somewhat restless, peevish.

"It was a little—unusual, I think," she said shortly, half turning her neck.

In the evening Dr. Grandford, contrary to his wont of late, again drove to the church. It was full, and the sermon was even more brilliant than the morning's. In the midst of it a slight "Oh!" broke involuntarily from Dr. Grandford. Three choir-boys distinctly heard it, and reported it far. Gilbert, in a flight of eloquence, had uttered the words :—

"You cannot bind a zephyr in an embrace: it will escape you: it will away to the mountain-top and elude you: it will dance with wings to the uttermost sea to mock you!"

And the same night, the Doctor summoned Miss Rosey into his presence in the library. His brow was adamant in its stern calm. His hand rested upon the dry and rumply head, she sitting on a foot-stool by his chair, rather pale.

"Rosey, I have to tell you—something. I shall not detain you from your music. But it is as well that you hear this without delay. I know it to be possible that words may shortly be spoken to you by Mr., ah, Gilbert, which may set up a new relation between you. And in order that there may be no kind of doubt as to your course in such an event, I have to tell you my impression that Mr. Gilbert is not a man of, ah, honour."

She turned sharply, with face all inflamed, upon him.

"Oh, *papa*——"

"You are moved, Rosey."

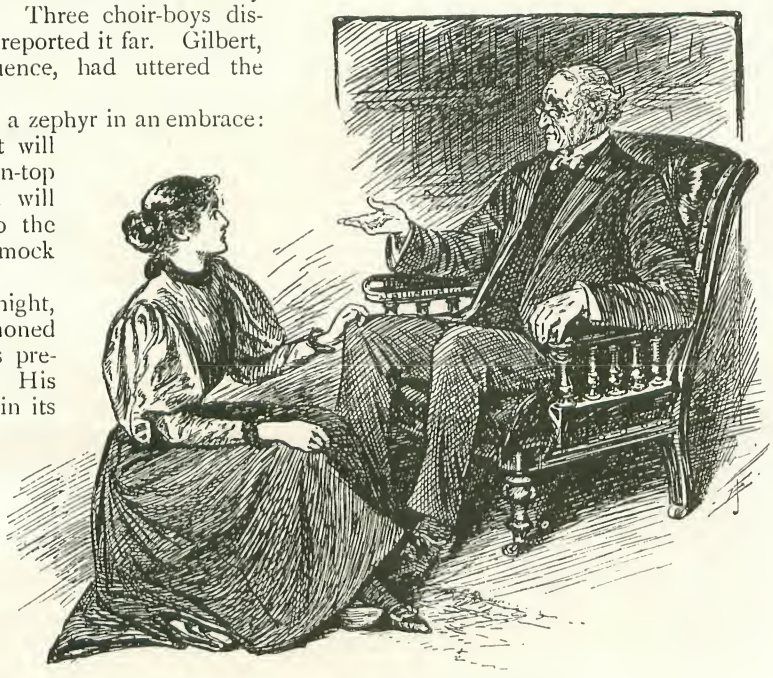
"Because—this is so strangely *unlike* you—dear papa!—and I am so positively *certain* that you must be wrong——"

The Doctor frowned.

"You make me conjecture, Rosey," he said, "that I did well in ordering this interview. Am I to understand that you are—*attached*—to Mr. Gilbert?"

"I am pleased with his society, papa," she answered, with extravagantly innocent round eyes of surprise.

"I see. Then you are, no doubt, a close listener to his discourses. You may, therefore, chance to remember a sentence of to-night's harangue beginning, 'You cannot bind a zephyr in an embrace.' Now, I say to you that that sentence has for years, by some extraordinary chance, been running in my own head. I know it perfectly well. So well that, having heard it, I was able to know also that to-day's sermons were quite certainly not Mr. Gilbert's own. And you cannot, I think, hold a man honest who takes to himself credit, aye, and possible emolument and advancement in his future career, on the strength of another's thoughts. You must see that, I think."



"I AM PLEASED WITH HIS SOCIETY, PAPA."

"Not his *own*, do you say, papa?"

"No."

The roses had whitened in Rosey's cheeks.

"And *you* know whose they are?"

"No. I *should*, however. I have certainly heard or seen them. They are not unfamiliar to me."

"He must be a very foolish man to act in that way," she broke out. "It seems so sudden and incredible—unless there be some mistake—some other point of view. But, of course, darling papa—it can be nothing to me——"

She was on his breast in a moment, her throat dry and aching; the old man patted her hair, kissing her face; and she ran from him to hide her moistening eyes.

The crash of the bankruptcy fell ruinously upon Dr. Grandford: there was a month's confinement to his bed; then came a sad migration from the manor-house to the parsonage—the carriage and footmen were gone—and strange men walked with an air of ownership in the halls of an ancient race. Rosey, of course, now knew the truth, and her lips compressed haughtily. There are natures which require poverty to bring out all their latent pride, of birth, or culture, or loveliness. A week after taking up his lodgings in Lyston town, Gilbert at last found the chance of speaking, of which she had been clever to baulk him. "There is little hope in life for me, Miss Rosey, if you do not care for me," he said.

It was a proud-necked patrician who answered him. The Doctor, hearing her, would have pronounced her manner and voice-inflexions the perfection of tone and taste.

"You surprise me. May you not have allowed your fancies to over-reach your instincts, Mr. Gilbert?"

"Ah, Miss Rosey——"

"I am sorry if you suffer. You will let the question drop now. You have business with papa?"

The Doctor had waited with almost peevish impatience to see if the series of sermons would cease. But they had revoltingly continued. At every fresh sight of the packed church he had had an impulse to interfere. At last he summoned Gilbert.

With a multiplicity of "ah's," he lying a-bed, Gilbert sitting near, he said that circumstances over which he had no, ah, control had, to his great—annoyance, and, he might say, sorrow, compelled him to think about engaging another curate. He recognised the value of Gilbert's zeal, and had actually reported of him in that sense to the Bishop, who, he had reason to think, might, on his approaching visit to Lyston, have something to say to Gilbert.

The double blow fell upon the simple, tough fibre of Gilbert like a sledge upon a block of oak. He was stunned, but never winced. He started forth upon a headlong walk, away from men, over the lonely country. All life seemed slipped from him. "I now depend largely upon your efforts, Mr. Gilbert"—how the words had puffed him with a glad, boyish pride, pricking his uttermost energy! And it had ended in this: unconcerned dismissal—from all he cared for in life—from the old man, from her. To live without tie, all unrelated to the world—this, surely, is the supreme bitterness. To a man of affectionate soul it is a taste of purgatory. The night came down upon him far from home.

"Oh, Rosey, Rosey!" he cried, to the waving wood, "if you had only pity, child!"

Had he done anything—neglected to do anything? The sermons! Those sermons of another mind! They were a rather sore place in his consciousness. Ought he ever to have preached them? God knew his motive, that it was pure. At their first discovery, he had promised himself never to utter them on any occasion when there was a chance that personal benefit might accrue to himself from them; hence, on going to a new place, while he could at all consider himself as being more or less on his trial, he spoke his own words only. And the finding of the sermons had seemed to him so directly an answer to his cry for help; and *now* it was Dr. Grandford's expression of dependence upon him that had led him to keep the church, by these means, a centre of interest. He could not manage to blame himself; he looked deeply within, and found all clear and selfless. For a sensitively upright nature to commit a deception for the good of others may be a greater exhibition of self-sacrifice than to tell a truth at the cost of life itself. He tossed his head backward in cloudless appeal to God. But the sermons had nothing to do with it! It was all the crookedness of his own bitter fate. No one knew of the sermons, or could know. Some spears of rain dashed upon his face; he turned back, walking still in the same wild haste. The night was very black. Again and again from the shuddering breast came the half-cry: "Oh, Rosey, Rosey, my child!"

Rosey was at his lodgings, waiting for him! The Bishop's visit to Lyston to confirm a flock of young people was only a few days off, and Rosey was to return to the cathedral

town with him as governess to his little girls; this last bitterness of her poverty she had bravely brought herself to swallow. She had been paying farewell visits among the parish poor, and had undertaken now to tell Gilbert, in passing, that Mrs. Grimes, the quarryman's mother, was near to death, and eager to see him. He was out. Should she wait a few minutes? The landlady showed her into his sitting-room. She stood in her cape, hatted and gloved, at a window, twirling her parasol. Two heavy oak sticks of his stood near; she took one and looked at it, then, as if it were hot, put it quickly from her. She walked listlessly, upon her parasol, to and fro. On the drawer of an escritoire there lay a manuscript in faded ink, which, as she passed, caught her eye. She stood fixed, for the life of her unable to lift her gaze from the sheets. That hand—surely she knew it—that strong, running scrawl! Could *two* people ever have written so peculiarly, and so similarly? It was hard to believe. And the sentence she read told her that here was the last sermon preached by Gilbert. She was lost in bewilderment. Not now did she wait a moment, but hurried forth, fluttered, into the rain of the already late night.

"OH, I DID SO LOVE HIM!"

The way to the parsonage lay through lanes, and a long, darksome avenue of sycamores. She had reached this, when, quite close, she heard a heaved breath bearing her name. She could see nothing, but the "Rosey, Rosey!" fell like a burthen upon her heart. The next moment she collided with Gilbert. He would have known her presence in a sunless world, she his . . . She was in his arms, her lips found out . . . There was a little, hard scar on her short upper-lip, the mark of a cut in childhood; kissing her, he felt it, with a thrill. . . . In an instant she was flying like a roe, pursued by the wild pain of his cry: "Rosey, Rosey, Rosey . . . "

She stopped suddenly and stood away from the path, fearing, hoping, that he might follow her. They were so soon to part! But he had no notion where she was. Panting, pressed against the tree-trunk, she could faintly hear him pass away from her. She stretched out an arm after him, and a low wail came from her.

"Oh, I did so love him!"

In the parsonage, wet, with haggard face, she walked straight to the Doctor's bedside.

"Papa," she said, calmly, "I have been to Mr. Gilbert's rooms. I chanced to see his last sermon. It is unaccountable—and I do not know what bearing it may have upon your opinion of him—but, judging from the packet of old letters I have of my mamma's, this sermon was certainly written by her."

The Doctor's hand went sharply up to his brow.

"My—my *good* child——"

"I thought I would tell you, dear papa."

She turned and walked away, longing for solitude. The Doctor sat up, smoothing his whisker, deep in thought.

For two days he did not refer to Gilbert; but once, when he was unexpectedly announced, Rosey was surprised to notice a twinkle in the Doctor's grey eyes.

On the Saturday my lord Bishop arrived—a little, quick man, with a brisk, bird-like perk of the head. He had heard of Gilbert's pastoral qualities from the Doctor, and had it in mind to place him well. At dinner he said:—

"Is he—tell me, now—a man of liberal utterance, this Mr. Gilbert?"

"I can at least promise you a very, ah, tolerable discourse from him to-morrow evening," replied the Doctor, with a twinkle, ending in a frown.

"Mr. Gilbert cannot preach!" blurted out Rosey, with a flush like anger.

"Rosey! you are candid," cried the Doctor.

The Bishop's head perked from one to the other.

"There is—come, now—clearly a difference of stand-point between the new age and the old," he said, puzzled. "Well—I shall keep an open mind, and judge for myself."

There was confirmation at both services, the Bishop preaching in the morning. Dr. Grandford constrained himself to attend both times, and read the lessons. Gilbert's coming departure from Lyston had got abroad, and he was generally understood to be in some measure on his trial before the Bishop. Expectation of special effort from him was on tip-toe, as his white robes slowly ascended the pulpit. Rosey bent a perfectly pallid face over the still open hymn-book in her lap. Gilbert's massive, slanting brow, slightly bald on the top, was beaded with moisture.

"I WAS MISTAKEN, MY LORD."

There was a strong mournfulness in him this night. He had a way of shaking his bent fore-finger as he preached; but to-night, he buried both fists in the cushion, leaning forward on his arms, with a slow, solemn enunciation. He did not read; and the drop from the clever flow and utterance of the last few months to this stolid speech was tremendous. But the sermon differed as much from Gilbert's own laboured and artificial discourses of other days as from the borrowed sermons. For the first time, he spoke the words of life. As perfect love "casteth out fear," so profound sorrow will not admit of embarrassment. In Gethsemane there was no flurry. He did not stammer—he was strongly clear and calm. The voice of this melancholy human heart held the mind of the people in a sterner grip that night than though he had had the tongue of angels.

Something or other deeply moved Dr. Grandford. His face showed it. His hands trembled. In a flash the whole secret of motive and character had illumined him!—the reason why those borrowed sermons had not been preached on Gilbert's first coming to Lyston—something of the reason why they had been preached afterwards—the reason why one of them was not preached *now!* He divined the whole. This man he had supposed capable of appearing before the Bishop in borrowed plumes for his own advancement—and, lo, he was a man to whom his own advancement was as nothing.

He said, as Gilbert was leaving the vestry: "Will you, ah, Mr. Gilbert, lend me an arm to the parsonage?"

The Bishop, walking in front with Rosey along the lane, said:—

"You told me—come, now—that Mr. Gilbert could not preach?"

"I was mistaken, my lord." She was trembling.

"He is not brilliant, certainly."

"Neither is the bread by which men live," she answered.

The Doctor, behind, was leaning heavily upon Gilbert. He said:—

"I must speak to you—now. I have misjudged you. I must humble myself

before you. The matter is this: For some months you have been preaching to me a series of my own sermons——"

"Sir, sir——" cried Gilbert.

"I did not know *that* fact—till a few days since, or should have told you. It was a circumstance discovered by Rosey at your rooms which opened my eyes. They must have been written by my wife at my dictation at least thirty years ago, and I had forgotten them wholly, except a single sentence. I knew, however, that they were not yours, and thought——but let that pass. I say to you now that I divine your motives, and honour them, and extol them."

"But, sir, sir——" Gilbert was all in trance and amaze.

"What you have to do in the first place is to appease my curiosity. By what miracle did you obtain these writings?"

"I found them, sir, in a secret panel at St. Jerome's parsonage, at Hurley, in——"

"You have been there, then? Well, but that partially explains it. For before inheriting the manor here, I, too, was incumbent at that very St. Jerome's."

They had reached the parsonage. The Doctor led Gilbert into the study. They sat facing each other.

"The fact of the secret panel," said the Doctor, "I can explain. In the parsonage lived with us my wife's sister and their grandfather, a Mr. Pritchard. The house was, indeed, his property. He was an eccentric person, of great age, and very wealthy. A man of irreligious and essentially worldly mind, he yet conceived it necessary to his salvation to hear a sermon once a week; and as he was almost bed-ridden and unable to attend church, upon me was imposed the task of reading to him a weekly sermon, which he insisted should be specially written for him. I had to humour his whim: for a clever young man with energy and a command of florid language such as he loved, the labour was not great. He invariably took possession of the sermons after hearing them, and, I suppose, treasured them in this panel, which was known to himself alone."

"But, sir—the will!" cried Gilbert, starting to his feet with sudden recollection.

"What will? Mr. Pritchard died intestate."

"James Anthony Pritchard's will!—bequeathing £170,000 to Alice Jane Woodhouse!—signed, sir!—wrapping up the sermons!"

The Doctor's face on the red chair-back went white as death. His hands fluttered.

"She was—my wife's—ah, sister," he panted. "Rosey is her—heir. Mr. Pritchard's wealth went to a cousin—this, this is salvation—and the providence—of God."

"The will is in the hands of a lawyer in London, sir," said Gilbert. "I committed it to him for inquiries, which have proved unsuccessful. It is duly executed."

The Doctor's eyes closed.

An hour later, when Gilbert rose, he, too, rose, scribbled some words, and handed them in an envelope to Gilbert.

"As you pass by the drawing-room, you might hand this to Rosey," he said.

The Bishop, tired, had retired early. Rosey sat, with dejected eyes, alone. He came, handed her the note—a low cry from her! She read:—

"Have no longer any fear, my child, that Mr. Gilbert is not at all points worthy of us."

"Miss Rosey!"—he had sat down rather awkwardly by her.

Instantly her sadness changed to lightest frolic.

"Is anything wrong, Mr. Walter? You tend to sighs."

"Ah—Rosey . . ." He was one big sigh.

"It is the Sabbath evening. Am I to understand that you are again making love to me?"

"Rosey! my breath of life—my zephyr from Heaven——"

He tried to take her. She was up, and gone from him.

"You cannot bind a zephyr in an embrace, sir," she cried, with a curtsy; "it will escape you: it will away to the mountain-top and elude you: it will dance with wings to the uttermost sea to mock you!"

Then with a little run, a little trouble and murmur of love, she was crouching before him, her upturned lips beseeching his kiss.

The Professor's Puzzles

By Henry E. Dudeney ("Sphinx").

"WHY, here is the Professor!" exclaimed Grigsby. "We'll make him show us some new puzzles."

It was Christmas Eve, and the club was nearly deserted. Only Grigsby, Hawkhurst, and myself, of all the members, seemed to be detained in town over the season of mirth and mince-pies. The man, however, who had just entered was a welcome addition to our number. "The Professor of Puzzles," as we had nicknamed him, was very popular at the club, and when, as on the present occasion, things got a little slow, his arrival was a positive blessing.

He was a man of middle age, cheery and kind-hearted, but inclined to be cynical. He had all his life dabbled in puzzles, problems, and enigmas of every kind, and what the Professor didn't know about these matters was admittedly not worth knowing. His puzzles always had a charm of their own, and this was mainly because he was so happy in dishing them up in palatable form.

"You are the man of all others that we were hoping would drop in," said Hawkhurst. "Have you got anything new?"

"I have always something new," was the reply, uttered with feigned conceit—for the Professor was really a modest man—"I'm simply glutted with ideas."

"Where do you get all your notions?" I asked.

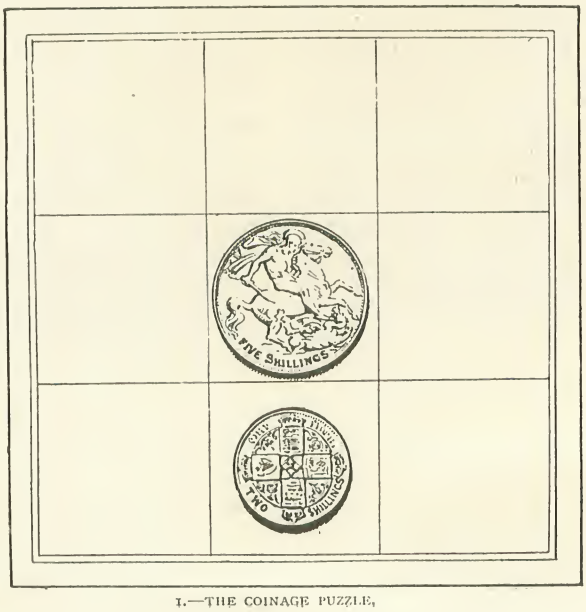
"Everywhere, anywhere, during all my waking moments. Indeed, two or three of my best puzzles have come to me in my dreams."

"Then all the good ideas are not used up?"

"Certainly not. And all the old puzzles are capable of improvement, embellishment, and extension. Take, for example, magic squares. These were constructed in India before the Christian Era, and introduced into Europe about the fourteenth century, when they were supposed to possess certain magical properties that I am afraid they have since lost. Any child can arrange the numbers one to nine in a square that will add up fifteen in eight ways. But you will see it can be developed into quite a new problem if you use coins instead of numbers."

He made a rough diagram, and placed a crown and a florin in two of the divisions, as indicated in the illustration (No. 1).

"Now," he continued, "place the fewest possible current English coins in the seven empty divisions, so that each of the three columns, three rows, and two diagonals shall add up fifteen shillings. Of course, no division may be without at least one coin, and no two divisions may contain the same value."



1.—THE COINAGE PUZZLE.

"But how can the coins affect the question?" asked Grigsby.

"That you will find out when you approach the solution."

"I shall do it with numbers first," said Hawkhurst, "and then substitute coins."

Five minutes later, however, he exclaimed, "Hang it all! I can't help getting the 2 in a corner.

May the florin be moved from its present position?"

"Certainly not."

"Then I give it up."

But Grigsby and I decided that we would work at it another time, so the Professor showed Hawkhurst the solution privately, and then went on with his chat.

"Now, instead of coins we'll substitute postage-stamps. Take ten current English stamps, nine of them being all of different values, and the tenth a duplicate. Stick two of them in one division and one in each of the others, so that the square shall this time add up ninepence in the eight directions as before."

"Here you are!" cried Grigsby, after he had been scribbling for a few minutes on the back of an envelope.

The Professor smiled indulgently.

"Are you sure that there is a current English postage-stamp of the value of threepence-halfpenny?"

"For the life of me, I don't know. Isn't there?"

"That's just like the Professor," put in Hawkhurst. "There never was such a 'tricky' man. You never know when you have got to the bottom of his puzzles. Just when you make sure you have found a solution, he trips you up over some little point you never thought of."

2.—THE MAP PUZZLE.

"Well, you'll get those stamps all right in five minutes when you are alone. I've got a little map puzzle here I should like to show you."

The Professor then produced a chart of which I give a copy.

"Now," he said, "here is a map (No. 2) containing twenty-six districts, and it is required to so colour them all that no two contiguous districts shall be of the same colour. I asked my son last night to do this, but he replied that he had not enough colours by one in his box. On counting them I found he was correct. How many colours had he?"

"May you use black and white?" I asked.

"No. Only colours. But don't work at it here. I have a copy of the map for each of you. What do you think of these?"

He brought from his capacious pockets a number of frogs, snails, lizards, and other creatures of Japanese manufacture — very grotesque in form and brilliant in colour. While we were looking at them he asked the waiter to place sixty-four tumblers on the club table. When these had been brought and arranged in the form of a square, as shown in the illustration (No. 3), he placed eight of the little green frogs on the glasses as shown.

"Now," he said, "you see these tumblers form eight horizontal and eight vertical lines, and if you look at them diagonally (both ways) there are twenty-six other lines. If you run your eye along all these forty-two lines, you will find no two frogs are anywhere in a line."

"The puzzle is this. Three of the frogs are supposed to jump from their present position to three vacant glasses, so that in their new relative positions still no two frogs shall be in a line. What are the jumps made?"

"I suppose——" began Hawkhurst.

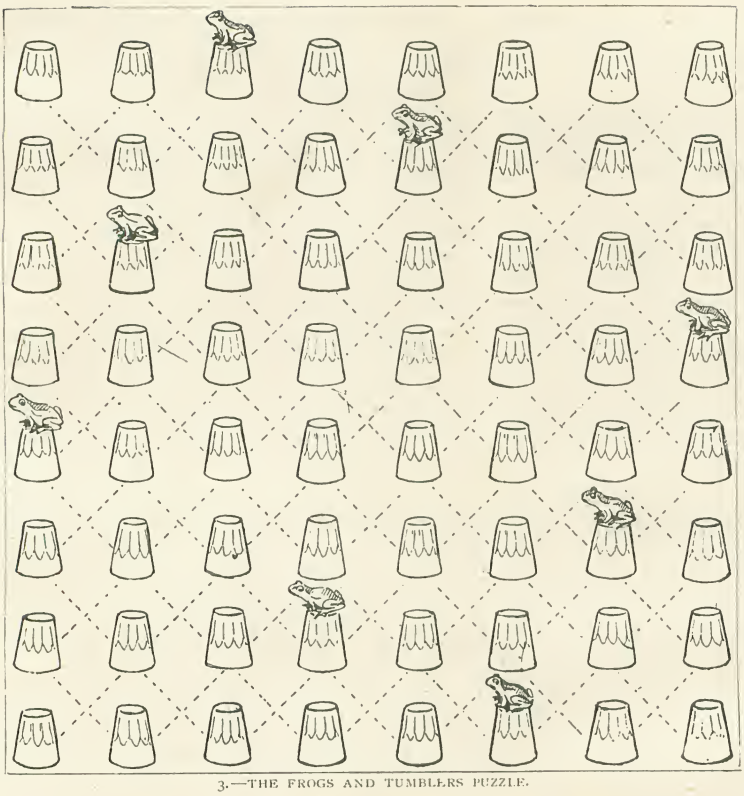
"I know what you are going to ask," anticipated the Professor. "No, the frogs do not exchange positions, but each jumps to a glass that was not previously occupied."

"But surely there must be scores of solutions?" I said.

"I shall be very glad if you can find them," replied the Professor, with a dry smile. "I only know of one—or rather two, counting a reversal, which occurs in consequence of the position being symmetrical."

For nearly an hour we tried to make these little reptiles perform the feat allotted to them, and failed. The Professor, however, would not give away his solution, but said he would instead introduce to us a little thing that is childishly simple when you have once seen it, but cannot be mastered by everybody at the very first attempt.

"Waiter!" he called again. "Just take



3.—THE FROGS AND TUMBLERS PUZZLE.

away these glasses, please, and bring the chess-boards."

"I hope to goodness," exclaimed Grigsby, "you are not going to show us some of those awful chess problems of yours. 'White to mate Black in 427 moves without moving his pieces.' 'The bishop rooks the king, and pawns his Giuoco piano in half a jiff.'"

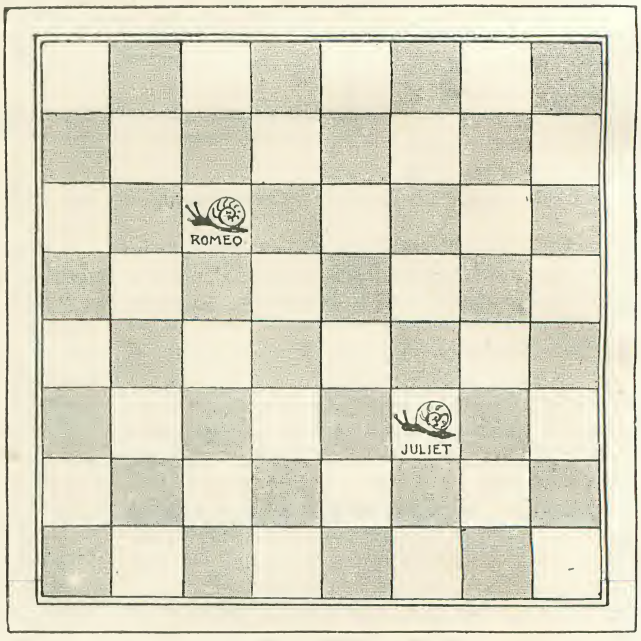
"No, it is not chess. You see these two snails (No. 4). They are Romeo and Juliet. Juliet is on her balcony waiting the arrival of her love, but Romeo has been dining and forgets, for the life of him, the number of her house. The squares represent sixty-four houses, and the amorous swain visits every house once and only once before reaching his beloved. Now, make him do this with the fewest possible turnings. The snail can move up, down, and across the board and through the diagonals. Mark his track with this piece of chalk."

"Seems easy enough," said Grigsby, running the chalk along the squares. "Look! That does it."

"Yes," said the Professor; "Romeo has got there, it is true, and visited every square once, and only once, but you have made him turn nineteen times, and that is not doing the trick in the fewest turns possible."

Hawkhurst, curiously enough, hit on the solution at once, and the Professor remarked that this was just one of those puzzles that a person might solve at a glance or not master in five years.

"It was a sheer stroke of luck on your part, Hawkhurst," he added. "Here is a much easier puzzle, because it is capable of more systematic analysis; yet it may just happen that you



4.—THE ROMEO AND JULIET PUZZLE.

will not do it in a day. Put Romeo on a white square, and make him crawl into every other white square once with the fewest possible turnings. This time a white square may be visited twice, but the snail must never pass a second time through the same corner of a square nor ever enter the black squares."

"May he leave the board for refreshments?" asked Grigsby.

"No; he is not allowed out until he has performed his feat."

While we were vainly attempting to solve this puzzle, the Professor arranged on the table ten of the frogs in two rows, as they will be found in the illustration (No. 5).

"That seems entertaining," I said. "What is it?"

"It is a little puzzle I made a year ago, and a favourite with the few people who have seen it. It is called 'The Frogs Who Would a-Wooing Go.' Four of them are supposed

5.—THE FROGS WHO WOULD A-WOOING GO.

to go a-wooing, and after the four have each made a jump upon the table, they are in such a position that they form five straight rows with four frogs in each row."

"What's that?" asked Hawkhurst. "I think I can do that." A few minutes later he exclaimed, "How's this?"

"They form only four rows instead of five, and you have moved six of them," explained the Professor.

"Hawkhurst," said Grigsby, severely, "you are a duffer. I see the solution at a glance. Here you are! These two jump on their comrades' backs."

"No, no," admonished the Professor. "That is not allowed. I distinctly said that the jumps were to be made upon the table. Sometimes it passes the wit of man to so word the conditions of a problem that the quibbler will not persuade himself that he has found a flaw through which the solution may be mastered by a child of five."

After we had been vainly puzzling with these batrachian lovers for some time, the Professor revealed his secret.

"Now, show us something of your very latest inventing," said Grigsby. "Something piping hot."

"Here you are, then. This puzzle I perfected to-day while riding in a Bayswater 'bus."

He spread on the table a sheet of paper bearing the drawing which is reproduced on the following page (No. 6).

"The puzzle is called the 'Six Little Niggers.' The sketch represents a dormitory containing thirty-six cots. Six little nigger boys are allowed to occupy the room, so long as they can sleep six in a line in different ways, and without moving the beds. The lines may be perpendicular, horizontal, or diagonal. Every time a nigger boy changes his cot he is provided with clean sheets, and must select a bed that is in a straight line (in one of the three directions) with the one he last occupied. Now, at the rate of fourpence a pair of sheets (there being, of course, always a pair on each bed, and the boys always sleeping alone), what is the lowest sum that this item will amount to in the washing-bill after the niggers have completed their visit?"

"Very original and fanciful," said Hawkhurst. "But it must be ridiculously easy. Let me see! Six columns, six rows, and two diagonals—that makes fourteen different lines in which it is possible for the niggers to sleep. Is that right, Professor?"

"Quite right."

"Then the answer must be—yes, I see—six beds at 4d. a bed—that's 2s. a night—fourteen nights at 2s. is 28s. That must be it—28s.!"

"Quite wrong!"

"I see!" cried Grigsby. "The niggers come back to the sheets they have used before."

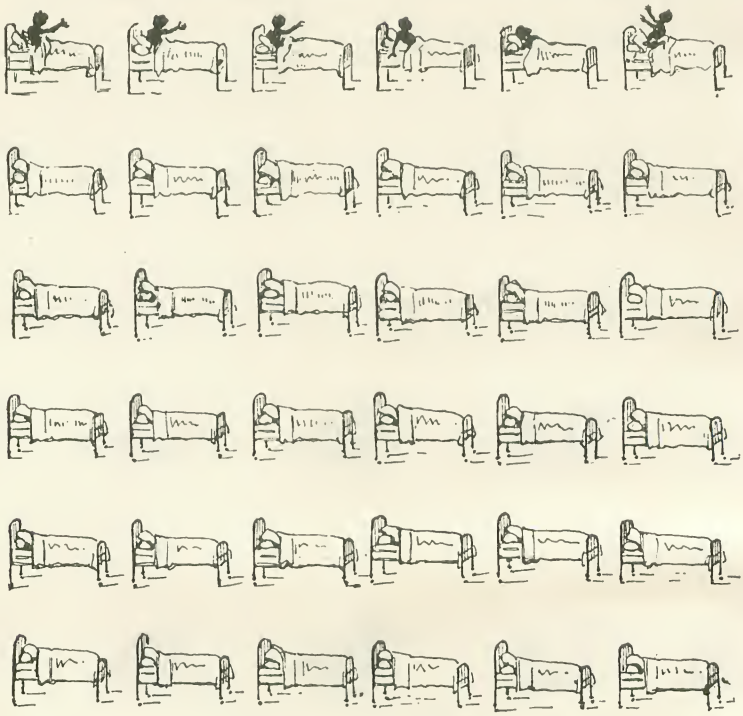
"No. There is no catch in it. Every time a nigger changes his cot he is given clean sheets, and those he has left are immediately sent to the laundry. The puzzle contains a beautiful principle which will repay you for the finding out. I present it to you fellows as a little Christmas souvenir."

"Well, it is deeper than it looks, I'll be bound," said Hawkhurst.

"Much too deep for you," retaliated Grigsby, with good-natured banter. "You shouldn't attack problems beyond your strength, Hawkhurst. Let me commend to your notice the following little proposition, which the Professor tells me is of great antiquity :—

"Thirteen travellers arrived at a country inn and desired to be furnished with separate bedrooms for the night. The landlady had only twelve bedrooms, but she was a clever woman and found a way out of the difficulty. She first of all took two of her guests to room No. 1. Then she placed guest No. 3 in room No. 2; guest No. 4 in room No. 3; guest No. 5 in room No. 4; guest No. 6 in room No. 5; and so on until guest No. 12 was placed in room No. 11. Finally, she returned to room No. 1 to fetch the thirteenth guest, whom she put in room No. 12. The thirteen guests thus passed a pleasant night in twelve rooms, each having a separate room to himself!"

"I can scarcely believe it," said Hawkhurst, innocently. "There must be a mistake somewhere."



6.—THE PUZZLE OF THE SIX LITTLE NIGGERS.

We all laughed, and the Professor said :—

"Here is one more puzzle I can give you to-night, and I think it will interest you. No doubt, with the others we have been looking at, it will help to amuse you over the holidays. But don't show it about, because I have specially constructed it for the well-known magazine whose name it bears."

He gave me a sly wink that was intended to imply that the invention was to be placed at my disposal for this article, and then brought out THE STRAND Puzzle (No. 7).

"Now," he went on, "here is a board with ten squares, and here are nine counters, bearing the letters 'The Strand.' What you have to do is to place the counters on the board in the order shown in the smaller diagram, viz., S T D E H N A T R and then move them about diagonally, from square to square, until you have got them

"The Strand" PUZZLE

7.

into the position already indicated on the board. This must be done in twenty-eight moves, so count your moves as you make them, and if you find you succeed in getting the last letter home on the twenty-eighth move, then try to remember the route you adopted, and write out the solution."

"Are leaping moves permitted?" asked Grigsby.

"No; only simple moves diagonally from one of the ten white squares to another."

"I've got the first move!" cried Hawkhurst.

"Ten to one you don't find the last," retorted Grigsby. "Shall I show it you?"

"Show your grandmother how to——"

"Put thirteen guests into twelve beds, so that each shall have a bed to himself, eh?"

The Professor smiled, and I asked him which he considered the most famous puzzle in modern times.

"Well, it is somewhat difficult," he said, "to decide which bears the palm, but Sam Loyd's Fifteen Block Puzzle and Pony Puzzle are certainly two of the most famous. The former created a greater sensation in this country, but in America, Mr. Loyd's native land, the Pony had a very exciting run."

"Will you show it to me?" I asked, and in response he produced from his pocket-book a grotesque drawing, of which the following (No. 8) is a facsimile:—

"There!" he said. "The history of that comical pony is well worth telling, the more especially as it happened over thirty years ago.

"It was in the fall of 1865, during a return voyage from Europe, while amusing his fellow-passengers by what he called 'his foolish tricks,' that, at the suggestion of Governor Curtin, with whom he was travelling, Loyd was challenged to produce an impromptu puzzle. With a few cuts of a pair of scissors he made this caricature of a horse, which was divided into three parts, as you see, the object of the puzzle being to lay the pieces, without folding or further cutting, so as to represent a pony trotting.

"The *modus operandi* was shown to the famous 'War Governor' of Pennsylvania, who was so pleased with the trick that he volunteered to 'open a basket' of champagne for the person who could make the animal trot before the voyage was over."

"Was the prize won?" asked Hawkhurst.

"No; the puzzle was not guessed during the trip, which gave the author such a good impression of its merit that he brought it out through the American News Company (I think that is the name), and upwards of a hundred million of them were disposed of through the stationers and newsagents. During the following year it was utilized as an advertising medium, and more than a thousand million of the tantalizing little trick were scattered all over the country to call attention to the merits of sewing-machines, pianos, or patent medicines."

"Is that the thing that Barnum distributed?" asked Grigsby.

"Yes, it is said that he ordered the Pony Puzzle in ten million lots at a time. The peculiar thing about his connection with the puzzle was that he could never remember the solution himself, and he had to pay frequent visits to Loyd to be instructed in the matter. One day he got so excited that he wrote a letter to the inventor, threatening to come and interview him with a gun if he did not send him the combination all drawn out in detail. Afterwards, he always carried the solution in his pocket, for he could never remember it overnight."

"I suppose the thing is easy enough?" remarked Hawkhurst.

"Don't *you* be rash enough to attempt it," interposed Grigsby.

"Well, the curious thing is," continued the Professor, "that out of the millions of persons who puzzled over this little trick, when it was so popular, very few discovered, or even saw, the true secret, which Loyd only recently published in America, and which has never been printed in this country. Yet there is no trick or catch about the puzzle which the solver would not understand. The answer is very satisfactory, so that the finder will know directly he has guessed it."

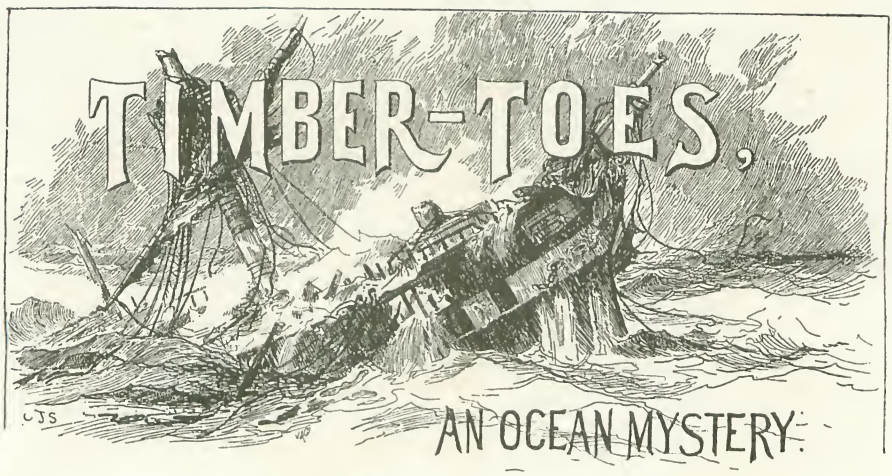
"The parts seem so out of proportion," I said.

"Yes," he replied; "and placing the legs in different positions produces a variety of grotesque poses to the old horse, but owing to the anatomical construction of the animal, the feet seem to insist on going in opposite directions. But I must now be off."

The Professor gathered up his Japanese reptiles and wished us good-night with the usual seasonable compliments. We three who remained had one more pipe together, and then also left for our respective homes. Each believes that the other two racked their brains over Christmas in the determined attempt to master the Professor's puzzles, but when we next met at the club we were all unanimous in declaring that those puzzles which we had failed to solve "we really had not had time to look at," while those we had mastered after an enormous amount of labour "we had seen at the first glance directly we got home."

8.—LOYD'S PONY PUZZLE.

The solutions of the eleven puzzles contained in the above sketch will appear in the next number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. Readers who wish to preserve their copies of the Magazine intact will find little difficulty in making a tracing of the three pieces forming the Pony Puzzle. These pasted on cardboard and cut out will be found to furnish as much amusement as the solution will cause surprise.



By J. Laurence Hornibrook.

NOT the least of the many dangers with which the Atlantic abounds arises from the presence of those ill-fated ships which, from one cause or another, have been abandoned in mid-ocean. These battered wrecks, deprived of a guiding hand, drift helplessly over the waste of waters, the sport of wind and waves. Some of them have been known to keep afloat for years; others disappear unaccountably in a month or two.

There is no more mournful sight to be encountered at sea than one of these dismasted, water-logged derelicts. They are far more numerous, too, than most people imagine. It is calculated that, at the present moment, there are no fewer than twenty-three floating about the Atlantic, every one of them a death-trap. Mariners have to keep a sharp look-out for these ocean wanderers; they never know when one will drift right across their track in the darkness of the night.

It is not always a matter of dire necessity, or sudden panic on the part of the crew, that leads to the dereliction of a vessel. In some cases there is an element of mystery, as profound as it is startling. More than once a sailing ship has been picked up at sea, without a soul on board, and yet with masts, rigging, and boats intact—as sound and water-tight, in fact, as on the day she was towed out of port. Nor, so far as can be ascertained, has anything ever transpired to point to the fate of the crew. What unknown calamity befell them, or whether the vessel's deck was the scene of some awful tragedy before she was cast adrift, it is difficult even to conjecture. One thing is certain: if the history of some of those Atlantic derelicts could be placed on record, the reader would find himself confronted by sensational tragedies, mysteries, treachery, and fraud; for it is on the sea that man is most often seen at his best—and at his worst.

I remember once having a very singular experience in connection with one of these mysterious derelicts. In the thirty odd years I have been at sea, I have had my share of accidents and adventures; but in all that time nothing ever branded itself so deeply upon my memory as the strange affair I am about to relate. Even now, though it occurred away back in the seventies, the remembrance of the night of horror I was doomed to pass on that deserted ship is still unpleasantly vivid.

At that time, I had not got to the top of the ladder; I was "second" on board the *Mohican*, one of the Lelland Line cargo steamers running between London and New Orleans. On this particular voyage we were outward-bound, with every prospect of a clear course, a fairly smooth sea, and none of those detestable head-winds that smother the ship in clouds of spray. But before we were a week out, these favourable conditions changed; we ran into a heavy, dripping mist, so thick and persistent, it became a matter of groping our way along at half-speed, with the steam-whistle sending out a warning boom at intervals of every five minutes or so.

At four o'clock one afternoon I went on deck to relieve the first officer. I had not been at my post many minutes before I was joined by the captain. He was looking anxious and worried, and no wonder! For three days and nights he had practically lived on the bridge, only going below for an hour or two at odd intervals. He used to say he was quite at home in a gale of wind, but one of these treacherous fogs made him feel little better than a child.

Suddenly, as I glanced across at the burly figure of the skipper, I saw him start forward, lean far out over the bridge rails, and bend his head sideways towards the water, as if trying to catch some distant sound. I hurried across to his side, and as I came near he held up his hand to impose silence.

"Listen!" he said, earnestly; "do you hear anything?"

Curving my hand behind my ear, I concentrated all my powers upon that one act of listening, knowing that the safety of the ship might possibly depend upon the acuteness of my hearing. I certainly did hear something—though what it was, exactly, puzzled and perplexed me. Out of the fog, somewhere on our port bow, came a strange, weird sort of sound, that resembled nothing I could think of but the howling of a dog!

I looked at Captain Clayton, and he looked at me. Neither of us had heard the faintest note of fog-horn or whistle to show there was a vessel in our vicinity; and yet it was inconceivable that any ship could steer recklessly through such a fog without giving warning of her approach.

As we stood there on the bridge—perhaps inclined to be a wee bit superstitious, if the truth was known—the melancholy sounds continued to float to us across the water. On shore, where one is accustomed to all sorts of noises, a thing of this kind would have little or no significance. But on the ocean it is different: there the solitude is so vast, the silence so great, that any sound for which you cannot immediately account is apt to be regarded as heralding some unseen danger.

Captain Clayton laid hold of the whistle-cord; and in case a ship should be bearing down upon us through the fog, proclaimed our presence by three distinct, vigorous blasts. We waited in anxious suspense for an answer; but none came. The howling, or whatever it was, had ceased suddenly.

Just then a puff of wind curled the mist above us, and gradually the air overhead began to clear. We looked away in the direction whence the sounds had proceeded; and there, above the shifting fog-banks, the topmasts of a sailing ship suddenly appeared in view. That was all we saw of her, but it was sufficient to show us she was heading across our course in an oblique line; and only for that fortunate glimpse, ten chances to one we would have run right into her.

Captain Clayton, now that he saw how matters stood, took prompt measures to avoid a collision. He had the helm put hard a-starboard, so as to sheer off from the approaching vessel, slowing down our engines at the same time. Then he faced round to examine the stranger.

"Confound that fellow!" he growled; "what is he thinking of? Why didn't he let us hear his fog-horn?"

By this time we were almost abreast of the sailing ship. She was still hidden by the fog, nothing but the tips of her masts being visible. And yet, though we were within half a mile or so of her, not a sound of any kind reached us from her decks.

The few puffs of wind, however, had set the fog moving; it drifted away to the south-east, and bit by bit the spars and rigging of the strange vessel loomed out of the thinning mist. Then the shadowy outline of her hull became visible, and the next minute a large iron barque appeared in full view.

She was moving sluggishly through the water, under main-sail and fore-sail only, the rest of her canvas being all stowed. On her poop—the only occupant of the deck, as far as I could make out—was a big black retriever. On seeing us, the dog seemed to work himself into a frantic state of excitement; he rushed to the side, barking furiously, and for a moment I really thought he was going to fling himself into the sea. Then he jumped down on to the lower deck, and in a few seconds we saw his black head appearing over the bulwarks amidships, his tongue lolling out, and the hot breath streaming from his mouth like smoke.

But where was the captain—where were the crew? I got hold of a glass and swept the deck from stem to stern, and from stern to stem. Not one solitary figure, not a single trace of anything resembling a human being, could I make out. There was no one at the wheel; no one on the look-out forward. The dog seemed to have the ship all to himself.

Captain Clayton, who had been occupied in a similar way, expressed his surprise at this extraordinary state of affairs in rather forcible language. Then, raising his hands to his mouth, he bellowed out "Barque

"A LARGE IRON BARQUE APPEARED IN FULL VIEW."

ahoy!" in such stentorian tones, that the dog evidently took it for a challenge, and returned a volley of his loudest barks. We kept the whistle going, too, all the time; and, in fact, made noise enough to wake the Seven Sleepers if they had been on board.

No answer came: not a soul appeared on deck. As for us, the crew, almost to a man, crowded to the steamer's side, watching the barque with the liveliest interest. Even the firemen seemed to get wind of the affair, and came slinking up on deck one by one to gratify their curiosity. An intense excitement prevailed all over the ship.

When it became evident that we could get no response to our signals, Captain Clayton turned to me and said:—

"You had better swing out one of the boats and see what's amiss on board that barque. Bring off the dog, at any rate; we can't leave the poor brute to his fate, for it strikes me there's not another living thing in the whole ship."

I left the bridge at once, for I felt somewhat curious, I must admit, to get at the bottom of this strange affair. As there was comparatively little sea on, I decided that one of the smaller boats, with two men, would answer my purpose well enough. We pulled away from the steamer's side, and headed straight across for the barque.

When we ran alongside, and I prepared to clamber up on deck, I don't know how it was, but I suddenly felt a most unaccountable reluctance to setting foot upon that vessel. Perhaps it was a vague dread of making some startling discovery, perhaps it was a touch of the superstition to which all sailors are more or less liable, that held me back. I threw a half-regretful look over my shoulder at the friendly outlines of the *Mohican*, as she lay rocking upon the water, with a background of fog, the steam spouting and hissing from her valves. When I saw the two boatmen were beginning to notice my hesitation, I faced round quickly and scrambled up the side.

Much to my surprise, the dog received me on deck with a growl and a snarl, as if he resented my intrusion upon his domain. I took good care to maintain my distance, for he was positively the most ill-favoured brute I ever beheld in my life. One of his eyes appeared to have been gouged out; but, judging by the savage glare in the other, it seemed to have acquired a doubly ferocious look. His head had evidently been freely battered at various times, and with various instruments, while he was minus half an ear. Altogether, he was about as disreputable a specimen of the canine race as could be well imagined.

While I stood watching him warily, he suddenly whisked round, cocked his ears, and fixed his solitary eye very earnestly upon the door of the cabin, as if momentarily expecting someone to appear. For a minute or so he remained in that position; then, flinging his head into the air, gave vent to a prolonged, dismal howl.

I don't know what anyone else would have done in my place; but, for myself, I readily admit that on the spur of the moment I made straight for the side, with the intention of jumping down into the boat. I reflected, however, that if I went back to the steamer with no better story than this, I would only be laughed at for my pains. I therefore determined to make a hasty investigation and clear out.

As I looked around the deserted deck, I noticed three very peculiar circumstances. The wheel was lashed down; the long-boat was missing; and on each of the remaining boats, the name of the vessel and the port from which she hailed were roughly effaced with great dabs of black paint. I put my finger on one of these dabs, and found the paint quite sticky; it must have been placed there within the last twenty-four hours at most. I hurried up into the bow, and bending down craned my neck over the side. There, too, the vessel's name had been obliterated.

I came back slowly and thoughtfully, peeped into the fo'c'sle and the cook's galley, but found them both empty. When I had worked my way round to the door of the cabin, I stopped short. To tell the truth, I did not altogether relish the idea of venturing in there, particularly as the dog had just startled me with another of his blood-curdling howls. Still, that closed door seemed to have a sort of fascination for me; and though I fully expected to come across something of an alarming, if not of a horrible, nature, I screwed up my courage and turned the handle. I advanced step by step into the dim interior—quite prepared, I admit, to beat a precipitate retreat at any moment.

Greatly to my relief, however, I had to face nothing more dreadful than silence and gloom. The cabin was empty, there was no trace of disorder or confusion; in fact, it was as neat and tidy as if the skipper had only just stepped out on deck the moment before. I noticed a chart spread out upon the table, and fastened down at the four corners with brass-headed tacks. I went up, and proceeded to examine it with much interest, hoping that in some way it might afford a clue to the identity of the vessel.

While I was bending over the chart, I suddenly looked up, startled by a sound overhead. I distinctly heard footsteps on the poop above me. What surprised me most was the fact that they did not appear to be those of an ordinary man; at every alternate step there was a heavy thump, as if a wooden leg had come in contact with the planks. The dog, who had followed me into the cabin, pricked up his ears at once; and, with a yelp of delight, went scurrying out on deck.

I stood and listened, with my heart in my mouth. The footsteps ceased suddenly; and then—creak!—thump!—creak!—thump!—I heard them coming down the companion ladder. The next minute the dog appeared in the doorway, and I really thought for a moment that he must have gone mad. He was frisking about, leaping into the air, wagging his tail joyously, and yelping as if with frantic delight. It was then that a cold

"HE WAS FRISKING ABOUT, WAGGING HIS TAIL JOYOUSLY."

horror laid its icy hold upon me, for I plainly heard the footsteps come along the passage —heard them come right into the cabin where I was—though not a soul was visible! A more uncanny sight than to see the dog jumping up and pawing the empty air could scarcely be imagined! As I watched him move round the table in this way, I could only arrive at one conclusion: *he saw something that was invisible to me!*

I made a headlong dash for the door of the cabin, and rushed out on deck, fully persuaded that nothing on earth would induce me to remain five minutes longer upon this mysterious vessel. I ran to the spot where I had left the boat, and catching hold of a stay, threw one leg over the side. It was well that I glanced down before springing off, or I would have shot straight into the water—for there was no boat below to receive me!

Bending over, I looked anxiously along the whole length of the barque, but sought for the boat in vain. I rushed across to the opposite side—no sign of it there either. I darted forward, and peered over the bow, with precisely the same result. The boat had disappeared!

Just at that moment, a boom from the whistle of the *Mohican* caused me to turn round sharply in her direction. What I saw there was enough to make me shudder with apprehension. The outline of the steamer was becoming blurred and indistinct; the fog was sweeping back over her, and in a few minutes it would impose an impenetrable veil between the two vessels.

Would they send off another boat? No! they were evidently under the impression that mine was still alongside the barque. I had just time to wave my arms frantically, and send one despairing shout across the water to them, before the *Mohican* faded away out of sight. I continued to hear her whistle at intervals, but every minute seemed to increase the distance between us.

I rushed up and down the deck, I shouted myself hoarse, I vowed vengeance on those two boatmen if ever I laid eyes on them again. No doubt the steamer was groping about in search of me, but the chances were dead against her sighting the barque, as each vessel was changing her position every moment. Only those who have experienced it can know what it is to play at hide-and-seek in a dense fog on the open sea. As the booming of the whistle became fainter and fainter, I felt hope gradually slipping away from me, like a rope from a drowning man.

When at last it died away in the distance, the full horror, the utter hopelessness of my situation, overwhelmed me. I sat down on the wet deck, and took my head in my hands to try and think the matter out. I saw clearly that unless the boat returned, which I could not but regard as highly improbable, I was doomed to remain the entire night on the barque. It was even but a bare possibility that I would be rescued in the morning.

Night soon came on, bringing with it all the terrors of darkness, and a stillness so profound, that I began to tramp about the deck so as to hear the sound of my own footsteps. The remembrance of that horror in the cabin was still fresh upon me; try as I might, I could not dismiss it from my mind. At last I got right away up into the bow, and sat down there in the raw, cold mist. The dog remained in the stern; I could hear an uneasy whine from him now and again.

I have no wish to dwell upon the horrors of that awful night. The long, weary hours dragged on heavily, until I began to think it must be nearly daybreak. I struck a match, looked at my watch, and found it was only just past midnight! The slightest sound seemed to strike through me like a knife, for every moment I expected to hear those mysterious footsteps again. Once, when the dog howled, I felt as if the hair positively bristled under my cap.

At last the sooty darkness which had hung over the ship the entire night began to melt away; a faint grey light was diffused through the fog, and one by one the masts stood out into view. Looking aft, I saw the long line of wet deck appear, the mist streaming up from it in thin white wreaths. Drenched, numbed with cold, and aching in every joint, I crawled down from the bow, feeling utterly wretched and spiritless. I had to stamp about the deck for some time before I could restore the circulation to my stiffened limbs.

When I had succeeded in doing so to some extent I went to the side, and placing both arms on the gunwale, listened intently. In vain I strained my ears to catch the faintest note of a fog-horn or a whistle. Not a sound, save the plash and ripple of the water underneath, came to me from far or near. I seemed to be alone on the vast deep.

As I stood there, gazing out hopelessly through the drifting mist, I thought I heard a sort of scratching noise somewhere at my feet. I concluded it was caused by a rat, and took no notice of it at the moment. Presently I looked down, and my gaze fell

upon a huge bundle of tarpaulin, huddled together against the ship's side. The sound appeared to proceed from this pile; and, as I kept my eyes upon it, I was certain I saw it heave slightly in the centre.

Growing curious, I lifted up the outer edge of the tarpaulin, glanced underneath, and then dropped it with a cry of horror. There, stretched upon the deck, was the ghastly form of a man, a deep gash on his cheek, and more than one wound in his neck and chest.

The stifled groan which came from the spot assured me that the unfortunate wretch was still alive, and in sore need of help. I lost no time in extricating him from his position; flinging back the heavy covering, I got my arms under him, and dragged him out on the deck. I saw his dry, cracked lips open

"I DRAGGED HIM OUT ON THE DECK."

and shut, as if he was striving to speak. After a few vain attempts, a hoarse, rasping sound issued from his throat, and I fancied I caught the word "Water!"

I ran to the cook's galley, seized a saucepan, and filled it from one of the water-casks on deck. Raising the man's head upon my knee, I moistened his lips, poured a few drops down his parched throat, and sprinkled his face profusely. With a moan of relief, he raised his dull, glazed eyes to mine; and then, before I could prevent it, he clutched the vessel with his palsied hands, spilling the greater portion of the contents as he tried to gulp down mouthful after mouthful.

After a time I managed to get him upon his feet, though he very nearly slipped through my hands more than once. I placed his arm round my neck, and half-supporting, half-carrying him, staggered along the deck towards the fo'c'sle. I laid him down on the floor there, covered him up well with blankets, and hurried off again to the galley.

Tucking up my sleeves, I went to work with a will, and very soon had a fire burning in the stove. There was no lack of provisions; in fact, it seemed as if the cook was just in the act of preparing a meal when the ship was deserted. Presently I returned along the deck with a steaming hot bowl of soup in one hand, and a jug of strong black coffee in the other. I found my patient shivering, in spite of his ample covering. He fixed his eyes ravenously upon the bowl, and struggled to raise himself upon his elbows. I propped him up against a sea-chest, attended to his wounds—which, though serious enough, were not of a dangerous nature—and allowed him to swallow a few mouthfuls of the soup at intervals.

It was surprising to see how rapidly he regained his strength; but then we sailors are a tough lot, and it takes a good deal to make us knock under. Whenever I looked towards him, I saw his eyes fixed upon me very attentively, as if he was wondering how on earth I came to be aboard the barque. I explained it all to him, but was careful not to mention the strange incident of the previous evening, for in his present condition a shock of any kind might prove a very serious matter.

"Ah!" he said, with bitter emphasis, when I had concluded, "there is a curse over this vessel—a curse that will rest upon

her until she lies rotting at the bottom of the ocean!"

"You seem to have had a bad time of it lately," I remarked. "A mutiny, I suppose?"

"Yes, yes—a mutiny!" he cried, catching at the word, while I saw a wild look flash into his eyes. "A revolution, too, wasn't there? Yes; of course! A revolution . . . . arms for the insurgents . . . . a mutiny . . . . a fight with knives and revolvers . . . ."

He ran on in this incoherent manner, until I began to fear the sufferings he had endured must have affected his reason. Presently he stopped short, and passed his trembling hand over his forehead as if conscious of the confusion of his ideas.

"What were we talking about?" he said, after a pause. "Oh, the mutiny! Well, I will tell you all about it, but you must not ask me to mention names; as you will see, presently, I am bound to secrecy in this respect."

In a very broken and disjointed manner, sometimes rambling a little, sometimes pausing for long intervals, he told me the following remarkable story, of which I give the substance.

"This barque is owned by a firm of shippers in England, trading chiefly with South America," he began. "The head of the firm is well known out there on the West Coast; most of his younger days were spent in that part of the world, I believe. I may tell you at once he is not the sort of man to let any opportunity slip, even though the transaction was what you might call a trifle 'shady.' It is not always plain and aboveboard sailing with him, you understand.

"About six or eight months ago, he got a chance of doing a very risky bit of business; but it promised to pay him well, and a thing of this kind was just in his line. A revolution had broken out in one of the South American States—they have something of the kind pretty nearly always on hand out there, as I daresay you know. The insurgents were in great straits for arms, and sent secret agents to England to procure them. They entered into negotiations with the gentleman I am speaking of, who undertook to send out a supply in this ship.

"I signed on as second mate; but, beyond that, I refused to have any hand or part in the matter. In case trouble arose, it was agreed that the captain should take the entire responsibility upon his shoulders, and the owner's name was on no account to be dragged into it. Both the captain and first mate had heavy stakes in the venture.

"Of course we were freighted with a general cargo, as on ordinary occasions. The arms were secreted in the hold, made up in such a way that they looked like innocent bales of merchandise. For greater security, all the deck hands were shipped for the outward voyage only. They were to be paid off on the West Coast, and a fresh crew put on board. By this means the men were likely to be dispersed as soon as we arrived in port.

"Nothing eventful occurred on the voyage out. We rounded the Horn and stood up coast, keeping well out to sea, however. A little to the sou'-west of the island of Juan Fernandez we were intercepted, as previously arranged, by a steamer belonging to the insurgents. The arms were transhipped; our skipper obtained a receipt from the commander of the steamer, the vessels saluted each other with their flags, and parted company.

"So far all had gone well, and in less than a week we were safely anchored in port. But the most ticklish part of the business was still before us. According to agreement, payment was to be made in silver ingots; for, as you may imagine, the rebels were not exactly in a position to settle their account with a bill of exchange or anything of that sort. How to smuggle the silver on board, for we knew the port was teeming with Government spies, was the one great difficulty we had to face.

"It was finally arranged that we should wait until we had discharged our freight, and reloaded again. Then we were to run away down the coast, until we had rounded a certain point marked for us on the chart. Just past this spot, on a wild strip of beach, a party of the insurgents were to await us with the silver.

"It was not until a day or two before we sailed that the first hitch occurred. A prying ship-broker in the port—a countryman of our own, too, by the way—somehow managed to get wind of the affair. He threatened to disclose the whole thing to the Government unless he handled some of the silver himself. The captain undertook to 'square' him; but in a way the unfortunate man little suspected.

"He was invited to come off to the vessel privately, the night before she sailed. I was on shore at the time, making arrangements for shipping the crew early next day. I am, therefore, unable to say what took place at the interview, or how the matter ended. The

events of that evening were known only to the captain and the first mate, and both have already gone to their account. All I can tell you is, the dead body of the broker was found floating in the bay the following morning.

"That same afternoon, just as we had got the anchor up, a boat came off from shore and started in chase of us. There was a woman in the stern, who turned out to be the wife of the unfortunate broker. Most likely she suspected that her husband had met with foul play, though what her object was in following us is more than I can say. She wanted to force her way on board, but the captain would not allow it; perhaps he thought it might have gone hard with him if once that woman reached the deck. He bellowed to her to keep off, threatening to sink the boat if it came alongside.

"When the breeze caught the sails we began to slip away down the bay, leaving the rowers behind, though they made desperate efforts to gain on us. The woman saw that she was baffled, and gave in. As the men ceased rowing she stood up in the boat, tossed her arms into the air, and screamed out bitter curses upon us. She prayed that the voyage might end in disaster, that some terrible evil might await us on the ocean, and that not one of us might ever set foot on shore again. The only answer she got was a mocking laugh from the captain; while some of the crew who were aloft joined in with their coarse jibes and jeers. There was a grey mist creeping in from the sea; but to the last, as I glanced back over the stern, I saw that woman standing up in the boat, her face turned towards the heavens, as if calling down vengeance upon us and praying that our blood might atone for that of her husband.

"When we came abreast of the spot marked on the chart, we stood in close to the shore. We hovered about until dusk, and then showed a blue light over the bow. It was answered by a rocket from the cliffs, and presently we saw a string of mules making their way down to the beach. We sent off two of our boats, got the silver on board all right, and stowed it away under the flooring of the cabin.

"That cursed silver was the whole cause of our troubles! The crew had been shipped at the last moment, and were as bad a lot as a skipper ever handled. I believe there was mutiny in their hearts from the first; they had their eyes upon those ingots, and meant to have them, too. One thing only prevented an outbreak—they wanted a leader. They were ready for any villainy, but required a strong hand over them to make them really dangerous. It so happened that fate threw

"SHE SCREAMED OUT BITTER CURSES UPON US."

a regular firebrand among them, and in the strangest manner possible.

"One night, when we had got well up into the South Atlantic, I went on deck to take charge of the ship. As I looked round, I

remember being struck by the strangeness of the scene. There was very little wind—hardly enough to keep the barque moving—and overhead a thick, black haze hung between us and the sky. I glanced down at the water, and it seemed as if we were sailing through a sea of ink.

"Into this sea of darkness the full moon rose, with a bleared, ruddy look. Its light, shut in by the haze, was thrown straight down, and fell across the dark waters in a long, narrow, shining track. The rest of the ocean was left almost as black as before.

"While I was gazing dreamily along that shifting path of light, I saw a dark object drift suddenly into it from the surrounding gloom and disappear again. I had only a glimpse of it for a second or two, but I made it out to be a small boat with a man huddled up in the stern, his head just appearing above the gunwale.

"I lost no time in calling up the captain. When I told him what I had seen, he put the helm about and headed down in the direction I pointed out. After hunting through the darkness for some little time, we came across the boat at last; but the man appeared too exhausted to take hold of the rope flung to him from the deck. We had to work the vessel close up to the tiny craft, and succeeded in securing it with a boat-hook.

"A lantern was held down over the side, and we all pressed forward to get a look at the stranger. A murmur of surprise and horror broke from us when we saw there was a rope wound round and round his body, binding his arms tightly to his side. The sound of our voices seemed to rouse him from a sort of stupor; he raised his head and glared up at us with a wild, ferocious look, as if he had some reason to regard us as deadly enemies. There was a dog with him—why, there's the identical brute!" he cried, pointing eagerly through the doorway. I looked out and saw the dog prowling about the deck.

"While we were getting the man up the side," he went on, "we noticed that he had a wooden leg——Halloa! what's the matter?"

It was the gasp of horror that escaped me, and the sudden way I clutched him by the arm, that caused the mate to break off so abruptly.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" I answered, hastily. "Go ahead!"

"Well, from the moment that man came on board," he resumed, "our troubles began. Like Jonah, he seemed to bring ill-luck with him. I don't know that we would have pitched him overboard to be swallowed by a whale; but if there had been a ravenous shark waiting, we might have thought of doing so. He was a regular bad lot, that man. There was some mystery about him, too, which we were never able to fathom. We couldn't get him to tell us his story, or to explain how he came to be drifting about in the boat under such peculiar circumstances. It got around—though I can't say what started it—that he had been captain or mate of a tramp steamer, and treated his crew in such a brutal fashion that they rose against him, flung him (bound as we had found him) into a boat with his dog, and cast him adrift.

"Though he was pretty far gone when we picked him up, it only took a week or so to bring him round again. So far we had not even ascertained his name. The crew christened him *Perna de Páo*, which is much the same as 'Timber-Toes' in English.

"The first morning he appeared on deck, he stumped the whole round of the ship with his dog at his heels, quite regardless of the curious glances directed upon him from all sides. During the day he got talking to some of the crew, questioning them about the voyage, and drawing them out bit by bit. He was not long in scenting out the silver, you may be sure.

"The captain soon gave him to understand that he must lend a hand in swabbing the deck, but this the fellow flatly refused to do. The skipper tried to argue the point with a belaying-pin, and a bit of a scuffle ensued. To our utter amazement, the crew showed a strong disposition to side with the stranger: there was an angry clamour raised; knives were drawn; and really for the moment things looked uncommonly ugly. We had some little trouble in quelling the disturbance; but it opened my eyes, at least, to the way matters stood, and showed what a hold that rascal had got on the men already.

"The affair seemed to blow over, however, in the next few days. Still, I could see there was some bad influence at work among the crew. I mentioned the matter to the captain, told him we ought to be on our guard, but he made light of it. He swore he would blow out the brains of the first man who showed a tendency to mutiny.

"The evening before last, just as it was getting dusk, I came down from the poop, leaving the first mate in charge of the deck. When I entered the cabin I found the captain

"A BIT OF A SCUFFLE ENSUED."

poring over a chart, which he had tacked down upon the table. It was very foggy at the time, and we were not exactly sure of our position.

"While I was examining the chart over the captain's shoulder, I suddenly heard the sound of a scuffle on the poop overhead, followed by a heavy thud. The skipper instantly whipped out his revolver, shouted to me to follow him, and bolted out on deck. I heard him fire two shots, there was a furious uproar, and a rush for the cabin door; but above the yells and curses I could plainly distinguish the hoarse bellowings of that fiend Timber-Toes. When I had got my revolver and forced my way out on deck, I found the captain hemmed in by a dozen of the wretches, who were striking at him with their knives.

"As for myself, I aimed straight at the ringleader, but just as I was about to pull the trigger, that brute of a dog rushed between my legs and upset me. No sooner had I scrambled to my feet than I felt a knife rip through my cheek, while a blow on the head sent me down again with a crash. In falling, I managed to roll away to the side, where I was fortunately out of sight, and then crawled along the deck until I got under cover of the tarpaulin.

"Peeping out, I saw the captain still fighting desperately for life. For a minute or two he managed to keep his assailants at arm's length, but the dog suddenly flew at him from behind, and dragged him down. It was all over with him then. Timber-Toes straightway took command of the ship himself, and sent the crew aloft to shorten sail. When this was done, and the wheel secured, they left the vessel to take care of herself, and busied themselves in clearing the deck. The dead bodies—including the first mate's, who had been killed on the poop — were flung overboard; every sign of the affray was removed, and they even went so far as to paint out the name of the vessel, wherever it appeared, so as to leave no clue by which their villainy might be traced.

"They next set to work to get the silver out, stowing it away in the long-boat, which they proceeded to launch. Timber-Toes remained on the poop till the last, stumping about as if the ship and all it contained belonged to him, and roaring out his directions to the rascally crew. Then he approached the companion ladder, as if about to descend.

"At that moment, I saw a crouching figure steal silently upon him from behind. The next second, a most unearthly yell rang through the ship; in the dim light, I could see him toss his arms into the air, stagger to the side, and pitch headlong into the sea. One of the ruffians must have stabbed him in the back.

"My firm belief is that, in their hearts, the cowardly wretches secretly feared him, and were only too glad to get rid of him now that they had secured the silver. But vengeance speedily overtook them. While I lay hidden under the tarpaulin, I heard a sudden outcry close to the ship: yells, curses, and the sound of blows reached my ears. With very great difficulty I dragged myself to my feet, and peeped over the side. A glance showed me that the gunwale of the boat was almost flush with the water; she was terribly overloaded, and in danger of being swamped every moment. But instead of pitching the silver out, the wretches were slashing at each

other with their knives, and trying to fling one another into the sea!

"It was all over in a minute or two; the boat disappeared from under their feet, leaving a few of them still struggling in the water. I crawled back to my hiding-place lest one or two should succeed in swimming back to the ship, but they must all have perished. After that, I think I must have fainted; and when I recovered I found I was too weak to throw off the heavy covering."

I have only to add that shortly before noon the fog suddenly lifted, and a shout of joy went up from me when I saw the *Mohican* hovering upon the horizon. The moment she sighted the barque, she put back at full speed, and sent off a boat for us. The dog obstinately refused to quit the deck, and we had to leave him to his fate.

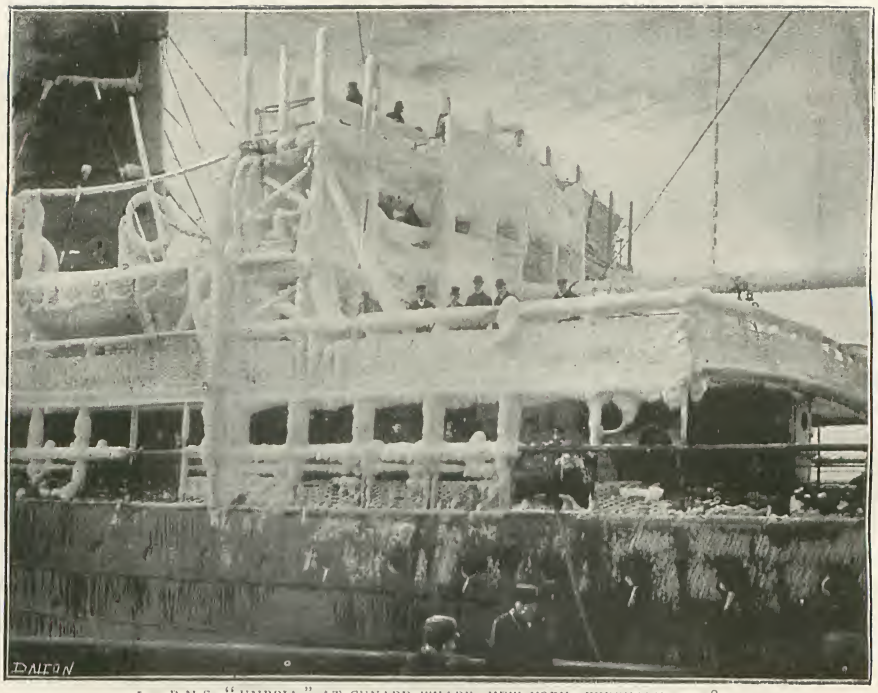
It was not until I had got on board the steamer that I discovered the cause which had led to the disappearance of the boat on the previous evening. It seems that when I boarded the barque, the men proceeded to get out their pipes; and while fumbling for matches, one of the oars slipped from the boat unnoticed. By the time they discovered the loss it had drifted to a considerable distance. They sculled away after it, but when it was recovered at last they had completely lost sight of the barque in the fog. They pulled about for some time; and then deeming further search useless, headed towards the spot where they heard the steamer's whistle. They succeeded in reaching her after an hour's hard rowing.

"IT WAS ALL OVER IN A MINUTE OR TWO."

As to the barque, we left her to roam the ocean wherever the winds and currents chose to waft her. We couldn't have claimed her as a derelict, on account of the dog being on board; and though we might have made a good haul by the salvage alone, not for all she was worth would any of our hands consent to set foot upon her after they had heard my story.

Freaks of Frost.

By Jeremy Broome.

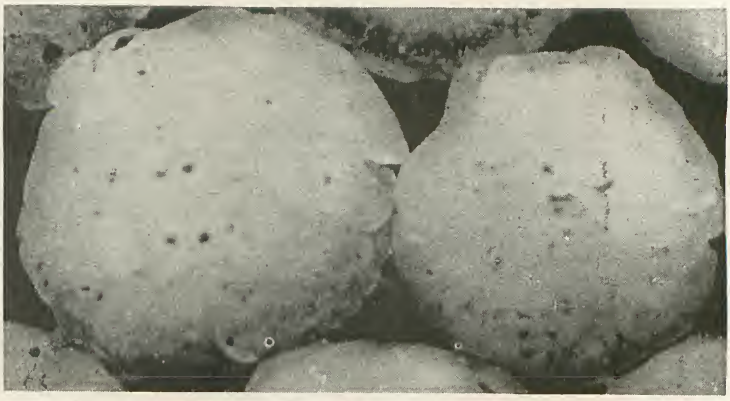


1.—R.M.S. "Umbria," at Cunard Wharf, New York, February 10, 1895.
From a Photo. lent by the Cunard Steamship Company, Limited.

THE Ice King is a freakish giant, and his works are marvellous and strange. But amongst all his wonders, he never did a stranger or more beautiful thing than when, by a whiff of his breath, in a single night, he turned the big black body of an ocean steamship into a floating fairy-land of ice.

The incident occurred in February, 1895. The great Cunard steamship *Umbria* was nearing the port of New York, when she was welcomed by an icy hand, and washed with tons of spray. The next day she steamed majestically up the ice-coated harbour, her shrouds encrusted with sparkling frost, her bridge an arch of marble, and her decks covered with a cloth of fairest white. Soon after she was moored to her dock, a photograph (1), which we reproduce, was taken. It shows part of the ice-formation, but it gives little idea of what, in the night, must have been a fair white ghost.

The journalism that has grown up around hailstones and hail-effects is something wonderful to read, but notwithstanding the amount of information that has been spread abroad by scientific papers and popular weeklies, the photographs are few and far



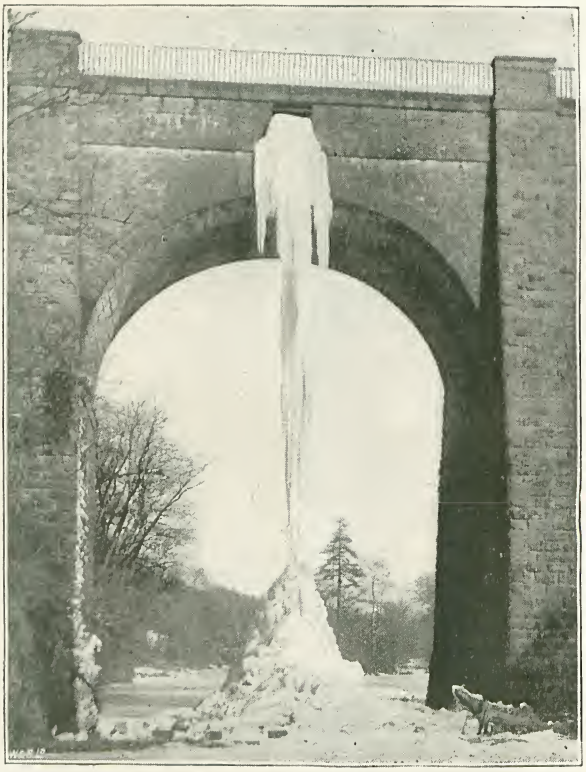
2.—Pig hailstones, after thunderstorm at Richmond and Harrogate, Yorkshire, July, 1893.
From a Photo. by H. J. Metcalfe, Richmond, Yorks.

3.—ICICLES ON A FROZEN DAM IN THE BLACK FOREST.
From a Photograph.

between. The most remarkable of the few is probably the one reproduced herewith (2)—which we have already used in *The Picture Magazine*. The largest of these stones—and they are reproduced actual size—measures 2in. in diameter, and they fell in a terrific thunderstorm at Richmond and Harrogate, Yorkshire, on July 8th, 1893.

In the United States, where hail is more frequent than in England, the stones are often enormous, and the nuclei sometimes of surprising formation. A report clipped from the *Monthly Weather Review* of Washington, and specially sent to us by Professor Cleveland Abbe, the great meteorologist, tells of a storm that took place at Vicksburg, May 11th, 1894. One remarkably large stone had a solid nucleus consisting of a piece of alabaster, from ½in. to ¾in.; and in the same storm a gopher-turtle, 6in. by 8in., entirely incased in ice, fell with the hail. In another storm at Portland, Oregon, the hail formation was more in the nature of sheets of ice than simple hailstones. The observer who reported the storm adds, in his letter: "The sheets of ice averaged 3in. to 4in. square, and from ¾in. to 1½in. in thickness. They had a smooth surface, and in falling gave the impression of a vast field or sheet of ice suspended in the atmosphere, and suddenly broken into fragments about the size of the palm of the hand. During the progress of the tornado at Long Creek a piano was taken up and carried about a hundred yards."

Gopher-turtles, grand pianos, and such-like playthings of hailstorms might appear Munchausenish if the reports from the United States were not strengthened by most wonderful stories from the East. After a storm in the Narrabri district, for instance,

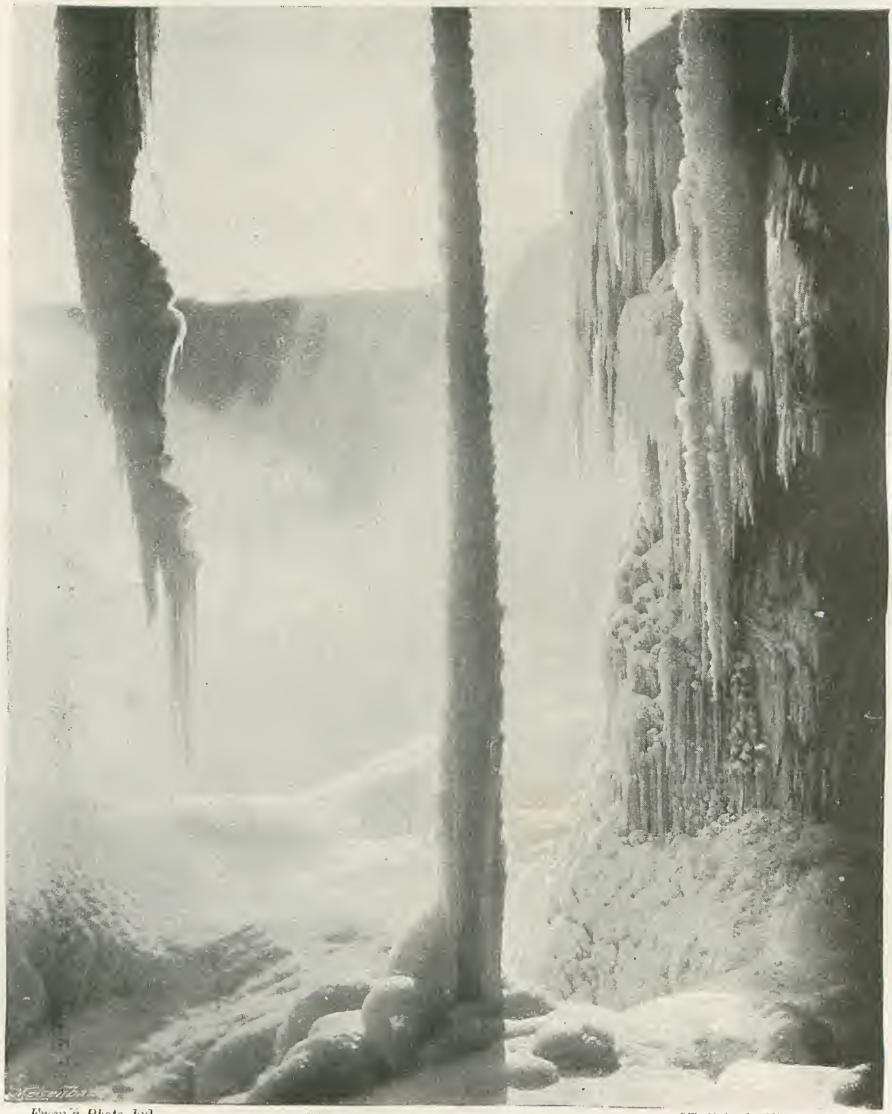


4.—THE BROXBURN ICICLE, SAID TO BE THE LONGEST ON RECORD, FORMED IN 1895.
From a Photo. by J. McLaren, Broxburn, N.B.

stones were found 6½in. in circumference, and the next morning it was discovered that nineteen sheep had been killed, also birds, kangaroo-rats, and other poor animals.

At Peshawur, in 1893, the hail was warm and tasted like sugar, so that the outpouring of Nature resulted in a grand pic-nic for the native children with sweet teeth.

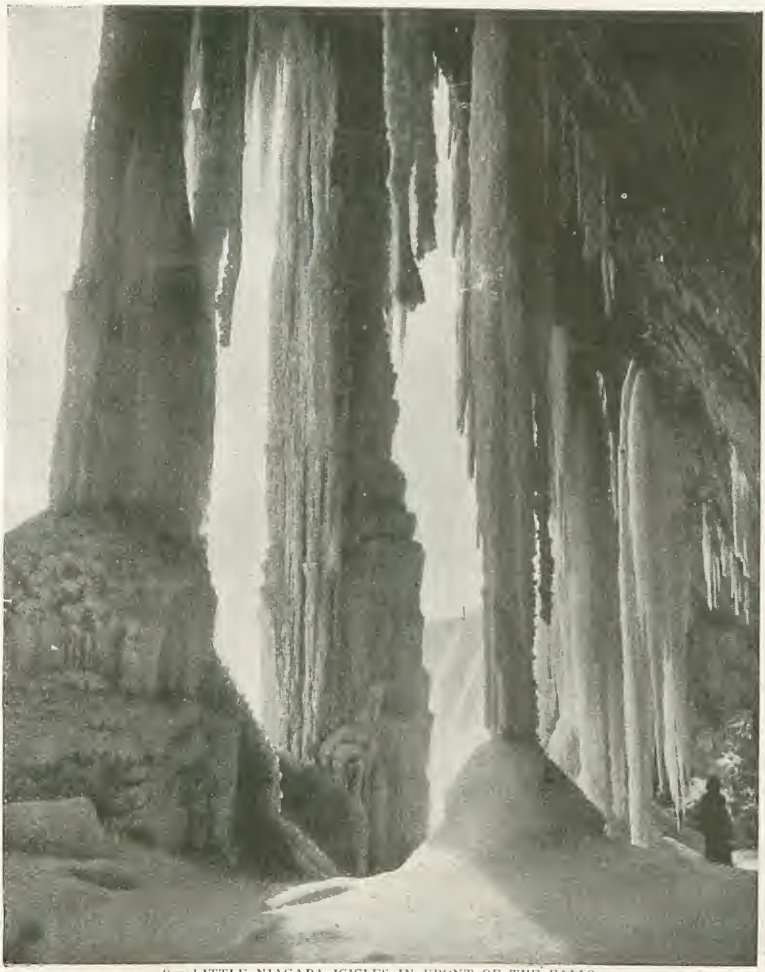
We were on the point of adding a few facts about a bricklayer in Cleveland, Ohio, on May 17th, 1894, who was struck on the head by a hailstone, which shot through his straw hat into his scalp, and laid him up at the hospital. But we remembered in time that we had not touched upon icicles. Now, it is an absolute truth that there are as many "biggest icicles on record" as there are hairs on a man's head, or faults in the other party. The denizens of the Black Forest thought that the icicles on the frozen dam here reproduced (3) were pretty enormous, considering that they almost hid a big house from view. But so far as we have been able to discover, the celebrated Broxburn icicle (4) fully deserves the name of "biggest." It was formed during the severe frost of February, 1895, at the Almond Aqueduct, over which the Union Canal runs near Clifton Hall, Broxburn. The over-flow of the canal drops from the aqueduct, a distance of



From a Photo. by] 5.—PART OF AN ICICLE AT NIAGARA FALLS. *[T. Zybach, Niagara Falls*

about 120ft. into the Almond water. During the heavy cold the dropping liquid, freezing at the spot where it fell, soon became a gradually lengthening icicle, until the connection between the river and bridge was established. When the sun shone upon the giant mass, the iridescence was beautiful, and people came from miles around to look at it. The icicle was formed

7.—BIG HONG KONG ICICLES ON A GARDEN SEAT.
From a Photo. taken during the Great Frost, 1893. Lent by the Royal Meteorological Society.



6.—LITTLE NIAGARA ICICLES IN FRONT OF THE FALLS.
From a Photo. by T. Zybach, Niagara Falls.

in three nights. Icicles prove that different people look at things in different ways. The next three pictures represent ice effects at Niagara Falls and Hong Kong. As everyone knows, icicles at Niagara are as common as potatoes; whereas in Southern China, an icicle two or three feet long would make the oldest inhabitant reminisce for his remaining years. It is impossible for us to estimate the length of the Niagara icicle (5), but when we remember that the Falls themselves, shown in the background, are at least 160ft. high, we may assume that the serrated bar of ice in the foreground is, at least, 100ft. in its full length. In these Niagara icicles, moreover, it is absolutely impossible to get an idea of their grandeur unless,

8.—TREE AT LINCOLN COVERED WITH ICE THROUGH FREEZING OF WATER FROM A BURST PIPE.
From a Photo. by Canon W. W. Fowler, Lincoln. Lent by the Royal Meteorological Society.

fringe of icicles on the wooden seat in the foreground of our Hong Kong picture (7). This truly wonderful effect in a region where the average temperature is 75deg. Fahr., was a result of a severe frost in January, 1893. The photograph has been lent to us by the Royal Meteorological Society. The people of Hong Kong are accustomed to see ice upon the distant mountain peaks, but to see it on an every-day settee is abnormal. The building in the background was covered with a glistening coat of rime, the verdure in the district was blasted, the rigging

like the lady in our second Niagara view (6), one stands beside them at the base and looks upward. They seem like a huge, scintillating, fairy-carved curtain hanging in front of a massive cave.

Compare with this Niagara picture the

9.—FOUNTAIN IN ALBERT SQUARE, DUNDEE, WINTER OF 1881.
From a Photo. by J. Valentine, Dundee.

10.—SECOND FALL IN FOSS GILL, BISHOPDALE, YORKSHIRE, 40FT. HIGH.
Photo. by Rev. F. W. Stow, M.A. Lent by the Royal Meteorological Society.

of ships in the harbour was a network of ice, and the Chinese were compelled to put on more clothes. To them the weather was Arctic, but an Eskimo would have dropped down from the heat.

11.—ICE-SHOVE, COMMISSIONER STREET, MONTREAL.
From a Photo. by W. Notman & Son, Montreal.

To a householder a burst pipe is a cause of execration, but to an admirer of the beautiful often a cause of supreme delight. What could be more striking, for example, than the following ice-effect (8): the lithe branches of the little trees drooping beneath their heavy burden of white, the wire-like icicles melting into tears? Yet it was all due to a leak in a common pipe and a jet of water that shot out upon the neighbouring bush, freezing as it fell. The photograph was taken in February, 1895, by Canon W. W. Fowler, of Lincoln, and was lent to us by the Royal Meteorological Society.

A beautiful photograph of a fountain clothed in icy raiment has come to us from Dundee (9). The fountain stands in Albert Square, and the ice resting upon it in 1881 was estimated to weigh several tons. The water, trickling from the top, dropped upon the tiers of ice which we may note in the reproduction, and gave to the fountain the appearance of a dancing waterfall. For several days the enormous mass clung to its iron frame, then melted in the sun and disappeared.

Nothing can be more picturesque than a natural water-fall completely frozen, and nothing, if we may imagine the feelings of the man in the picture, can be colder. This photograph (10) represents the second from the bottom of the seven falls in the River Ure, at Bishopdale, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. The stream descends very rapidly for 700ft., and this particular fall, against which the man is resting, is 40ft. high. The photograph was taken by Rev. F. W. Stow, M.A.

12.—UNION AVENUE, MONTREAL, MARCH, 1895.
From a Photo. by W. Notman & Son, Montreal.

13.—AFTER THE GREAT BLIZZARD, NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 12, 1888.
From a Photo. by Langill and Darling. Lent by the Royal Meteorological Society.

It may be noted that several of the English photographs used in this article were taken during the great frost of January and February, 1895. That frost was exceedingly intense. Windermere was covered with ice; the Serpentine was open to skaters for thirteen days, the ice being 7½in. thick on February 19th and 20th; a coach-and-six was driven over the Cherwell; pipes burst all through the kingdom, and rabbits, hares, deer, seagulls, and flowers succumbed to the cold.

Compare with the Hong Kong photograph the following views of Montreal, in Canada, where, it is said, the people build palaces of ice, and then eat them up. Imagine a Chinaman who had never before been away from Hong Kong and its tiny icicles, standing in front of the "ice-shove" on Commissioner Street (11). The jagged blocks massed up against the side of the street, as if they were going to topple over into the roadway, would stir his heart as the Atlantic Ocean would stir the emotions of a Mississippi Indian. Yet, in Montreal, the "ice-shove" is no uncommon sight, and there is also a big supply of snow and no place to put it. The electric snow-ploughs, running continually through the streets during a storm, try almost in vain to get rid of the snow, and go back to the stables at night covered with ice. Both time and money are spent in cleaning the pavements or "sidewalks" for pedestrians. The snow, as shown in our photograph (12), is massed along the streets like mountains of ice-cream. The two photographs which we reproduce show plainly how fond the Ice King is of pretty Montreal.

In the early part of 1888, the City of New York was visited by a most destructive

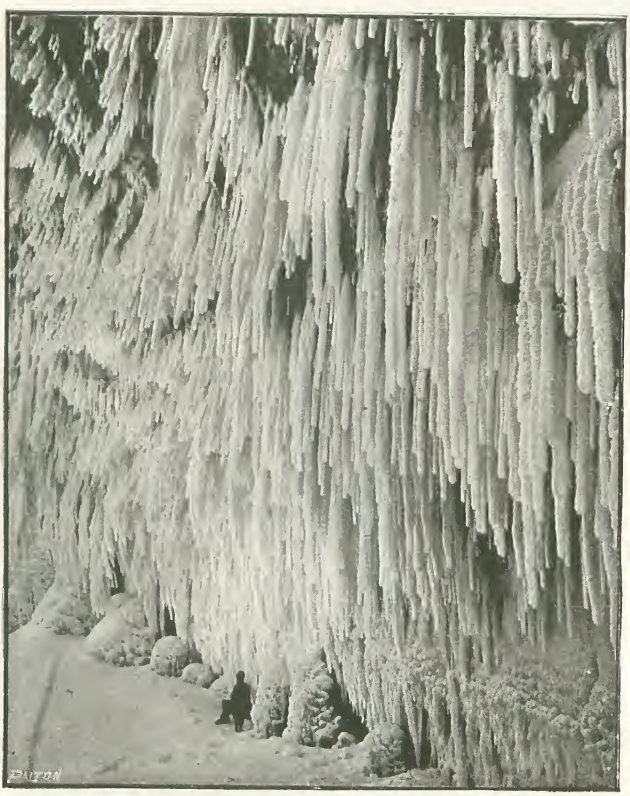
14.—VIEW IN PROSPECT PARK, NIAGARA FALLS.
From a Photo. by T. Zybach, Niagara Falls.

15.—THE OSTRICH PLUME—THICK RIME ON TREES AT LINCOLN, JANUARY 7, 1889.
From a Photo. by G. Hadley, Lincoln. Lent by the Royal Meteorological Society.

blizzard, in which tram-cars got lost, telegraph-poles fell into loving embrace, and fur coats rose to a premium. All communication between the city and the rest of the world was lost except by Commercial Cable to London, whence messages were "wired" back to the United States. Our photograph (13) gives but a dim idea of the dire destruction wrought by King Blizzard, who is cousin-german to the Ice Monarch; but in it we see the ice and snow 12ft. or 14ft. high along the street, and at the foot of the toppling lamp-post a mass of tangled wire from dismantled telegraph-poles.

We now turn to a few photographs which, like all beauties of Nature, speak for themselves. As all know who have lived in countries where snow is common, the most marvellous effects are sometimes seen upon the crudest things. Brick chimneys change to marble towers, faded lawns to diamond-coated carpets of the softest pile, and forests to fairyland. In the accompanying picture (14), a common wooden arch, in Prospect Park, Niagara, has turned into an arch fit for an emperor to ride under, the thick-laden trees rising triumphantly behind. In the next picture (15) an ordinary tree is turned into a magnificent ostrich feather, bending gracefully toward the ground.

Many people will consider (16) to be the most striking photograph in this article. Certainly, the effect of the myriad icicles, clustered together like straw in a thatched roof, or like wisps on the



16.—AN ICE-THATCH—ICICLES AT NIAGARA FALLS.
From a Photo. by T. Zybach, Niagara Falls

17.—THE HECHT BROS. FIRE, FEDERAL STREET, BOSTON, 1893.
From a Photo. by the Soule Photo. Co., Boston.

top of a hayrick, is beautiful. The immensity of this icy wall may be estimated from the size of the peaceful-looking man seated at its base. Yet at Niagara it is but one of many beauties which bountiful Nature lavishes upon man each year.

Lastly come the photographs in which the Fire and Ice Kings meet. No one who has ever seen a warehouse burning in the dead of a winter night can ever forget the indescribable beauty of the burnt walls when the water from the engines has frozen upon them. Some years ago in Boston, U.S.A., a large warehouse — the Hecht building on Federal Street—was changed in one night from a burning skeleton to a glittering ice-palace (17). The windows were fringed with ice, the broken telegraph wires drooped along the front like necklaces of pearl, and the charred interiors were adorned with icicles like stalactites in a cave. In front of the ruined building stood a fire-engine (18) clothed in ice. Not even the tremendous heat of the boiler could prevent the front of the carriage from freezing. The hose leading to the hydrant was like a white-skinned snake, and the Boston firemen had to wait for their steamer to thaw before they could take it away.

From a] 18.—AFTER THE HECHT BROS.' FIRE AT BOSTON. *[Photograph.*

Rodney Stone.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE VALET'S STORY.

THE valet had shrunk into the dark corner of the room, and had remained so motionless that we had forgotten his presence until, upon this appeal from his former master, he took a step forward into the light, turning his sallow face in our direction. His usually impassive features were in a state of painful agitation, and he spoke slowly and with hesitation, as though his trembling lips could hardly frame the words. And yet so strong is habit, that even in this extremity of emotion he assumed the deferential air of the high-class valet, and his sentences formed themselves in the sonorous fashion which had struck my attention upon that first day when the curricle of my uncle had stopped outside my father's door.

"My Lady Avon and gentlemen," said he, "if I have sinned in this matter, and I freely confess that I have done so, I only know one way in which I can atone for it, and that is by making the full and complete confession which my noble master, Lord Avon, has demanded. I assure you, then, that what I am about to tell you, surprising as it may seem, is the absolute and undeniable truth concerning the mysterious death of Captain Barrington.

"It may seem impossible to you that one in my humble walk of life should bear a deadly and implacable hatred against a man in the position of Captain Barrington. You think that the gulf between is too wide. I can tell you, gentlemen, that the gulf which can be bridged by unlawful love can be spanned also by an unlawful hatred, and that upon the day when this young man stole from me all that made my life worth living, I vowed to Heaven that I would take from him that foul life of his, though the deed would cover but the tiniest fraction of the debt which he owed me. I see that you look askance at me, Sir Charles Tregellis, but you should pray to God, sir, that you may never have the chance of finding out what you would yourself be capable of in the same position."

"THE VALET'S STORY."

It was a wonder to all of us to see this man's fiery nature breaking suddenly through the artificial constraints with which he held it in check. His short dark hair seemed to bristle upwards, his eyes glowed with the intensity of his passion, and his face expressed a malignity of hatred which neither the death of his enemy nor the lapse of years could mitigate. The demure servant was gone, and there stood in his place a deep and dangerous man, one who might be an ardent lover or a most vindictive foe.

"We were about to be married, she and I, when some black chance threw him across our path. I do not know by what base deceptions he lured her away from me. I have heard that she was only one of many, and that he was an adept at the art. It was done before ever I knew the danger, and she was left with her broken heart and her ruined

Copyright, 1896, by A. Conan Doyle, in the United States of America.

life to return to that home into which she had brought disgrace and misery. I only saw her once. She told me that her seducer had burst out a-laughing when she had reproached him for his perfidy, and I swore to her that his heart's blood should pay me for that laugh.

"I was a valet at the time, but I was not yet in the service of Lord Avon. I applied for and gained that position with the one idea that it might give me an opportunity of settling my accounts with his younger brother. And yet my chance was a terribly long time coming, for many months had passed before the visit to Cliffe Royal gave me the opportunity which I longed for by day and dreamed of by night. When it did come, however, it came in a fashion which was more favourable to my plans than anything that I had ever ventured to hope for.

"Lord Avon was of opinion that no one but himself knew of the secret passages in Cliffe Royal. In this he was mistaken. I knew of them—or, at least, I knew enough of them to serve my purpose. I need not tell you how, one day, when preparing the chambers for the guests, an accidental pressure upon part of the fittings caused a panel to gape in the woodwork, and showed me a narrow opening in the wall. Making my way down this, I found that another panel led into a larger bedroom beyond. That was all I knew, but it was all that was needed for my purpose. The disposal of the rooms had been left in my hands, and I arranged that Captain Barrington should sleep in the larger and I in the smaller. I could come upon him when I wished, and no one would be the wiser.

"And then he arrived. How can I describe to you the fever of impatience in which I lived until the moment should come for which I had waited and planned? For a night and a day they gambled, and for a night and a day I counted the minutes which brought me nearer to my man. They might ring for fresh wine at what hour they liked, they always found me waiting and ready, so that this young captain hiccoughed out that I was the model of all valets. My master advised me to go to bed. He had noticed my flushed cheek and my bright eyes, and he set me down as being in a fever. So I was, but it was a fever which only one medicine could assuage.

"Then at last, very early in the morning, I heard them push back their chairs, and I knew that their game had at last come to an end. When I entered the room to receive my orders, I found that Captain Barrington had already stumbled off to bed. The others had also retired, and my master was sitting alone at the table, with his empty bottle and the scattered cards in front of him. He ordered me angrily to my room, and this time I obeyed him.

"My first care was to provide myself with a weapon. I knew that if I were face to face with him I could tear his throat out, but I must so arrange that the fashion of his death should be a noiseless one. There was a hunting trophy in the hall, and from it I took a straight, heavy knife, which I sharpened upon my boot. Then I stole to my room, and sat waiting upon the side of my bed. I had made up my mind what I should do. There would be little satisfaction in killing him if he was not to know whose hand had struck the blow, or which of his sins it came to avenge. Could I but bind him and gag him in his drunken sleep, then a prick or two of my dagger would arouse him to listen to what I had to say to him. I pictured the look in his eyes as the haze of sleep cleared slowly away from them, the look of anger turning suddenly to stark horror as he understood who I was and what I had come for. It would be the supreme moment of my life.

"I waited as it seemed to me for at least an hour; but I had no watch, and my impatience was such that I dare say it really was little more than a quarter of that time. Then I rose, removed my shoes, took my knife, and, having opened the panel, slipped silently through. It was not more than thirty feet that I had to go, but I went inch by inch, for the old rotten boards snapped like breaking twigs if a sudden weight was placed upon them. It was, of course, pitch dark, and very, very slowly I felt my way along. At last I saw a yellow seam of light glimmering in front of me, and I knew that it came from the other panel. I was too soon, then, since he had not extinguished his candles. I had waited many months, and I could afford to wait another hour, for I did not wish to do anything precipitately or in a hurry.

"It was very necessary to move silently now, since I was within a few feet of my man, with only the thin wooden partition between. Age had warped and cracked the boards, so that when I had at last very stealthily crept my way as far as the sliding-panel, I found that I could, without any difficulty, see into the room. Captain Barrington was standing by the dressing-

table with his coat and vest off. A large pile of sovereigns and several slips of paper were lying before him, and he was counting over his gambling gains. His face was flushed, and he was heavy from want of sleep and from wine. It rejoiced me to see it, for it meant that his slumber would be deep, and that all would be made easy for me.

"I was still watching him, when of a sudden I saw him start, and a terrible expression come upon his face. For an instant my heart stood still, for I feared that he had in some way divined my presence. And then I heard the voice of my master within. I could not see the door by which he had entered, nor could I see him where he stood, but I heard all that he had to say. As I watched the captain's face flush fiery-red, and then turn to a livid white as he listened to those bitter words which told him of his infamy, my revenge was sweeter — far sweeter — than my most pleasant dreams had ever pictured it. I saw my master approach the dressing-table, hold the papers in the flame of the candle, throw their charred ashes into the grate, and sweep the golden pieces into a small brown canvas bag. Then, as he turned to leave the room, the captain seized him by the wrist, imploring him, by the memory of their mother, to have mercy upon him; and I loved my master as I saw him drag his sleeve from the grasp of the clutching fingers, and leave the stricken wretch grovelling upon the floor.

"And now I was left with a difficult point to settle, for it was hard for me to say whether it was better that I should do that which I had come for, or whether, by holding this man's guilty secret, I might not have in my hand a keener and more deadly weapon than my master's hunting-knife. I was sure that Lord Avon could not and would not expose him. I knew your sense of family pride too well, my lord, and I was certain that his secret was safe in your hands. But I both could and would; and then, when his life had been blasted, and he had been hounded from his regiment and from his clubs, it would be time, perhaps, for me to deal in some other way with him."

"Ambrose, you are a black villain," said my uncle.

"We all have our own feelings, Sir Charles; and you will permit me to say

"THE CAPTAIN SEIZED HIM BY THE WRIST."

that a serving-man may resent an injury as much as a gentleman, though the redress of the duel is denied to him. But I am telling you frankly, at Lord Avon's request, all that I thought and did upon that night, and I shall continue to do so, even if I am not fortunate enough to win your approval.

"When Lord Avon had left him, the captain remained for some time in a kneeling attitude, with his face sunk upon a chair. Then he rose, and paced slowly up and down the room, his chin sunk upon his breast. Every now and then he would pluck at his hair, or shake his clenched hands in the air; and I saw the moisture glisten upon his brow. For a time I lost sight of him, and I heard him opening drawer after drawer, as though he were in search of something. Then he stood over by his dressing-table again, with his back turned to me. His head was thrown a little back, and he had both hands up to the collar of his shirt, as though he was striving to undo it. And then there was a gush as if a ewer had been upset, and down he sank upon the ground, with his head in the corner, twisted round at so strange an angle to his shoulders that one glimpse of it told me that my man was slipping swiftly from the clutch in which I had fancied that I held him. I slid my panel, and was in the room in an instant. His eyelids still quivered, and it seemed to me, as my gaze met his glazing eyes, that I could read both recognition and surprise in them. I laid my knife upon the floor, and I stretched myself out beside him, that I might whisper in his ear one or two little things of which I wished to remind him; but even as I did so, he gave a gasp and was gone.

"It is singular that I, who had never feared him in life, should be frightened at him now, and yet when I looked at him, and saw that all was motionless save the creeping stain upon the carpet, I was seized with a sudden foolish spasm of terror, and, catching up my knife, I fled swiftly and silently back to my own room, closing the panels behind me. It was only when I had reached it that I found that in my mad haste I had carried away, not the hunting-knife which I had taken with me, but the bloody razor which had dropped from the dead man's hand. This I concealed where no one has ever discovered it; but my fears would not allow me to go back for the other, as I might, perhaps, have done had I foreseen how terribly its presence might tell against my master. And that, Lady Avon and gentlemen, is an exact and honest account of how Captain Barrington came by his end."

"And how was it," asked my uncle, angrily, "that you allowed an innocent man to be persecuted all these years when a word from you might have saved him?"

"Because I had every reason to believe, Sir Charles, that that would be most unwelcome to Lord Avon. How could I tell all this without revealing the family scandal which he was so anxious to conceal? I confess that at the beginning I did not tell him what I had seen, and my excuse must be that he disappeared before I had time to determine what I should do. For many a year, however—ever since I have been in your service, Sir Charles—my conscience tormented me, and I swore that if ever I should find my old master, I would reveal everything to him. The chance of my overhearing a story told by young Mr. Stone here, which showed me that someone was using the secret chambers of Cliffe Royal, convinced me that Lord Avon was in hiding there, and I lost no time in seeking him out and offering to do him all the justice in my power."

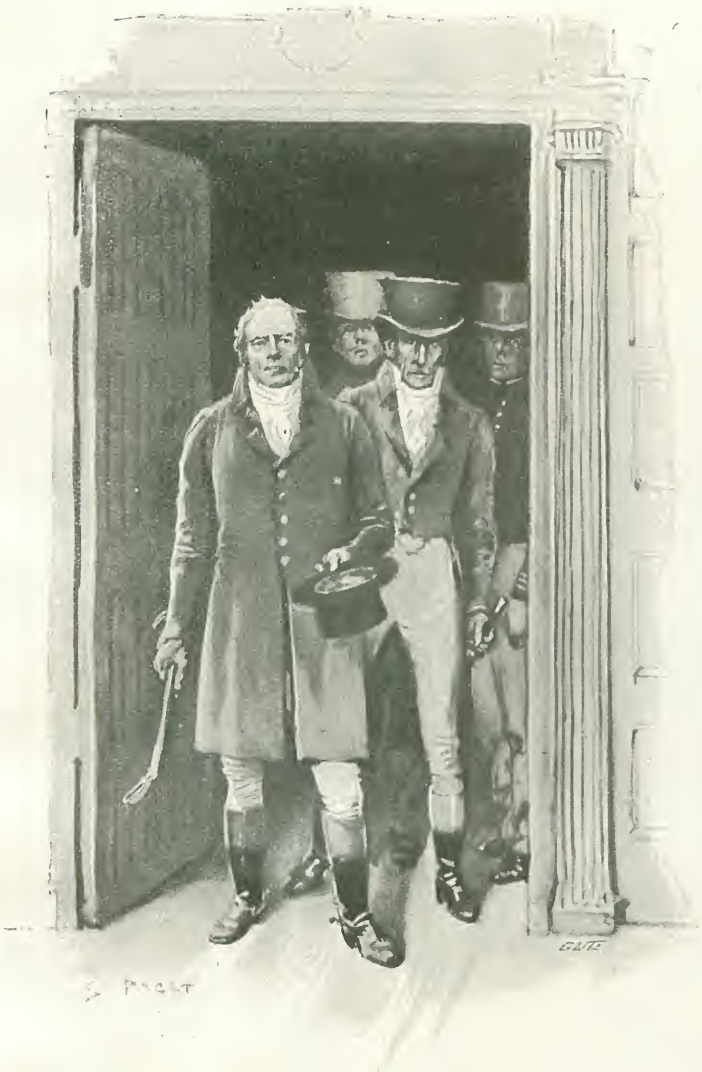
"What he says is true," said his master; "but it would have been strange indeed if I had hesitated to sacrifice a frail life and failing health in a cause for which I freely surrendered all that youth had to offer. But new considerations have at last compelled me to alter my resolution. My son, through ignorance of his true position, was drifting into a course of life which accorded with his strength and his spirit, but not with the traditions of his house. Again, I reflected that many of those who knew my brother had passed away, that all the facts need not come out, and that my death whilst under the suspicion of such a crime would cast a deeper stain upon our name than the sin which he had so terribly expiated. For these reasons——"

The tramp of several heavy footsteps reverberating through the old house broke in suddenly upon Lord Avon's words. His wan face turned even a shade greyer as he heard it, and he looked piteously to his wife and son.

"They will arrest me!" he cried. "I must submit to the degradation of an arrest."

"This way, Sir James; this way!" said the harsh tones of Sir Lothian Hume from without.

"I do not need to be shown the way in a house where I have drunk many a bottle of good claret," cried a deep voice in reply; and there in the doorway stood the broad figure of Squire Ovington in his buckskins



"IN THE DOORWAY STOOD THE BROAD FIGURE OF SQUIRE OVINGTON."

and top-boots, a riding-crop in his hand. Sir Lothian Hume was at his elbow, and I saw the faces of two country constables peeping over his shoulders.

"Lord Avon," said the squire, "as a magistrate of the county of Sussex, it is my duty to tell you that a warrant is held against you for the wilful murder of your brother, Captain Barrington, in the year 1786."

"I am ready to answer the charge."

"This I tell you as a magistrate. But as a man, and the Squire of Rougham Grange, I'm right glad to see you, Ned, and here's my hand on it, and never will I believe that a good Tory like yourself, and a man who could show his horse's tail to any field in the whole Down country, would ever be capable of so vile an act."

"You do me justice, James," said Lord Avon, clasping the broad, brown hand which the country squire had held out to him. "I am as innocent as you are; and I can prove it."

"Glad I am to hear it, Ned! That is to say, Lord Avon, that any defence which you may have to make will be decided upon by your peers and by the laws of your country."

"Until which time," added Sir Lothian Hume, "a stout door and a good lock will be the best guarantee that Lord Avon will be there when called for."

The squire's weather-stained face flushed to a deeper red as he turned upon the Londoner.

"Are you the magistrate of a county, sir?"

"I have not the honour, Sir James."

"Then how dare you advise a man who has sat on the Bench for nigh twenty years? When I am in doubt, sir, the law provides me with a clerk with whom I may confer, and I ask no other assistance."

"You take too high a tone in this matter, Sir James. I am not accustomed to be taken to task so sharply."

"Nor am I accustomed, sir, to be interfered with in my official duties. I speak as a magistrate, Sir Lothian, but I am always ready to sustain my opinions as a man."

Sir Lothian bowed.

"You will allow me to observe, sir, that I have personal interests of the highest importance involved in this matter. I have every reason to believe that there is a conspiracy afoot which will affect my position as heir to Lord Avon's titles and estates. I desire his safe custody in order that this matter may be

cleared up, and I call upon you, as a magistrate, to execute your warrant."

"Plague take it, Ned!" cried the squire, "I would that my clerk Johnson were here, for I would deal as kindly by you as the law allows; and yet I am, as you hear, called upon to secure your person."

"Permit me to suggest, sir," said my uncle, "that so long as he is under the personal supervision of the magistrate, he may be said to be under the care of the law, and that this condition will be fulfilled if he is under the roof of Rougham Grange."

"Nothing could be better," cried the squire, heartily. "You will stay with me, Ned, until this matter blows over. In other words, Lord Avon, I make myself responsible, as the representative of the law, that you are held in safe custody until your person may be required of me."

"'THERE IS A SMALL MATTER STILL OPEN BETWEEN US,' SAID HE."

"Yours is a true heart, James."

"Tut, tut! it is the due process of the law. I trust, Sir Lothian Hume, that you find nothing to object to in it?"

Sir Lothian shrugged his shoulders, and looked blackly at the magistrate. Then he turned to my uncle.

"There is a small matter still open between us," said he. "Would you kindly give me the name of a friend? Mr. Corcoran, who is outside in my barouche, would act for me, and we might meet to-morrow morning."

"With pleasure," answered my uncle. "I dare say your father would act for me, nephew? Your friend may call upon Lieutenant Stone, of Friar's Oak, and the sooner the better."

And so this strange conference ended. As for me, I had sprung to the side of the old friend of my boyhood, and was trying to tell him my joy at his good fortune, and listening to his assurance that nothing that could ever befall him could weaken the love that he bore me. My uncle touched me on the shoulder, and we were about to leave, when Ambrose, whose bronze mask had been drawn down once more over his fiery passions, came demurely towards him.

"Beg your pardon, Sir Charles," said he; "but it shocks me very much to see your cravat."

"You are right, Ambrose," my uncle answered. "Lorimer does his best, but I have never been able to fill your place."

"I should be proud to serve you, sir; but

you must acknowledge that Lord Avon has the prior claim. If he will release me——"

"You may go, Ambrose; you may go!" cried Lord Avon. "You are an excellent servant, but your presence has become painful to me."

"Thank you, Ned," said my uncle. "*C'est le meilleur valet possible.* But you must not leave me so suddenly again."

"Permit me to explain the reason, sir. I had determined to give you notice when we reached Brighton; but as we drove from the village that day, I caught a glimpse of a lady passing in a phaeton between whom and Lord Avon I was well aware there was a close intimacy, although I was not certain that she was actually his wife. Her presence there confirmed me in my opinion that he was in hiding at Cliffe Royal, and I dropped from your curricle and followed her at once, in order to lay the matter before her, and explain how very necessary it was that Lord Avon should see me."

"Well, I forgive you for your desertion, Ambrose," said my uncle; "and," he added, "I should be vastly obliged to you if you would re-arrange my tie."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE END.

Sir James Ovington's carriage was waiting without, and in it the Avon family, so tragically separated and so strangely re-united, were borne away to the squire's hospitable home. When they had gone, my uncle mounted his curricle, and drove Ambrose and myself to the village.

"We had best see your father at once, nephew," said he. "Sir Lothian and his man started some time ago. I should be sorry if there should be any hitch in our meeting."

For my part, I was thinking of our opponent's deadly reputation as a duellist, and I suppose that my features must have betrayed my feelings, for my uncle began to laugh.

"Why, nephew," said he, "you look as if you were walking behind my coffin. It is not my first affair, and I dare bet that it will not be my last. When I fight near town I usually fire a hundred or so in Manton's back shop, but I daresay I can find my way to his waistcoat. But I confess that I am somewhat *accablé*, by all that has befallen us. To think of my dear old friend being not only alive, but innocent as well! And that he should have such a strapping son and heir to carry on the race of Avon! This will be the last blow to Hume, for I know that the Jews have given him rope on the score of his expectations. And you, Ambrose, that you should break out in such a way!"

Of all the amazing things which had happened, this seems to have impressed my uncle most, and he recurred to it again and again. That a man whom he had come to regard as a machine for tying cravats and

"MY FATHER WAS WAITING FOR US AT THE DOOR."

brewing chocolate should suddenly develop fiery human passions was indeed a prodigy. If his silver razor-heater had taken to evil ways he could not have been more astounded.

We were still a hundred yards from the cottage when I saw the tall, green-coated Mr. Corcoran striding down the garden path. My father was waiting for us at the door with an expression of subdued delight upon his face.

"Happy to serve you in any way, Sir Charles," said he. "We've arranged it for to-morrow at seven on Ditchling Common."

"I wish these things could be brought off a little later in the day," said my uncle. "One has either to rise at a perfectly absurd hour, or else to neglect one's toilet."

"They are stopping across the road at the Friar's Oak inn, and if you would wish it later——"

"No, no; I shall make the effort. Ambrose, you will bring up the *batterie de toilette* at five."

"I don't know whether you would care to use my barkers," said my father. "I've had 'em in fourteen actions, and up to thirty yards you wouldn't wish a better tool."

"Thank you, I have my duelling pistols under the seat. See that the triggers are oiled, Ambrose, for I love a light pull. Ah, sister Mary, I have brought your boy back to you, none the worse, I hope, for the dissipations of town."

I need not tell you how my dear mother wept over me and fondled me, for you who have mothers will know for yourselves, and you who have not will never understand how warm and snug the home nest can be. How I had chafed and longed for the wonders of town, and yet, now that I had seen more than my wildest dreams had ever deemed possible, my eyes had rested upon nothing which was so sweet and so restful as our own little sitting-room, with its terra-cotta-coloured walls, and those trifles which are so insignificant in themselves, and yet so rich in memories—the blow-fish from the Moluccas, the narwhal's horn from the Arctic, and the picture of the *Ça Ira*, with Lord Hotham in chase! How cheery, too, to see at one side of the shining grate my father with his pipe and his merry red face, and on the other my mother with her fingers ever turning and darting with her knitting-needles! As I looked at them I marvelled that I could ever have longed to leave them, or that I could bring myself to leave them again.

But leave them I must, and that speedily, as I learned amidst the boisterous congratulations of my father and the tears of my mother. He had himself been appointed to the *Cato*, 64, with post rank, whilst a note had come from Lord Nelson at Portsmouth to say that a vacancy was open for me if I should present myself at once.

"And your mother has your sea-chest all ready, my lad, and you can travel down with me to-morrow; for if you are to be one of Nelson's men, you must show him that you are worthy of it."

"All the Stones have been in the sea-service," said my mother, apologetically, to my uncle, "and it is a great chance that he should enter under Lord Nelson's own patronage. But we can never forget your kindness, Charles, in showing our dear Rodney something of the world."

"On the contrary, sister Mary," said my uncle, graciously, "your son has been an excellent companion to me—so much so that I fear that I am open to the charge of having neglected my dear Fidelio. I trust that I bring him back somewhat more polished than I found him. It would be folly to call him *distingué*, but he is at least unobjectionable. Nature has denied him the highest gifts, and I find him adverse to employing the compensating advantages of art; but, at least, I have shown him something of life, and I have taught *him* a few lessons in finesse and deportment which may appear to be wasted upon him at present, but which, none the less, may come back to him in his more mature years. If his career in town has been a disappointment to me, the reason lies mainly in the fact that I am foolish enough to measure others by the standard which I have myself set. I am well disposed towards him, however, and I consider him eminently adapted for the profession which he is about to adopt."

He held out his sacred snuff-box to me as he spoke, as a solemn pledge of his goodwill, and, as I look back at him, there is no moment at which I see him more plainly than that with the old mischievous light dancing once more in his large, intolerant eyes, one thumb in the armpit of his vest, and the little shining box held out upon his snow-white palm. He was a type and leader of a strange breed of men which has vanished away from England—the full-blooded, virile buck, exquisite in his dress, narrow in his thoughts, coarse in his amusements, and eccentric in his habits. They walk across the bright stage of English history with their finicky step, their preposterous cravats, their high collars,

their dangling seals, and they vanish into those dark wings from which there is no return. The world has outgrown them, and there is no place now for their strange fashions, their practical jokes, and carefully cultivated eccentricities. And yet behind this outer veiling of folly, with which they so carefully draped themselves, they were often men of strong character and robust personality.

The languid loungers of St. James's were also the yachtsmen of the Solent, the fine riders of the shires, and the hardy fighters in many a wayside battle and many a morning frolic. Wellington picked his best officers from amongst them. They condescended occasionally to poetry or oratory; and Byron, Charles James Fox, Sheridan, and Castlereagh preserved some reputation amongst them, in spite of their publicity. I cannot think how the historian of the future can hope to understand them, when I, who knew one of them so well, and bore his blood in my veins, could never quite tell how much of him was real, and how much was due to the affectations which he had cultivated so long that they had ceased to deserve the name. Through the chinks of that armour of folly I have sometimes thought that I had caught a glimpse of a good and true man within, and it pleases me to hope that I was right.

It was destined that the exciting incidents of that day were even now not at an end. I had retired early to rest, but it was impossible for me to sleep, for my mind would turn to Boy Jim and to the extraordinary change in his position and prospects. I was still turning and tossing when I heard the sound of flying hoofs coming down the London Road, and immediately afterwards the grating of wheels as they pulled up in front of the inn. My window chanced to be open, for it was a fresh spring night, and I heard the creak of the inn door, and a voice asking whether Sir Lothian Hume was within. At the name I sprang from my bed, and I was in time to see three men, who had alighted from the carriage, file into the lighted hall. The two horses were left standing, with the glare of the open door falling upon their brown shoulders and patient heads.

Ten minutes may have passed, and then I heard the clatter of many steps, and a knot of men came clustering through the door.

"You need not employ violence," said a harsh, clear voice. "On whose suit is it?"

"Several suits, sir. They 'eld over in the 'opes that you'd pull off the fight this mornin'. Total amounts is twelve thousand pound."

"Look here, my man, I have a very important appointment for seven o'clock to-

"DOWN HE FELL IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MOONLIT ROAD."

morrow. I'll give you fifty pounds if you will leave me until then."

"Couldn't do it, sir, really. It's more than our places as sheriff's officers is worth."

In the yellow glare of the carriage-lamp I saw the baronet look up at our windows, and if hatred could have killed, his eyes would have been as deadly as his pistol.

"I can't mount the carriage unless you free my hands," said he.

"'Old 'ard, Bill, for 'e looks wicious. Let go o' one arm at a time! Ah, would you, then?"

"Corcoran! Corcoran!" screamed a voice, and I saw a plunge, a struggle, and one frantic figure breaking its way from the rest. Then came a heavy blow, and down he fell in the middle of the moonlit road, flapping and jumping among the dust like a trout new landed.

"He's nabbed it this time! Get 'im by the wrists, Jim! Now, all together!"

He was hoisted up like a bag of flour, and fell with a brutal thud into the bottom of the carriage. The three men sprang in after him, a whip whistled in the darkness, and I had seen the last that I or anyone else, save some charitable visitor to a debtor's gaol, was ever again destined to see of Sir Lothian Hume, the once fashionable Corinthian.

Lord Avon lived for two years longer—long enough, with the help of Ambrose, to fully establish his innocence of the horrible crime, in the shadow of which he had lived so long. What he could not clear away, however, was the effect of those years of morbid and unnatural life spent in the hidden chambers of the old house; and it was only the devotion of his wife and of his son which kept the thin and flickering flame of his life alight. She whom I had known as the play-actress of Anstey Cross became the dowager Lady Avon; whilst Boy Jim, as dear to me now as when we harried birds' nests and tickled trout together, is now Lord Avon, beloved by his tenantry, the finest sportsman and the most popular man from the north of the Weald to the Channel. He was married to the second daughter of Sir James Ovington; and as I have seen three of his grand-children within the week, I fancy that if any of Sir Lothian's descendants have their eye upon the property, they are likely to be as disappointed as their ancestor was before them. The old house of Cliffe Royal has been pulled down, owing to the terrible family associations which hung round it, and a beautiful modern building sprang up in its place. The lodge which stood by the Brighton Road was so dainty, with its trellis-work and its rose bushes, that I was not the only visitor who declared that I had rather be the owner of it than of the great house amongst the trees. There for many years in a happy and peaceful old age lived Jack Harrison and his wife, receiving back in the sunset of their lives the loving care which they had themselves bestowed. Never again did Champion Harrison throw his leg over the ropes of a 24ft. ring; but the story of the great battle between the smith and the West-countryman is still familiar to old ring-goers, and nothing pleased him better than to re-fight it all, round by round, as he sat in the sunshine under his rose-girt porch. But if he heard the tap of his wife's stick approaching him, his talk would break off at once into the garden and its prospects, for she was still haunted by the fear that he would some day go back to the ring, and she never missed the old man for an hour without being convinced that he had hobbled off to wrest the belt from the latest upstart champion. It was at his own very earnest request that they inscribed "He fought the good fight" upon his tombstone, and though I cannot doubt that he had Black Baruk and Crab Wilson in his mind when he asked it, yet none who knew him would grudge its spiritual meaning as a summing-up of his clean and manly life.

Sir Charles Tregellis continued for some years to show his scarlet and gold at Newmarket, and his inimitable coats in St. James's. It was he who invented buttons and loops at the ends of dress pantaloons, and who broke fresh ground by his investigation of the comparative merits of isinglass and of starch in the preparation of shirt-fronts. There are old fops still lurking in the corners of Arthur's or of White's who can remember Tregellis's dictum, that a cravat should be so stiffened that three parts of the length should be raised by one corner, and the painful schism which followed when Lord Alvanley and his school contended that half was sufficient. Then came the supremacy of Brummell, and the open breach upon the subject of velvet collars, in which the town followed the lead of the younger man. My uncle, who was not born to be second to anyone, retired instantly to St. Albans, and announced that he would make it the centre of fashion and society instead of degenerate London. It chanced, however, that the mayor and corporation waited upon him with an address of thanks

"HE SAT IN THE SUNSHINE UNDER HIS ROSE-GIRT PORCH."

for his good intentions towards the town, and that the burgesses, having ordered new coats from London for the occasion, were all arrayed in velvet collars, which so preyed upon my uncle's spirits that he took to his bed, and never showed his face in public again. His money, which had ruined what might have been a great life, was divided amongst many bequests, an annuity to his valet, Ambrose, being amongst them; but enough has come to his sister, my dear mother, to help to make her old age as sunny and as pleasant as even I could wish.

And as for me—the poor string upon which these beads are strung—I dare scarce say another word about myself, lest this, which I had meant to be the last word of a chapter, should grow into the first words of a new one. Had I not taken up my pen to tell you a story of the land, I might, perchance, have made a better one of the sea; but the one frame cannot hold two opposite pictures. The day may come when I shall write down all that I remember of the greatest battle ever fought upon salt water, and how my father's gallant life was brought to an end as, with his paint rubbing against a French eighty-gun ship on one side and a Spanish seventy-four upon the other, he stood eating an apple in the break of his poop. I saw the smoke-banks on that October evening swirl slowly up over the Atlantic swell, and rise, and rise, until they had shredded into thinnest air, and lost themselves in the infinite blue of heaven. And with them rose the cloud which had hung over the country; and it also thinned and thinned, until God's own sun of peace and security was shining once more upon us never more, we hope, to be bedimmed.

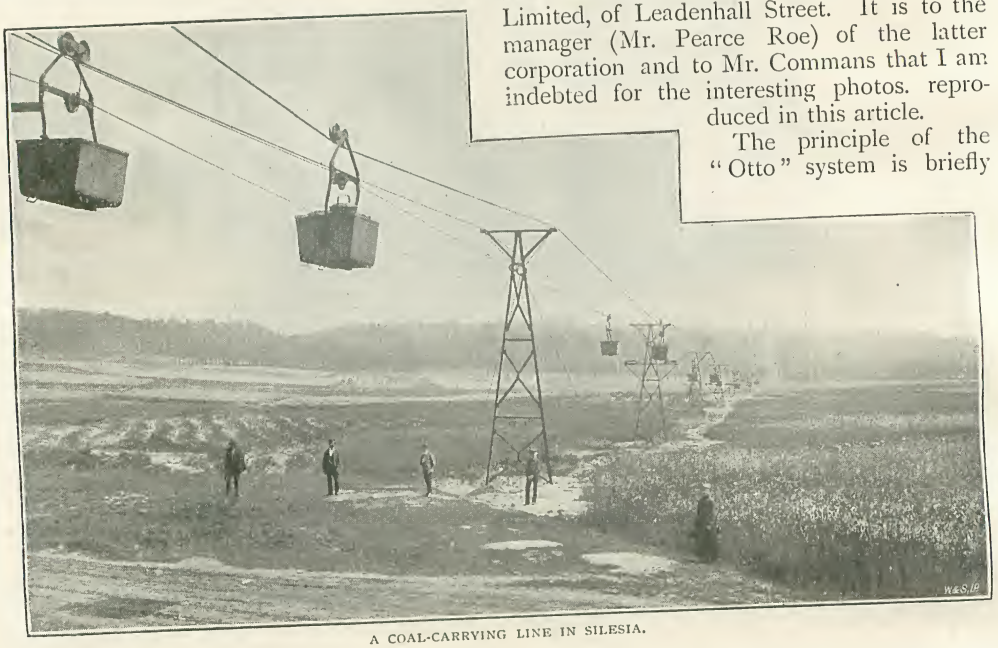
THE END.

Railways in the Air.

By Corrie Sefton.

TO speak of a "railway in the air" is not Jules Vernese; indeed, either of the two able engineers in London, who would build you one in a few months, "see nothing in it," to use Sir Charles Coldstream's words as he stood disappointed on the crater of Vesuvius.

But where and how are they built—propelled—manned? What are they used for? And what do they look like? Gently, gently; you will presently know all about these triumphs of modern engineering. Well, then, here is the clue to a seeming mystery. The cars or buckets hang on pulleys from wire ropes, instead of running on rails laid on the ground. As a fact, the correct designation of these marvellous lines is "aerial ropeways." One glance at the photograph reproduced on this page will tell you all about these things.



A COAL-CARRYING LINE IN SILESIA.

This line belongs to Count Hugo Henckel von Donnersmarck, and is used at his Antonienhütte Coal Mines, in Silesia. Constructed in 1886–87, it is 2,900yds. long and carries daily from 12,000 to 14,000cwt. of coal; the capacity of each bucket is half a ton. There are three stations, connected with each other by electric signalling apparatus (bells chiefly) and by telephone. One is a little staggered to learn that the total daily working expenses only amount to two-and-twenty shillings! No wonder that in some cases where wire ropeways have been introduced they have paid for themselves in less than three months.

Aerial ropeways may be divided into two broad types. The first is the "Otto" system, exploited by Herr J. Pohlig, of Cologne, whose London representative is Mr. R. E. Commans, of 6, Queen Street Place. The second system is that of Roe and Bedlington, as constructed by the Ropeways Syndicate, Limited, of Leadenhall Street. It is to the manager (Mr. Pearce Roe) of the latter corporation and to Mr. Commans that I am indebted for the interesting photos. reproduced in this article.

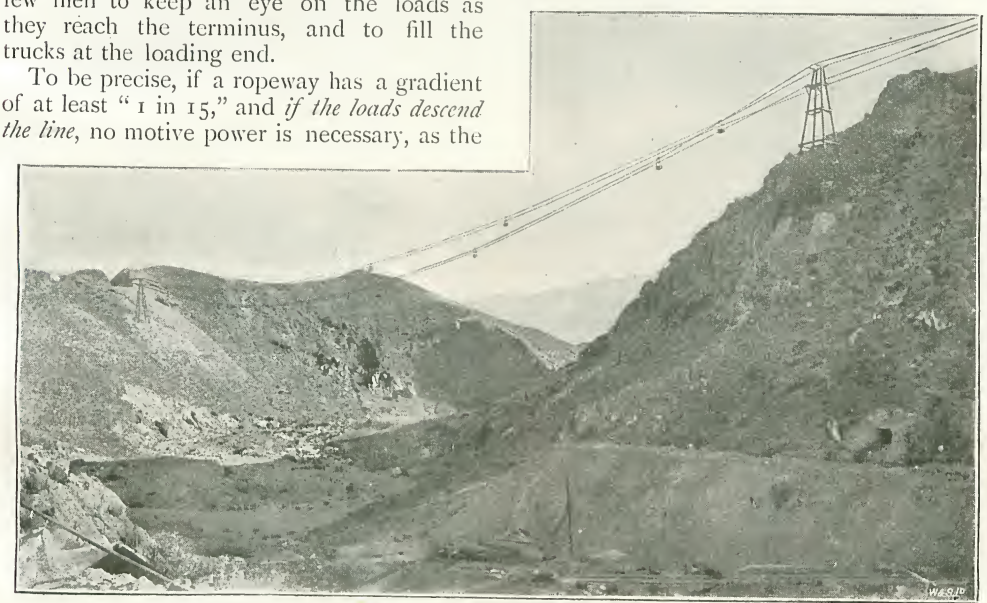
The principle of the "Otto" system is briefly as follows: Two stout wire carrying ropes are laid parallel on standards of wood or iron, and then stretched tightly *in a straight line* between two stations. Aerial ropeways can't run round corners, therefore the longer lines are split up into straight sections with intermediate angle stations. Even when a very long line is quite straight, however, it is usual to place stations at every 5,000–6,000 yards.

On one of the carrying ropes, or aerial rails, the *loaded* trucks run in one direction, while the "empties" return on the other rope; wherefore the latter is rather thinner than its colleague. The carrying ropes are fixed at one end, whilst at the other is established the tightening gear.

The supporting standards are placed at intervals varying from 40 to 100yds., except in crossing rivers and deep valleys, when spans up to 1,600ft. can be adopted. Notice, by the way, in several of the photos. the terrific dip in the aerial track. One marvels how the rope stands the strain; the carrying rope, by the way, has a breaking strain of 38·76 tons per square inch. The trucks or cars are moved (in the "Otto" system) by a special rope of small diameter, running beneath the carrying ropes. This is the endless hauling-rope, which passes round horizontal pulleys at the terminal stations.

But perhaps the most striking thing about aerial ropeways is that many of them—most of them, in fact—are automatic. They can be got to work themselves, and only want a few men to keep an eye on the loads as they reach the terminus, and to fill the trucks at the loading end.

To be precise, if a ropeway has a gradient of at least "1 in 15," and *if the loads descend the line*, no motive power is necessary, as the loaded trucks, running down on one rope, draw up their empty fellows on the other. More, some of these ropeways, far from wanting engines and things to drive them, actually give power away, and graciously consent to work other machinery.



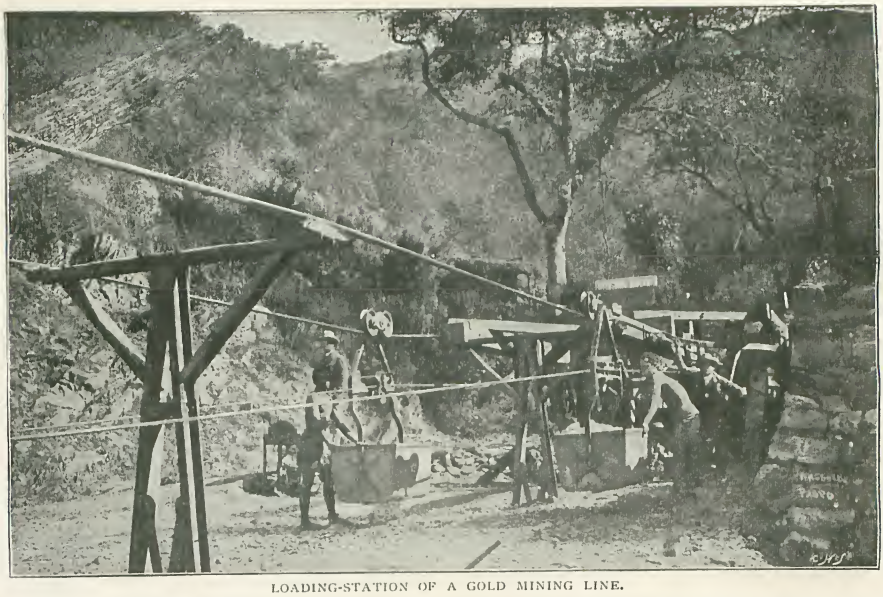
THE GREAT VILLA RIFORMA SPAN OF THE BEDAR-GARRUCHA AERIAL ROPEWAY.

The first photo. gave little or no idea of the appalling country covered by these aerial ropeways. But look at the second illustration reproduced here. It shows a span of 920ft. on the Bedar-Garrucha Wire Ropeway in the province of Almeria (South of Spain). This is one of the most important aerial ropeways in existence, and carries iron ore from the Sierra de Bedar mines to the seashore near Garrucha, on the Mediterranean. The line is 9¾ miles long, and is divided into four sections. At one point it crosses a mountain ridge 1,175ft. above sea-level. An ordinary light railway would have cost £100,000, whereas the aerial ropeway was put up in ten months at a cost of only £26,000.

This line presents a truly magnificent spectacle when viewed from the mountain pass lying between Bedar and Serena. From this spot the whole track can be seen, with the 660 carriers or buckets at regular intervals along the swaying ropes. Half the buckets are descending and half ascending with a velocity of about 5ft. per second. They seem to grow smaller as they approach the sea, until they dwindle gradually to mere black specks, and finally leave visible only the traces of the ropes, which form two white threads in the sunlight, connecting the glittering sea with the mountains at one's feet.

This is not an automatic line, so two engines are needed—one of 30 and the other of 70 horse-power. At the loading-station, the buckets are filled from ore bins, each of 800 tons capacity. Our third photograph, next reproduced, shows us what a loading-station is like.

This photo. shows part of the ropeway owned by the Oriental and Sheba Valley Gold Mining Company—a three-mile line in the De Kaap district of the Transvaal. The fall from the loading-station at the mine to the stamp-battery at the Kaap River is



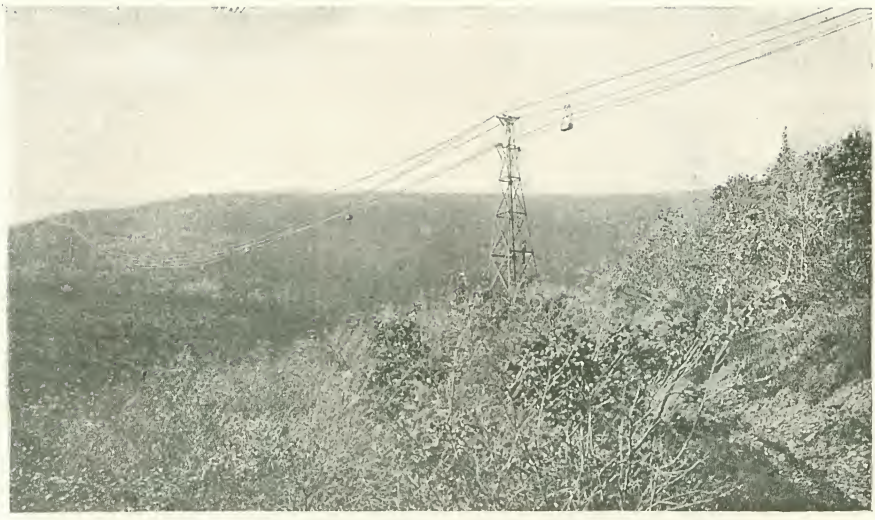
LOADING-STATION OF A GOLD MINING LINE.

about 950ft. Kaffirs are seen loading gold quartz into the buckets as the material comes from the mine. On the right is seen part of one of the huge bins which feed the buckets. Mr. Commans tells me that this ropeway was constructed under great difficulties. It passes over two tremendous ridges with gradients in places of *one in one* (or an angle of 45deg.), and it cost £30 a ton to transport the material up country from the coast. By adopting this ropeway, the cost of transport was reduced from 25s. to about 5s. a ton.

The aerial ropeway can follow a bird anywhere — a "tall order" apparently, but literally true. There are lines across awful ravines and over rock-encumbered country, where even a common road is an utter impossibility. The "silver strands" run up precipices and over mountain peaks, railways, and buildings. Moreover, no great purchase of land is necessary for their construction, but merely the lease of a 10ft. strip, giving the right to walk along and inspect the line. Actual *terra-firma*, however, is only required at the points of support, so that the land can otherwise be cultivated as usual. The question of "way-leaves," by-the-bye, has so far hindered the general adoption of aerial ropeways in England, where cantankerous landlords, approached on the subject, suddenly manifest the keenest appreciation of every square inch. "That's splendid building land," they will say, and therefore demand a prohibitive rental. Our "railways in the air" have peculiar advantages. What if the country is flooded for miles, or rendered impassable with snow to mere groundlings? These things in no way interfere with the ropeways; rather do they assist them by baffling thieves. This is an interesting point, by the way. In parts of Mexico the cunning natives lie in wait beneath big spans and actually intercept buckets full of gold quartz. These enterprising gentry have special poles made for the purpose of "holding up" the loads. To obviate, or at least trace, this pilfering *en route* (remember, the line is practically staffless) the tops of the loads are whitewashed, and a watch is kept at that part of the ropeway where it is evident that thieves operate.

Our next photo. speaks for itself as to the wild, trackless country covered by these aerial lines. It is a view of part of the Gebhardshain Line, near Siegen, which is used for carrying iron ore, and rock for road metal. This ropeway is between five and six miles long, and is divided into three sections. There is a maximum incline in places of 1 in 4, and 260 tons of basalt and ore are carried daily. The unloading station is situated alongside the main line of a great railway, so that the material can be shot direct from the aerial hoppers into the prosaic railway trucks.

In the fifties, wire ropes were used in mountain districts for the conveyance of big logs, stones, and things over rivers and gorges; but the first real practical steps were taken by Charles Hodgson in England, about 1863. Theodore Otto and Adolph Bleichert having dissolved partnership in 1876, Herr Pohlig took up the construction of the "Otto"

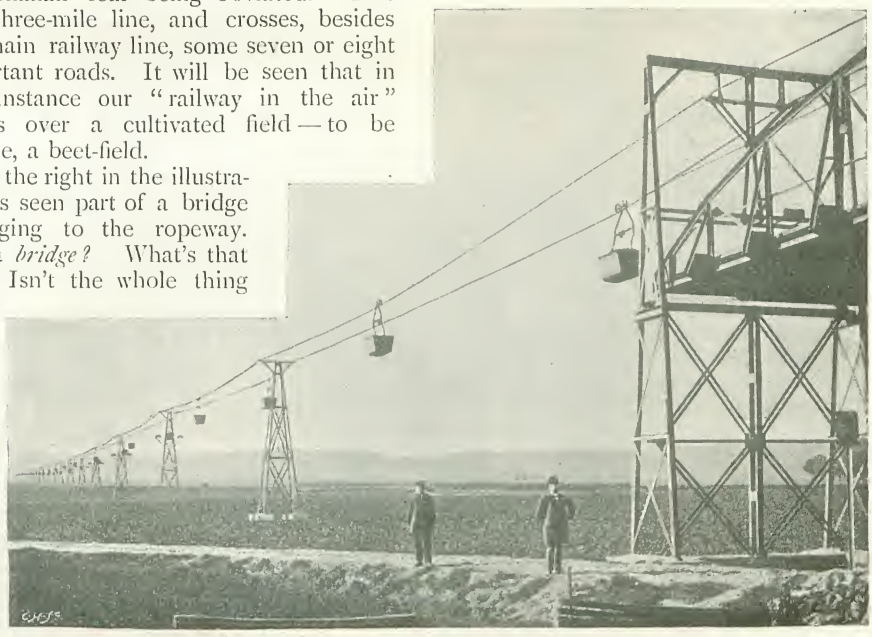


PART OF THE GEBHARDSHAIN ROPEWAY, SHOWING WILD COUNTRY COVERED.

ropeways; and their success is in great measure due to the improvements introduced by him.

The illustration next shown gives an excellent notion of an "Otto" ropeway. This line is situated at Brühl, and crosses the railway from Cologne to Bonn. It is used for the transportation of lignite fuel from a mine in the neighbourhood to the boiler-house of a great sugar mill which works up the beet in the surrounding country. In this way an enormous saving was effected, the use of Westphalian coal being obviated. This is a three-mile line, and crosses, besides the main railway line, some seven or eight important roads. It will be seen that in this instance our "railway in the air" passes over a cultivated field — to be precise, a beet-field.

On the right in the illustration is seen part of a bridge belonging to the ropeway. But a *bridge?* What's that for? Isn't the whole thing one huge bridge? Never mind; ropeways must have bridges just like ordinary railway systems. But, why? Well, suppose the carrying ropes cross a much-used road, and that big chunks of ore, slag, or any other substance much harder than the human head, occasionally fall out of the buckets as *they* pass over; what then? How about unsuspecting foot passengers, to say nothing about mere horses? And then in the case of railways—how about blocks of ore falling on the metals, or damaging the rolling stock?



THE BRÜHL LINE CROSSING A BEET-FIELD, PART OF BRIDGE ON RIGHT.

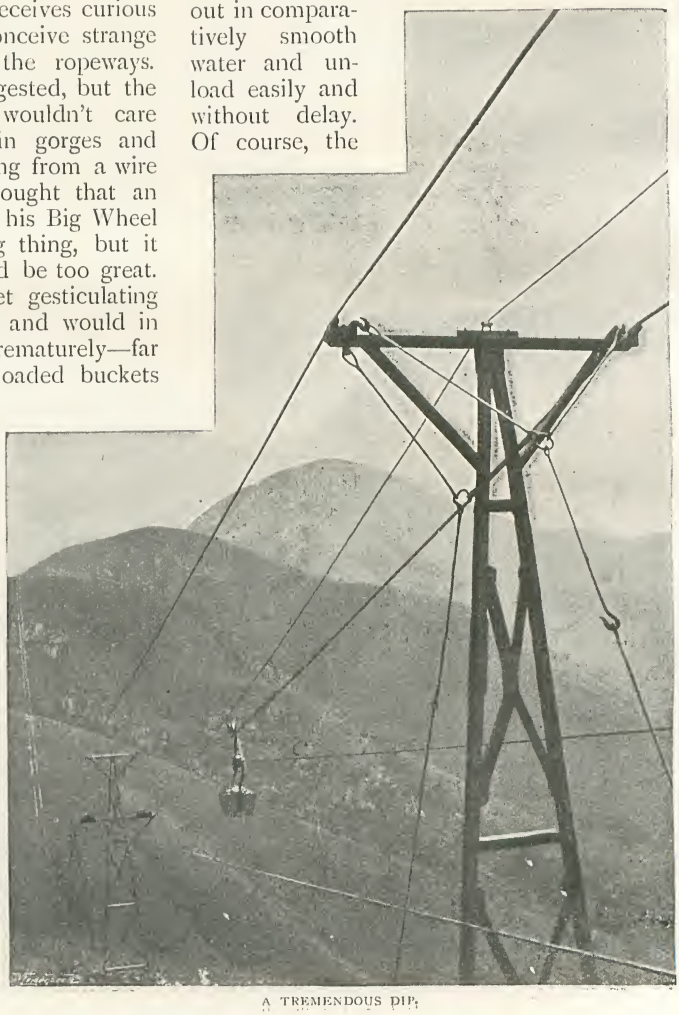
HOW THE INSPECTOR GOES HIS ROUNDS.

Mr. Commans frequently receives curious requests from people who conceive strange notions as to the use of the ropeways. Passenger lines are often suggested, but the truth is, the ordinary man wouldn't care about whirling over mountain gorges and raging torrents, merely hanging from a wire rope. Mr. Imré Kiralfy thought that an aerial ropeway to the axle of his Big Wheel would be a good and paying thing, but it was found that the risk would be too great. 'Arry would be certain to get gesticulating *en route* to his friends below, and would in all probability rejoin them prematurely—far too prematurely. And yet loaded buckets pass through and above the clouds on some ropeways in the Caucasus!

The cost of ropeways varies enormously; it may be £800 per mile, or it may be treble that sum. Locality, capacity, and transport have to be considered, among many other things. The ropes, properly looked after, last a lengthy period, and to aid their life they are periodically treated with a preparation that is more of a weather protector than a lubricant.

Our next photo. shows how the inspector proceeds along the line. The bucket seen is in reality the truck belonging to a light railway (hence the four wheels). At the terminus of the ropeway, it pursues its way on rails and *terra-firma* until it joins a third and incomparably bigger system. As a rule, there is a special car arranged for the inspector, who periodically examines every part of the line, trailing after him the lubricating apparatus. The endless hauling rope can, of course, be greased at any point as it runs along. It is an interesting fact that the carrying ropes always give warning before actually breaking, after years of wear; the warning usually consists in the snapping of some of the outer wires.

Both Mr. Roe and Mr. Commans have been frequently approached on the subject of an aerial ropeway from ships to the shore. The idea is that, suppose the surf breaks upon the coast in a terrific manner, the vessel can lie out in comparatively smooth water and unload easily and without delay. Of course, the



A TREMENDOUS DIP.

A REFUSE REMOVING ROPEWAY: SHOWING HOW THE BUCKET IS AUTOMATICALLY TIPPED.

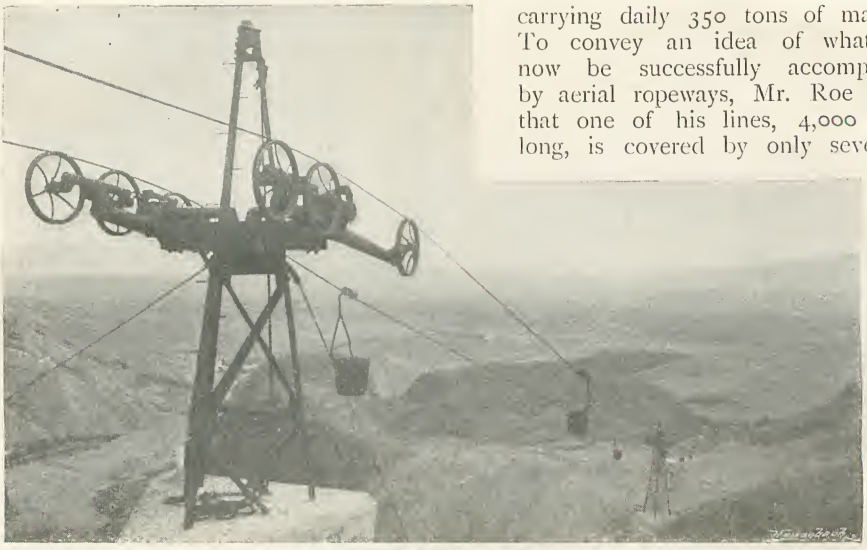
difficulty is to moor the carrying ropes. They can't very well be made fast to a pontoon, because the strain would pull it in, and even the strongest anchors are not to be trusted for this purpose.

Perhaps no photograph reproduced in this article gives a better idea of the wild country covered by these aerial lines than the one shown opposite. This is an impressive view. The standard in the foreground is strengthened by means of "tie-rods" and stays. We notice an amazing dip into the valley, and after that the carrying ropes rise boldly up the face of the adjacent mountain. And yet many of the workmen employed at the mines and factories connected by these lines frequently travel in the buckets! Truly, an awe-inspiring "short cut."

The line seen in the accompanying photo. is one that is used to remove daily about 60 tons of refuse and waste from an adjacent colliery to a large piece of waste ground; this is the unloading end of the line. The photo. shows the method employed for automatically tipping the buckets and discharging the dirt. In time, it is obvious that the aerial station (seen on the left) will be completely buried, by reason of the constant accumulation of refuse, and yet this station is 70ft. high. It is proposed to erect coke ovens on the ground that is being filled up. Four-legged supports are used when the strain on the ropes is very great—as, for example, at the place shown in the next illustration. Here we see sixteen buckets passing backwards and forwards, the line crossing a high ridge on the left. This ropeway is established at Holzhausen, near Cassel. It carries lignite fuel—about 150 tons in a day of ten hours. Our photograph was taken at a point where the line crosses the River Fulda, and shows a span of no less than 1,050ft.

At the outset I explained that aerial ropeways might be divided into two classes. Of these—having dealt with the "Otto" system—there remains the Roe and Bedlington type. In the "Otto" system, the buckets are drawn along a fixed carrying rope by means of a separate hauling rope; whereas in the Roe-Bedlington lines, a plain

A SPAN OF OVER A THOUSAND FEET ON THE HOLZHAUSEN LINE.



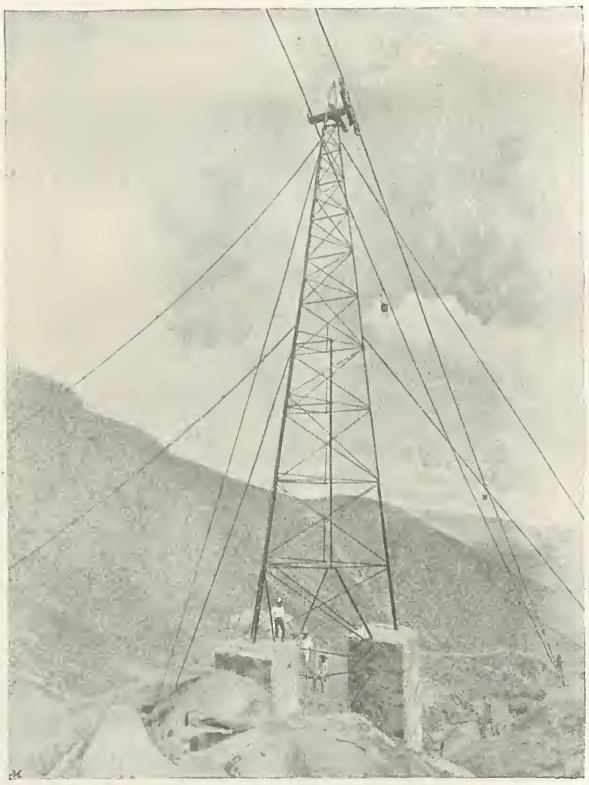
THE ENDLESS ROPE SYSTEM.

carrying daily 350 tons of material. To convey an idea of what can now be successfully accomplished by aerial ropeways, Mr. Roe states that one of his lines, 4,000 yards long, is covered by only seventeen supports of moderate height, and the spans run up to 650 yards, or considerably more than a third of a mile.

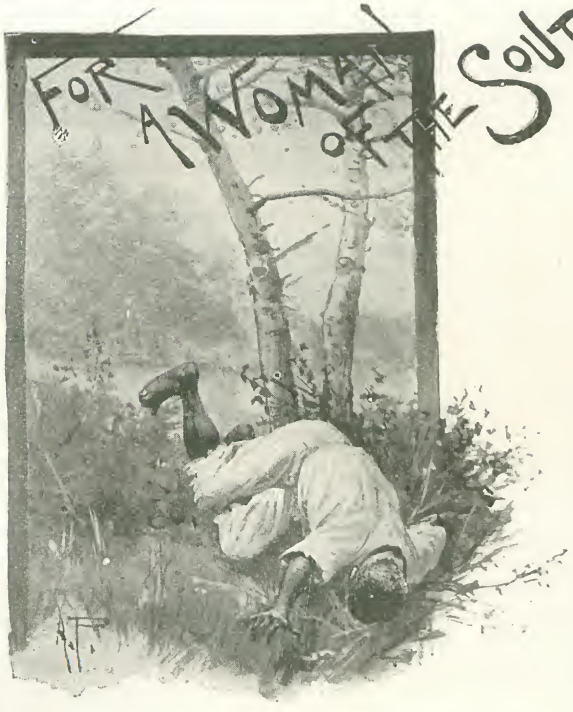
endless rope not only suspends the loads, but also moves them along, the buckets being made fast to the rope by means of "saddles."

The next illustration shows at once the principle of this system. The whole double rope is continuously travelling round and round over the pulleys, taking the affixed buckets along with it. This particular ropeway is in connection with the Los Baños Iron Mines in Spain; and it has been shown that the cost of transport by it is only 1½d. per ton per mile. This includes stores, maintenance, labour, and renewal of rope. It should be mentioned, however, that this line is self-working.

The last photo. reproduced shows part of the ropeway, erected at Concepcion del Oro, Mexico, for the Marzapil Copper Company. The great standard depicted is nearly 100ft. high, and the span to the next support is about 1,200ft. As one may judge, it is an arid and desolate country, growing no timber; therefore the supports are all of iron. There are on this line such extraordinarily steep gradients as "1 in 2½." The ropeway is, however, automatic, and actually contributes 35 or 40 horse-power over and above out of its own exuberance and power; and this, too, after



A HIGH SUPPORT ON A MEXICAN LINE.



C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne.

NOW, to start with, I didn't know whether the man was guilty or not; but I did mean to save him from lynching if it could be managed. And afterwards, when it turned out that the loveliest woman in all the world was mixed up with the case, I was more than glad I'd taken the risk.

It's a fact, he was a nigger—ginger-bread coloured, and about half-blood, I guess—and I'm not one of those who hold by niggers, at any price. But if he'd been a stray, run-away dog, I'd have done the same by him. I'd seen a lynching once before down in this same State of Louisiana, and it made me sick even to think back at. There was a pyre of railroad ties built at the foot of a telegraph pole, and the nigger put on top of that and fastened to the pole with an ox-chain. And then they brought fire and hot irons. . . . . No, I can't repeat it. He had been a fiend; but all the wickedness on earth could not have merited that death.

And this mulatto who came to me, running from out of the forest, and told me his tale, and then slid to the ground and fainted through sheer exhaustion, would assuredly die under the same ghastly torture if he were caught. I knew the men who were after him: regular Southerners: excellent fellows to drink juleps with, or sit with and yarn round an electric fan in the club, but demons incarnate when they were on at this game. They honestly believed it necessary to their existence. The African element down there—in the Black Belt — outnumbered them by ten to one; the law was a mere derision; and nothing but the fiercest terrorism could keep the white man's end up. Probably they were right, because they had lived down there all their lives, and should know if anyone did; but my stomach rose at the thought when that yellow man pitched helpless before me amongst the palmetto bushes; and I made up my mind to get him away if the thing could be done.

So I gathered up the fish I had caught, and bundled them and my tackle and the mulatto into the bottom of the boat, and pulled off hastily down the *bayou* to where our steamer lay in the river's mouth. Not a soul was in sight, and the stilt-legged water-fowl fished quietly in the shallows. But, as it turned out, there was a fellow watching the whole proceeding with a glass, from a tree-top well inland. However, I didn't know that then, and got to the steamer feeling pretty complacent.

There was no one about. We were in the river loading timber; but a raft of 10,000 logs, which was to have come down to us that day, had stuck on a shallow some dozen miles farther up, and the skipper had taken all hands—our stokehold crew included—to try and get it down. The men had gone like birds. The game was as good as a holiday to them. But the *Paraguay* was left alone between the green walls of trees to swing at anchor in the stream.

"Now," said I to the mulatto, when I had got him on board, "don't you run away with any fancy notion of getting off scot-free. You own to having burnt down a house—you expect you have burnt up some people in it—

and you'll have to suffer the consequences. I shall hand you over to the proper authorities when I get a chance, and you'll be tried decently; and if you've earned the rope, you shall be hanged most respectably. You quite *sabe?*"

The fellow looked at me uneasily. "I thought, captain, you were going to help me escape," he said.

"Irresponsible lynchers, yes; the recognised law of the land, no. And, by the way, I'm not captain here. Second engineer's my rating, and McGregor's my name. So now you know."

"There's only one service you could do me, Mr. McGregor, and that's to put a bullet through my head."

"Nothing of the kind. I'm not that type of lunatic who cheats the gallows of its due. There's a spare room in the alley-way, where you'll be quite safe till the old man comes back. He'll know how to deal with you. So, till then, you must consider yourself in gaol. Come along now, without any fuss."

I took my man, and locked him in the empty cabin. It was very hot down there, though that couldn't be helped; but it was all made of iron, and safe as a bank's strong-room, which was a thing entirely desirable. Afterwards I went on the bridge-deck, and sat under the lee of the fiddley, and smoked, and thought over what the mulatto had said. His story seemed quite improbable, but the woman who flitted about through it interested me. The only annoying part was that, as the yarn was most probably a string of lies from beginning to end, she either did not exist at all, or else had not been treated as he so emphatically said. Coloured men don't, as a rule, entertain purely platonic affection for white women of surpassing beauty, nor do they risk a most barbarous death merely to place the lady they admire in the arms of a man of her own colour. The thing didn't seem to hang together anyhow, and the more I thought of it, the more I cursed the fates which had caused me to interfere. And that was my employment when the first batch of the visitors came.

There were two of them in a cat-boat, white men in white clothes, one steering with a scull, the other rowing furiously. They brought up with a swirl at the foot of the gangway ladder, and addressed me from there:—

"You've got a runaway nigger on board this steamboat."

"Oh," said I, "have we?"

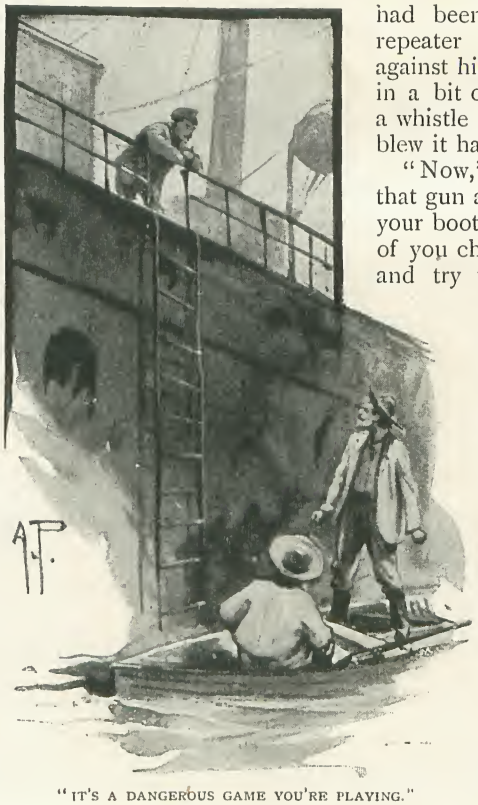
"Yes, sir," said the man in the stern; "so quit fooling and hand him up right now. We've business with that nigger, which I guess won't bear putting off. I reckon I'd better come up and fetch him myself."

"Now, hold on a bit," I said. "Are you the sheriff? And, if so, where's your warrant for arrest?"

"No, sirree, I'm not the sheriff; but I guess I'm a bigger man than him 'round here. If you want to see my warrant, it's here. Fifteen shot," he added.

He lifted a Marlin rifle suggestively. I noticed that the other man who had been sculling had also a repeater resting on the thwart against him. It was time to put in a bit of a bluff, so I clapped a whistle between my teeth, and blew it hard.

"Now," I said, "drop down that gun at once, or you'll die in your boots. We expected some of you chaps would come round and try this game, and so we made ready for you. There are three men, used to shooting, covering you this moment. You can't see them, but you'll feel them if I whistle again. Better do as you're bid, sir."



"IT'S A DANGEROUS GAME YOU'RE PLAYING."

He put down his Marlin as if it were a hot coal, and stood grinning at me nervously. I was lying for a man's life, and I did it stoutly.

"It's a dangerous game you're playing, sir," he said. "You know what's the penalty

of harbouring that yellow beast we come after? He's probably lied to you, and you don't understand; but I tell you, if ever a man deserved to die hard it's him. He's deliberately burnt down the house of Colonel Michel up this river, sir; and if we don't make an example of him, none of us will be safe. Our plantations would spout up in flames every time any brute of a nigger fancied he'd got an injury."

"I understood there was a woman mixed up in the case."

"That," said the man in the stern, "had nothing to do with your nigger. I guess she was no relation to him, although she has got a splash of colour in her from somewhere. And even if she had been the brute's own sister, you don't suppose a Southern gentleman like Colonel Michel would be responsible to a nigger for his actions? Of course, we'll admit the Colonel did carry her off, and I do own that young Lefanu was willing to forget his colour and marry the girl; and *he* was bred a gentleman, too, and owns a fine estate, though your English Cambridge has spoiled him. But he was properly treated. It wasn't right for him to have married her, white th ugh she was to look at. Once an African, always an African. You can't breed it out, sir. And it's a crime against society, sir, for one of our *caste* to enter into wedlock with anything that isn't white all through, from finger-nails to backbone."

"I've heard that before," I said; "but it seems rough on the poor girl."

"Oh, she'd have had a good enough berth of it, sir. And I dare say she'd have learnt to love the Colonel in time. He's a fine old Southern gentleman, sir."

"A fine old Southern blackguard," I rapped out. "Here, don't you reach for that rifle, or you'll die. Just you go back to your friends, and tell them I'd like to have burned down Colonel Michel's house with my own fingers."

He looked up at me with an ugly snarl. "I suppose you can guess, sir, you'll hear more of this. My friends who are waiting yonder up the *bayou* are gentlemen who are used to a fight, and they intend to have the nigger, even if they burn your steamboat to get him."

"Well," I said, "let them come, and let them try. She's flying light just now, and with the ladder hoisted up they'll have a twenty-foot climb up a smooth iron side before they come to hand-grips with us. And for the present, you sheer off; or you'll stay for good." I lifted the whistle to my lips, and they took the hint, and left me the worst scared man in that part of America.

I seemed to myself as good as lying on that bridge-deck shot dead, with the *Paraguay* spouting flames all round me. I knew the South well enough to know they'd be as good as their word. As soon as they found boats, I might expect a mob of fifty round me, fighting-bred and fighting-mad. I'd sooner have died than given up the mulatto after what I'd heard; but I could have danced with passion at the fix I found myself in.

The skipper and the other hands were not due for another six hours at the earliest, and I sat with my head in my fists and shivered to think of what they would find when they did come back. Then an idea came to me, and with a yell I ran below and let the prisoner out of his room.

"You're dazed," I cried, "but wake up and work now as you've never worked before. There's a small fire in the donkey-boiler, and you must set that burning and make steam till the plates are jumping, and the thing's fit to crack. Your life's hanging by the smallest kind of hair, and I tell you mine is, too; but we may save both if we're lucky. Oh, hump yourself, you yellow image, or I'll beat you to a jelly!"

The man ran off about his work, and I set on mine, rousing up great lengths of iron piping from below, bending them, coupling the joints, and casting off the tube which brought steam from the donkey-boiler to the fore-deck cargo winch. I flayed my hands, and sent the perspiration running from me in rivulets. A whole shopful of fitters could not have done the work in less time. I laboured like a man possessed; and I was possessed: the terror of death clung on me like a shell.

I toiled on till the breath left me, handling the nuts and the monkey-wrench like ten men, lifting an eye ever and again to where a thin feather of steam crawled out of the escape-pipe. Yes, the mulatto had done his share: would mine be completed in time? By a miracle, so it seemed, the last joint was made tight before the sloop which brought the lynchers down ground against the bottom grating of the ladder.

Not a head showed above the rail; but they came up with a rush, with their weapons ready, expecting an ambush. They were men with the pluck of dogs; but nothing human could have stood against what was brought to bear on them. I sprang to my feet and turned the cock, holding the jet directly down the ladder. The withering,

"THE WITHERING, SCALDING BLAST STRUCK THEM BACK."

scalding blast struck them, and drove them screaming back in the writhings of agony. It was steam at 150lb., and it burnt like molten metal.

"Throw every weapon you have into the river," I shouted, "or I will not leave a man of you alive"; and in their blind terror they did it instantly, those who were unhurt plucking the arms from those who were scalded. I kept the jet playing above them, so that a warm, grey cloud hung about the boat, and no man in her could tell that the flesh was safe on his bones for another minute.

"Get your sweeps," I ordered, "and row away to the place from which you came"; and they did that, and I sat on the deck planks, watching them till the sloop grew small in the distance, and at last joined the trees where the water ended.

Then I seemed to wake into common life again, and the horror of what I had been doing filled me like a meal. "Oh, heavens," I thought, "what kind of brute am I to break into other men's quarrels in this dreadful fashion?"

The men had come to put the mulatto to a lingering death, but it was not my place to act the judge and the executioner over them. I cried aloud that I had scorched them with the steam as a bare safe-guard for my own life; but even that did not satisfy me. I flung myself on the deck face downwards, and could have torn it with my nails. The silence which hung over the river beat down on me like the fists of men. It seemed hours that I lay there alone with this misery.

The squeal of a block made me look up. Another sloop was ranging up alongside.

"So they are coming again?" I thought, but made no movement to rise, lying sullenly where I was.

But of a sudden the mulatto jumped on the deck past me, and ran down the ladder. Then I heard cries of greeting, and directly *afterwards* a man and a girl came up and stood beside me. It was the man who spoke—Wilfred Lefanu, he said his name was — and he wrung my hand and covered me with all sorts of praises. He told me how the old *roué* Southern Colonel had carried off this girl, who had promised to be his wife; how, through her having some wandering grain of coloured blood in her veins, the country-side looked on at this with cool approval; how he himself was baffled and derided on all sides in his attempts to discover her whereabouts; and how the law of the land was a mere derision where a white man had harmed a woman who was not of the white race. He told me, too, how the mulatto (who was his servant) had found the girl in an extreme moment in Colonel Michel's house, and in despair of rescuing her any other way, had fired the building about the ears of twenty people, and shown her how to escape. And then he spoke of how the mulatto took to the swamps and the forest, and how the hunt was organized after him, as though the year was 1700 instead of 1893.

He told me all these things and others, with flashing detail, but I hardly heard a word of his speech. The girl who was with

"THE MULATTO HAD FIRED THE BUILDING, AND SHOWN HER HOW TO ESCAPE."

him filled my eyes. I could not look away from her. There never was such another in all the world. I can see her now—tallish and slender, yet carrying a generous figure; face, a transparent white, with pink colour rippling under the skin; eyes like a Mediterranean sky at its bluest; and, over all, hair silky and wavy, in colour like new-turned brass. They said she was a nigger, so it must have been so; but I swear no one would have guessed it for themselves, no, not even a bred and born Southerner.

My eyes hung on her, my ears picked up every word she said, and a feeling began to creep over me in warm, flushing waves that I had never known before. I understood then why that poor brute of a yellow man had risked his life to save her. He loved this woman, poor wretch, even as I could have loved her; but his love was a triumph of unselfishness. She was Lefanu's to the very last breath in her body: you could see that in a moment, by the way they looked at one another: and the yellow man by saving her had lost his only chance of gaining her for himself. He was content to be like her dog, to guard her, to fetch and carry, to be thankful for an odd word here and there: I could never have brought myself to that.

". . . The race prejudice in the Southern States is a thing impossible to get over, Mr. McGregor; and though she is as white as you see, she could never live comfortably here. To-morrow we shall be married, and within the week we shall sail for Europe, never to come back. Of course, this poor, faithful fellow, whom you have so nobly guarded from those fiends, will come with us." It was Mr. Lefanu who was talking. I heard this much, and then again my eyes strayed back to the girl's face, and I lost the rest. They said that minutes were precious to them; and I believe we all shook hands. The yellow man must have said something, too. And then they all went off in the sloop.

I watched it bob over the river bar, and waved my greasy cap to a handkerchief that fluttered from the stern, and then watched on till the hull sank and the canvas grew small in the lagoon beyond. They were heading for where the cypress trees ran in a line across the sea, and the gulf surf made white sand out of the branching coral. Out there the curse of colour might be a thing forgotten.

The sun drooped, and the setting of it painted the sloop with a wash of crimson glory. And then the light went out, quick as the shutting down of a box, and with the new darkness came a hail from up the river.

It brought me back to earth with a thud and a singing in the ears. Our men were coming back from their work on the log-raft. I wondered what sort of a tale I had got to tell the captain.

Baby Incubators.

By James Walter Smith.

DR. ALEXANDRE LION.
From a Photo. by Bellingard, Lyons.

"THE little darlings!"

They were indeed darlings, and they were not cats, pug-dogs, calves, or pigs, but babies — babies just big enough to put in your pocket, yet strong enough to emit a shrill wail that pierced through the glass doors of their metal houses, and compelled the nurses to hurry in hot haste. And when the nurses opened the glass doors to take the clean and chubby youngsters out, with blankets over their bald heads to keep the dear little things from catching cold, the nurses kissed and snuggled them as if they had been their very own.

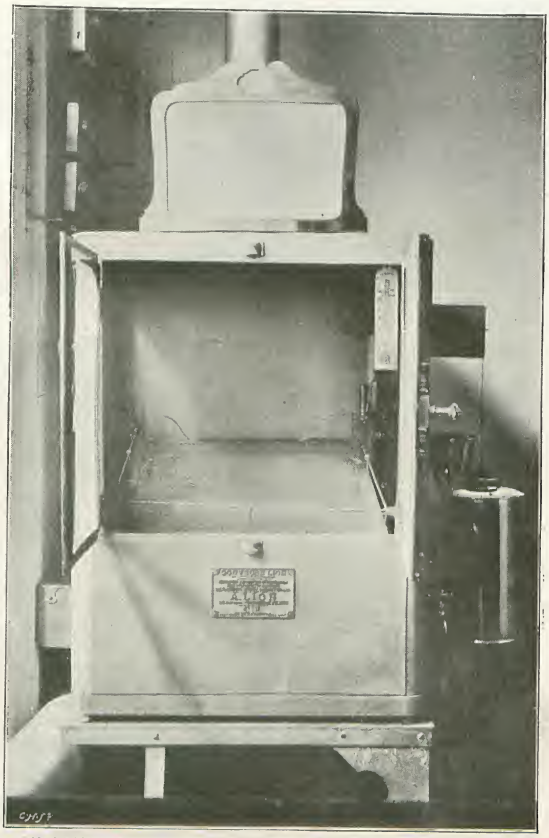
These rosy babes and their attentive nurses are to be found at 26, Boulevard Poissonière, Paris, one of the many establishments which a philanthropic physician, Dr. Alexandre Lion, of Nice, has created for the saving of infant life. The long French sign over the door, which stands out prominently in our photograph, may be roughly translated "The Baby Incubator Charity," and the entrance-fee of fifty centimes, which visitors are asked to pay, goes for the support of the babes inside. Since the first of this year, over fifty thousand men and women have passed through the little door, and have marvelled, not only at the cleanness and domesticity of the place, but at the astonishing results of Dr. Lion's work.

From the beginning of time there has been a legend that little babies are sent from Heaven. Unfortunately, however, some babies are sent before they are quite expected, and others, even though they are sent at the proper time, are too weak to fight the battle of life. In the words of the medical books, they are unable, in the early days of their existence, to resist the variations of atmospheric temperature. Frail and feeble, there is nothing left for the poor little tots to do except to die. That is to say, there *was* nothing—for it is these weakly children whom Dr. Lion has been keeping alive ever since he invented his "couveuse," or incubator, in 1891.

THE BABY INCUBATOR CHARITY AT 26, BOULEVARD POISSONIÈRE, PARIS.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

From a] INTERIOR, SHOWING THE INCUBATORS, BABIES, AND NURSES. [Photograph.

In the Paris establishment there are at least a dozen of these incubators, and each is occupied with a baby whose one aim in living seems to be to drink milk. A glance at the photograph reproduced at the top of this page will give an idea of the interior arrangement of the establishment, with its shining incubators placed against the wall in orderly row, its line of motherly-looking nurses ready to run upon the slightest cry to the bundle of animation inside, and the happy proprietor at the back. The picture of the incubator shows the inside and outside construction of a marvellously simple invention. It rests upon an iron stand; inside is a finely-woven wire spring suspended easily from the sides, upon which a mattress is placed for baby to lie on. Below the spring is a spiral pipe, through which a current of warm water continually runs. The water is heated by a lamp placed under the cylindrical boiler at the right-hand side, and the warm air circulates all around the baby, a thermometer in the corner showing the temperature. An ingenious apparatus regulates the temperature automatically, and augments or diminishes, according to special needs, the strength of the heat current.



INTERIOR OF INCUBATOR, SHOWING WIRE SPRING UPON WHICH THE MATTRESS AND BABY REST.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

"The ventilation," says Dr. Lion, "is afforded by a specially arranged pipe, which carries into the lower part of the incubator a jet of purified and filtered air. After its course through the couveuse, it goes out through the pipe at the top, and the little fan which you see indicates, by its

THE BABY IN THE INCUBATOR.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

was explaining that the incubator could be heated with gas, oil, electricity, methylated spirits, or any other fuel, he was interrupted by a most mournful wail from one of the incubators. "Healthy cry!" said the Doctor. "Wants something to eat." And before the words were out of his mouth, the insignificant lump that had been disturbing the neighbourhood was hustled out of its hot-house into a glass-windowed apartment at the rear called the "Salle d'Allaitement," or, in nice English, "baby's dining-room." As soon as the nurse was inside the dining-room, where scales, weights, bottles, mattresses, tables, and powder-boxes were arranged in orderly profusion, she took off the blanket that covered baby's head, and by a series of quick movements and a most wonderful manipulation of the powder-puff, brought the youngster to a state of immaculate perfection. The baby didn't like it one bit, although any man would have sworn the thing was done nicely. He kicked, cried, and executed gymnastics that would have made a professional blush; but he was conquered at last. This interesting operation — which, like the bearded lady in the circus, was "alone worth the price of admission" — took place on a padded table, and when it was over the

rotation, the force of the air current." In our photograph this fan is not shown, but it is placed at the summit of the pipe leading from the top of the couveuse. "It is necessary," continued the Doctor, "that the air should be constantly circulating, and that the temperature inside the couveuse should be carefully regulated."

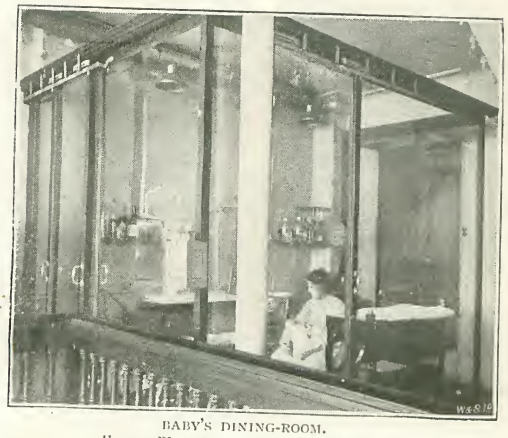
While Dr. Lion

From a Photo. by] WEIGHING THE BABY. *[George Newnes, Limited.*

baby got what it had been crying for. It was milk—pure, good, wholesome mother's milk—and lots of it.

Every morning before breakfast baby is weighed for the benefit of statistics. A new baby *ought* to weigh between six and seven pounds, but many reared by Dr. Lion have weighed much less. Pound babies rarely survive, even with the utmost care. The temperature of a normal baby is nearly always below 37deg. Centigrade, and still lower the earlier the baby comes.

From a] SPOON FOR FEEDING THROUGH THE NOSE. *[Photograph.*



BABY'S DINING-ROOM.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

"And the incubator, by artificial means, increases the baby's vitality, and stimulates the weak organs of his body?"

"Yes. But it is absolutely necessary that the baby should be placed in the couveuse immediately. Every minute that it is exposed to the variations of temperature its chances of life diminish. An early child rarely dies if it is exempt from hereditary disease and weighs not less than two pounds and three ounces."

After this astounding statement of fact, the Doctor put his hand on the top of the incubator and took down a curiously shaped spoon—a long bit of silver with a bowl terminating in a folded point. "When our little ones are too weak to swallow naturally, we feed them through the nose. The nurse places the milk in the spoon, puts it to the baby's nose, and the baby breathes it in drop by drop. This method of feeding, however, is rarely necessary for more than two or three weeks. Sometimes we feed it by means of a tube, attached to the nurse, and placed in the baby's mouth. In both cases, the baby is relieved of the labour of drawing in the milk, yet gets its healthful supply of food."

Each baby is fed every two hours, and the number of squeals which I heard during the half-day that I spent with Dr. Lion and his rosy children showed me that babies, like bigger mortals, have an unerring idea of dinner-hours. The clever nurses had evidently hit upon the excellent plan of feeding the children at different times, in order that they might wake up in rotation. It would have upset the whole system if they had all squealed at once. Just as soon as they were fed, they were carried back to the incubators, with the inevitable blankets over their heads, and placed comfortably on the soft bedding, where they quickly sank to rest.

The use of the blanket is one evidence of the extreme care which Dr. Lion gives to his little charges. The temperature of the incubator is naturally higher than the temperature of the outside room, and, in the case of

From a] FEEDING BABY THROUGH THE NOSE. *[Photograph.*

the premature babies, is maintained at a degree approximate to the temperature of the baby at the end of six, seven, or eight months, as the case may be. The temperature of the "dining-room" is about 25deg. Centigrade, or as near as possible to the temperature of the incubator as the nurses can stand. When our photographer went into the dining-room to photograph the weighing of the baby, he stuck manfully to his labours, but came out with huge beads upon his brow. "Phew!" he cried, and Doctor Lion laughed, saying, "The nurses themselves have to get used to it."

While the photograph was being taken, a bright-eyed, curly-headed child was running about the room, the picture of health and buoyant life. "This," said the Doctor, lifting "la petite," as he called her, to his shoulder, "is one of our prize-babies. She is now four years and a half old, and she came into the world two months before she was expected. We put her in the incubator, and kept her there until she was nine months, and here she is now, a plump little chick that her mother wouldn't part with for all the world."

LITTLE JULIE, AGED 4½ YEARS, WHO WAS PLACED IN AN INCUBATOR AT SEVEN MONTHS.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

Above each incubator is a chart on which the temperature and weight of the babies are recorded each day, from the moment of their arrival to their departure. The card which we reproduce tells the story of a baby which made its appearance no less than two months and a half before it was looked for, and entered the incubator at once. The weight was slightly over two pounds, and the temperature of the body 34deg. Centigrade. As

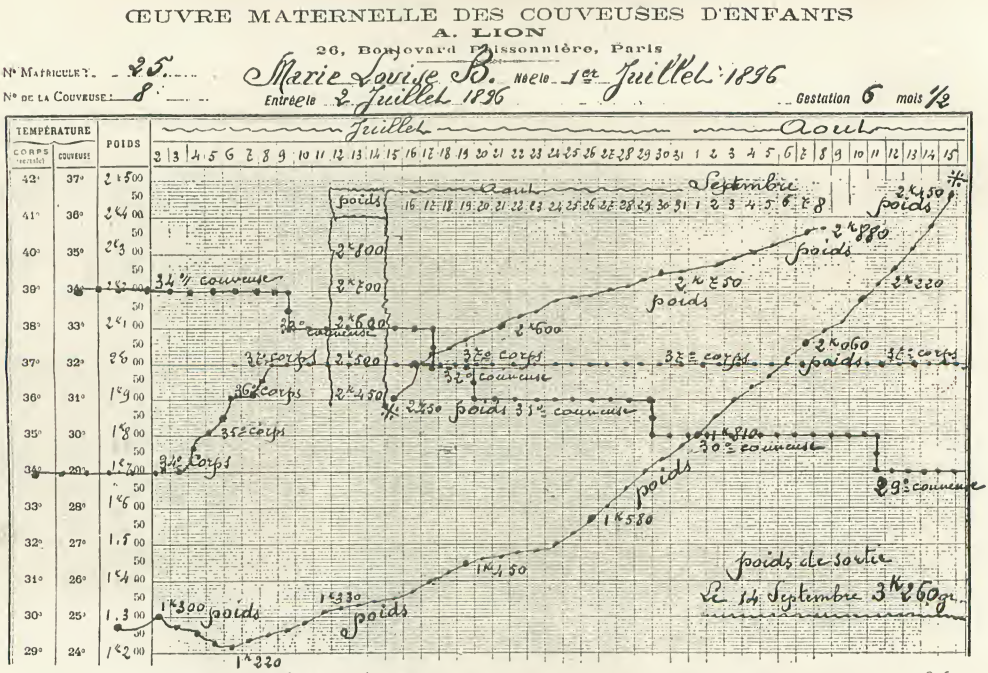


CHART SHOWING GROWTH OF A 6½ MONTHS' BABY GIRL FROM 2LB. 12OZ. TO SLIGHTLY OVER 7LB., FROM JULY 2, 1896, TO SEPTEMBER 14, 1896.

may be seen from the dark and dotted line at the foot of the card, the baby fell slightly in weight for four days, when it suddenly took a turn for the better and rapidly increased until, at the middle of September, it had reached the weight of over seven pounds. The baby then left the establishment, having reached the weight of a normal child. The chart also shows the fluctuations in body temperature and the temperatures at which the incubator was kept on each day that the baby remained. At first, the card, with its French wording and weights, is a little confusing, but it is well worth study, as showing the success with which a seemingly doomed baby may be saved from death.

It is a fact that out of the 850,000 French children that come to the world each year, at least 130,000 perish quickly because they have come too soon. The "baby incubator" has already proved its ability to reduce this monstrous number of deaths. "The success of the system," said Dr. Lion, "has been beyond my greatest hopes. At Nice, near where I was born, and where the charity was first started, I took 185 children in three years, and out of these, 137 were saved. This means that 72 per cent. of children who, in the natural course of things, would have died, have been spared to their mothers. A remarkable photograph of a group of babies reared at Nice in the couveuses was taken in April, 1894. All the babies came before their time. Since last January, we have had sixty-two babies in the Paris couveuses, and of these eleven have died. Six of the eleven weighed less than two pounds, and their cases were almost hopeless. The others were brought in too late. They had caught a chill."

"And why do you call your establishment a charity?"

"Because the incubators are placed at the disposal of the poor without cost. At Nice, the municipality has granted us money for the support of the establishment, and a large number of charitable ladies contribute money regularly. In Paris we depend upon the fee for admission to pay the nurses and other expenses. Each nurse gets sixty francs a month, with her lodging, clothes, and meals found, and each nurse takes care of three babies. The nurses remain for six months, and new nurses, whom I am constantly looking for and training, take the vacant places. Black women often take care of white babies,

From a Photo. by] GROUP OF BABIES REARED IN INCUBATORS AT NICE. *[Règis, Nice.*

A BABY BOY, SAVED BY AN INCUBATOR AT NICE.
From a Photo. by Guarnero, Nice.

and white women take care of black babies, as occasion requires."

The Doctor also said that people who could afford to pay for the support of their little ones were charged a fixed sum, and that all children, irrespective of poverty or wealth, were under regular medical supervision. The incubators have also been placed in the Paris hospitals, and arrangements have been made for their introduction into homes where mothers do not care to be separated from their babies. For the installation of the apparatus, in Paris, the cost is sixty francs a month. In London, the cost is about four pounds a month: but, as yet, few incubators have been sent to England.

A BABY GIRL, SAVED BY AN INCUBATOR AT LYONS.
From a Photo. by Monnet & Damoiseau, Lyons.

At the present moment, the "Baby Incubator Pavilion" at the Berlin Exposition is the most attractive exhibit in the enormous building. In two months, over 100,000 people have visited it, more than 6,000 women having seen it in three days. The medical professors of Berlin are now collecting funds for the support of a permanent establishment in the German capital, similar to the one in Paris. There are already permanent "charities" in Bordeaux, Marseilles, Lyons, and Nice, and before next year has passed, Brussels and London will have establishments of their own.

Again we were interrupted by that long, shrill cry for milk. "It's always the same," said the Doctor. "No sooner do the youngsters get asleep than they dream of their food and wake up!"

Again the dumpy infant was hurried to the dining-room, where the nurse tickled him with a feather, kissed him, and made him laugh. Then, while he was lying bare and kicking on the table, the Doctor handed me three photographs, reproduced on this page.

"Just *look* at the fat on that black baby," he said.

NEGRO BABY GIRL, SAVED BY AN INCUBATOR AT BORDEAUX.
From a Photo. by Henry, Bordeaux.

THE NECKLACE of TEARS.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN

By Mrs. Egerton Eastwick.

ONCE, many years ago, there lived in Ombrelande a most beautiful Princess. Now, Ombrelande is a country which still exists, and in which many strange things still happen, although it is not to be found in any map of the world that I know of.

The Princess, at the time the story begins, was little more than a child, and while her growing beauty was everywhere spoken of, she was unfortunately still more noted for her selfish and disagreeable nature. She cared for nothing but her own amusement and pleasure, and gave no thought to the pain she sometimes inflicted on others in order to gratify her whims. It must be mentioned, however, as an excuse for her heartlessness, that, being an only child, she had been spoilt from her babyhood, and always allowed to have her own way, while those who thwarted her were punished.

One day the Princess Olga, that was her name, escaped from her governess and attendants, and wandered into the wood which joined the gardens of the palace. It was her fancy to be alone; she would not even allow her faithful dachshund to bear her company.

The air was soft with the coming of spring; the sun was shining, the songs of the birds were full of gratitude and joy; the most lovely flowers, in all imaginable hues, turned the earth into a jewelled nest of verdure.

Olga threw herself down on a bank, bright with green moss and soft as a downy pillow. The warmth and her wanderings had already wearied her. She had neglected her morning studies, and left her singing-master waiting for her in despair in the music-room of the palace, that she might wander into the wood, and already the pleasure was gone.

She threw herself down on the bank and wished she was at home. There was one thing, however, of which she never tired, and that was her own beauty: so now, having nothing to do, and finding the world and the morning exceedingly tiresome and tame and dull, she unbound her long golden hair, and

spread it all around her like a carpet over the moss and the flowers, that she might admire its softness and luxuriance, by way of a change.

She held up the yellow meshes in her hands and drew them through her fingers, laughing to see the golden lights that played among the silky waves in the sunlight; then she fell to admiring the small white hands which held the treasure, holding them up against the light to see their almost transparent delicacy, and the pretty rose-pink lines where the fingers met. Certainly she made a charming picture, there in the sunshine among the flowers: the picture of a lovely innocent child, if she had been less vain and self-conscious.

Presently she heard a slight rustle of boughs behind her, and looking round she saw that she was no longer alone. Not many paces away, gazing at her with admiring wonder, stood a youth in the dress of a beggar, and over his shoulder looked the face of a young girl, which Olga was forced to acknowledge as lovely as her own. Now, the forest was the private property of the King, and the presence of these poor-looking people was certainly an intrusion.

"What are you doing here?" said Olga, haughtily. "Don't you know that you are trespassing? This wood belongs to the King, and is forbidden to tramps and beggars."

"We are no beggars, lady," said the youth. He spoke with great gentleness, but his voice was strong and sweet as a deep-toned bell. "To us no land is forbidden—and we own allegiance to no one."

"My father will have you put in prison," said Olga, angrily. "What is your name?"

"My name is Kasih."

"And that girl behind you—she is hiding—why does she not come forward?"

"It is Kasukah—my sister," he said, looking round with a smile; "she is shy, and frightened, perhaps."

"What outlandish names! You must be gipsies," said Olga, rudely, "and perhaps thieves."

"Indeed, lady, you are mistaken—on the contrary, it is in our power to bestow upon you many priceless gifts. But we have travelled far to find you, and are weary; only bid us welcome—let us go with you to the castle to rest—Kasukah——"

"How dare you speak so to me?" interrupted Olga, in a fury. "To the castle, indeed—what are you thinking of? There is a poor-house somewhere, I have heard the people say, maintained by my father's bounty out of the taxes—you can go there. Go at once—or——"

She raised the little silver-handled dog-whip which hung at her girdle. To do her

"GO AT ONCE."

justice, she was no coward. Kasukah had quite disappeared; the boy stood alone, looking at Olga with sad, reproachful eyes. For a moment she thought what a pity he was so poor and shabby; he had the face and bearing of a king. But she was too proud to change her tone.

"Or what?" he said.

"I will drive you away," she said, defiantly. Still Kasih did not move, and the next moment she had struck him smartly across the cheek with the whip.

He made no effort at self-defence or retaliation, only it seemed to her that she herself felt the pain of the wound. For a few instants she saw his sorrowful face grown white and stern, and the red, glowing scar which her whip had caused; then, like Kasukah, he seemed to vanish, and disappeared among the trees, while where he had stood a sunbeam crossed the grass.

Olga felt rather scared. She had been certainly very audacious, and it was odd that the boy should have shown no resentment. After all, she rather wished she had asked both him and his sister to stay, they might have proved amusing.

However, it was too late now; she could not call them back; so she thought she would return to the castle, she was beginning to feel hungry. So she went leisurely home, and, for the remainder of the day, proved a little more tractable than usual. She did not forget Kasih and his sister, and for a time wondered if they would ever seek her again; but the months went by and she saw them no more.

Now, as Olga grew older, of course the question arose of finding for her a desirable husband. And one suitor came and another, but none pleased her; and, indeed, more than one highly eligible young Prince was frightened away by her haughty manners and violent temper.

The truth was, that in secret she had not forgotten the face of Kasih, and she sometimes told herself that if she could find among her suitors one who was at all like him, and was also rich and powerful enough to give her all she desired in other ways, him she would choose. Kasih was certainly very handsome, in spite of his beggar's clothes; and suitably dressed, he would have been quite adorable. Also, it would be delightful to find a husband with such a gentle, yielding disposition, who never thought of resenting anything she said or did.

And one day a suitor came to the palace who really made her heart beat a little faster than usual at first; he was so like the lost Kasih. But unfortunately he was only the younger son of a Royal Duke, and could offer her nothing better than a small, insignificant Principality and an income hardly sufficient to pay her dressmaker's bills. So it was no use thinking about him, and he was dismissed with the others. Olga's father began to think his daughter would never find all she required in a husband, but would remain for ever in the ancestral castle: as every year she grew more disagreeable, the prospect did not afford him entire satisfaction.

At length, however, appeared a very powerful Prince, who peremptorily demanded her hand. He was a big, strong man, and carried on his wooing in such a masterful manner that even Olga was a little afraid of him. At the same time he loaded her with jewels and beautiful presents of all kinds, brought from his own country. He was said to possess fabulous wealth; and, partly because she feared him, and partly because of her pride and ambition, haughty Olga surrendered and promised to become his wife. Having once gained her consent, Hazil would brook no delay.

The date was immediately fixed, and the grandest possible preparations made for the wedding. No expense was spared, innumerable guests were invited, while those less favoured among the people came from far and near to see the bride's wedding clothes and to bring her presents. Indeed, the King of Ombrelande was forced to add a new suite of rooms to the castle to contain the wedding gifts and display them to the best advantage.

Such a sight as the bridal train had never been seen before, for it was spangled all over with diamonds so closely that Olga when she moved looked like a living jewel—and her veil was sprinkled with diamond dust, which sparkled like myriads of tiny stars.

The evening before the wedding day Olga sat alone in her chamber, thinking of the magnificence that awaited her, also a little of Hazil, the bridegroom. She had that day seen Hazil, in a passion, punish, with his own hands, a servant for disobedience, and the sight had displeased her. It had been an ugly and unpleasant exhibition, but worse than all, the sight of the poor man's wounds had recalled that livid mark across the fair cheek of Kasih which she herself had wrought. The boy's gentle face, which had become so stern when they parted, the laughing eyes of Kasukah, quite haunted her

to-night. She thought she would like to make amends for her rudeness; if she knew where they were, she would ask brother and sister to her wedding. And just as she was so thinking, a soft tap sounded at the door, and before she could ask who was there (she thought it must surely be the Queen, her mother, come to bid her a last good-night, and felt rather displeased at the interruption) the door opened, and a stranger entered the room.

Olga saw a tall figure, draped from head to foot in a soft darkness that shrouded her like a cloud, obscuring even her face.

"Who are you?" said Olga, "and what do you want in my private apartments? Who dared admit you without my leave?"

"I asked admittance of no one, for none can refuse me or bar my way," answered the stranger, in a voice like the sighing of soft winds at night. "My name is Kasuhama—I am the foster-sister of Kasukah and Kasih, of whom you were just now thinking, and I come to bring you a wedding gift."

She withdrew her veil slightly as she spoke, and Olga saw a pale, serene face, sorrowful in expression, and framed with snow-white hair, but yet bearing a likeness, that was like a memory, to Kasih and Kasukah.

"I wish," said Olga, petulantly, "that Kasih had brought it to-morrow and been present at our feast. I would have seen that he was properly attired for the occasion. Your sad face is hardly suitable for a wedding feast. Shall I ever see him again?"

"As to that, I cannot answer," said Kasuhama, gravely; "but your wedding is no place either for him or Kasukah. As for me—I go everywhere. I am older in appearance than the others, you see, though, in reality, it is not so. But that is because they have immortal souls and I have none. The time will come when I must bid them farewell. We but journey together for a time."

The air of the room seemed to have become strangely chill and cold, and Olga shivered. "I am tired," she said, "and I wish to rest. Will you state your business and leave me?"

Experience had made her less abruptly rude than when she dismissed Kasih in the wood; also this cold, pale, soulless woman struck her with something like awe.

"Yes—I will say farewell to you now. In the future you will know me better and perhaps learn not to fear me—but I will leave with you the present I came to bring."

"I COME TO BRING YOU A WEDDING GIFT."

She held out a necklace of pearls more wonderful than even Olga had ever seen. They were large and round, lustrous and fair, but as Olga took them in her hands it seemed to her that, in their mysterious depths, each jewel held imprisoned a living soul.

"Wear them," said Kasuhama; "by them you will remember me."

Almost involuntarily Olga raised her hands and fastened the necklace around her slender throat. The clasps just met, and the pearls glistened like dewdrops on her bosom—or were they tears?

But in the centre of the necklace was a vacant space.

"There is one lost!" she said.

"Not lost, but missing," answered Kasuhama, softly. "One day the place will be filled, and the necklace will be complete." And with these words she waved her hand to Olga, and drawing her dusky veil around her, quitted the room as quietly as she had entered.

The ceremonies of the following day passed off without let or hindrance, and Olga, dazzled by her grandeur, would have thought little of her visitor of the previous night—would indeed have believed the

incident a dream, a trick of the imagination —but for the necklace. It still circled her throat, for her utmost efforts proved unavailing to unfasten the clasps, and everyone stared and marvelled at the wonderful pearls which seemed endowed with a curious fascination.

Only Prince Hazil was displeased; for he could not bear his bride to wear jewels not his gift, and that outshone by their lustre any he could produce; also, he was jealous of the unknown giver. When the wedding was over, and they were travelling away to the distant castle where the first weeks of Olga's new life were to be spent, he tried to take the jewels from their resting-place. Olga smiled, for she knew that even his great strength would be unavailing, and so it proved; and although on reaching their destination Hazil sent for all the Court jewellers, neither then nor at any other time could the most experienced among them loosen Kasuhama's magic gift from its place.

The months rolled by, and Olga reigned a Queen in her husband's country, but her life was a sad one. Hazil was often cruel, and it seemed as though he were bent upon heaping upon her all the contumely and harshness she had shown to others. Still her proud spirit refused to yield. She met him with defiance in secret, and openly bore herself with so much cold haughtiness that

"HE TRIED TO TAKE THE JEWELS FROM THEIR RESTING-PLACE."

no one dared to hint at her trouble, much less to offer her any sympathy.

But when alone in her chamber she saw again the faces of Kasih and Kasukah; but more often that of Kasuhama. For the necklace was still there to remind her; the pearls still shone with mysterious, undimmed lustre; indeed, they seemed to grow more numerous, and to be woven into more delicate and intricate designs, as time went on. Still, however, the place for the central jewel remained unfilled. Often Olga herself tried with passionate, almost agonizing, effort to break their fatal chain, for every day their weight grew heavier, until she seemed to bear fetters of iron about her fair throat, and when the pearls touched her, they burned as though the iron were molten.

Still, in public they were universally admired, and gratified vanity enabled her to bear the pain and inconvenience without open complaint.

But one day was placed in her arms another treasure—a beautiful living child, and she was so fair that they called her Pearl, but the Queen hated the name. The child, however, found a soft place in Hazil's rough nature; indeed, he idolized her; but Olga rarely saw her little daughter, and left her altogether to the care of the nurses and attendants.

So little Pearl grew very fragile, and had a wistful look in her blue eyes, as though waiting for something that never came; for in her grand nurseries and among all her beautiful playthings she found no mother-love to perfect and nourish her life.

And all this time Olga had seen no more of Kasih or Kasukah: had, indeed, almost forgotten what their faces were like. But one night, at the close of a grand entertainment, she was summoned in haste to the nursery. The Court physician came to tell her that little Pearl was ill.

Olga was very weary. Never had the necklace seemed so heavy a burden as that night, or the Court functions so endless. She rose, however, and followed the physician at once. Hazil, the King, was far away, visiting a distant part of his great territory; he would be terribly angry if anything went wrong with little Pearl during his absence.

She reached the room where the child lay on her lace-covered pillows, very white and small, but with a happy smile on her tiny face, a happy light in her blue eyes, which looked satisfied at last. But Olga knew that the smile was not for her, that the child did not recognise her, would never know her any more.

"THE STRANGER LIFTED THE LITTLE FORM IN HIS ARMS."

Someone else stood beside the couch: a stranger with bent head and loving, outstretched arms, and little Pearl prattled in baby language of playthings and flowers and sunlight and green fields. Olga drew near and watched, helpless and terrified, with a strange despair at her heart. And soon the little voice grew weaker—but the happy smile deepened as the blue eyes closed.

And there was a great silence in the nursery. The stranger lifted the little form in his arms, and as he raised his head Olga saw his face, and she knew that it was Kasih come at last, for across his cheek still glowed the red line of the wound which her hand had dealt many years before. His eyes met hers with the same stern sadness of reproach as when they had parted—then she remembered no more.

When the Queen recovered from her swoon they told her that her little daughter was dead; but she knew that Kasih had taken her. She said no word, and showed few signs of grief, but remained outwardly proud and cold, though her heart was wrung with a pain and fear she could not understand. She was full of wrath against Kasih, who, she thought, had taken this way of avenging the old insult she had offered him. Yet the sorrowful look in his eyes haunted her.

The pearls about her neck pressed upon her with a heavier weight, and in her sleep she saw them as in a vision, and in their depths she discerned strange pictures: faces she had known years ago and long since forgotten, the faces of those whom her pride and harshness had caused to suffer, who had appealed to her for love and pity and were denied.

And then in her dream she understood that the pearls were in truth the tears of those she had made sorrowful, kept and guarded by Kasih in his treasure-house, but given to her by Kasuhama to be her punishment.

Before many days had passed, the King Hazil returned, and when he learned that his little daughter was dead, he summoned the Queen to his presence. Olga went haughtily, for she dared not altogether disobey. Then Hazil loaded her with reproaches, and in his anger he told her many, many hard things, and the words sank deep into her heart. It seemed, presently, that she could bear no more, and hardly knowing what she did, she cast herself at his feet and prayed for mercy.

She asked him to remember that the child had been hers also—that she had loved it. But Hazil, in his bitterness, laughed in her face and told her she was a monster, that it was for lack of her love that the child had died; that she had never loved anything—not even herself. He turned away to nurse his own grief, and Olga dragged herself up and went away to the silent room, and knelt by the little couch where she had seen Kasih take away her child.

And there at length the blessed tears fell, for she was humbled at last, and sorry, and quite desolate and alone. And it seemed to her that through her tears she once more saw Kasih, and that he held towards her the little Pearl, more beautiful than ever, and the child put its arms about her neck, and she was comforted.

Well, from that day the life of the Queen was changed. When next she looked at the pearl necklace she found that a jewel, more beautiful than any of the others, had been added to it; and she knew that the tear of her humiliation had filled the vacant place.

And henceforth she often saw the face of Kasih: near the bed of the dying, beside all who needed consolation, kindness, and love, there she met him constantly. Near him sometimes she caught a glimpse of bright Kasukah, but for a while, more often of Kasuhama.

The face of the white-haired sister, however, had grown very gentle and kind, and she whispered of a time when Kasukah should take her place for ever—for Love and Joy are eternal, but Sorrow has an end. And with every act of unselfish kindness and love that the Queen Olga performed the weight and burden of the necklace grew less, until the day that it fell from her of its own accord, and she was able to give it back to Kasuhama. And Hazil, the King, seeing how greatly Olga was changed, in time grew gentle towards her, and loved her; for Kasuhama softened his heart.

The Likenesses of Jesus Christ.

How Far They are Authentic.

By Alexander Cargill.

WERE it possible to imagine the non-existence of every scrap of Holy Writ—of everything, in fact, in the broad domain of literature appertaining to the subject of the life, character, and personality of Jesus Christ while He dwelt among the sons of men some nineteen centuries ago, there would nevertheless remain in the realm of art more than ample material from which the purport and significance of His mission to mankind could be fully and freely understood.

For, since the dawn of the Christian Era, no theme has commanded such universal regard and reverence, or evoked such extraordinary enthusiasm and interest in the great world of art as that of Our Lord's life and death, with their all-momentous sequel. The subject has, indeed, ever had the strongest fascination for the highest artistic genius of man in almost every civilized country under the sun. The greatest painters and sculptors the world has ever known — Raphael and Rubens, Michael Angelo and Guido, for example — were unquestionably those who derived their noblest inspiration from it, and who, by its intense suggestiveness, were enabled to accomplish their proudest achievements. So very evident is this fact that, of itself, it would appear to bear testimony, were such needed, to the marvellous significance with which the subject is invested, showing how it has, not only in art, but also in literature, in its many forms, through all the centuries that have elapsed since Jesus Christ lived in the flesh, engrossed the highest intellects that have been born to bless mankind. The chief end and aim of art in this lofty sphere has, however, been directed towards Christ Himself and His likeness.

NO. I.—SKETCH OF OUR LORD—ATTRIBUTED TO ST. PETER.

To depict the lineaments of Him as He appeared in the more enthralling acts in that great drama of which He was the central figure for fully thirty-three years — this has been the highest ambition of innumerable artists for these many centuries. And now, looking back on the work of some of the more illustrious of those artists, in this special department, which, by the events of that drama, acquired newer and vaster limits than it had prior to the time of Christ, what do we find? We find that all through its history, art has been true to the exalted character and mission of Jesus Christ, and has invariably striven to express its conceptions of both in a spirit so far, humanly speaking, commensurate with their supreme dignity and splendour.

If, in the sphere of literature, fresh versions of the life of Our Lord and new studies of His character are ever and again given to the world with the more or less manifest design of founding some new theory *against* that character, especially in regard to its claim to a Divine origin and authority, it is rare indeed to find throughout the entire domain of art any attempt to depart from a certain originally conceived type or representation of His likeness. In a word, while notable writers like Renan, Strauss, Seely, and others have endeavoured, each after his own method, to deny to Christ those special attributes which it has ever been the aim of the greatest exponents of art to vindicate and set forth with their utmost ingenuity and pictorial skill, no disparager worthy of the name has yet arisen in the ranks of the world's great artists to attempt anything like a travesty of His life and character, or even to depict these *minus* their Divine aspect.

NO. 2.—THE ST. VERONICA IMAGE.

It is true that in the early ages of the Christian Church what might be called caricatures of the image or likeness of its Founder were by no means unknown. For example, His effigy, generally represented by an admixture of some gross Pagan fancy and grotesque *anti*-Christian symbol, is said to have been largely in circulation about the year 60 or 70 A.D. But these and such-like mock-portraits of Our Lord do not in the least discount the interest of the fact that, though there have been many disbelievers in, and detractors of, Him in almost every age that has elapsed since the time when He Himself was a "human inhabitant," the noblest efforts of art have, amid all its vicissitudes, ever found in Christ and His transcendent career themes for the very highest reaches of attainment.

NO. 3. — ANCIENT HEBREW MEDAL—SHOWING PROFILE LIKENESS OF CHRIST (ABOUT THE FIRST CENTURY).

Of course, as a set-off against this, it might perhaps be argued that, since it is not within the province of art to be otherwise than true to Nature, there is nothing so very extraordinary after all in the fact that no artist should have ever attempted a pictorial heterodoxy or untruth in depicting a likeness of Jesus Christ. But we have only to ponder for a moment on the many vicissitudes in the history of art, especially during the early centuries of the Christian Era, and to reflect how, often contemporary with those vicissitudes, the Christian Church itself suffered grave eclipse, and the name of Jesus Christ was covered with the blackest obloquy, to marvel at the manner in which His likeness has all through been preserved, as it were, inviolate and kept true to the originally conceived type.

In this respect, at all events, the likeness of Our Lord is the most remarkable likeness of any being that has ever been created to be treasured and reverenced, if not worshipped. And yet, after all, what is to be said with regard to the *genuineness* of such a likeness? Was there, it will be asked, ever a *real likeness* of Jesus Christ, taken from the life? It is to be feared that the latter question must be answered by a reluctant negative. But that the countenance of Christ, as usually conceived, is by no means wholly imaginary, is highly probable—*how* probable it is the object of this article to demonstrate.

It has been estimated that there are in existence at the present time something like 3,000 different examples of the likeness of Christ, all more or less worthy of mention. The number of those done by the "master hands" of genius does not, however, exceed 150 or thereby. A full list of these would

NO. 4.—LEGENDARY LIKENESS OF CHRIST—ATTRIBUTED TO ST. LUKE.

be of great interest, but we can only refer to a few of the best-known examples. Is it not a most extraordinary fact that those 3,000 individual likenesses are all, without exception, simply and absolutely *ideal* likenesses? Yet such is the fact; for, as regarded by us to-day, Our Lord's likeness must be considered as almost entirely the result of an evolution of a traditional idea or conception of Him.

Having departed from the eyes of men without leaving any authentic portrait of Himself behind as a memento or token, symbols of His beneficent life and work, and, also, of His tragic death, were by-and-by devised by His followers in remembrance of what He said and taught and performed. These, however, were secretly circulated for some considerable time after His death; for it must be remembered that to be identified with one who had been put to death as a notorious malefactor was to be exposed to persecution of the most fearful kind: hence the very significant silence on the part of the early Christians on the subject of Our Lord's likeness: hence, also, their symbolizing of the more vital incidents in His public career—Our Lord Himself being generally the central figure—by means of fresco and mosaic work, and of glass, metal, linen, and enamel pictures and ornaments, which were the popular vehicles of illustration then in vogue.

But surely, it will be asked, there must have been some original ideal-likeness of Jesus Christ from which these symbols or representations of Himself were modelled? To whom, then, is due the inception of that original likeness? Tradition has duly assigned that honour to St. Peter, who, as a close and intimate friend and Apostle, had, it may be assumed, the best opportunity for recording *his* version of His Master's likeness. Be that as it may, St. Peter's sketch—a rough outline of the head of Christ, with the features but dimly drawn on a morsel of linen-cloth—is still extant, one of the most priceless treasures in the Basilica of St. Prasside, Rome, and is excluded from the public gaze. A facsimile of a drawing of it, executed by the late Thomas Heaphy, and now in the British Museum, is shown in illustration No. 1.

The legend states that this picture was executed by the Apostle Peter at the request of a daughter of Pudens. Pudens was a Roman senator and a Christian. There would seem to be little doubt that the house of Pudens was the resort of the more distinguished amongst the Christian converts. Paul writing to Timothy says, "Pudens greeteth thee." To quote from the legend, the daughters of Pudens—St. Prasside and St. Pudenziana—one evening asked the Apostle St. Peter to show them what the Lord was like, whereupon he took the handkerchief of

NO. 5.—LEGENDARY LIKENESS OF CHRIST.
(Original in San Silvestre, Rome.)
Supposed by an unknown Contemporary Artist.

one of the ladies and drew upon it with ink and a stylus. The sketch from which the accompanying copy was taken—it is now so faded as to be scarcely discernible—whatever might have been the origin of the work, was considered to be old in the year A.D. 320, when the Empress Helena took measures for its preservation; it is executed in the same kind of cloth as the so-called St. Veronica's handkerchief, and is surrounded by an elaborate setting of silver and enamel.

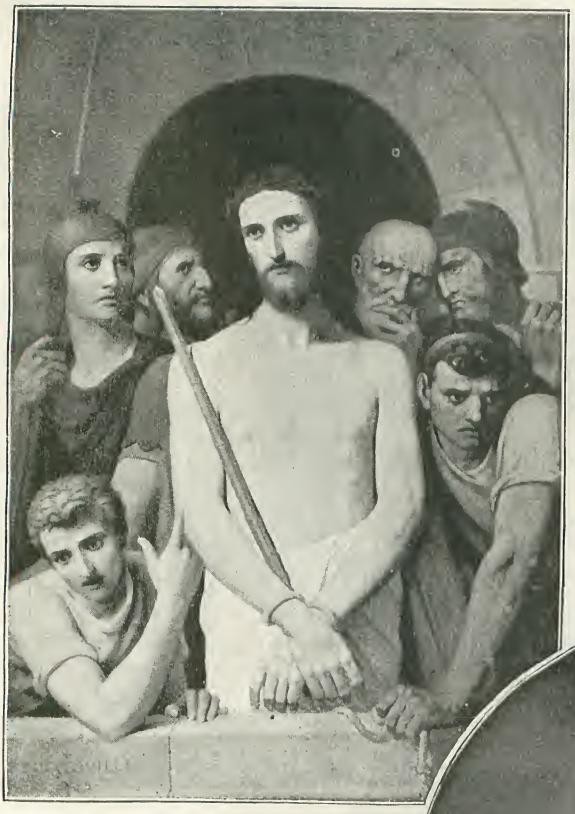
NO. 6.—LEGENDARY LIKENESS OF CHRIST—KNOWN AS THE "KING AGGBANUS" PORTRAIT.

Everything, of course, depends on the fidelity to truth of the sketch by the loving Apostle: but there is little doubt of the fact that his faint, shadowy outline of the sad features of Christ has formed the groundwork on which numerous subsequent limners of the likeness improved in executing their own ideals.

Contemporary with the St. Peter likeness of Christ may be mentioned a relic of very great interest and value—viz., *the Saint Veronica image*, in which many devout persons are said still to believe. According to the legend, Veronica, one of the devoted women who attended or assisted at the burial of Christ, placed her tear-stained handkerchief over his face, and on removing it afterwards, found that the impress of the features had miraculously been printed on its surface; a very beautiful story, if more purely mythical than that which has assigned to St. Peter an honour that possibly belongs to another. An illustration of the image (No. 2) is here reproduced.

Reverting for a moment to the St. Peter sketch, a very remarkable supposed likeness of Christ was unearthed in 1812 in County Cork, Ireland, which in one or two respects is very suggestive of that sketch. According to the story, one day in the year named a peasant was digging potatoes, accompanied by his daughter, who picked them up as they were thrown upon the ground. Among them she found, encrusted with clay, what she thought to be a large button, but which, on further examination, turned out to be an antique medal of singular structure and device. On one side was the head of the Saviour (No. 3), and on the other a Hebrew inscription, which, in English, reads: "The Messiah has reigned: He came in peace, and being made the light of man, He lives."

NO. 7.—THE "ECCE HOMO"—BY GUIDO.



NO. 8.—THE "ECCE HOMO"—BY LAVILLE.

On the medal becoming known to antiquaries, many theories were at once promulgated as to its origin and history, and while there were some dissentients from it, the view subsequently adhered to was that it was a genuine tessera, or amulet, struck by the first Jewish converts to Christianity, and worn by them as a pious memorial of their Master, and that its date was indicated by the Hebrew letter "aleph" on the obverse side, which, representing the numeral "I.," implied that the medal was struck in the first year after the Resurrection. The question has been hazarded: might it not have been from the St. Peter sketch of Our Lord's likeness that this medallion copy of His features was modelled? Who knows? There is one thing about the model, however, which, whatever else may be said regarding its origin, gives it a decisive mark of great antiquity, viz., the absence of the "nimbus of glory" round the head, a feature of the likeness of Christ that is not in evidence prior to the seventh century. For a facsimile of this curious relic, I am much indebted to my friend, George Mackey, Esq., of London and Birmingham, the well-known collector of such-like rare articles of vertu.

At a very early period in the history of the Christian Church there are, therefore, several believed-in likenesses of its Founder, which might have, singly or collectively, formed the model or basis on which many later likenesses were produced. As a matter of fact, the identity of one or other of these first portraits can be traced all through the after-evolution of the likeness. As Didron has well said, the story of its evolution is simply "a compilation by suc-

NO. 9.—"THE SAVIOUR"—BY DE CAISNÉE.

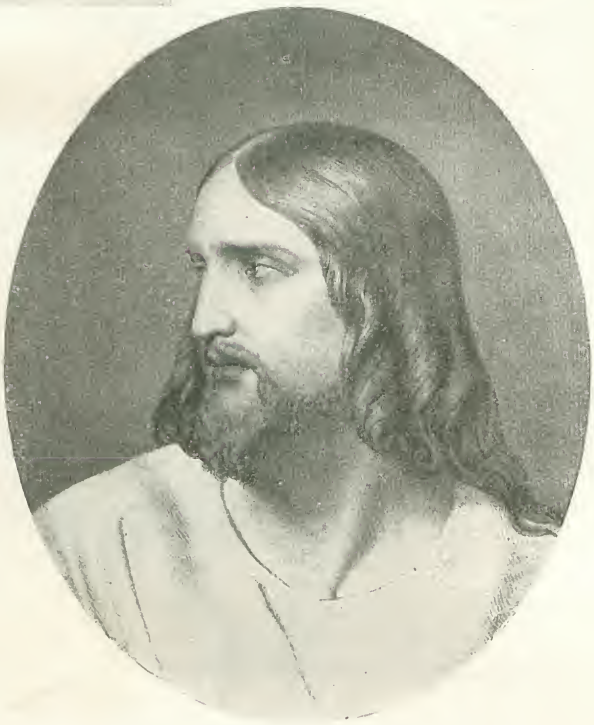
NO. 10.—UNFINISHED "HEAD OF CHRIST"—BY SIGNOL.

cessive generations of artists, a trait of expression having been added by each, or a feature altered till it became such as we have it now."

And though another authority has asserted that "an ideal likeness of Christ sprang into existence as the work and invention of some unknown artist of the Dark Ages," there is evidence that long before that period there were several ideals in existence which appear to have had the approval of many persons who, if they themselves never beheld Christ in the flesh, were contemporaries of those who enjoyed that inestimable privilege.

That being so, it is unquestionably a factor of some consequence in the view, which many persons hold, that it is quite possible to believe Our Lord's likeness to be founded on some *real* portrait more or less true to the original, such as, for example, the outline attributed to St. Peter, or the remarkable portrait (No. 4) which tradition has assigned to St. Luke, or, again, to the sketches (Nos. 5 and 6) attributed by Catholic legend to the times of Christ. No. 6 is especially interesting. It is said that our Lord sat for it for King Aggbanus, King of Edessa, in Asia Minor—whatever might have been its origin, a well-accredited history takes it back to the third century, when it was considered to be of the time of Our Lord. It has passed through fewer hands than most works of the kind, having remained at Edessa till that place was taken by the Genoese in the eleventh century, since which time it has remained in the Church of San Bartolomeo. Being accounted miraculous, it is excluded from public gaze, and great difficulty was experienced in attaining access to it.

There is yet another very significant fact to be mentioned in concluding this necessarily brief sketch of an almost limitless subject. And



NO. 11.—"THE CHRIST"—BY PAUL DELAROCHE.

it is this: in reproducing the likeness according to his own conception of the ideal, no artist, whatever his nationality may have been, has ventured to diverge from the type or types as shadowed forth in the contemporary portraits just referred to. While each is, in certain essentials, dissimilar to the other, these famous portraits would appear to have served as the models for all subsequent idealization of Our Lord's likeness! Whether we take the notable "Ecce Homo," by Guido (No. 7), or the masterly conception of Christ in the same character by Laville (No. 8), or the beautiful "Saviour," by De Caisnée (No. 9), or the unfinished "Head of Christ," by Signol (No. 10), or "The Christ," by Paul Delaroche (No. 11), or the well-known "Light of the World," by Holman Hunt, not to mention many other illustrations, examples by Russian, Dutch, German, Italian, and English artists, which, of course, it is impossible to reproduce here, it is indeed amazing to find, amid an endless variety of expression and characterization of the features of Our Lord, and, as it were, glowing through it all, the radiance of that perfect beauty and holiness which belonged alone to Him who was, in His physical as well as in His moral and spiritual nature, the fairest and the noblest of the sons of men.

NO. 12.—"THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD"—BY HOLMAN HUNT, R.W.S.

LA VIVANDIÈRE.

By H. Herman Chilton.

I.

EVEN before the formal declaration of war against Austria in 1859, the French troops disposed near the Sardinian frontier had been put in motion. In the last days of April, our regiment, the 61st of the line, quartered at Grenoble, was moved towards the approaches of Mont Cenis, which we crossed on the 26th and 27th. And a tough piece of work it proved.

I saw her first as we were tramping up the last slope in the zig-zag of Mont Cenis. A dainty figure enough, in her vivandière dress, with a laughing face under the plumed cocked hat. The men bending beneath their knapsacks shot a glance at her when she passed us lightly. She smoked a cigarette and showed her white teeth.

The way that girl footed it with the best was a marvel. Already men were falling out of the ranks, spent and footsore, to be picked up by the waggons lumbering in the rear. She stepped out nimbly and laughed.

It was not until we had left Turin for the front, after a short respite, that we really began to know her. We soon became aware, all of us, that she was a good girl. Soldiers have ways of their own with women, and a vivandière must look to herself. But Ninette could curb the wildest of us with a flash of her teeth. She laughed at everybody. And when a man forgot himself, she would leave the marks of her five fingers on his cheek with an assurance that cowed the boldest. So we all fell in love, from the marshal downward, and many waxed sentimental about her. While a fellow confined himself to sheep's eyes she would only laugh, until she made him laugh too. Let him so much as pinch her chin, and — *Crack!* — her fingers tingled

"SHE SMOKED A CIGARETTE AND SHOWED HER WHITE TEETH."

on his cheek. Yes, Ninette was a good girl. In a week she had slapped half the regiment.

Nevertheless, she had a great deal to put up with. One soon got used to her mode of punishment, and it became a joke in the ranks to provoke it in mere wantonness, the more as she looked her handsomest when, between jest and earnest, her face coloured and she let out. Then we made bets about it, and boasted of the frequence with which she chastised us. I promise you she had a busy time, but that was before the skirmish at Vercelli, after which things changed.

With so many admirers it was impossible that a woman like Ninette should remain entirely neutral. It passed human nature. Yet when it became evident in the ranks towards whom she really leaned, unbounded consternation set in. There could be no braver hand than Sergeant Isidore Sapin, a lean veteran, whose iron-grey Napoleon and crisp eyebrows had been singed in many fights. A scar across his cheek had shorn away the lobe of his left ear. When he stood to attention, you commanded an extensive prospect between his knees. When he spoke, the hair about his mouth stirred with a fragrance of tobacco. No one could accuse the valiant sergeant of being a carpet warrior.

"WE SAW NINETTE—THE SERGEANT'S CARCASS ROCKING ON HER SHOULDERS."

To this creature Ninette attached herself. She would march by him for hours, and her smile lit fire even in his bleared old eyes. If her canteen was empty to all others, it still held a spot for him. The old war-wolf took no pains to hide his triumph or his contempt for us youngsters. The worst of it was that, half in awe and half in respect, we did not care to beard him. Sergeant Sapin might be an ogre, but he had an ogre's teeth.

Matters were brought to a climax by our first brush with the white-coats at Vercelli, as I have hinted. The Austrians were covering their preparations for retreat by a series of elaborate reconnaissances. We ran against a body of them returning to their lines by a circuitous route. Of course, we attacked. They did not immediately give way, and even held us in check for a time. In forming anew we missed Sapin. Then, out of the smoke, we saw Ninette the vivandière staggering towards us, the sergeant's carcass rocking on her shoulders.

How she could have lifted him passed our comprehension. She laid him gently down in safety and laughed.

"'Faith! he makes a heavy baby."

At that we cheered in spite of ourselves, and renewed the attack.

II.

THE injury to Sergeant Isidore turned out a trifle. A spent ball had glanced from the ground and caught him in the belt-buckle, doubling him for a little. His gratitude to the girl, the dumb homage of an animal which licks the hand that has caressed him, was a sight to see. He followed her about wherever she went. If you met her, you might be sure of falling over him within the minute; and if you caught sight of him, you had but to hasten in order to overtake her. There was, however, nothing strange in that. Sapin probably owed the girl his life, and his was one of those silent natures which feel more than they can put in words. But what

astonished us was the fact that a change insensibly crept into their relationship.

After the incident at Vercelli, the knowing ones predicted a closer tie than ever, and there was a good deal of jesting on the subject behind the worthy sergeant's back. The exact opposite took place. Whereas the two had hitherto passed their time in boon companionship, walking about arm in arm, drinking their anisette at the same table, and sharing the same amusements, they now fell gradually apart, as if their intimacy had cooled; and the sergeant's devotion became more distant as it deepened.

Being a little smitten with Ninette myself about this time, I imagined that the affair was clearer than daylight. "Ninette," thought I, "has been amusing herself with this bear, and discovers that her play is grim earnest to him. The debt he owes her confirms the infatuation, and she is gently disentangling the skein while it is possible. She is awakening to another influence." For a month, though I say it who should not, there was no smarter soldier of the line than the teller of this story. Never a button on my coat was dull, never a seam unstitched. My cap clung to my ear at an angle which roused the envy of the whole Imperial army.

In fact, Ninette played me off against Sapin. Had it happened before the skirmish he would have picked a quarrel with me, and it went hard with the man who crossed Isidore. As it was, he only eyed me askance, and fell humbly back until, encouraged by my ascendance, I risked all upon one throw.

The details of that interview I will pass by in two words. I went in with my cap upon my ear. I came out limp, with my cap straighter than a conscript's. Sapin met me just after, and swift intuition lighted up his glance.

"Ah, comrade, so she has given thee the right-about?"

I felt too crestfallen to reply. But time, which in the long run balances all scores, gave me my revenge on Sergeant Isidore before we were many days older. I sat one evening in a little wine-shop making my glass last till the drums sounded from the barracks. The corner I occupied was almost entirely dark. In the act of buckling on my belt, I looked through the open front into the street and saw Ninette and Sapin take chairs on the pavement. A devil in me made me drop back on my seat and listen. The sergeant had the set air of a man who has come to a resolution, and the girl seemed dispirited. He called for cups of coffee.

When the landlord had served them the two fell into talk, or rather, Sapin talked volubly for him, and she replied in monosyllables. He urged something on her in deep gutturals, and though I could not catch the words, I could tell that his soul spoke in them. Heartily ashamed of myself now, I could not move. She was, I gathered, what with amusement and a certain dread, terribly ill at ease, and kept shaking her head. Sergeant Isidore took her hand, but she snatched it brusquely away.

"When I tell thee, Sapin," she exclaimed, fretfully, "that it is impossible!"

"Come now, 'impossible'! At least, little one, you will tell me why?"

She hesitated. Then she leaned across the marble slab and whispered something hurriedly in his ear. His arms fell at his side and the slit of his mouth slowly parted in voiceless astonishment.

"Sapin," she said, quite audibly, "you forgive?"

"My child," he answered, hoarsely, "it was heartless."

"Yes, but I did not understand. Say that you forgive me, Sapin." It was her turn to clutch his hand.

The reply came slowly, from the depths:—

"There are things one does not forgive. I am betrayed!" And he buried his face in his arms.

She rose and stole softly away. An instant after the roll of the drums sounded through the evening air, and Sergeant Isidore, like a man who reels from a blow, lurched down the street.

III.

Sergeant Sapin did not answer to his name that night. Next day and the next he still was missing. On the third morning they brought him in, dishevelled, dirty, in rags. He had been intercepted on his way to Switzerland, and secured after a furious resistance. Within an hour he was tried, found guilty of desertion in face of the enemy, and sentenced to be shot at dawn in presence of the regiment.

He had never been popular. Yet, when the news spread, there was a reaction in his favour. That he had fled from any desire to avoid danger no man of us believed, because, whatever faults he had, cowardice was not among them. It leaked out, too, that while refusing any explanation or defence, he had begged to meet his comrades at the last moment face to face. Many suspected that the jade Ninette was at the bottom of the

whole business, and I was sure of it without guessing the whole truth.

On the fatal morning, they drew the 61st up in close order on three sides of the great barrack courtyard. The fourth side remained unoccupied, awaiting we knew what. Every tenth man in the front rank was ordered to stand forward, we knew why. My knees knocked under me as I called out my number. Sapin and I had not understood each other, but I had not bargained for this.

What followed is blurred in my memory like an evil dream. He was brought out into the brisk morning air, dressed in his uniform of sergeant of the line, and led to the very centre of the vacant space. With all those eyes intently fixed upon him he was degraded, his stripes and epaulettes torn off, his buttons cut away, his side-arms broken and thrown at his feet. Lastly, they placed him with his back against the wall, and we of the firing party were drawn up in front of him. His rough coffin gaped upon the ground.

"NINETTE FLUNG HERSELF BEFORE SAPIN."

As I write, I see him again, standing stiffly there, arms straight, heels together, mouth so set that not a hair of his Napoleon trembled. Between his knees you could descry an oval patch of plaster on the wall. The officer stood on our right.

"Attention! Aim!"

I glanced along my barrel and pointed it above his shoulder, waiting for the word.

It never came. A scream pealed across the square, diverting every eye from the central group. I dared not lift my cheek from the rifle-stock. A flash of colour dashed across my view, and Ninette the vivandière had flung herself before Sapin.

Our guns grounded of themselves. No man in the army would have shot Ninette though the Emperor himself had ordered it. The officer sprang forward and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Come, Ninette," he said, firmly, "you but delay the inevitable."

But triumphantly, breathlessly, between laughter and tears, she waved in her hands a paper. The colonel had ridden up to inquire into this unseemly scene, and to him Ninette resigned her paper. It was an order, in the Emperor's own hand, staying the execution.

IV.

THE sequel was more surprising still. We had a few days' uncertainty, and then Sapin resumed his old place as if nothing had happened. But a gloomier Sapin than ever, silent, morose, a word-and-a-blow man. Ninette the vivandière passed from our ken into a romantic memory, and Lieutenant Maurice Jean Baptiste de la Motteblanche became an institution in the regiment.

The whole story oozed out by degrees. I had come very near hearing it at first hand that evening at the wine-shop when Ninette made her unforgivable confession. So she was not a vivandière at all, but a schoolboy playing truant. Behold the secret of her amazing discretion! No wonder she had laughed as she led us all by the nose!

For the sturdy sergeant it had turned out no joking matter. The whisper which escaped me when I played the eavesdropper

lighted up his dull understanding with a gleam of realization so lurid, and yet ludicrous, that he could see no refuge save in desertion. Rather that, rather a hundred times exile and poverty, than to be branded to his dying day with that ridiculous episode. He pictured the shout of glee that would burst from the entire army as the details were repeated by a thousand camp-fires. Curse the boy, how they would chuckle! How every little village counterskipper of them would hold his sides and throw his thumb over his shoulder at the susceptible Sapin! The jest just missed turning tragedy for him.

His resentment was proportionate, and continued so. He knew now how the boy had gone to the Emperor and obtained an audience, by what means Heaven alone could tell. The sentence had been set aside, and the lieutenant created to conciliate an old Legitimist family and attach one of its members at least to the new régime. Thus Sapin owed his life twice to Maurice—a mere schoolboy in vivandière's clothes, and he hated him for it with undying hate. In vain the lieutenant made timid overtures to the old war-dog, tried by many a delicate device to salve the wound he had witlessly inflicted. The surly sergeant stood upon his dignity.

In one conclusion Isidore was utterly at fault. None made a butt of him, though his superior remained "Ninette" from that day on. One had but to look at the iron eyebrows to lose all relish for that kind of fun.

V.

EVENTS followed quick on Ninette's promotion. We saw the Austrians run at Montebello, Palestro, and Magenta. Behind Baraguay d'Hilliers and MacMahon we marched into Milan by the Porta Vercellina, amid the acclamation of the people. A frenzied enthusiasm transfigured every face. We felt like gods. Girls dressed in white strewed flowers at our feet and kept step with us, murmuring the story of our heroism. Rare ladies pressed their trinkets into our rough hands and took the silken kerchiefs from their necks to hang about ours. Mothers, sobbing for a joy they could not still, held their children up that we might kiss them. It made one very proud and very humble. Even now a lump comes in my throat to think of it.

But all that did not last long. We were off again on the road to Melegnano, fought a stubborn fight there and drove the Croats before us; till at last the air grew heavy with presage of Solferino, that titanic death-grip which was to close the war.

In the meantime Ninette and the sergeant had drifted farther apart than ever. No doubt the new barrier of rank had a share in this. But the soldier's dogged resentment was the hopeless impediment. The young man would have welcomed any pretext for reconciliation, abject soever: the elder remained implacable. So they avoided each other.

On the 23rd of June, 1859, the 61st reached a small village named Esenta, within striking distance, as we were to learn, of Solferino. Long before dawn on the 24th the *réveille* called us to arms, and as the sky warmed at the first touch of light we were beyond the village, marching—how many of us?—towards fate!

There was no expectation of battle on that day. In fact, it is now generally conceded that the two armies blundered one across the other, each having misconceived the movements it intended to frustrate.

About midway between Esenta and Solferino we passed through a hamlet called, if my memory holds good, Astore. It was there that we first heard on our right the rumbling of MacMahon's guns, but there was still no thought of serious resistance. Only, as the thunder sounded near, the madness of battle stole into our blood, and we sniffed the air like hounds in leash. At five we debouched into a plain and deployed.

In front a hill rose steeply at some distance with a single road winding up the face of it. At the summit, to left and right, you could distinguish a long, white streak against the verdure, with roofs rising higher and a tower dominating all. That was Solferino, and the white patch the cemetery wall. I never in my life looked on a sight more peaceful than that village, the morning haze just drifting from it. The living masses waiting for us up there were quiet as the dead beneath their feet: on their side and on ours the solemn silence that precedes the throes of death.

Suddenly the aspect changed. Straight out from the whiteness a blue-grey cloud bellied towards us, torn with flame. It hung there poised for an interval that could be felt. Then came the crash, rending the air and making the ground dither again. Italy was in labour of freedom.

Hours passed before I looked once more on Solferino. Our masses were hurled up the steep slope. Regiment on regiment was swallowed in the monstrous throat from

which the smoke vomited. They did not return ; but scattered parties, lacerated men, dying officers borne on litters, recoiled from it, blown back as it were from the universal wreck.

Our turn at last. The bugles sounded, orders leaped from rank to rank, and we began the ascent. Above our heads the shells and rockets hummed, and past our ears the bullets whistled. At each step you stumbled on a dead body, or some comrade threw up his arms and fell, face down. Now and then the round shot skipped along the ground, covering us with earth, and strewing carcasses in its wake. But we went forward still at a jog-trot, panting between clenched teeth.

The smoke lifted, and I saw the cemetery wall quite close, loopholed all over, and with the plaster falling off it in great cakes from our fire. Fifteen feet high or more, it barred the way like a solid rock to break our heads against, though here and there our artillery had crumbled it. We understood for the first time what manner of task awaited us. Our front rank faltered.

"Come on, boys!"

The shrill command pierced the uproar and thrilled us like a trumpet. It was Ninette. With his foot upon the body of a huge zouave he pointed upward. Sapin touched my arm.

"She is brave, the little one!"

A strange, soft light played in his bloodshot eyes, and a tear lost itself in his moustache.

"Forward!" he roared, "forward for France!"

The wall showed its teeth of flame again. The gallant stripling, with uplifted sword, shook, recovered, and rolled to our feet. Sapin threw down his gun and ran to raise the dying boy.

"Sapin, I am done . . . . tell me that you forgive?"

The voice came faintly with a flow of blood. For answer, Sapin kissed the pale forehead leaning on his breast. Then the wall flamed afresh and the two lay still together.

That night a party of ours set out to search for them. Near the cemetery wall, among the dead and dying, we found them, their hands so locked together that we could not have undone the grip had we desired it. We gave them a knapsack each for pillow, and buried them side by side in the same grave, under an old tricolour. And there, pressed by foreign soil, they lie waiting in friendship till the last *réveille* of all calls each man to his reckoning.

Curiosities.

From a Photo. by Brooks, Leeds.

"TIT-BITS" PRIZE COSTUME.

It is Mr. James Wilson, of Clara Street, Farsley, that is here depicted. Mr. Wilson has, on several occasions, scored great success by competing as *Tit-Bits* personified, in costume parades. He commenced by competing at the Stanningley Carnival, where he carried off first prize. There were thousands present, and about fifty cyclists competed for the prize. Next came similar successes at Eccleshill Carnival, Wibsey Park, and Leeds, in which latter place Mr. Wilson once more secured first prize in the costume parade, organized on behalf of the Leeds Medical Charities. He was also awarded a massive silver medal by *Tit-Bits* for this highly original and ingenious fancy dress.

From a Photo. by Morton, Carrickfergus.

SPENCER'S GREAT "FLYING FISH" BALLOON.

In the accompanying illustration is seen the very latest aeronautical novelty, produced by the Spencer Brothers, of 14, Ringcroft Street, Holloway. It is with the permission of these gentlemen—who, as everybody knows, are among the most eminent aeronauts in the world—that we reproduce this remarkable photo. This aerial monster is, in reality, a splendidly equipped balloon of 21,000 cubic feet capacity, with car for aeronaut and passengers. It is shaped, coloured, and decorated in exact representation of a colossal fish, and is, naturally, in great request at fêtes, galas, and exhibitions at home and abroad.

AN INDIAN PRINCE AND HIS HUNTING CHEETAH.

From Mrs. M. M. Pollard, of 28, Redcliffe Square, South Kensington —who kindly sent us the photo. — we learn that the potentate depicted is Rajah Bommadevara Venkata Narasuntra Naidu Bahadur. (No wonder he keeps a tame cheetah !) This animal is seen beside the prince, who, like many other rich natives of India, trains cheetahs to hunt deer and to follow their master about like a dog. It is always dangerous, however, for strangers to approach these beautiful, leopard-like creatures.

"PRETTY POLL!"

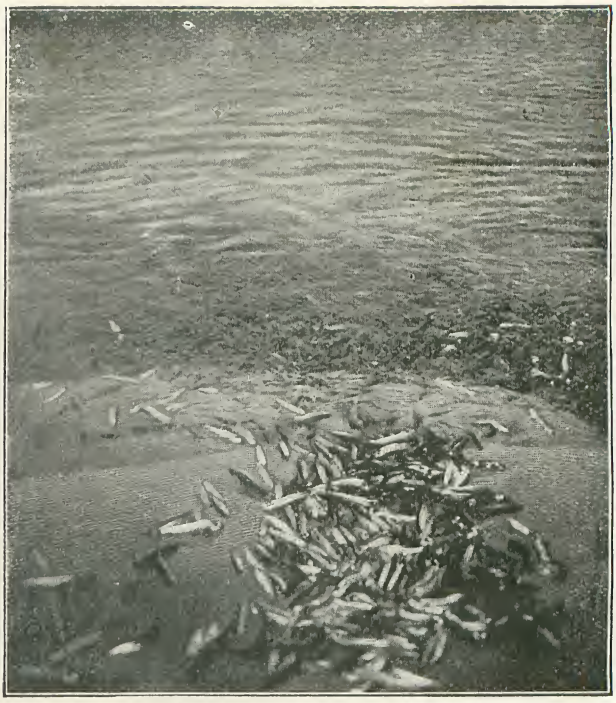
Surely, the most wonderful vegetable freak on record! This is a vegetable-marrow, grown at Hastings, by Messrs. Apps and Son, fruit growers, and photographed by Mr. J. H. Blomfield, of

From a Photo. by J. H. Blomfield, Hastings.

Trinity House Studio, 44, Robertson Street, Hastings. The resemblance of this curious vegetable to a parrot is perfectly marvellous. Observe the knowing eye and the artful turn of the head.

LIVE FISH FORCED OUT OF THE WATER.

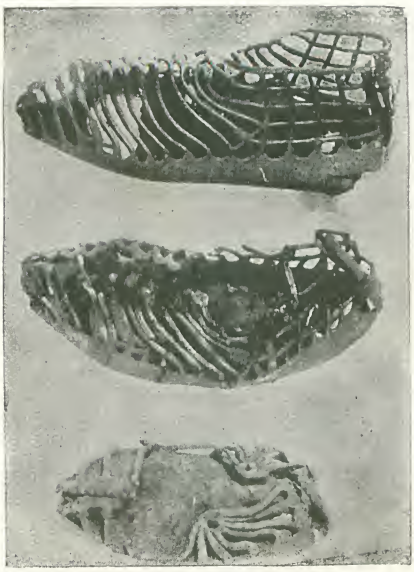
Probably one of the most extraordinary snap-shot photos. ever secured. Here we see indicated myriads



of caplin, a fish about the size of a sardine, which in spring turn inshore to spawn. It is upon these caplin that the Newfoundland cod feed, although these latter even at the very moment of devouring their prey may be actually inside the enormous cod-trap used on those coasts. For this photo. we are indebted to the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, whose splendid work among the Labrador fishermen cannot be too widely known or too highly commended.

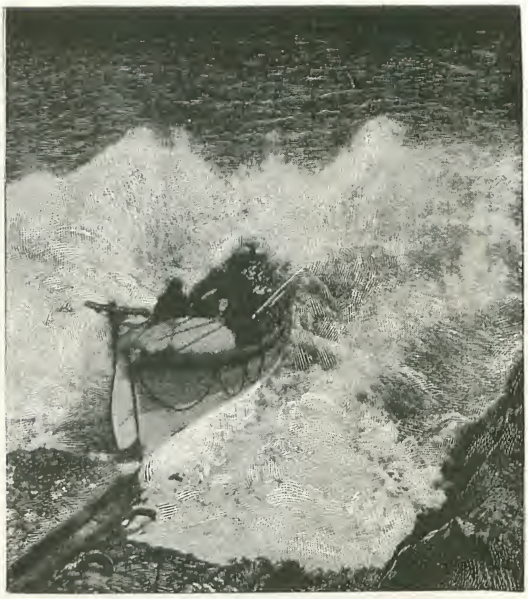
A NEST OF MICE IN A LOAF OF BREAD.

The owner of a small fishing craft at Rye, Sussex, was pestered with mice, who nibbled his sails and generally made the tiny cabin uncomfortable. On going to the cabin to dry his sails one day he found half a "tin" loaf in his cupboard which was in a highly interesting condition. The fisherman saw that a mouse had eaten a big hole in the cut side of the loaf and there made a nest, in which she had deposited her seven little ones. For extra comfort the strange nest was lined with bits of newspaper. Photo. sent in by Mr. E. Whiteman, Cinque Ports Studio, Sussex.



ROMAN SANDALS FOUND IN LONDON.

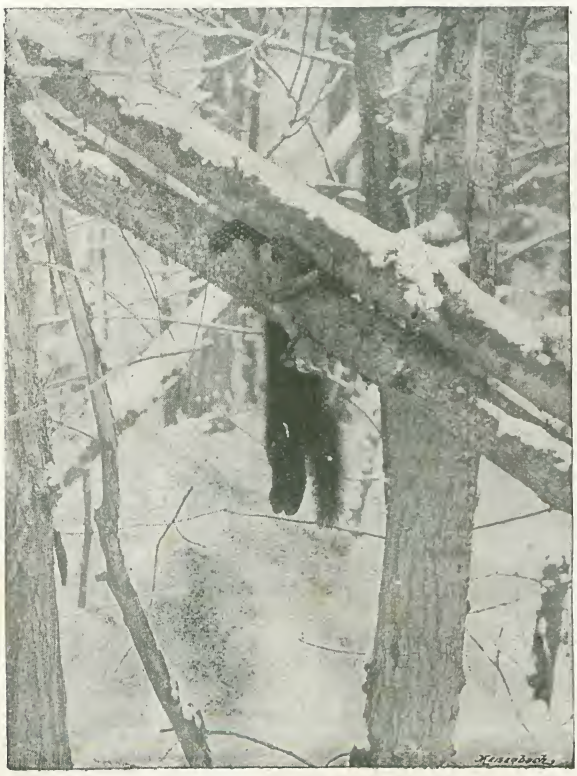
Relics of bygone ages are constantly being brought to light in the British Metropolis during excavations—now some gold ornaments or coins, then some pottery, or traces of ancient buildings. But it is seldom that articles of actual wearing apparel are unearthed; such, for example, as these Roman sandals.



From a Photo. by Wallace Bennetto, Newquay.

LAUNCH OF A LIFEBOAT.

This instantaneous photo. shows the launch of the Newquay Lifeboat down the new and extremely steep slip on Towan Head. It is the very great steepness of the slip that causes the lifeboat to enter the sea with such a terrific rush. We are indebted for this photo. to Mr. Charles Dibdin, the courteous secretary of that ever-popular body, the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

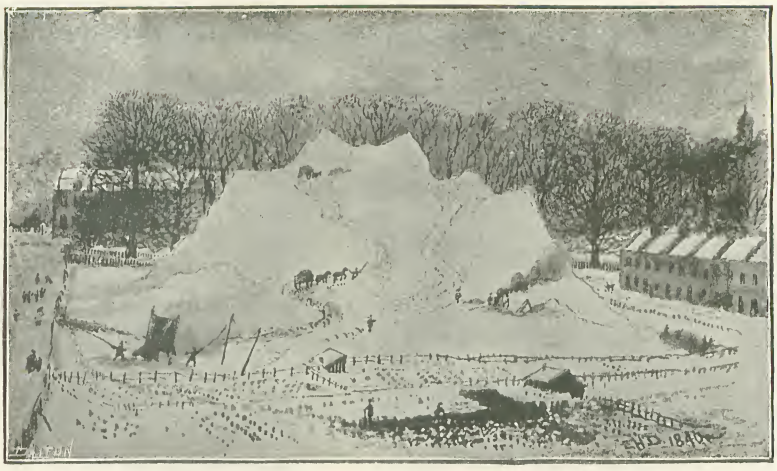


FUR-TRAPPING IN THE NORTH-WEST.

A most interesting photo. taken by Mr. J. Turner-Turner, of Avon Castle, Ringwood. It shows one of the great hunter's "dead-fall" traps (see October number), in which a marten has been caught. Mention of Mr. Turner-Turner's interesting personality and work reminds us that we have a little correction to offer on his behalf in connection with the article on Big-Game Hunters, which appeared in the October number. It appears that the photo. of a bear appearing above a screen was not actually taken from life in the forest. As a fact, it was taken after the bear's death. Therefore the story which accompanied that photo. in the article was, owing to a misapprehension on our part, erroneous, and must not be taken as coming from Mr. Turner-Turner, who has more than the usual share of modesty characteristic of all big-game hunters. It should also be mentioned that we were in error in thinking that Mr. Turner-Turner said that Mrs. Turner-Turner had shot—that is to say, killed—*all* the animals mentioned in the article. What he really stated was that she had shot *at* all those, but not that she had actually killed all of them. Sir William Gordon Cumming also explains that the two tiger photos. reproduced were purchased by him in India, and do not illustrate incidents of his sporting trips

BOFFIN'S DUST-HEAP.

This is a view of the Great Dust-Heap (Mr. Starkey's) at King's Cross, Battle Bridge, the present York Road, London. It was removed in 1848 to assist in re-building the City of Moscow; and the present Great Northern terminus has been built on its site. Dickens has immortalized the spot in "Our Mutual Friend," in which this colossal dust-heap is represented as the property of Boffin, of "Decline and Fall" notoriety.



HOP, THE FAMOUS SOW.

This wonderful animal, of New Forest breed, early took a fancy to some pointer puppies that were being broken, and was ultimately trained as an invaluable pointer herself. She would often go out a little way with the puppies, and was gradually coaxed into doing as they did by means of a sort of pudding made of barley-meal. The puppies could be cuffed for misbehaviour, but a pocketful of stones was necessary in the case of the sow. She at length quartered her ground in grand style; backed other dogs when she came on game, and was so staunch as to remain five minutes or more on her point.

A RUNAWAY RACE-HORSE.

While the South Denes Selling Plate (Great Yarmouth Races) was being run, this horse—Mr. J. Rowlinson's "Homocea"—threw its jockey, F. Leader, and bolted at a terrific pace. On the approach of the crowd the excited animal leaped over the palings into the water just at the entrance to the harbour, and it was only landed after a full hour's despairing coaxing. This capital snap-shot was sent in by Mr. Herbert Palmer, of South Beach Lodge, Great Yarmouth.

INDEX.

PAGE

ADVENTURES OF A MAN OF SCIENCE, THE. By L. T. MEADE and CLIFFORD HALIFAX, M.D.
I.—THE SNAKE'S EYE. TOLD BY PAUL GILCHRIST ... 57
II.—OUGHT HE TO MARRY HER? ... 169
III.—LADY TREGENNA ... 259
IV.—THE SLEEPING SICKNESS ... 401
V.—AT THE STEPS OF THE ALTAR ... 529
VI.—THE PANELLED BEDROOM ... 664
(*Illustrations* by J. FINNEMORE, R.B.A.)

AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE, AN. By GRANT ALLEN.
II.—THE EPISODE OF THE DIAMOND LINKS ... 97
III.—THE EPISODE OF THE OLD MASTER ... 201
IV.—THE EPISODE OF THE TYROLEAN CASTLE ... 281
V.—THE EPISODE OF THE DRAWN GAME ... 449
VI.—THE EPISODE OF THE GERMAN PROFESSOR ... 504
VII.—THE EPISODE OF THE ARREST OF THE COLONEL ... 629
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)

AFTER MANY DAYS. By W. BUCKLEY ... 243
(*Illustrations* by PAUL HARDY.)

ALBERT MEDAL, HEROES OF THE. By L. S. LEWIS ... 33
(*Illustrations* from Drawings by C. J. STANILAND, R.I., and from Photographs.)

"ANIMAL" FURNITURE. By WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD ... 273
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

ANNO DOMINI 1796. By ALFRED WHITMAN ... 639
(*Illustrations* from Old Prints.)

BABY INCUBATORS. By JAMES WALTER SMITH ... 770
(*Illustrations* from Photographs and a Facsimile.)

BALLOON VOYAGE TO THE NORTH POLE, MR. ANDRÉE'S. By ALFRED T. STORY ... 77
(*Illustrations* from Photographs, Drawings, Diagrams, and Facsimiles.)

BAR, LEADERS OF THE. By E.... 464, 559
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

BIG-GAME HUNTERS. By FRAMLEY STEELCROFT ... 437
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

BOY SLADEN OF THE BAND. By WALTER WOOD ... 363
(*Illustrations* by J. L. WIMBUSH.)

BULLET-HOLE, THE. From the French of FRANÇOIS COPPÉE ... 648
(*Illustrations* by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.)

BURNS, ROBERT, THE CENTENARY OF. By ALEXANDER CARGILL ... 48
(*Illustrations* from Paintings, Photographs, and Facsimiles.)

CAMPAIGN BUTTONS. By GEORGE DOLLAR ... 525
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

CAPTAIN'S STORY, THE. From the French of ALBERT DELPIT. By ALYS HALLARD ... 118
(*Illustrations* by PAUL HARDY.)

PAGE

CHICAGO-JERICHO LINE, THE 575
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

CURIOSITIES 237, 357, 477, 597, 797
(*Illustrations* from Photographs and Facsimiles.)

DOG-SMUGGLERS. By CHARLES S. PELHAM-CLINTON 92
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

EXPOSURE OF LORD STANSFORD, THE. By ROBERT BARR 153
(*Illustrations* by PAUL HARDY.)

FABLES.
A LION IN LOVE 69
THE NURSE AND THE WOLF 182
THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH 459
THE CITY MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE 542
(*Illustrated* by J. A. SHEPHERD.)

FIREWORKS, PICTURES IN. By WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD 493
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

FLOWERS, A CARPET OF. *Written* and *Illustrated* by W. N. REID.. 501

FOR DEAR LIFE: A STORY OF THE WEST. By DENZIL VANE 141
(*Illustrations* by W. CHRISTIAN SYMONS.)

FROST, FREAKS OF. By JEREMY BROOME 738
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

GLADSTONE'S VISITORS' BOOK, MR. By WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD 616
(*Illustrations* from Facsimiles and Sketches.)

IDOLS. 419, 513
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS.
XLVIII.—LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, C.B., R.N. By WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD 15
(*Illustrations* from Photographs, Drawings, and Facsimiles.)
XLIX.—PRINCE RANJITSINHJI 251
(*Illustrations* from Photographs and a Facsimile.)
L.—SIR HOWARD GRUBB, F.R.S., F.R.A.S. By WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD 369
(*Illustrations* from Photographs, Pictures, and Old Prints.)
LI.—MR. VAL PRINSEP, R.A. By FRAMLEY STEELCROFT 603
(*Illustrations* from Paintings and Photographs.)

JESUS CHRIST, THE LIKENESSES OF. By ALEXANDER CARGILL 784
(*Illustrations* from Prints.)

JUMP FOR FREEDOM, A. By the REV. V. L. WHITECHURCH 547
(*Illustrations* by PAUL HARDY.)

KING DIAMOND, THE. By CUTCLIFFE HYNE 425
(*Illustrations* by A. PEARSE.)

KOMFY AND THE NINO. By G. HAWLEY 569
(*Illustrations* by W. CHRISTIAN SYMONS.)

LAUNCHING BIG BATTLESHIPS AND OCEAN LINERS. By DAVID POLLOCK, M.I.N.A.... 318
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

LA VIVANDIÈRE. By H. HERMAN CHILTON 791
(*Illustrations* by J. L. WIMBUSH.)

LIGHTNING FIEND, THE. By ROBERT BARR 684
(*Illustrations* by DOROTHY HARDY.)

LITTLE BLUE-FLOWER. A STORY FOR CHILDREN. From the German by MISS F. E. HYNAM 232
(*Illustrations* by H. R. MILLAR.)

MERCURY, THE MODERN: A QUANTITATIVE ACCOUNT OF POST OFFICE WORK... 334
(*Written* and *Illustrated* by J. HOLT SCHOOLING.)

PAGE

MICROSCOPE, SOME WONDERS OF THE. By WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD 210
(*Illustrations* from Photographs and Facsimiles.)

NANSEN, A TALK WITH DR. By J. ARTHUR BAIN 693
(*Illustrations* from Photographs, Drawings, and a Map.)

NANSEN, MRS. By J. ARTHUR BAIN 593
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

NECKLACE OF TEARS, THE. A STORY FOR CHILDREN. By MRS. EGERTON EASTWICK ... 777
(*Illustrations* by H. R. MILLAR.)

NEWSPAPERS, SOME OLD: FROM CHARLES I. TO QUEEN VICTORIA. By F. G. KITTON 291
(*Illustrations* from Old Prints, Paintings, and Facsimiles.)

NOSE-IMPROVERS. By L. S. LEWIS 415
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

OUTLANDISH TOYS. 654
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

PAPER FOLDING. By L. S. LEWIS 703
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

PASTIMES AT SEA. By FRAMLEY STEELCROFT 224
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

PEARL-FISHING, MODERN 347
(*Written* and *Illustrated* by H. PHELPS WHITMARSH.)

PHOTOGRAPHY, THE NEW. By ALFRED W. PORTER, B.Sc. 107
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRITIES AT DIFFERENT TIMES OF THEIR LIVES:—

ADAM, THE LATE MR. DENOVAN ... 200
ALVAREZ, SIGNOR 73
BAKER, SIR BENJAMIN 199
BOND, MISS JESSIE 316
BROUGHTON, MISS PHYLLIS 198
BRUCE, MR. JUSTICE 520
DU MAURIER, THE LATE MR. GEO. ... 689
LI HUNG CHANG 317
LOHMANN, MR. GEORGE 315
MAPLE, SIR J. BLUNDELL, M.P. ... 435
MASCAGNI, PIETRO 524
MCCLINTOCK, ADMIRAL 521
MONTROSE, THE DUKE OF, K.T. ... 692
NILSSON, MADAME CHRISTINE 434
O'BRIEN, SIR T. C., BART. 197
PALAIRET, MR. L. C. H. 76
PRINCE CHARLES OF DENMARK 74
PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES 75
PRINSEP, MR. VAL, R.A. 691
RICHARDSON, SIR B. W. 436
SINCLAIR, ARCHDEACON 522
ST. JOHN, MISS FLORENCE 690
TRURO, THE BISHOP OF 433
VILLIERS, THE RIGHT HON. C.P., M.P. 314
WARD, MISS GENEVIÈVE 523

PRINCE AND THE LIONS, THE. A STORY FOR CHILDREN. From the Persian 472
(*Illustrations* by H. R. MILLAR.)

PRINCE'S DERBY, THE: AS TOLD BY LIGHTNING PHOTOGRAPHY 134
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

PRINCESS WHO DESPISED ALL MEN, THE. A STORY FOR CHILDREN. By CHARLES SMITH CHELTNAM 340
(*Illustrations* by H. R. MILLAR.)

PUBLIC SCHOOL CUSTOMS, SOME CURIOUS. By THOMAS STAVELEY OLDHAM 186
(*Illustrations* from Paintings, Photographs, Drawings, and Facsimiles.)

PUZZLES, THE PROFESSOR'S. By HENRY E. DUDENEY ("SPHINX") 720
(*Illustrations* from Drawings.)

RAILWAYS IN THE AIR. By CORRIE SEFTON 758
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

RODNEY STONE. By A. CONAN DOYLE 3, 123, 301, 382, 483, 747
(*Illustrations* by SIDNEY PAGET.)

SAILOR V.C.'s 391
(*Illustrations* from Drawings by C. J. STANILAND, R.I., and from Photographs.)

SECRET PANEL, THE. By M. P. SHIEL 712
(*Illustrations* by A. J. JOHNSON.)

SHADOWS, GREAT MEN'S. By S. J. HOUSLEY 580
(*Illustrations* from Silhouettes.)

PAGE

SOLDIER'S ROMANCE, A. From the French of CHARLES FOLEY. By ALYS HALLARD ... 329
(*Illustrations* by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.)

SPEAKER'S CHAIR, FROM BEHIND THE. By HENRY W. LUCY 28, 147
(*Illustrations* by F. C. GOULD.)

STEAMER ON WHEELS, A. By JAMES WALTER SMITH 552
(*Illustrations* from Photographs and Facsimiles.)

STORMING OF THE FORT, THE. By WALTER WOOD 217
(*Illustrations* by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.)

TEN YEARS AFTER. From the French of J. MORAND. By ALYS HALLARD 589
(*Illustrations* by PAUL HARDY.)

THREE JOLLY SAILORS, THE 678
(*Illustrations* by J. A. SHEPHERD.)

THRONE OF THE THOUSAND TERRORS, THE. By WILLIAM LE QUEUX 41
(*Illustrations* by A. PEARSE.)

THROUGH A TELESCOPE: THE DISCOVERY OF NEPTUNE. By SIR ROBERT BALL ... 161
(*Illustrations* from Paintings, Photographs, and a Diagram.)

TIMBER-TOES: AN OCEAN MYSTERY. By J. LAURENCE HORNIBROOK 727
(*Illustrations* by C. J. STANILAND, R.I.)

WOMAN OF THE SOUTH, FOR A. By C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE 765
(*Illustrations* by ALFRED PEARSE.)

GEORGE NEWNES LIMITED, 8, 9, 10, AND 11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, AND EXETER STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.